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THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE
BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER I.
SOUVENIRS

Land of the nopal and maguay—home of Moctezuma and Malinche!—I cannot bring thy memories from my heart! Years may roll on, hand wax weak, and heart grow old, but never till both are cold can I forget thee! I would not; for thee would I remember. Not for all the world would I bathe my soul in the waters of Lethe. Blessed be memory for thy sake!

Bright land of Anahuac! my spirit mounts upon the airy wings of Fairy, and once more I stand upon thy shores! Over thy broad savannahs I spur my noble steed, whose joyous neigh tells that he too is inspired by the scene. I rest under the shade of the cacao palm, and quaff the wine of the agave. I climb thy mountains of amayyal and porphyry—thy crags of quartz, that yield the white silver and the yellow gold. I cross thy fields of java, rugged in outline, and yet more rugged with their coverure of strange vegetable forms—the c族群 and cacax, yuccas and zanias. I traverse thy table-plains through bristling rows of giant aloes, whose sparkling juice cheers me on my path. I stand upon the limits of eternal snow, crushing the Alpine lichen under my heel; while down in the deep barranca, far down below, I behold the featherly fronds of the palm, the wax-like foliage of the orange, the broad shining leaves of the pohue, the arums, and bananas! O that I could look with living eye on these bright pictures! But even pâiely outlined upon the retina of memory, they impart a soothing pleasure to my soul.

Land of Moctezuma! I have other souvenirs of thee, more deeply graven on my memory than these pictures of peace. Thou recalling scenes of war. I traversed thy fields a foe-man—sword in hand—and now, after years gone by, many a wild scene of soldier-life springs up before me with all the vividness of reality.

The Bicucate!—I sit by the night camp-fire; around are warlike forms and bearded faces. The blazing log reflects the sheen of arms and accoutrements—saddles, rifles, pistols, canteens, straining the ground, or hanging from the branches of adjacent trees. Picketed stumps loom large in the darkness, their forms dimly outlined against the sombre background of the forest. A solitary palm stands near, its curving fronds looking hoary under the fire-light. The same light gleams upon the fluted columns of the great organ-cactus, upon agaves and bromellas, upon the silvery tillandsias, that drapes the tall trees as with a toga.

The wild tale is told—the song is sung—the jest goes round—the hoarse peal echoes through the ailes of the forest, frightening the parrot on its perch, and the wolf upon his prowl. Little reck they who sing, and jest, and laugh—little reck they of the morrow.

The Skirmish!—Morning breaks. The fragrant forest is silent, and the white blue light is just tinging the tree-tops. A shot rings upon the air: it is the warning-gun of the picket-sentinel, who comes galloping in upon the guard. The enemy approaches! To horse! the bugle thrills in clear loud notes. The slumberers spring to their feet—they seize their rifles, pistols, and sabres, and dash through the smouldering fires till ashes cloud the air. The steeds snort and neigh; in a trice they are saddled, bridled, and mounted; and away sweeps the troop along the forest road.

The enemy is in sight—a band of guerillas, in all their picturesqueness of mange and crepe—of scarlet, purple, and gold. Lances, with shining points and streaming pennons, overtop the trees.

The bugle sounds the charge; its notes are drowned by the charging cheer. We meet our swarthy foesmen face to face; spear-thrusts are answered by pistol-shots; our sabres cross and clash, but our snorting steeds rear back, and will not let us kill each other. We wheel and meet again, with deadlier aim, and more determined arm; we strike without remorse—we strike for freedom!

The Bottle-field!—The serried columns and the bristling guns—the roar of cannon and the hoarse roll of drums—the bugle’s wildest notes, the cheer, the charge—the struggle hand to hand—the falling foeman and his dying groan—the rout, the retreat, the hoarse huzzza for victory! I well remember, but I cannot paint them.

Land of Anahuac! thou recalling other scenes, far different from these—scenes of tender love or stormy passion. The strife is o’er—the war-drum has ceased to beat, and the bugle to bray; the steed stands chaffing in his stall, and the conqueror dallying in the halls of the conquered. Love is now the victor, and the stern soldier, himself subdued, is transformed into a wooing lover. In gilded hall or garden bower, behold him on bended knee, whispering his soft tale in the ear of some dark-eyed doncella, Andalusian or Aztec!

Lovely land! I have sweet memories of thee; for who could traverse thy fields without beholding some

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fair flower, ever after to be borne upon his bosom. And yet, not all my souvenirs are glad. Pleasant and painful, sweet and sad, they thrill my heart with alternate throes. But the sad emotions have been tempered by time, and the glad ones, at each returning tide, seem tinged with brighter glow. In thy bowers, as elsewhere, roses must be plucked from thorns; but in memory's mellowed light I see not the thorns—I behold only the bright and beautiful roses.

CHAPTER II.
A MEXICAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

A Mexican pueblita on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte—a mere rancho or hamlet. The quaint old church of Moreiso-Italian style, with its cupola of motley japan, the residence of the cura, and the house of the alcalde, are the only stone structures in the place. These constitute three sides of the plaza, a somewhat spacious square. The remaining side is taken up with shops or dwellings of the common people. They are built of large unburned bricks (adobe), some of them washed with lime, others gaudily coloured like the proscenium of a theatre, but most of them uniform in their muddy and forbidding brown. All have heavy, jali-like doors, and windows without glass or sash. The rejas of iron bars set vertically, oppose the burglar, not the weather.

From the four corners of the plaza, narrow, unpaved, dusty lanes lead off to the country, for some distance bordered on both sides by the adobe houses. Still further out, on the skirts of the village, and sparingly placed, are dwellings of trailer build, but more picturesque appearance; they are ridge-roofed structures, of the split trunks of that gigantic lily, the arborescent yucca. Its branches form the rafters, its tough fibrous leaves the thatch. In these ranchitos dwell the poor peons, the descendants of the conquered race.

The stone dwellings, and those of mud likewise, are flat-roofed, tiled or cemented, sometimes tastefully japanned, with a parapet breast-high running round the edge. This flat roof is the azotea, characteristic of Mexican architecture. When the sun is low and the evening cool, the azotea is a pleasant lounging-place, especially when the proprietor of the house has a taste for flowers; then it is converted into anserious garden, and displays the rich flora, for which the picture-land of Mexico is justly celebrated. It is just the place to enjoy a cigar, a glass of pinoles, or, if you prefer it, cotala. The smoke is wafted away, and the open air gives a relish to the beverage. Besides, your eye is feasted; you enjoy the privacy of a drawing-room, while you command what is passing in the street. The slight parapet gives security, while hindering a too free view from below; you see, without being seen. The world moves on, busied with earthly affairs, and does not think of looking up.

I stand upon such an azotea: it is that over the house of the alcalde; and his being the tallest roof in the village, I command a view of all the others. I can see beyond them all, and note the prominent features of the surrounding country. My eye wanders with delight over the deep rich verdure of its tropical vegetation; I can even distinguish its more characteristic forms—the cactus, the yucca, and the agave. I observe that the village is girdled by a belt of open ground—cultivated fields—where the maize waves its silken tassels in the breeze, contrasting with the darker leaves of the capsicums and bean-plants (frijoles). This open ground is of limited extent. The chapparal, with its thorny thicket of acacias, mimosae, ingas, and robinias—a perfect maze of leguminous trees—hems it in; and so near is the verge of this jungle, that I can distinguish its undergrowth of stemless subal palms and bromelias—the sun-scorched and scarlet leaves of the pita plant shining in the distance like lists of fire.

This propinquity of the forest to the little pueblita bespeaks the indolence of the inhabitants; perhaps not. It must be remembered that these people are not agriculturists, but squires (hersdensmen); and that the glades and openings of that thick chapparal are speckled with herds of fierce Spanish cattle, and droves of small sharp-eared Andalusian horses, of the race of the Barb. The fact of so little cultivation does not abate the existence of industry on the part of the villagers. Grazing is their occupation, not farming; only a little of the latter to give them maize for their tortillas, chile to season it with, and black beans to complete the repast. These three, with the half-wild beef of their wide pastures, constitute the staple of food throughout all Mexico. For drink, the denizens of the high table-land finds his favourite beverage—the rival of champagne—in the core of the gigantic aloe; while he of the tropic coast-land refreshes himself from the stem of another native endogen, the acrocomia palm.

Favoured land! Cereus loves thee, and Bacchus too. To thy fields both the god and the goddess have been freely bounteous. Food and drink may be had from them on easy terms. Also! as in all other lands—one only excepted—Nature's divine views have been thwarted, her aim set aside, by the malignity of man. As over the broad world, the bight of the despot is upon thy beauty.

Why are these people crowded together—hived, as it were, in towns and villages? Herdsmen, one would expect to find scattered by rosen of their occupation. Besides, a sky continually bright, a genial clime, a picturesqueness of scene—all seem to invite to rural life; and yet I have ridden for hours, a succession of lovely landscape rising before my eyes, all of them wild, wanting in that one feature which makes the rural picture perfect—the house, the dwelling of man! Towns there are, and at long intervals the huge hacienda of the landed lord, walled in like a fortress; but where are the ranchos, the homes of the common people? True, I have noticed the ruins of many, and that explains the puzzle. I remember, now that I am on the frontier; that for years past the banks of the Rio Bravo, from its source to the sea, have been hostile ground—a war-border of 1500 miles in length! Many a red conflict has occurred—is still occurring—between those Arabs of the American desert—the Horse Indians—and the pale-faced descendants of the Spaniard. That is why the ranchos exist only in ruins—that is why the haciendas are looted, and the populace pent up within walls. The condition of feudal Europe exists in free America, on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte! * * * * 

Nearby a mile off, looking westward, I perceive the sheen of water; it is a reach of the great river that glances under the setting sun. The river curves at that point; and the summit of a gentle hill, half girdled
by the stream, is crowned by the low white walls of a hacienda. Through only one story high, this hacienda appears, from its extent, and the style of its architecture, to be a noble mansion. Like all of its class, it is flat-roofed; but the parapet is crested, and small ornamental turrets overlook the gardens and the great gateway relieve the monotony of its outlines. A larger tower, the belfry, appears in the background, for the Mexican hacienda is usually provided with its little cupola, for the convenient worship of the peasantry inhabitants. The emblems of religion, such as it is, are thick over the land. The glimmer of glass behind the iron rejas relieves to some extent the prison-like aspect, so characteristic of Mexican country-houses. This is further modified by the appearance over the parapet of green foliage. Forms of tropic vegetation shew above the wall; among others, the graceful curving fronds of a palm. This must be an exotic, for although the lower half of the Rio Bravo is within the zone of the palms, the species that grow so far north are fan-palms (chamarroços and salalos). This one is of far different form, with plume-shaped pinnate fronds, of the character of cocoy, phanaës, or oterpea. I note the fact, not from any botanical curiosity with which it inspires me, but rather because the palm has a significance. It illustrates a point in the character of him—it may be her—who is the presiding spirit of the place. No doubt there is a fair garden upon the azotea—perhaps a fair being among its flowers! Pleasant thoughts spring up—anticipations. I long to climb that sloping hill, to enter that splendid mansion, and, lingering still, I gaze.

The ring of a bugle reminds me of my duties. 'Tis not a stable-call; but it has driven those sweet reflections out of my mind, and my eyes are turned away from the bright mansion, and rest upon the plaza of the pueblo. There, a far different scene greets their glance.

CHAPTER III.

THE RANGERS ON PICKET

The centre of the plaza presents a salient point in the picture. There the wall (el poco), with its gigantic wheel, its huge leathern belt and buckles, its trough of cemented stone-work, offers an oriental aspect. Verily, it is the Persian wheel! 'Tis odd to a northern eye, particularly to find such a structure in this western land. I see the usual expression of the idea that this land has travelled from Egypt along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. With the Moors it crossed the Straits of Gibraltar; and the Spaniard has carried it over the Atlantic. Through of the plaza we shall find many a familiar passage illustrated in the customs of Mexico. The genius of the Arab has shaped many a thought for the brain of the Aztec.

My eye rests not upon the Persian wheel, but turns to gaze on the scene of active life that is passing around it. Forms, and varied ones, I trace, are moving there.

Gliding with silent step and dubious look—his wide calzornos flapping around his ankles, his arms and shoulders shrouded in the mottled serape, his black broad-brimmed hat darkening still more his swarthy face—goes the pibono, the devisor of the adobe hut. He shuns the centre of the plaza, keeping around the walls; but at intervals his eyes are turned towards the well with a look of mingled fierceness and fear. He reaches a doorway—it is silently opened by a hand within—he enters quickly, and seems glad to get out of sight. A little after, I can catch a glimpse of his sombrero and poncho draped over a bar of the reja. At distant corners, I descry small groups of his class—all similarly costumed in calzornos, striped blankets, and glaze hats; all, like him, wearing uneasy looks. They gesticulate little, contrary to their usual habit, and converse only in whispers or low mutterings. Unusual circumstances surmount them.

Most of the women are within doors; a few of the poorer class—of pure Indian race—are seated in the plaza. They are back-katers, and their wares are spread before them on a thin palm mat (potato), which another similar one, supported umbrella-like on a stem, screens them and their merchandise from the sun. Their dyed woolen garments, their bare heads, their coarse black hair, adorned with twists of scarlet worsted, give them somewhat of a gipsy look. They appear as free of care as the zingali themselves: they laugh, and chatter, and shew their white teeth all day long, asking each new-comer to purchase their fruits and vegetables, their pitiol, atole, and aguaj dulce. Their not unmusical voices ring pleasantly upon the ear.

Now and then a young girl, with red ola poised upon her crown, trips lightly across the plaza in the direction of the well. Perhaps she is a poblana, one of the belles of the village, in short-skirted, bright-coloured petitcoat, embroidered but sleeveless chemisette, with small satin slippers upon her feet; head, shoulders, and bosom shrouded in the blue-gray relaso; arms and ankles bare. Several of these are seen passing to and fro. They appear more than the men; they even smile at intervals, and reply to the rude badinage uttered in an unknown tongue by the odd-looking strangers around the well. The Mexican women are courageous as they are amiable. As a race, their beauty is undeniable. But who are these strangers? They do not belong to the place, that is evident; and equally clear it is that they are objects of terror to those who do. At present, they are masters here. Their numbers, their proud confident swagger, and the bold loud tone of their conversation, attest that they are masters of the ground. Who are they? Odd-looking, I have styled them; and the phrase is to be taken in its full significance. A more odd-looking set of fellows never mustered in a Mexican plaza, nor elsewhere.

There were four of them; but that each carries a yager rifle in his hand, a knife in his belt, and a Colt's pistol on his thigh, you could not discover the slightest point of resemblance between any two of them. Their arms are of the latest things, things denoting uniformity, and some sort of organisation; for the rest, they are as unlike one another as the various shapes and hues of coarse broadcloth, woolen jeans, cottonades, coloured blankets, and buckskin, can make them. They wear caps of 'coon-skin, and cat's-skin, and squirrel'd; hats of beaver, and felt, and glaze, of wool and palmetto, of every imaginable shape and slouch. Even of the modern licensee—the silken 'tile'—samples might be seen, badly crushed. There are coats of broadcloth, few in number, and well worn; but many are the garments of 'Kentucky jeans,' of bluish-gray, of copper-coloured nigger-cloth, and sky-coloured cottonade. Some wear coats made of green blankets, others of blue ones, and some of a scarlet red. There are hunting-shirts of dressed deer skin, with plaited skirt, and cape, fringed and jauntily adorned, with beads and embroidery—the favourite style of the backwoods' hunter; but others there are of true Indian cut—open only at the throat, and hanging loose, or fastened around the waist with a belt—the same that secures the knife and pistol. There are cloth jackets too, such as are worn by sailors, and others, of sky-blue cottonade—the costume of the Creole of Louisiana; some of red-brown leather—the jagueira of the Spano-American; and still another fashion, the close-fitting embroidered 'spencer' of the Mexican ranchero. Some of them are covered by serapes, and some by the more graceful and toga-like manga. Look lower down: examine the limbs of the men of this motley band; the covering of these is not less varied than their upper garments. You see
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wrappers of coarse cloth, of flannel, and of baize; 
they are blue, and scarlet, and green. You see leg-
gings of raw hide and of buckskin; boots of horse-
leather reaching to the thighs: 'nigger' boots of still
crasser fabric, with the pantaloons tucked under;
brogans of unstained calf-skin, and moccasins of varied
cut, betokening the fashion of more than one Indian
tribu. You may see Indians dressed in calzoneros, and
others in the heavy stamped leather botas of the
Mexican horseman, resembling the greaves of warriors
of the olden time.

The heels of all are armed, though their armature is
as varied as the costumes. There are spurs of silver
and steel, some plated, and some with the platting worn
off; some strapped, and others screwed into the heel of
the boot; some light, with small rows and tiny teeth,
while others are seen (the heavy spur of Mexico) of
several pounds' weight, with rows five inches in
diameter, and teeth that might be dashed through the
ribs of a horse!—crude weapons of the Mexican
cavalleria.

But these spurs in the piazzas, these botas and cal-
zoneros, these mansas and serapes, are not worn by
Mexicans. Their present wearers are the men of a dif-
ferent race. Most of those tall, stalwart bodies are the
product of the maize-plant of Kentucky and Tennessee,
or the buckwheat and 'hog-meat' of the fertile flats
of Ohio, Indiana, and the Illinois. They are the
squatters and hunters of the backwoods, the farmers
of the greater western slopes of the Alleghenies, the
boatmen of the Mississippi, the pioneers of Arkansas
and Missouri, the true representative of Spanish land,
the reyerta of the lake-country, the young planters of
the lower states, the French Creoles of Louisiana, the
adventurous settlers of Texas, with here and there a
gay city spark from the larger towns of the 'great west.' Yes, and
from other sources are individuals of that mixed band.
I recognize the Teutonic type—the fair hair and
whitish-yellow moustache of the German, the florid
Englishman, the staid Scot, and his contrast the noisy
Hibernian; both equally brave. I behold the adroit
and nimble Frenchman, full of laugh and chatter, the
chast soldierly Swiss, and the moustached exile of
Poland, dark, sombre, and silent. What a study for
an ethnologist is that band of odd-looking men! Who
are they?

You have thrice asked the question. I answer it:
They are a corps of 'raiders'—a guerilla of the
American army.

And who am I? Their captain—their chief.
Yes, I am the leader of that queer crew; and, despite
their rough motley aspect, I dare affirm, that not in
Europe, not in America elsewhere, not upon the great
globe's surface, can be found a band, of like numbers,
to equal them in strength, daring, and warlike intelli-
genence. Many of them have spent half a life in the
sharpening practice of border warfare—Indian or
Mexican—and from these the others have learnt.
Some have been gentlemen upon whose fortune has
frowned; a few have been desperadoes within the pale
of civilised life; and a smaller few, perhaps, outlaws
beyond it—bad materials wherewith to colonise; not so
bad, if you go but to conquer.

Rude as is the corp d'ceil of the corps, I am proud to
say that a high sentiment of honour pervades it, higher
than will be found in the picked corps de garde of a
Europe. To the eye, they appear rough and reckless—
terrible, I might say; for most of them—with their
long beards and hair, dust-burnished faces, slouched
hats, and odd habiliments, belted as they are with
knife, pistol, powder-horn, and pouch—present such an
aspect, that you would wrong them to take them as they
look. Few among them are the pure bandidos whose
aim is plunder. Many a noble heart beats beneath a
rude exterior—many a one truly humane. There are
hearts in that band that thirst under the influence of

patriotism; some are guided by a still nobler impulse, a
desire to extend the area of freedom; others, it is
ture, yearn but for revenge. These last are chiefly
Texans, who mourn our Mexican brothers' skin by
Mexican treachery. They have not forgotten the
cowardsly assassination of Goliad; they remember the
red butchery of the Alamo.

Perhaps I alone, on this hand, have no motive for
being here; if one, 'tis slight—scarcely so noble as
vengeance. Mere chance, the love of excitement and
adventure, perhaps some weak fondness for power and
fame, are all the excuses I can urge for taking a hand
in this affair. A poor adventurer, without friends,
without home, without country—for my native land
is no more a nation—my heart is not cheered by a
single thought of patriotism. I have no private wrong
to redress, no public cause, no country for which to
combat.

During intervals of inaction, these thoughts recur
to me, and give me pain. * * *

The men have picqueted their horses in the church
closure; some are tied to trees, and others to the
roja-bar of the windows; like their riders, a motley
group, various in size, colour, and race. The strong
high-mettled steel of Kentucky and Tennessee, the
light 'pacer' of Louisiana, the colt, the barb, his des-
cendant the 'mustang,' even the cayuse of the war
was running wild upon the prairies, may all be seen in
the troop. Mules, also, of two distinct races—the large
guant mule of North America, and the smaller and
more spightly variety, native of the soil.

My own black steed, with his pretty fern-coloured
muzzle, stands near the fountain in the centre of the
piazza. My eye wanders with a sort of habitual delight
over the oval outlines of his body. How proudly he
curves his swan-like neck, and with mock anger paws
up the dust! He knows that my eyes are upon him.

* * *

We have been scarcely an hour in the rancheria; we
are perfect strangers to it: we are the first American
troop its people have yet seen, although the war has
been going on for some months further down the river.
We have been sent here upon picket-duty, with orders
to scour the surrounding country as far as it is safe.
The object in sending us hither is not so much to guard
against a surprise from our Mexican friends, who is not
upon this side, but to guard them, the Mexicans, from
another enemy—an enemy of both of us—the Comanche!
These Indian Islamocites, report says, are upon the
'snor-stead,' and have quite an army in the field. It is
said they are foraging further up the river, where they
have it all to themselves, and have just pillaged a
settlement in that direction—butchered the men, as is
their wont, and carried off the women, children, and
chattels. We came hither to conquer the Mexicans,
but we must protect while conquering them! Cosas de
Mexico!

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING A CAPTIVE.

I was musing upon the singular character of this
triangular war, when my reverie was disturbed by the
hoof-strokes of a horse. The sounds came from a
distance, outside the village; the strokes were those
of a horse at full gallop.

I stepped hastily across the azoteas, and looked over
the parapet, in hopes of obtaining a view of this rapid
rider. I was not disappointed—the road and the rider
came full under my eyes.

In the latter, I beheld a picturesque object. He
appeared to be a very young man—a mere youth, with
out beard or moustache, but of singularly handsome
features. The complexion was dark, almost brown; but
even at the distance of two hundred yards, I could
perceive the flash of a noble eye, and note a damask
Chamber's Journal. 5

redness upon his cheeks. His shoulders were covered with a scarlet mantle, that draped backward over the hips of his horse; and upon his head he wore a light sombrero, laced, banded, and tasseled with bullion of gold. The horse was of a fine proportioned mustang, spotted like a jaguar upon a ground colour of cream—a true Audulasian.

The horseman was advancing at a gallop, without fear of the rough road before him; his eyes were raised to the level of the azotea, on which I stood; my uniform, and the sparkle of my accouterments, caught his glance; and quick as thought, as if by an involuntary movement, he reined up his mustang, until its ample tail lay clustered upon the dust of the road. It was then that I noted the singular appearance of both horse and rider.

Just at that moment, the ranger, who held picket on that side of the village, sprang forth from his hiding-place, and challenged the horseman to halt. The challenge was unheeded. Another jerk of the rein spun the mustang round, as upon a pivot, and the next instant, impelled by the spur, the animal resumed its gallop. He did not return by the road, but shot off in a new direction, nearly at right angles to his former course. A rifle-bullet would have failed, and most likely have stopped the career of either horse or rider, had not I, just in the nick of time, shouted to the sentry to hold his fire.

Something had occurred to me: the game was too noble, too beautiful, to be butchered by a bullet; it was worth a chase and a capture.

My horse was by the water-trough. I had noticed that the water was not there, and the bridle was still on. He had been warned by the morning's scout; and I had ordered my negro groom to walk him round for an hour or so before letting him at the water.

I did not wait to descend by the esalera; I sprang upon the parapet, and from that into the plaza. The groom, perceiving my intention, met me half-way with the horse. I seized the reins, and bounded into the saddle. Several of the readers of the rangers followed my example; and as I galloped down the lane that led out of the rancheria, I could tell by the clattering of hoofs that half a dozen of them were at my heels. I cared not much for that, for surely I was a match for the striping we meant to chase. I knew, moreover, that my speed at the moment was of more importance than strength; and that if the spotted horse possessed as much 'bottom' as he evidently did 'feet,' his rider and I would have it to ourselves in the end. I knew that all the horses of my troop were less swift than my own; and from the half-dozen springs I had witnessed on the part of the mustang, I felt satisfied that it remained only for me to overhaul him.

My springing down from the roof and up into the saddle had occupied scarcely two minutes' time; and in two more, I had cleared the houses, and was scouring across the fields after the scarlet horseman. He was evidently making to get round the village, and continue the journey our presence had so suddenly interrupted.

The chase led through a field of milpas (maize). My horse ran deep in the loose earth, while the lighter mustang bounded over it like a hare; he was distancing me. I began to fear I would lose him, when all at once I saw that his course was interrupted by a list of maiz, running transversely right and left. The plants were of luxuriant growth, eight or ten feet high, and placed alternately, so that their huge hooked blades interlocked with each other, forming a natural trellis-work.

This barrier at first glance seemed impassable for either man or horse. It brought the Mexican to a halt. He was turning to skirt it, when he perceived that I had sneaked into the diagonal line, and could not fall to head him. With a quick wrench upon the rein, he once more wheeled round, set his horse against the mustang, plied the spur, and dashed right into their midst. In a moment more, both horse and rider were out of sight; but as I spurred up to the spot, I could hear the thick blades crackle under the hoofs of the mustang.

There was no time for reflection. I must either follow, or abandon the pursuit. The alternative was not thought of. I was on my honour, my steel upon his mettle; and without halt we went plumping through the mustagnes.

Torn and bleeding, we came out on the opposite side; and I perceived, to my satisfaction, that I had made better time than the red rider before me: his halt had lessened the distance between us. But another field of milpas had to be passed, and he was again gaining upon me, as we galloped over the heavy ground. When nearly through the field, I perceived something glancing before us: it was water—a wide drain or ditch, a zepa, for irrigating the field. Like the mustagnes, it ran transversely to our course.

'That will stop him,' thought I; 'he must take to the right or left, and then —'

My thoughts were interrupted. Instead of turning either to right or left, the Mexican headed his horse at the zepa, and the noble creature rushing forward, rose like a bird upon the wing, and cleared the canal! I had no time to expend in admiring the feat; I hastened to imitate it, and galloping forward, I set myself for the leap. My brave steed needed neither whipp nor spur; he had seen the other leap the zepa, and he knew what was expected of him. With a bound, he went over, clearing the drain by several feet; and then, as if resolved upon following the affair to an end, he laid his head forward, and stretched himself at race-course speed.

A brood grassy plain—a savannah—lay before us, and the hoofs of both horses, pursuer and pursued, now rang upon hard firm turf. The rest of the chase would have been a simple trial of speed, and I made sure of overhauling the mustang before he could reach the opposite side, when a new obstacle presented itself. A vast herd of cattle and horses studied the savannah throughout its whole extent; these, startled by our wild gallop, tossed their heads, and ran affrighted in every direction, but frequently as otherwise, directly in our way. More than once, I was forced to rein in, to save my neck or my horse's from being broken over a fierce bull or a long horned lumbering ox; and more than once I was compelled to swerve from my course.

What vexed me most, was that in this zigzag race, the mustang, from practice, perhaps, had the advantage; and while it continued, he increased his distance. We cleared the drove at length; but to my chagrin I perceived that we were nearly across the plain. As I glanced ahead, I saw the chapparal near, with taller trees rising over it; beyond, I saw the swell of a hill, with white walls upon its summit. It was the hacienda already mentioned: we were riding directly for it.

I was growing anxious about the result. Should the horseman reach the thickest, I would be almost certain to lose him. I dared not let him escape. What would my men say, if I went back without him? I had hindered the sentry from firing, and permitted to escape, perhaps a spy, perhaps some important personage. His desperate efforts to get off favoured the supposition that he was one or the other. He must be taken.

Under the impulse of fresh determination, I lanced the flanks of my horse more deeply than ever; he knew what was wanted, and stretched himself to his utmost. There were no more cattle, not an obstacle, and his superior speed soon lessened the distance.
between himself and the mustang. Ten seconds more would do it.

The ten seconds flew by. I felt myself within shooting distance; I drew my pistol from its holster.

'Allez! ou je tire!' (Halt! or I fire), I cried aloud.

There was no reply: the mustang kept on! 'Halt!' I cried again, unwilling to take the life of a fellow-creature—halt! or you are a dead man!

No reply again!

There were not six yards between myself and the Mexican. Riding straight behind him, I could have sent a bullet into his back. Some secret instinct restrained me; it was partly, though not altogether, a feeling of admiration; there was an indelible idea in my mind at the moment. My finger rested on the trigger, and I could not draw it.

'He must not escape! He is nearing the trees!' He must not be allowed to enter the thickets; I shall cripple the horse.

I looked for a place to aim at; should I hit him in the hips, he might still get off. Where?

At this moment, the animal wheeled, as if guided by his own impulse—perhaps by the knees of his rider—and shot off in a new direction. The object of this manœuvre was to put space between us. So far it was successful; but it gave me just the opportunity to aim as I wanted; and levelling my pistol, I sent a bullet into the kidneys of the mustang. A single plunge forward was his last, and both horse and rider came to the ground.

In an instant the latter had disengaged himself from his struggling steed, and stood upon his feet. Fancying he might still attempt to escape to the thicket, I spurred forward, pistol in hand, and pointed the weapon at his head.

He had no intention either of further flight or resistance; but facing the levelled tube, and looking me full in the face, he said with an air of perfect coolness:

'No matame, cavallero! Soy mujer!' (Do not kill me, sir! I am a woman!)

NEW YEAR'S DAY—WHEN?

Among the knotty questions unravelled in the almanacs and calendars, we do not, in our day and in our country, include any relating to the period of each year's commencement—the 'New-Year's Day,' popularly so called. Not only are we accustomed from childhood to assign a particular day in a particular month for inaugurating each year, but it would appear a manifest absurdity if such identification were departed from; the beginning of the year, in popular estimation, is as indissolubly associated with the 1st of January as Christmas-day with the 25th of December, or Lady-day with the 25th of March. Persons who possess a little, but only a little familiarity with astronomy, believe that there is something in the planetary movements, the mechanism of the solar system, which determines the precise day whereon the year commences; it is only after somewhat deeper inquiry that this supposition vanishes, and that the mere conventionality of the whole affair becomes apparent. There is no necessary connection between the 1st of January and the beginning of the year. This is a curious fact in the history of dates; but a little knowledge of the matter is useful as well as curious, since a due understanding of history and biography, in other times or other countries, often depends in part on a recognition of the calendar adopted.

That this subject is important to the steady readers of history, is made evident by several remarkable circumstances. Irrespective of the confusion arising from the Old Style and the New Style, changes in the day of beginning the year throw a complexity over historical dates. A French chronological work of great authority, L'Art de Véifier les Dates, speaking of the events of the 4th of August 1563, when Charles IX. ordered the year in France to commence on the 1st of January, remarks: 'In relation to periods anterior to this date, nothing is more necessary than to remember the variations in the commencement of the year. Without care on this point, it will not be possible to reconcile various dates, which are nevertheless just and accurate in themselves; and there will be a constant liability to meet with apparent embarrassments where no errors in reality exist.' Let the reader ask himself whether he is prepared to answer the two following questions:—Was Charles I. beheaded in 1648 or 1649? Was James II. on the throne in 1688 or 1689? Of course, every one will expect to find these questions solved by referring to any of the familiar histories of England; but when he is informed that both pairs of dates are adopted, and that both are right, the importance of the matter becomes somewhat more apparent. Dipping into a pamphlet written by Henry Wilson in 1735, we find the following:—'While we are maintaining the beginning of the year according to the rubric of the Common Prayer, we seem to forget that our year begins on the 1st of January, both in our common licensed almanacs and even in the Book of Common Prayer itself; and it may mount to a question very difficult to be answered, why the rubric of the Common Prayer enjoins the year to begin on the 25th of March, and yet the column for the lessons, &c., begins on the 1st of January.' This shews how matters stood, in those times.

What little philosophy there is in the question, lies in a nut-shell. That the period occupied by the earth in making one revolution on its axis should be adopted as a measure of time, the 'day,' seems reasonable enough; that the period occupied by the moon in making a circuit round the earth, from new moon to new moon, should be adopted as another measure of time, the 'lunation' or 'month,' is equally reasonable; and there is needed a great depth of scientific knowledge to perceive and admit, that a complete revolution of the seasons, during which the sun appears to travel round a whole circle in the heavens, supplies a convenient measure for a larger portion of time, the 'year.' But in this last-named period there are two sources of uncertainty—a difficulty in determining the exact number of days and fractions of days contained in a year; and a freedom of choice as to the particular day on which the year shall be said to begin. The first of these two difficulties has been lessened by the progress of advance of astronomical science; but the second remains, as it has ever been, a matter of conventionalism. Shall the year begin on the day when the sun attains his highest noon-altitude, or his lowest noon-altitude; or when he is at his greatest distance from the earth, or at his least distance, or at his mean distance; or in the particular season when day and night are equal all over the globe; or on a church-festival day; or on any other day? Who has a right to decide this question, and to demand that others shall agree with him?

Looking at past records, it will be seen how discordant have been the arrangements in this behalf. The letters A.D.C. in books on Roman history are condita, 'from the building of the city'—give us a clue to the calendar first employed by that remarkable
people. It was a tradition that Romulus founded Rome on April 21, and this day was reckoned as a date to which all other dates were reckoned from; but however, the change was both nominal and real; for besides the omission of eleven days in 1722, the legal year underwent a separate modification.

During past centuries, although most European nations adopted the arrangements ordered by the papal authorities concerning the length and division of the year, yet the selection of New-year's Day remained strangely discordant. In some countries, it was Easter-day; in others, Lady-day; in others, March 1; in others, Christmas-day; while in others there were actually different dates adopted in different provinces of the same country.

Let any one, who might conceive it to be an easy thing to settle such problems as mere dates, consider for a moment the confusion in the supposed age of the world. Most English writers on religious subjects in recent times set down 4004 years between the creation of the world and the birth of Christ; but theologians have counted up no less than a hundred and forty theories or estimates, ranging from a minimum of 3516 years to a maximum of 6424. Hence arose the discrepancies between the various 'eras'; such as those of Constantinople (during its Christian period), Antioch, Alexandria, Abyssinia, &c. As the eras differed, so did the New-year's Day. The Abyssinians feel certain, or speak so boldly, on these matters, that they actually name the very day of creation, equivalent to August 29, 5493 years before the Christian era; and the anniversary of this date they select as their New-year's Day.

Nations which have not adopted the Christian faith are of course exempt from certain obligations which would appear binding on others. The Jewish civil New-year's Day has an astronomical basis, since it occurs on or immediately after the day of new moon following the autumnal equinox. In our own country, the question has stood thus:

From the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, the year was considered to begin on Christmas-day; but from thence to the middle of the eighteenth century, it was celebrated on the 25th of March. All this was in relation to the ecclesiastical and legal year, but not to the year of the historians and the common people, which from very early times began on the 1st of January. The Church wavered and hesitated between four of her festivals—the birth of Christ (December 25), the Circumcision (January 1), the Conception (March 25), and the resurrection of Easter (March 27), as the beginning of the year, until a final settlement in 1732. Scotland settled the question in 1569, in a document which is worth reprinting if only as a specimen of old Scottish orthography:

Apud Hainamouus, xvij Decembris—mxxlxxxi.

The first day of the yeir appoitnt to be the first day of Januar yeirle.

The Kingis Majestie, and Lordis of His Secret Counsell, understanding that in all utheris weill govern commont welsbhs and cuntreyis, the first day of the yeir beginys yeirle upon the first day of Januar: commonle calist New Yeris day, and that this realme onle is different fra all utheris in the compt and reckinning of the yeirle: And His Majestie and Counsell willing that their salbe na disconformitie betwix Hys Majestie, his realme and leigeis, and utheris nachtbour cuntreyis in this particular, but that thy sal conform yeirle to the ordour and custome observit be al uther cuntreyis, especiallie seing the course and season of the yeir is maist proprie and answarbel thairto, and that the alterat thairof importis na hurte nor prejudice to any pairtie: Thairfoyr His Majestie, with advice of the Lordis of his Secret Counsell, statitit and ordainis, That in all tyme cunnyng, the first day of the yeir sal begin yeirle
upon the first day of January, and thir presentis to tak
execution upon the first of Januar nixicrom, quilih
salbe the first day of the IM and six hundreeth yir of
God: And thairfor ordains and commandis the clerks
of his Honis Sessions and Signet," &c. &c. It ends by
ordaining 'publication to be made heirof at the
Mercat Crocises of the held burrows of the realme,
qushairnlow nane pretend ignorance of the same.'

The reader will now see in what way complexity
might arise concerning the two events in English
history before alvorted to. If Charles 1. had been
beheaded two months later, ecclesiastics and historians
would have agreed in assigning the event to the year
1649; but as the day in question (January 30) occurred
before the ecclesiastical New-year's Day (March 25)
it was reckoned in legal and church phraseology as
belonging to 1648, while historians and the public set
it down as 1649. If James II. had landed in Ireland,
on his futile expidition to recover his throne, a week
or two later, all writers would have assigned the year
1660 to mark this event; but as it occurred early in
March, it belonged to the ecclesiastical year 1668.
And so of all dates between the 1st of January and
the 23d of March; each date belonged to two differ-
ent years, according as the historical or the legal and
ecclesiastical computation was adopted. This explains
the meaning of such entries as January 30, 1649;
1648-9, or February 6, 1649; found in a multi-
tude of publications issued a century and a half or
two centuries ago: the upper or smaller number gives
the date used in formal documents relating to legal
and church matters; and the undermost or greater
number expresses the date used by historians,
traders, and the public generally—by all, in short,
who accepted the 1st of January as New-year's Day.
Fortunately, it has been the custom among most of
the English historians, and all of them in recent times,
to adopt the popular New-year's Day in their compu-
tations; but readers accustomed to an older literature
cannot afford to be off their guard in relation to any
event occurring during the first three months of the
year: the strange equation 1648=1649 staves them
in the face.

It will be inferred, from the details above given,
that other countries have not been free from the
anomalies observable in our own. In France, from
the days of Charlemagne to the eleventh century,
New-year's Day was on Christmas-day; thence, until
the sixteenth century, regal documents assumed the
year to begin at Easter, after the benefidion of the
Holy Camily on Holy Saturday or Easter-ene, and
constantly varied from year to year. South of the
French provinces at the same time adopted Lady-
day; but at length the 1st of January was formally
declared to be New-year's Day, by edict of Charles IX.,
in 1563. In Germany, the New Year anciently com-
meneced on Christmas-day; it varied much during the
middle ages; but the 1st of January became pretty
generally adopted about the beginning of the sixteenth
century. In Denmark, the New Year in early times
was appointed on the 11th of August, the natal-day
of a saint whose memory was much cherished; but
this was afterwards changed for the 1st of January.
In Italy, it is scarcely possible to unravel the confus-
ion in different states between Christmas-day, the 1st of
March, Lady-day, and Easter-day, until the final
adoption of the 1st of January as the beginning of the
year. In Russia, even to the present time, there
has been an ecclesiastical New-year's Day, differing
widely from that adopted in civil affairs. In Spain,
Lady-day was adopted till the fourteenth century;
then Christmas-day till the sixteenth; and then the
1st of January. In the Low Countries, Good Friday
was added to the above list in early times; but the modern
commencement was accepted in the sixteenth
century.

Thus, then, we find that the right, true, orthodox,
familiar, popular, domestic, boys' and girls' 1st of
January has had a series of hard battles to fight, ere
it could obtain a European recognition of its claim
to the honours and dignity of New-year's Day.

Glimpses of Affairs in America.

An Old Question in a New Aspect.

'Race! Do not speak to us of race—we care nothing
for breed or colour. What we contend for is, that
slavery, whether of black or white, is a normal, a
proper institution in society.' So proclaim southern
writers in the United States. The principle of enslav-
ing only coloured persons, descendants of imported
Africans, is now antiquated, and a scheme which
embraces slavery of every race and variety of com-
plexion is at length put forward as a natural and
desirable arrangement for all parties—a highly com-
mendable state of things. Any one could have
foreseen that it must come to this. The prodigious
and irregular amalgamation of races in the south, with
the deterioration and helplessness of the less affluent
class of whites in the slaveholding states, has, as
may be supposed, led to a pretty nearly pure, nay,
absolutely pure breed of white slaves. A new style
of reasoning is consequently required. If slavery is
to be at all vindicated, it must not now be on the
narrow basis of colour, but on the broad grounds, that
there is an inherent right in the stronger and more
wealthy classes to reduce the poorer, and, it may be,
more ignorant orders to a state of perpetual bondage.
The cool announcement of this extraordinary doctrine,
from influential parties in a great thriving republic,
strikes one with so much wonder, that we almost
inquire if we have heard aright, or if we are really
living in the second half of the nineteenth century.

The most casual glance at the products of the
southern press leaves no room for doubt on the
subject. A few scraps cannot but be classed among
the curiosities of modern literature. Mr. Fiz-thugh,
a southern writer, says: 'We do not adopt the theory
that Ham was the ancestor of the negro race. The
Jewish slaves were not negroes, and to confuse the
justification of slavery to that of race, would be to
weaken the scriptural authority, and to wash away
the whole weight of profane authority; for we read of no negro
slavery in ancient times. Slavery, black or white, is
right and necessary.' The Richmond Imparor, an able
Virginian paper, says: 'Until recently, the defence
of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because
its apologists—for they were mere apologists—took
half-way grounds. They confined the defence of
slavery to mere negro slavery; thereby giving up the
slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to
be wrong. The line of defence is now changed. The
south now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and
necessary. While it is far more obvious that negroes
should be slaves than whites—for they are only fit to
labour, not to direct—yet the principle of slavery is
itself right, and does not depend on difference of
complexion.'

Mr. G. W. Weston, a writer in the cause of emancipa-
tion in the New York Tribune, observes: 'It is not
true, in law or in fact, that the condition of slavery
at the south is confined to the African race. The prin-
ciple of American slavery which distinguishes it from
the slavery of patriarchal times, and from oriental slavery at this day, is, that where the mother is enslaved, the offspring follow the condition of the mother. The female slaves, exposed of necessity to the disorderly passions of the whites, are made the instruments through whom the Caucasian race is far reduced to the condition of servitude. The blood of orators, statesmen, generals, and even presidents, flows in the veins of thousands who are bought and sold like males and horses. The time is not distant when the genuine unmixed African will not be found at the south. He is already rare, although it is less than half a century since the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade. Besides the source of whiteness above referred to, it is understood that numbers of purely Anglo-American children pass into slavery. In some instances, the indigent whites of the south sell their children to traders; and the practice of kidnapping white children in the northern states, and transferring them southward, is said to be notoriously on the increase. We see it mentioned that, in the city of New York alone, as many as thirty children on an average are stolen yearly; it being shrewdly guessed that many of them are carried to the markets of the south, where a good price for them can be readily obtained. If there be the slightest truth in the supposition that gently nurtured white infants are so abstracted from the homes of their parents, nothing could give a more forcible impression of the horrors entailed on American society by the tolerance of slavery within its bosom.

It has been customary to blame England for having, in the first instance, introduced negro slavery into the States; but, admitting to its full extent her guilt in the slave-trade, we can hardly see how her doings in this respect are to be consistently condemned, if American writers be sincere in thinking that slavery is a normal and absolutely necessary institution. From the sentiments lately avowed, it would appear that there can be no right condition of affairs without slaves. Free labour is spoken of as improper, and a thing that must end in national disaster. The only security is for every man who has the means to buy slaves, and get all his work done by them. A widely circulated newspaper—the New Orleans Delta—says: 'We have a proposition to lay down that may appear startling to many because it is new, but will have weight and consideration with the thinking, inasmuch as it is based on both philosophy and experience. We therefore declare that slavery is not only national in its origin, but it is essential to republican nationality. But for slavery, republicanism would have long since become a tale in these United States. It is among the slaveholding population that republicanism has had its true home and only defence. It is they who have made the Union what it is commercially and politically. It is only they who can hereafter maintain a safe and honourable union, and enjoy rational liberty. History is instructive; heed its teachings; they are invariable and unerring. It tells us that a great republic never existed without slavery. It tells us that where partial and defined slavery did not exist of law, the mass of the working-people have been slaves and worse than slaves. It tells us that wherever universal freedom has nominally existed, poverty, want, and possible famine, and humiliating dependency of the poor on the rich, have been the price of painted delusion. Slavery was an institution in all the ancient republics, but in two we have eminent examples. In Rome, the mightiest in arms, and Athens, the most glorious in art of all the old republics, slavery prevailed to a greater extent than in any state of the Union. In Athens, the proportion of slaves to freeman was about one in twenty; in Rome, scarcely less; and yet with this institution imbedded in their very hearts, they lived and flourished, century after century, and reached a magnificence and grandeur of which the history of modern free society affords no example. Modern free society, as at present organized, is radically wrong and rotten. Its self-destructing, and can never exist happily and normally until it is qualified by the introduction of some principle equivalent in effect to the institution of negro slavery. In the northern states, free society has proved a failure. It is rotten to the core. Let the domination which its putrescence has espoused succeed, and society with its most sacred sanctions and its holiest institutions, will fall before it, both in the north and south, and the country must become the seat of howling anarchy or iron despotism. Negro slavery, then, is the conservative element of republicanism, and the firmest basis of society in these United States. Such being the social and political value of slavery, its diffusion and extension are of the first importance, and nothing at the present time should more nearly interest the wise philanthropist and the patriotic statesman, than to devise measures to effect these objects—to restore slavery to its original national character, and make it an object of political solicitude.

These notions are far from singular. By several writers, freedom is spoken of with coarse contempt. 'Free society!' says the Muscogee Herald, an Alabama newspaper, in the interest of the new president. 'We sicken at the name. What is it but a combination of greedy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists? All the northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a southern gentleman's body-servant. This is your free society, which the northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas.' It would be unjust to lay too much stress on this group of raving lines of an obscure print, did they not find an echo in the Richmond Inquirer, a paper which, as already hinted, is conducted with no mean ability. 'Repeatedly,' says its editor, 'have we asked the north.—Has not the experiment of universal liberty failed? Are not the evils of free society insufferable? and do not most thinking men among you propose to subvert and reconstruct it? Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof, added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that free society in the long run is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, demoralised, and reactionary. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike forbid the extension of the evils of free society to new people and coming generations. Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilised men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way, and cease to exist; the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to slave society—a social system, old as the world, universal as men.' It would seem that the measure of public liberty which Washington fought for and achieved is a blunder; and that for the much-vaunted free institutions of the States, the latter must be substituted the mixture of aristocracy and holism of the ancient world.
Another well-known Virginian print, the Richmond Examiner, about two years ago came out with a flat contradiction of there being any longer a desire to see the country cleared of slavery. It is all a hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of African slavery, or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing that we cannot do without—that is righteous, proper, and necessary. It belongs to southern society as inherently, intrinsically, and durably as the white race itself. Yes, the white race will itself emigrate from the southern states to Africa, California, or Polynesia, sooner than the African. Let us make up our minds, therefore, to put up with and make the most of the institution. Let us not bother our brains about what Providence intends to do with our negroes in the distant future, but glory in and profit to the utmost by what He has done for them in transplanting them here, and setting them to work on our plantations. Let the politicians and planters of the south, while encouraging the Baptist and Methodists—and other denominations having a less number of votes—in Christianising the negro, keep their slaves at hard work, under strict discipline, out of idleness and mischief, while they live; and when they come to die, instead of sending them off to Africa, or manumitting them to a life of "freedom," licentiousness, and nuisance, will them over to their children, or direct them to be sold, which they will be made to work hard, and be of service to their masters and to the country. True philanthropy to the negro begins, like charity, at home; and if southern men would act as if the glory of heaven were inscribed with a covenant, in letters of fire, that the negro is here, and here for ever; is our property, and ours for ever; is never to be emancipated; is to be kept hard at work, and in rigid subjection all his days; and is never to go to Africa, to Polynesia, or to Yankee Land—far worse than either—they would accomplish more good for the race in five years than they boast the institution itself to have accomplished in two centuries, and cut up by the roots a set of evils and fallacies that threaten to drive the white race a-wandering in the western wilderness, sooner than Cuffee will go to preach the gospel in Galilee.

We should imagine that to most of our readers these sentiments will come with startling novelty. While the philanthropists of England are pushing forward all sorts of plans for the amelioration of our poor, no attempt appears to be aware that in the progress of events beyond the Atlantic, views have arisen respecting the slave question which are altogether obstructive of popular freedom, and only tend to reduce every unproctected labourer to the condition of a chattel. 'We have,' says the South-side Democrat, a Virginian contemporary of the Inquirer—'we have got to hating everything with the prefix free, from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue—free farms, free labour, free society, free will, free thinking, free children, and free schools. But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools.' The only relief can arise from a return to that blessed state in which the bulk of the population shall be kept in ignorance and servitude under a strong-handed minority—there is, it is alleged, no other means to assuage the poverty incidental to universal competition. All who are unable to maintain their families in decency, had better be at once sold to those who are disposed to take charge of them. 'Sell this country into slavery.' Let our legislature (continues the authority just quoted) pass a law, that whoever will take these parents, and take care of them, and their offspring, in sickness and in health, clothe them, feed them, and house them, shall be legally entitled to their services; and let the same legislature decree, that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live.'

We infer from all that is told of the condition of the impoverished 'white trash' in the southern states, that the legislative measures here pointed at would present a natural and not unlikely solution of a somewhat puzzling question. The increase of social advancement, under prudent safeguards, who can tell that at least a section of a great nation may not, even in our times, return to the almost forgotten usages of medieval work. The negro waste of the white population has decreased, and the slave increased, almost pari passu in several counties in our state. In 1855, Madison county cast about 3000 votes; now she casts not exceed 2500. In traversing that county, one will discover numerous farmhouses, once the abode of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will observe fields once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned; he will see the moss growing on the mouldering walls of once thrifty villages, and will find 'one only master grasps the whole domain,' that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families.' To this dismal description, that respectable authority, Olmstead, says, that the political experiment of Old Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, is being repeated to the same fatal result in Young Alabama.

The generally blighting influence of slavery is clearly a main cause of the poverty, want, and insecurity of all classes. It must push into new regions, everywhere exhausting lands, extinguishing freedom, and dishonouring independent rural industry. Pursued by a fearful Nemesis, the slave-power still seeks for more and more scope for its devastating encroachments. An amount of labour far beyond the bounds of internal supply is in demand. If the great west is to be added piecemeal to the slave states of the Union, the breeding-pens of Virginia will fail to furnish stock except at exorbitant prices. Nothing, accordingly, remains but a legalised revival of the slave-traffic from the coast of Africa, or the legal extension of slavery to the poorer classes of the white population. We have seen what is said of the latter expedient; and a desire to supply the labour-market by the former odious means is likewise expressed in no reserved terms. The New Orleans Delta says, on a late occasion, 'we not only desire to make territories, now free, slave territories, and to acquire new territory into which to extend slavery—such as Texas, but we would reopen the African slave-trade, that every white man might have a chance to make himself owner of one or more negroes, and go with them and their household gods wherever opportunity beckoned to enterprise. But the north would never consent to this, they would dissolve the Union rather than grant it, say the croaking impracticable Gentlemen, you do not know the north, or as you look when dubious shaking your heads. It would not oppose
any more bitterly a large demand like this, boldly made, than the smallest one, faintly and politely urged. Try it. There is nothing to lose by the experiment. At all events, if the attempt to reopen this trade should fail, it would give one more proof of how injurious our connection with the north has become to us, and would indicate one more signal advantage which a southern confederacy would have over the present heterogeneous association called the Union.'

How the north has deserved that cut! The advantages of a revived African slave-trade were argumentatively pointed out by the Charleston Standard so recently as last October. 'From first to last, there has been a constant want of labour. Three millions of our people have perhaps as many slaves as they naturally require; but there are three millions more who are unemployed. They would take slaves if they could get them; but they are not to be had at prices which will enable them to be used in competition with the free labour of the world. All we have are wanted for agriculture, and even these are not enough. While all are employed, and employed most profitably, lands all over the country are parched and unprofitable for the want of labour, and millions more could have been brought under the plough. The tenth part of the slaves who would have paid for those to be brought the next; as employments opened, white men of enterprise would have come in more abundance than they have done; the stream of labour from Africa would have met a stream of enterprise from Europe; both would have poured in together; the population of the southern states would have been more dense; the population of the northern states would have been more sparse; Georgia would have been to New York as New York is now to Georgia; other states from Texas and New Mexico would have been brought in; and thus, if the slave states had held on to the sources of their real power, the south would have been the Union. . . . .

There is now buried under every acre of land in South Carolina at least fifty dollars in gold; and the day that the savage African is landed on our shores to cultivate it, that gold will glitter on its surface.'

It will not be imagined that these wild opinions meet with universal response in the south, where, indeed, many planters above the ordinary standard are conscious of the evils of slavery, and would gladly listen to any reasonable plan for relieving themselves of their coloured dependents. Least of all do such notions meet with approval in the north, where it is not less certain that, from causes not far to seek, a new tone of sentiment has begun to prevail among the general slaveholding interest. What was long lamented and much debated, and to which the north turned a deaf ear, is now, by the power of the press and arguments are found to vindicte its indefinite extension. A social condition in which slavery is a necessary ingredient, is ardently defended by the most able writers of the day. Clergymen of reputation pronounce a glowing eulogium on the institution. According to a report in a New Orleans paper, one of these clerical orators, the Rev. C. H. Marshall, in a speech on education, described slavery as 'contributing to the glory in arts and sciences, in religion, and national prosperity, in all countries wherein it has ever existed.' . . . he believed slavery to be right, and that within fifty years, instead of decreasing, it would be double in extent to what it now is.' Secretly disliked as such opinions may possibly be, they meet with little public censure; and looking only to practical results, it is observed that the extreme party which denounces free labour, and ostentatiously aims at slavery extension, has, with a marvellous and general accord, assumed the entire control of public affairs. By a distinctly marked movement over a period of nearly sixty years—a movement seen better, perhaps, at a distance than near at hand—the grand old spirit of '76, which rolled back the power of England, has obsequiously quailed before the menaces of a body of partisans insignificant in point of numbers, but unscrupulous in the means by which they uphold their remarkable supremacy.

W. C.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE NORSEMEN.

Christmas, regarded in its social aspect, is pre-eminentiy a Teutonic festival. Among the Latin and Slavonic races, it is observed as a season of religious joy and thankfulness; among the Norse and Saxon nations alone is it celebrated with social festivity. In Germany, the domestic observance of Christmas is remarkable alike for its childlike physigomy and its pictorial effect. The Lilliputian fir-tree, with its fairy lights, its glittering gifts, its joyous circle of visitants, all have, of late years, become so familiar to us in our own land, that we stay not to depict them here. Rather would we transport our readers nine hundred years back, to gaze upon a Christmas festivity amidst our Norse forefathers, from whom have been derived many of those social customs which are now entwined within the very heart of Great Britain and its Empire.

It was towards the close of the tenth century: the scene is laid at Drontheim, within the king of Norway's palace. But let not our readers be misled by these courtly words of 'king' and 'palace': for in those times the kings of Norway were rather pirate sea-kings than established rulers of the people who owned their sway; and their palaces were merely wooden houses, laid upon a loose stone foundation, and destitute alike of the elegances and luxuries of life.

Only a few years before the period above alluded to, and the winter festival at the 'king's house' in Drontheim was altogether of a heathen character, for he and his bondsmen always met together at midwinter to celebrate a festival called Yule, in honour of Odin, and so designated from Teolner, one of his names. It was a time of merriment and good cheer, when horses were slain in sacrifice, and their flesh eaten by the guests. It was also called Hoggn Nott (hewing-night), because of the slaughtering of cattle made merry at. At this feast, the portion drunk to excess of ale and mead, emptying goblets in memory of departed friends, and offering remembrance-cups to the gods, praying at the same time for a good season during the ensuing summer. Now, however, all this was at an end, at least within the neighbourhood of King Hakon the Good, who had been educated in England under the care of his foster-father, King Athelstan, and who, on his return from Norway, had introduced Christianity into that country. Most of the people were still heathens at heart; but in obedience to King Hakon's order, the Yule, or mid-winter festival, was now to be begun at the same time the Christians kept it, and every man was obliged, under a certain penalty, to brew a meal of malt into ale, and therewith kept the Yule holy as long as it lasted. 'The good king hoped thus to 'entice his subjects into Christianity,' a rather questionable mode of procedure in so grave and important a matter; but however ill he may have succeeded in the great object he had in view, the result henceforth was, that Christmas became indissolubly associated in the Norse mind with merry-making and good cheer.

And now that Christianity was in some fashion established in Norway, let us glance for a moment into King Hakon's hall, while he is seated among his chief bondsmen at the Christian Yule feast. It is a spacious but low apartment, built of wood, and wainscotted with the same, having the floor strewed with

* Hogmanay night is still the vernacular name in Scotland for the first night of Yule.
juniper-tops, which imparted a peculiar fragrance to the whole dwelling. In the centre of the chamber, upon a broad flag, was piled a fire whose smoke partially escaped through a hole in the roof. The huge Yule-log was placed upon the summit of the pile, and shed its fierce and glowing flame upon the guests, who sat upon two long benches at each side of the fire. A lofty seat was placed upon the middle of one of those benches, and there the king sat high above his subjects.

The caldron of horsefeath was no longer seen upon the fire, for this viand was so closely associated with heathen rites and heathen worship, that King Hakon had absolutely prohibited its use; but the slaughtered ox had been feasted upon by the guests. And now the drinking-horn was filled with ale, which King Hakon quaffed to his father's memory; and as he rose up reverently for that purpose, his bondsmen gazed upon his king with satisfaction; for not only was he tall and comely in person, but there was also an air of sagacity and decision in his countenance which made him feared as loved by his subjects.

Next, there was handed to him a larger horn, filled to the brim with foaming ale. Stubs were fixed within it at certain intervals, marking the portion of liquor allotted to each guest. This was called drinking by measure. They handed this horn to each other across the fire, each one drinking in succession to Christ's health—a strange idea this, in our eyes, but in those rude and primitive times this social custom was an open and practical testimony that they had abandoned dead idols for a living Saviour. After this solemn draught, the horn circulated freely among the guests, who now quaffed it without measure during many succeeding hours of the night.

After this rude fashion they feasted day after day, until New-year's-eve, when the king dismissed his guests with handsome presents, giving to the most distinguished persons among them gold-mounted swords, which had been prepared for the occasion.

These festal Christmas customs were introduced by the Northmen into Great Britain, which, during the ninth and tenth centuries, suffered severely from the continental inroads of these hardy and adventurous Norsemen, by whom eventually a large portion of Scotland and of England was populated. They brought with them their deep reverence for law, their true loyalty of heart, and—as alas! that there should be a dark shade in the picture—their inordinate love of the foaming horn, now exchanged for the tankard.

Amid all the changes of the last eight or nine hundred years, the merry Christmas of the Norseman still lived on in the homes of Great Britain; but little do many of our hardy northerns, while placing the Yule-log upon their hearths, imagine that the very word itself may be traced back to the dark ages of heathenism, when their forefathers, instead of eating roast-beef at Christmas, devoured horsefeath in honour of Thor and Odin!

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX.

A RETROSPECT ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

This first day of the period known and to be mirrored in the world's history as Anno Domini 1856, is quickly waning away into the irretrievable region of the past; and the deep-toned bells are ready to announce, with pealing chime, the advent of another January, the first day of a new year—a day of solemn and serious consideration, if you will, yet one also of social greetings and innocent enjoyment. In all seigneurial and princely life may mirth, merriment, merriness as well as meditative, while hopefully wending our way by this prominent landmark in the pilgrimage of life; for whatever individual suffering or distress may have endured, or however we may naturally expect to meet with in the coming year, we can console ourselves with the reflection, that the aggregate amount of human misery is gradually decreasing—that the world is annually becoming wiser, better, and happier. As the careful merchant, at the close of a year, balances his books, balances his stock, balances his accounts, and congratulates himself on his gains, or sighs over his losses, so it might not be amiss if we made a few inquiries respecting our progress in civilization and refinement, in the improvement of the individual and society at large. We can do so only by summoning up the past, and comparing it with the present; and though it be true that the coming year opens with fairer prospects than its forerunner, inasmuch as peace is preferable to war, yet a single twelvemonth, however important an item in the lifetime of a man, is but an infinitesimal portion in the age of the world. Consequently, we must, if we wish to estimate properly our advancement or retrogression, include a much greater scope of time. Let us, then, looking back one hundred years, examine the records of 1756, and we shall find that our advance has been prodigious, and learn that all silly musing about the good old times is worse than nonsense.

Though the French and their savage Indian allies were ravaging the frontiers of our then American colonies—though the governor of Pennsylvania, a British officer and gentleman, was offering a bounty of 150 dollars for every scalp of an Indian, and the third of that sum for every female one, that could be taken and brought to him—though English ships-of-war were capturing and destroying French merchantmen wherever they could be met with, yet the two nations were at peace—such a peace!—during nearly the first five months of 1756. As heartless Horace Walpole remarks of this period, the English and French ministers were crossing over, and figuring in—in politics. Each country, in fact, was sedulously preparing for war, while deceitfully, or diplomatically, which is much the same sort of thing, endeavouring to gain time by pretending to treat for peace.

There were few newspapers in those days; and indeed there were little if any of that literary, scientific, and social intelligence we now include under the denomination of home news. The leading announcements, referring to domestic affairs, in the journals of 1756, are little more than records of crimes and punishments, and the proceedings of press-gangs. According to our modern notions, London could not have been a very pleasant place to reside in at that time. Highwaymen laboured in their vocation at Knightsbridge; well-guarded mails were stopped, and robbed at Notting Hill. Some great events in the history of print and press—tragedies and triumphs—scenes of riot and disorder. Spitfields was a complete Alastia. The denizens, principally weavers of that locality, whom we now associate with ideas of foible misery and helpless poverty, were then the terror of London. In organised bodies, and armed with cutlasses and bludgeons, these Ishmaels of the gutter fought with hordes of Irish, crowds of soldiers, and crews of sailors; and even afforded a sanctuary to numbers from the formidable press-gang. They were known by the appellation of Cutters, because they loved a frequent black-mail, from the master manufacturers, of four shillings on each loom employed in the district; and if the money were not promptly paid, they cut into pieces the cloth or yarn in process of manufacture. The Cutters reigned till 1762, when their leaders were attacked in their head-quarters, a public-house named the Dolphin, by a posse of magistrates and constables, supported by a detachment of soldiers. The principal story is to be treated with contemptuous indifference, a brisk firing commenced from both sides. The Cutters, barricading the lower part of the house, fired out of the windows, till the door was forced open, and they were then speedily overpowered. By this
bold defence, they succeeded in escaping to a man; but
one soldier was shot dead on the spot, and others were
severely wounded. In consequence of this affray, the
parish church was converted into a temporary barrack,
and occupied by a strong garrison. This, however, suc-
cceeded at last in putting down the pugnacious Cutters.

The bill for building Blackfriars Bridge was passed
in 1566—of course not without great opposition from
vested interests—and one of the arguments adduced
in favour of the project was, that between Fleet Street
and the Thames on one side, and Holborn on the other,
there were nothing but ruins, filth, alleys, and dump-
hills—the lurking-places of the most desperate and
flagitious characters. Even the best parts of London
were frequented by footpads; and gentlemen, when out
at night, in preference to riding in a carriage or chaise,
walked, with their drawn swords in their hands, so as
to be better prepared to repel an attack; for they
almost every male adult wore a sword—a custom which,
allowing no time for passion to subside or reason to
reflect, led to frequent and fatal encounters. Every
tavern, gaming-house, and disreputable haunt was the
scene of sanguinary contests between wine-
mauled duellists. So common and so little thought
of were these occurrences, that we seldom meet with
notices of them in the newspapers of the time, except
in connection with some other circumstance; as for
instance: 'The coach, who was run through the body in endeavouring to prevent two
gentlemen from fighting a duel, is in a fair way
of recovery.'

A few years previous to the time of which we write,
the king, in his speech to parliament, said: 'It is with
the utmost regret I observe that the horrid crimes of
robbery and murder are, of late, rather increased than
decreased.' As a remedy for this state of affairs, a
reward of L.40 was given to any one who arrested a
thief, and prosecuted him to conviction and the
inevitable gallows. The suburban districts also formed
societies, and gave L.100 more, if the offence took place
five miles distant from the city. Moreover, every one
who captured a highwayman was entitled to the cul-
pria's horse, whatever might be its value, or whoever
might have been its legitimate owner. The highway-
men, being well mounted and well armed, were seldom
captured, except in their hours of recreation. But
these various outrages, which are truly the vice,
'thief-making' and 'thief-taking.' Gangs of villains, con-
spiring together, trepanned simple youths into seeking
robberies; and succeeded in hanging numbers of lads,
for the thought of the terror of these was their guiltless
blood. As may be supposed, those ancient English
institutions, the gallows, pillory, and whipping-post,
flourished exceedingly one hundred years ago.

In Maitland's History of London, published in 1566,
there is an engraving of Newgate, as it then appeared,
and on the top of the building we see a large machine
resembling the sails of a wind-mill. This was a venti-
lator, to dissipate the vitiated air of the prison, which
it did, to the great annoyance of the neighbourhood.
The cause of this machine being erected was, simply,
that in the spring of 1700, the jail-disputer, a kind
of typhus now unknown, caused by crowding and insuf-
ficient air, found its way from the jail to the sessions-
house, and killed two judges, one lord-mayor,
several aldermen, jurymen, and others, to the number,
in all, 16. The report was that the ventilator, though a step in the right direction, was,
like many other of our reformatory movements, a
vain attempt to remedy an evil without doing away with
that which is the very root of evil, without the slightest reference to its prevention;
for we read in the same work that, even with the ventilator, two of the prisoners, close together,
and in the air so corrupted by their stench, that it
occasions a disease, called the jail-disputer, of which
they die by dozens; and cart-loads of them are carried
out and thrown into a pit in the church-yard of Christ's
Church, without ceremony. And to this wretched place
many innocent people are sometimes sent, and loaded
with irons before their trial, generally to die; but to
extort money from them by a merciless jailer; for if
they have money to bribe him, they may have their
irons as light as they please.'

The most revolting spectacle of the present day is,
without doubt, an execution; yet, happily, this appro-
riation of our age and common Christianity is now,
comparatively speaking, a rare occurrence; and,
hideously appalling though it be, is, unattended by the
riot, licence, and debauchery—not confined to one spot,
but extending over a distance of three miles—that char-
acterised the London executions of one hundred years
ago. Hogarth, as the closing scene in the life of 'the
idle apprentice,' has exhibited to us the awful proces-
sion from Newgate to Tyburn. As the engraving is
known to almost every one, we need not further allude
to it. But from a newspaper writer of the period,
though the quotation be long, and its composition
awkward, we feel bound to extract the following
description of Newgate on the morning of, and the sub-
sequent journey to Tyburn, more forcibly illustrate an
execution, the superior arrangements, the more
decent conduct—in short, the advancement in civilisa-
tion of our own era.

'Ve see the horrid aspect of turnkeys and jailers, in dis-
content and hurry; the sharp and dreadful looks of
rogues that beg in irons, but who would wish to rob
you if they could; the bellowing of half-a-dozen men
at a time to inquire after one another; the variety of
strong voices howling in one place, scolding, quarrelling,
and swearing in another, loud bursts of laughter in a
third; the substantial breakfasts that are made in
these scenes of horror; the soars of beer and gin that
are swallowed, the incessant cutlets for more, and
the howling answers made by the tapsters; the impudent
and unreasonable jests; the general nastiness, with the
aths and impregnations echoed from every quarter of
the prison, added to the melancholy clank of chains
and fetters, compose altogether one of the most horrid
spectacles the eyes of thinking men can behold. Yet
how much more terrific is this dreadful scene rendered
by the behaviour of the men just setting off for execu-
tion. These raw recruits, who are merely the victims
of robbery, and jouring others that are less innocent;
while the ordinary bustles among them, and shifting
from one to another, distributes scraps of good counsel
instructive, and advice to inattentive heares; and near him, the hangman,
impatient to be gone, swears at their delays.

'At last they set out, and with them a torrent of
mob, consisting of the idllest of holiday-makers, and
all the thieves of both sexes, who meet with that
security which large mobs afford, so that this occasion
becomes a jubilee-day for all offenders, who dare not
appear on any other, the confusion making a free mart,
an anarchy for all outlaws. To add to the rudeness of
the scene, two or three sweeps generally mount the
horses that draw the convicts, whose sooty aspects and
ludicrous gestures divert the crowd; and the cauldrons,
instead of impressing those salutary impressions on the
minds of spectators which it is alone intended for,
becomes an impious spectacle of laughter, riot, and
disorder. The way from Newgate to Tyburn is now
in some parts the most of the road. Where the crowd is thinnest, dead cats and dogs fly
about, and are deemed excellent pastime. The nearer
they approach the gallows, blows are struck, heads are
broken, and swinging pieces are thrown at each other.
Amidst this rioting, the sound of different noises, and
a variety of outcries on every side, making a din
cord not to be paralleled, the last gasp of young; and
the ordinary and executioner, having performed their
duties with little ceremony and less concern, seem
tired and glad that it is over. The tragedy being ended, a fresh fray arises between the mob and the surgeons about the property of the dead bodies; and the morning's announcement ends with often the loss of more lives than the baleful night before it.

In a pamphlet of a much later date, the writer, condemning this horrible system, states that although the unhappy convicts were almost invariably intoxicated when they left Newgate, they were 'suffered to stop twice or thrice, on the way to Tyburn, to receive fresh comfort from strong waters.' He further tells us that, after the execution, the hangman stripped the dead bodies, the clothes being his disquieting perquisite. Then the fight commenced among the mob, one party endeavouring to secure the bodies to sell them for dissection, the other to carry them off to their friends for interment. 'Some wretches,' he continues, 'are so miserable as to have no mob either for or against them, and their bodies (it is horrible, but true) lie, to the dishonour of the laws and the disgrace of human nature, naked under the gallows, till some charitable Christian pays, or till the inhabitants, to be rid of the stench, cause a hole to be dug for interment, without any intervention of authority in either case.'

Referring to newspapers published in the time of the grandfathers of many now living, we read that, on the first Monday in July, a deserter from the Foot Guards, a young man of respectable family, was brought out of the Savoy prison in the Strand. Accompanied by his brother and two clergymen, escorted by 400 soldiers, with drums beating the Dead March, and followed by an immense crowd, the unhappy deserter was led through the streets to Hyde Park, and there shot and buried. The government improved this occasion in a curious manner. The Sunday evening previous, warrants for pressing landmen were secretly issued, and thus the 400 soldiers that guarded the miserable man to execution, formed a very efficient press-gang among the crowd that came to witness it. A few days afterwards, a vagabond fellow was, by order of a magistrate, flogged at the public whipping-post in Covent Garden market for a petty theft.

Early in the year, a hot press took place at Edinburgh, Leith, Newhaven, and Musselburgh: the constables of Edinburgh netted sixty captives on the first day. The next Sunday, a press-gang made its appearance on the High Street, 'just after sermons.' The friends of a journeyman baker, who was among the captured, boldly attempted a rescue. In the fray that ensued, the gang were worsted, and, to save their lives from the infuriated populace, were glad to accept the alternative of going. The palace-guard was called out, and thus reinforced, the gang returned to the fray. Lives were taken, and fearful wounds inflicted on both sides; yet, after all, only three badly wounded chairmen were captured, and carried off to serve his most gracious majesty.

Besides its legitimate duty of providing seamen and soldiers for the service of the state, the press-gang was by no means unfrequently employed to suit private purposes. By its friendly aid, a rival in love or business, an adverse witness, or importunate creditor, any individual, in fact, whose presence was obnoxious or undesirable, could readily be put out of the way, if not for ever, as was most probable, at all events for a considerable period. Even wives managed to get rid of their husbands by this summary process of divorce; and, in the very year we refer to, a daughter procured the impression of her father, to the end that she might uncontrollably dissipate his hard-earned savings in vicious indulgences. To be sure, where men were concerned, the chances were equal: Nokes could bribe the gang to waylay and press Stiles, just as Stiles might perform the same good turn for Nokes; but as women were not liable to imprisonment, it may be imagined that they were on the, side of this thing, however; though women could not be pressed, still they could be got rid of in another manner—consigned to a more dreadful fate. The dreadful fate of private madhouses of the period were a thousand times worse than the holds of the press-tenders, worse even than
the floating Pandemoniums ships-of-war then were. The evidence given before the parliamentary committee that inquired into the state of private madhouses in 1762, is a heart-sickening disclosure of human wickedness and helpless misery; and the committee, in their report, remarks that the avatars of the keepers, who were under no other control than their own consciences, led them to assist in the most nefarious plans for confusing sane persons, whose relations or guardians, impelled by the same motive or private vengeance, sometimes forgot all the restraints of nature, and immured them in the horrors of a prison, under a charge of insanity.'

Four of the 'chief-makers' already alluded to were tried and convicted, at the Old Bailey sessions, in March 1766, for conspiring to prosecute an innocent lad to death, on a false charge of robbery, so that they might obtain the reward, or blood-money, as it was then termed, amounting to L140. Part of their sentence was to stand in the pillory, and, accordingly, two of them were pilloried in Holborn. A newspaper informs us that 'such a multitude of people were never known to be collected on a like occasion. A woman was terribly gored by a bullock, and almost trod to death by the mob; a poor man, pushed out of a cart, had his skull fractured, and was taken up insensible; several people were run over and hurt, and much mischief done. Two pickpockets, being detected at the end of Fetter Lane, were so severely disciplined by the populace, that they were scarcely able to crawl away.' The two wretches in the pillory were pelted with stones, brickbats, and oyster-shells; and when released at the expiration of the period of their sentence—they were found to be speechless and insensible, but subsequently recovered. Three days after, the other two were pilloried in Smithfield. So briskly were they pelted, that when half an hour had elapsed, the mob, perceiving that one of the two was dead, forbore to throw any more at them. Neither was released, however, until the hour had expired, when the survivor was found to be fearfully mangled, but still breathing.

Such continual scenes of violence were not without their natural fruits—all grades in society were demoralised, and an utter recklessness prevailed with regard to human life. Three captains in the army, who were recruiting at Gravesend, wished to visit the theatre at Greenwich; for this purpose, they hired two post-chaises, and set off on their journey. The officers, afraid of being too late for the performance, kept urging the postboys to drive faster than the horses could go. On this account an alteration ensued, and one of the captains, drawing his sword, ran a postboy through the body, and even cut and hacked at the dying man as he lay helplessly bleeding on the ground. The other postboy would have shared the same fate, had not a labourer, who happened to be repairing a hedge by the roadside, rushed forward, and with his hedge-hill held the captains at bay. At this juncture, a sturdy butcher came up, and the officers were disarmed, and made prisoners. A coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the three. They were committed to Maidstone jail, and in due time tried; two were acquitted; the third, who had stabbed the postboy, was condemned and executed.

Another instance of reckless disregard of human life, to say nothing of the destruction of valuable property, occurred about the same time. The good ship Virginia Merchant arrived at Bristol with a valuable cargo, consisting of 400 hogsheads of tobacco, and other colonial produce. The latter lot to press, but the homeward-bound crew resisting, compelled the gang to sheer off. The tender then opened fire with her great guns on the unfortunate Virginia Merchant, and in a short time, not only killed several of her crew, but sank her, tobacco and all, to the bottom of the Severn. Probably it is of the same tender we read the following sadly suggestive paragraph: 'The mother of one of the two young gentlewomen who were forcibly taken on board the tender at Bristol, and kept there two days, has since written to the keeper, who was under no other control than his own conscience, to assist in the most nefarious plans for confusing sane persons, whose relations or guardians, impelled by the same motive or private vengeance, sometimes forgot all the restraints of nature, and immured them in the horrors of a prison, under a charge of insanity.'

The class we now term the people was not in existence in those days, but there was, as Sir John Fielding tells us, 'the railing, very insolent and abusive, and that sometimes without the least appearance of a cause.' The astute magistrate adds, for the benefit of strangers: 'When this happens, it is always prudent to retire, and give them their own way. It would be awise of time to pursue the subject further. Our improvement has been great—much greater, probably, than the imagination can readily realise. There has been no retrogression; the march has ever been onward. Looking out, as we write, into the clear wintry twilight, over a wide reach of the Thames, as it sweeps past the lofty elms and old ivy-covered houses of a river-side Mall, we can see the tide swiftly ebbing downwards in the centre of the stream; while a counter-eddy, on each side of the river, slowly flows in a contrary direction, till it is absorbed and carried away by the main central current. So it is in the great stream of human progress—the very speed and impetus of its central current causes lateral eddies, seemingly flowing backwards, but in reality forming an integral part of one great onward movement.

Closing, then, the dreary records of the past, let us cheerfully and confidently look forward to the future; and, remembering the poet's injunction with regard to the treatment of a guest, let us also

Welcome the coming, speed the parting year.

A CUNNING HAND AMONG THE BRANCHES.

Did you ever notice that sometimes two branches of a tree produce a perfect bifurcation; that is, that they separate from a common point? If you examine closely, you will find that such branches took their departure from one and the same bud. In rarer instances, you may see five or six branches all starting from a common centre, and with a regularity that surprises when contrasted with the arrangement of the rest of the tree.

These effects are now and then produced by gemming or inoculating, and not seldom by the unassisted handiwork of nature. What is the cause of the bifurcation is caused by the bite of a caterpillar or some other voracious insect. An insect has but to gnaw the point of a bud to make it grow double, triple, quadruple, and so forth, to transform itself indeed into
numerous buds, thereafter distinct and separate, each passing singly through all the phases of its vegetation. What is here seen applies to buds that produce wood; it is equally true of those that produce fruit. The insect plies its mandibles, and quite unconsciously starts a new order of events. After all, however, a little reflection would lead us to believe that buds might be as fecund as seeds. If one grain of wheat produces many grains, why not one bud many buds, if we can only get it into the right condition? What this condition is, we learn from the insect.

At all events, it has been learned by M. Millot-Brulé of Rethel (Ardennes), and turned to good account, for he produces effects at pleasure without waiting for the accident of an insect; with the point of a penknife, or a slip of sand-paper, he makes buds produce as many branches as he chooses. The notion occurred to him in 1849; and he at once made experiments which were successful; and repeating these year by year, he has now produced a new and singularly interesting process of arboriculture. A commission appointed by the Minister of Agriculture and Public Works to examine into it, reported in the following terms of what they had seen in M. Millot-Brulé’s garden: — 'Several penknife-slashes present a multitude of branches proceeding from the same centre with mathematical regularity and symmetry. By skilful disbudding by incisions, and nipping of the buds or shoots, he arranges the trees in a way at once the most picturesque and fantastical. Under his fingers, the obedient branches assume the most varied and elegant forms; he increases the fructification, and develops the formation of buds sculptural to his wish.'

Thoroughly to illustrate the results, diagrams would be necessary; we shall, however, endeavour to explain as clearly as the subject will admit of. M. Millot-Brulé’s elementary figure consists of a straight branch which from one common centre separates into fifteen branches, resembling, in fact, a small tree with a regularly formed head. A second represents an espalier peach-tree, the branches of which radiate in the form of a wheel, each branch terminating in an oval ring of smaller branches, developed at regular intervals. From these simple forms, others of a more complex nature may be produced: a single stem, properly managed, will form a square, a parallelogram, or a series of circles, so elegant in design, that if copied in paper mâché they would be prized as graceful ornaments for the drawing-room. The buds may be multiplied and the branches sent off entirely at the pleasure of the cultivator; hence there is no limit to the forms which may be produced.

In the course of his experiments, M. Millot-Brulé discovered another of the interesting secrets of arboriculture—namely, that little branches must not be developed immediately opposite each other on a horizontal branch trained against a wall or on stakes; and the reason is, that the branches which run upwards take up all the sap at the expense of those running downwards; the latter consequently languish. It therefore becomes absolutely necessary to develop the small branches alternately—each lower one between two upper ones—on all horizontal branches. It is possible, moreover, to assist the lower branches by bending the upper ones upon themselves, making them form a sort of knot, but always with the precaution of leaving the extreme points in an upward direction. Any intelligent person may, by a little dexterity, become a practised arboriculturist. The process in its simplest form appears to be to decapitate the buds with a penknife as soon as the sap begins to circulate in the spring. In a few days, two new buds appear at the base of the bud thus operated on, and the vegetation of these is easily equalised by expert trimming, or pinching off when necessary. The equilibrium once established, these two buds may be similarly treated, and as each will produce two more, any number of branches may be obtained, and a thick full head developed on the top of a single stem. To make branches shoot in different directions, the terminal bud of the main branch is pinched at one side or the other, according as the direction required is to the right or left; and the new buds being pinched in turn, perfect control is established over each branch from its very earliest growth. We pretend not to enter into the minute details that would be requisite in a horticultural publication; all we purpose is to convey some general notion of what strikes us as a remarkable discovery.

Wires are used when necessary to maintain the branches in a proper position; and from this point we are led to a consideration of practical use and value. This method of multiplying branches being introduced into nurseries, the trees grown will be more fruitful and less irregular in form than heretofore. Who would not rather see a shapely tree than a straggler? It will enable landscape-gardeners to make single trees or groups as ornamental as they please. Parks may thus become more beautiful than ever, and public walks, boulevards, and the like, may be decorated according to taste or fancy. There are many persons who will perhaps say that these trees are not beautiful when left entirely to nature; but they forget that nature sometimes produces vegetable as well as animal deformities, and that it must therefore be an advantage to be able to encourage gracefulness.

But M. Millot-Brulé’s method admits of an immediate and eminently useful application—namely, that of controlling the form of branches in plantations grown for their timber. In ship-building, fancy cabinet-making and carpentry, as well as in other employments that will suggest themselves to the mind, angular, forked, and bent timber is an article of prime necessity. What an advantage is gained to the grower when, using his judgment, aided by a penknife and a slip of sand-paper, he can make the trees under his care obedient to his will! Moreover, it appears to us that in this process we have a new field open for the exercise of ingenuity, out of which may follow new employments for industry; and we commend the subject to all who are engaged in the culture of trees.

For the substance of the foregoing, we are indebted to a scientific periodical published in Paris.

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

The rain was falling, the winds were calling,
The clouds swept over the sky,
When 'mid the alarm of darkness and storm,
A shower of song swept by—
Says the little wee bird: 'Tis I!'

'Ah! is it not dreary, and are you not weary,
Poor little wee bird?' I said.

'How lonely and queer you must feel out here,
Just under the tempest-dread—
Ah! birdsie, you'll soon be dead!'

'While the storm is ringing, is my time for singing,'
Says the little wee bird to me;
'Though the clouds be dim, yet I warble my hymn;
And I die not, though cold it be;
For my name is Hope,' says she.

So the song it is guessing, and seems as if hushing,
The atmosphere tempest-stirred;
Softly and clear it falls on the ear,
Through clouds and through darkness heard—
The song of the sweet wee bird! E.
COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

The very good and the very bad among mankind, albeit they form the ordinary humanity of most novels, are rare in actual life. If we descend from the heights of rose-coloured romance to the sober gray valley of this work-a-day world, we shall find that there is generally some fault or failing in the virtuous, to redeem the one from absolute atrocity, and the other from complete perfection. There is happily a medium between all extremes, and human beings are not half of them guileless lambs, and the other half exultant wolves ready to pounce upon them; as romancers would have us believe. Moreover, even the modified heroes and villains of real life form but a very small portion of the world's dramatis personae. The vast body of mankind consist of those who are neither detestably bad nor admirably good; overwhelmingly clever, or pitifully stupid; of the commonplace, in a word. It is they who leave society, as it were, and render it of a due consistency; it is they who act as the chorus to the drama; the background to the picture, and who, though not heroic themselves, are necessary adjuncts to the heroism of others.

It is wisely ordered thus, and the more so that all these supernumeraries in the great drama of life have little dramatic episodes of their own, whereof they individually are the heroes and heroines. No one is insignificant to himself; and the most commonplace being in the world would assuredly be the last person to suspect the small degree of his own value in the social scale. On the contrary, your ordinary sort of man generally believes himself to be a Napoleon, a Shakspeare, or a Newton, according as his tastes and pursuits are military, literary, or scientific. Often, too, the world is partially deluded into the same belief; for it is a credulous world in some respects, and when it sees a man holding implicit faith in himself it is very apt to appraise him by his own standard. It is astonishing to think of the number of people who are held to be wonderfully clever, not to say geniuses, simply on the strength of their personal conviction that they are so. They have never done anything to prove it—never will, probably; but they have the benefit of the prestige now, and will carry it with them even to the grave. Did any one ever know a doctor who was not termed 'a remarkably skilful man'?—or a lawyer, who was not accounted a shrewd, talented fellow?—or a clergyman, who was not pronounced to be either most eloquent or most excellent by a sufficient number of individuals to constitute a public? In fact, if we might believe in all the opinions we hear, talent is the rule, and want of it the exception, in this present age. Men and women of intellect are the commonplace; the only moderately intelligent and the stupid are the few—the rare are.

But we—you and I, reader—don't believe all we hear, and we know better of what calibre of humanity the various classes of the commonplace are actually composed. We know, too, that if the world is principally made up of those very classes, we remember—is mistaken in its judgments, as to who are, and who are not, common-place people. We have marked numerous instances when it has done honour to the daw in peacock's feathers, and when—to carry out the ornithological comparison—it has neglected or despised the nightingale, because it was so brown and homely a bird to look at. Was it not only the other evening, at Lady Ormolu's dinner-party, that Mr Jones, after conversing through one course and a half with his left-hand neighbour, pronounced him, in an aside to the lady on his right, one of the dullest, most inane, and most common-place individuals? And was not the said Jones put to the blush when he was informed that his dull and inane acquaintance was the world-renowned artist, whose pictures are known, admired, and prized by all Europe? Be more cautious another time, Mr Jones, in forming your opinion of strangers, and, for your reputation's sake, be less precipitate in expressing it when formed. Do not again judge a man's intellect after half an hour's conversation with him, particularly at a dinner-party. Perhaps it requires not a large intellect, but a little one, to constitute the stock in trade of the sayer of smart things and agreeable nothings, who is so valuable an adjunct to assemblies, and who is pronounced 'a most clever, pleasant person' by Mr Jones and others.

'Appearances are deceitful,' say the school-copies. It is to be feared that the round-text moralities of the writing-master make but a small impression on the minds of youth, or that it soon wears off; for when boys grow to man's estate, they are apt to run exactly counter to the excellent advice contained in those pithy little sentences. How many people of our acquaintance do not judge from appearances? Let a man quote from one or two abstruse books, interlard his conversation with Latin and Greek, cut his hair but seldom, and shave still less frequently, and he will find a sufficient number of persons quite ready to admire him as the wisest, most erudite of men. In the same way, a man who dresses well, speaks with respectful regard for Lindsey Murray, and does not outrage the bisexes, is considered and denominated a gentleman. Well, perhaps after all, it is a wise world to be so credulous! If the outside is fair, let us be
content with that, without seeking to look deeper. Let us believe in the talent of one person, the amiability of another, just as we do with our rosewood tables. Let us banish the consciousness that they are only veneered, and that if we cut into the wood, we shall find that the polish does not extend beyond the surface. At anyone who is unappreciated, and therefore a cynical being, have resolved to do so for the future.

But reconnais à nos monts—that is to say, to our common-place people. As I have indicated, I hope, by the foregoing anecdote of Jones, the balance is kept tolerably even. If one set of people are over-rated, the really talented, the unquestionably superior, are often treated very shabbily by that great autocrat, public opinion. I myself am thought little of by ordinary minds. As I have said, the world is principally made up of common-place people, and it naturally seeks its heroes from among its peers. Parmi les aveugles les bergers sont rois. People with two eyes have no chance.

However, I will add—for I like to be impartial—that my wife, who is of a more genial temperance than I am, takes altogether another view of the subject. She thinks—I put it into elegant language for her, as she is not literate—the very Jovianism per se does not exist. Everybody is interesting to some one or two others in the world; for instance, every man who has a mother has some one to admire and love him—to think him a hero or a sage—most handsome, most clever, or most excellent in some way. He is never commonplace to her. Moreover, my wife declares her belief, confirmed by observation, that if we could thoroughly understand a person's idiosyncrasy, or he made intimately acquainted with the lives of even those people we ourselves are apt to decry as commonplace, we should be sure to find special individualities, both of thought, and feeling, and action, to redeem them from the character. Therefore, she triumphantly concludes, since the world's common-place people are my heroes, and my common-place people are very often God's heroes and heroines—where are we to find the absolutely commonplace?

I am to remember, she says, my old-bachelor cousin Harte, whom I always used to wonder at, as the most perfect specimen of human clock-work, would up to now go to the bank daily, write there for six hours, and return to his lodgings—and who couldn't do anything else, I verily believed, except potter about the back garden of his lodgings, read the newspaper, and cut out a man with a cocked-hat, in card-board, to amuse the children, when he came to us to tea. Well, how was I to know that all that time he might have been put into a book as an example of constancy, courage, and all that sort of thing? I hardly knew that such a person as Anna Lyle existed, much less that they had loved each other ever since they were boy and girl together. But they were both poor, and Anna had a helpless father dependent on her for support; so they both worked on, loved one another, and had patience. They were middle-aged before they married. Yes, I remember I was astonished when Harte quietly introduced his wife to us, and for the first time I noticed something in his face. In fact, I've not thought him at all commonplace since.

I confess, also, that I never thought much about little Charlotte Selby—one of Selby the merchant's three daughters. Her elder sister was the more accomplished, and the younger one the handsomest. She appeared to me a very ordinary kind of medium, in age, looks, and abilities. I never should have suspected her of the quiet energy, the sense and courage she displayed when her father failed, and then the family were reduced to much poverty and privation. She was the mainstay and support of all the rest through the whole trying time that the broken-down merchant was struggling with his difficulties. The clever sister made money by her pen; the handsome one, who had married brilliantly, helped the fallen family, as she should; but I admit at once that I admire and respect little Charlotte far beyond either the authoress or the beauty, though they are both good women in their way.

Further, I am reminded—But my wife's examples would be endless. I shall name no more. I submit to her so far as to own, that there may be plenty more Har tes and Charlottes among my commonplace acquaintance, even among those that I grumble at when they are invited to tea, and call 'limpets' and 'pumpkins.' Yes, yes, anything and everything she says is true, no doubt.

I deny nothing—and I shall not go over my own case again. Judge between us, O reader, and decide for thyself upon this knotty question.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

In the dashing times which produced the Declaration of Independence, and opened up the most glowing and eventful era of national history—the anticipations of a citizen were not confined to a little thing like 'hold these truths' as self-evident, that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, Liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—we say, in the midst of these announcements of a brighter day for hitherto down-trodden human nature, and of what was actually done towards founding a great republic, who could have foreseen that in eighty years the result would be a state of things in which a sixth part of the population would be slaves—human beings of every variety of complexion and diversity of intelligence, placed, from no fault of their own, on a level with the brute creation; and further, that this sorrowful and abject condition would come to be extended, perpetuated, vindicated as an essential element in civil society! The world, as it appears to us, has hardly awakened to a consciousness of this historical anomaly; and this is not surprising, for the Americans themselves are as yet only beginning to see the awkwardness of the dilemma into which they have allowed themselves to be drifted.

It was from no qualm of conscience on the part of the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson, Adams, Livingston, Sherman, and Franklin—that the passages relative to slavery were struck out from the celebrated document. * He [the king of Great Britain] has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur a miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain.

Determined to keep open market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce, &c. It was quite as well that these ungentle accusations should have been withdrawn in consideration, as is said, for the feelings of southern members of the infant confederacy; that so there might remain no historical doubt of the fact, that Union was secured only by conciliating the more intractable order of

* The first draft of the Declaration of Independence, embracing these extracts, was shown in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, an institution founded by Franklin. It was the greatest archaeological curiosity (if such a term be allowable) which the present writer saw in the United States.
slavelo marketers. Whatever, therefore, may be our surprise at the present anomalous complication of American liberties, and slave rights, it can hardly be lessened by the explanation, that from the very commencement, on that memorable 4th of July 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read from the seven cities of the United States, there never has been a condition of universal freedom. The Declaration, doubtless, propounded the doctrine of human equality; but this document never seems to have had the validity of law. At all events, as regards the principle of slavery, the lofty preamble of the Declaration about ‘inalienable rights’ has proved to be only a respectable piece of jargon—words which serve their purpose, and signify nothing.

At the opening of the revolutionary war, there were slaves in all the revolted colonies; even in Massachusetts, the land of the ‘Pilgrim Fathers,’ there were slaves, and sales of slaves too. England, of course, must be charged with the crime of having, in the first instance, introduced these unfortunate Africans as an article of merchandise into the plantations against the repeatedly expressed wishes of the settlers, and of having fostered slavery till it took root as a social usage. Lawyers might now speculate on the question—did the act or the colonial legislature, which in the year 1765, when a revolution of trouble seemed imminent, passed a law that slaves could be legally held in the colonies? A short time previously, it had been decided by courts of justice, that a slave landing in England became free; and as the common law was extended over all parts of the realm, it is demonstrable that the maintenance of slavery in distant dependencies was, to say the least of it, open to challenge. The question was not, however, tried; and, as is well known, a vigorous English slave-trade was carried on for many years afterwards with the West Indies and other possessions—much to the profit of Liverpool and Bristol, and apparently to the satisfaction or indifference of all, except the few individuals who deigned to feel an interest in the unhappy objects of ruthless deportation—which individuals, as is usual in such cases, were set down as visionaries, crack-brained enthusiasts, who had no proper regard for national greatness. When the House of Commons was at length induced, in 1792, to pass a bill for the suppression of the slave-trade, it was rejected by the Commons; and, the question being put to the House of Lords, there was an attempt to hold the Commons in being until the two Houses agree; and, what is still more to the point, as our continued national prosperity depends in no small degree on the purchase and manufacture of slave-grown cotton—the English have not much reason to be boastful on the subject.

For several years after the termination of the revolutionary war—1784 to 1789—the Americans had no proper federal constitution, and public matters were regulated during this interregnum by what was called the Continental Congress, sitting in Philadelphia or New York. To have anything like a correct notion of the American slave question, we need to look back to the operations of this august body. One of the subjects that fell under its discussion, was the management of certain western territories which several states relinquished for the benefit of the general commonwealth, in consideration that congress should liquidate debts and obligations incurred by these states during the war. The cessions were made on these terms: Congress could not exercise sovereignty over large tracts of country, from which new states could be excavated. Plans for the government of the Western Territory occurred to congress; and, as Mr Jefferson, then president, took a lead in the business, and producing schemes by which slavery was never to be intruded into this vast region. A proposal of this nature was lost on coming to a vote; but at length, in 1787, in the last continental congress, was passed an ‘Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States, North-west of the Ohio,’ which embraced this provision: ‘There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall be duly convicted.’ The enactment of this law may be said to settle the point, that congress is entitled, among other regulations, to enjoin that slavery shall or shall not be a constituent element in the Territories under its special jurisdiction.

The circumstance of Jefferson not being able to carry his larger measure, which comprehended territories south of those just mentioned, shows that the leading men of the time were cramped in their benevolent efforts to extend the sphere of freedom. They were thoroughly aware that slavery in any form, or wherever situated, was a bad thing; and on suitable occasions, they spoke plainly out on the subject. Not disguising the fact from themselves or from others, they nevertheless thought proper to temporize. Believing that any attempt at emancipation through federal agency would probably alienate slaveholders, and so jeopardize the consolidation of the States, they were inclined to leave the question to the judgment of public opinion, of which there were hopeful symptoms. As early as 1775, the representatives of a district in Georgia passed a resolution, declaring their disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America—‘a practice,’ they say, ‘founded on injustice and cruelty, and highly dangerous to our liberties, as well as lives; debasing part of our fellow creatures below men, and corrupting the virtue and morals of the rest; and as laying the basis of that liberty we contend for on a wrong foundation.’ Other anti-slavery sentiments shine during the ensuing ten years. Massachusetts and other New-England States, and also Pennsylvania, denounce slavery, provide for securing freedom to all born after a certain day, and prohibit the import of any more slaves. Virginia likewise prohibits importation, and removes legal restrictions on emancipation. From North Carolina, New York, and New Jersey, are issued edicts against the further import of slaves. In short, it appears as if slavery was being already given up, and done with. Some expectations of this kind, along with an anxiety to conciliate doubtful friends, afford the only excuse for the perpetuation of slavery under a new Constitution. While there was a distinct consciousness of its injustice, its dangers, slavery was recognised under ambiguous terms—singular anomaly!—in the great charter of republican freedom. It was competent to repudiate it; it was advisable to maintain a discreet silence respecting it. Neither was done. Here lies the first great blunder of American statesmanship, never to be rectified. The constitution was framed in 1787, and was in general operation in 1789.

This constitution, which still gives cohesion to the States under a federal government, is an instrument divided into articles, each subdivided into clauses. The passages referring to slavery are as follows: In the second clause of the first article there is a provision for representation and taxation—Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service, for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. By ‘all other persons’ is signified slaves. Accordingly, in whatever measure slavery exists, is till this day a statutory method of making up an artificial constitution: in other words, the number is swelled by counting slaves; but
as the slaves have no vote, it happens that a limited constituency of free persons possesses a political power equal to that of a constituency altogether free. That so acute a people as the Americans should have accepted this as a fair thing in representation, and still submit to it, almost past belief. To proceed, however. The next reference to slavery in the constitution is contained in another clause of the first article—

'The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax or duty may be imposed, not exceeding ten dollars on each person.' By one of the clauses of the fourth article, it is ordained that 'No person held to service or labour in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such labour may be due.'

The use of such ambiguous terms as 'persons held to labour,' leads one to infer that the fathers of the constitution were ashamed of the thing indicated. In the face of mankind, and fresh from a successful struggle for liberty, they do not appear to have had the courage to employ a candid phraseology. Be this as it may, the constitution had taken its ground in maintaining the rights of slaveholders. They could hold persons to service, pursue and secure them if they fled; and at least until 1808, they could migrate with them to new possessions, and receive fresh supplies by importation.

Possibly, the national conscience felt no alarm in adopting these legal institutes. All were jubilant over late successes. A mighty power three thousand miles off had been humbled; 'glory,' as Emerson says, had been 'bought cheap.' The new republic could afford to lecture England—which, we are thankful, has always been able to stand a good deal of sound scolding—on the doctrine of inherent human rights. In the address of the first congress under the constitution, to the people of Great Britain, what grandeur in the passages about liberty, oppression, slavery, and chains. 'When a nation, led to greatness by the hand of liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for other friends and children, and instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to believe that she has ceased to be virtuous, or has been entirely negatived by the appointment of her rulers.'

With such remonstrances against wrong-doing, which seem as if addressed to the living generation of Americans, who could suppose that this same congress required to be reminded of the section of the population was still deprived of its rights? As president of the Abolition Society of Philadelphia, Franklin signed a memorial to the first congress, praying that the blessings of liberty may be rightfully administered, 'without distinction of colour,' and that congress would be pleased to countenance the restoration to liberty of those unhappy men, who alone in a land of freedom are degraded into perpetual bondage.' We all admire the philanthropy breathed in these words; but are unpleasantly reminded that Franklin, with his compatriots, would perhaps have acted more wisely in not constitutionally sanctioning a thing which required afterwards to be spoken of in terms of reprobation. Let us, however, not bear too hard on the first congress, which in 1789 set a worthy example for future legislations. If the constitution had given congress no power to meddle with slavery in any of the states, it had at least enabled it to regulate the affairs of the territories, under both law and precedent, slavery could be peremptorily excluded. This congress accordingly 'recognised and affirmed the doctrine, embodied by Jefferson in the ordinance of 1787, which for ever excluded slavery from the territory that now embraces Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and in 1800, the same doctrine was approved by John Adams in the Territorial Act for Indiana.'

Kept as yet within bounds, and no means being immediately adopted to push slavery beyond certain old limits, the "persons held to labour" in the United States, in 1790, was only 697,897; and as their average market-value was then comparatively small, there could have been no insurmountable difficulty in providing means for their liberation on equitable terms. But no effort of this kind required to be made. The progress of local emancipation which was clearing slavery from the northern, would soon remove it from the middle states; and all that the legislators of the day were called on to do, was to adopt such measures as would prevent slavery from extending and intrenching itself permanently in the south. Neglectful on this point, all was lost.

Engaged in the task of establishing a great nation—building cities, reclaiming wildernesses, opening up channels of internal communication, extending commerce, planting churches, schools, printing-presses, and other engines of civilisation; successful in almost all arts, and flourishing beyond the hopes of the wildest imagination—the Americans appear to have attained a clear consciousness that there was any lurking possibility of social dislocation in consequence of slavery being tolerated within their political system. Not that there has not always been a party who augured danger from this quarter; but in the main, things have been left to take their course; or more correctly, the nation has, with singular indifference, seen a series of events successively and more and more hopelessly interweave slavery with the constitution.

It was, we believe, a crotchet of Washington that the federal capital of the United States should be a city removed from popular influences—as if there was any imaginable Olympus from which the pleasant constitutional practice of lobbying could by any stratagem be excluded. New York would not do. Philadelphia—more the pity—would not do. There must be a metropolis standing alone in virtuous solitude, somewhere about the centre of the Union. Accordingly, a site was pitched upon, on the banks of the Potomac, the seat of Virginia and Maryland severally resigning a patch of a few miles square for the purpose, henceforth called the District of Columbia. When Washington here planned and temporarily resided, he had no great horror of slavery, although he would much rather there had been no such thing in the world. Virginia and Maryland were then, as now, slave states. It remains to be seen whether the District of Columbia, as if indigenous in the soil; and from this time the supreme authorities of the United States became the civic magistracy of a kind of miniature independent state, in which slavery was a recognised institution. It could be shown that this plantation of a political metropolis in the bosom of slavery did much disservice to the cause of freedom—the sight of slaves, slave-depos, slave-sales, and the looseness of morals usual in communities affected by slavery, producing no good effect on representatives from the free states. It might be argued that, as Columbia was surrounded by slave states, freedom within this small domain was impracticable. That, however, is not the question. The thing to be deprecated was, making federal authority responsible for an anomalous condition which American writers never cease to represent as belonging exclusively to the states in their individual capacity. If any one up till this time imagined that slavery was independent of national administration, his faith, we think, never received any considerable
shock. There were remonstrances, but they sank and disappeared under a general rule. We are now referring to the close of the last and beginning of the present century, and shortly afterwards came an event far more serious than the organisation of the Union. It was a vast accession of new territory on the south and west. Left to themselves, with a wide continent invitingly open for acquisition, the Anglo-Americans only seemed to fulfill an obvious destiny in carrying their flag beyond the limits of the colonies which had been left from the British crown. A favourable opportunity for making a large acquisition occurred in 1803, when the French under Bonaparte offered to sell the province of Louisiana, which embraced nearly the whole Valley of the Mississippi. A little better management on the part of England would perhaps have saved the French the trouble of bargaining away this valuable foreign possession, which they could no longer keep; but as Louisiana was not so secured, it fell naturally, and we must say justifiably, into the hands of the Americans. The purchase, which was made for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, excited the first of that series of struggles in congress between north and south, which has lasted till our own times. The country acquired, was already settled in its lower part with French slaveholders engaged in the culture of sugar and cotton, and covered an area of about 900,000 square miles—a space larger than all the old thirteen states developed into, and being, moreover, the territories of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, which have latterly engaged so much angry disputation, and caused no little bloodshed.

On the other hand, it was scarcely in human nature to resist the easy acquisition of so splendid a domain; on the other, there were not unreasonable fears among northern politicians that the addition would in some way imperil the security of the Union. Prognostications of disaster, remonstrances, legal doubts, availed not against the controlling desire for national greatness. It mattered not that Washington, in his farewell address to the people of the United States, had uttered the solemn warning—"Let there be no change from usurpation." It mattered not that Jefferson, at the time, had pleaded the Constitution. It was a plain position that the constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for our incorporating foreign nations into our Union, and intimated that the acquisition of one of the constitutional powers of the Constitution must be blank paper by construction." Against his better judgment, Jefferson acquiesced in the opinions of those who differed from him, and passed the bill which incorporated Louisiana with the Union. No provision was made for excluding slavery from the ceded territory: the inhabitants, on the contrary, were insured the enjoyment of all their existing property, rights, and privileges; and as the holding of slaves was one of these immunities, it continued, as a matter of course, to be incorporated with the public policy.

The passage of the Louisiana Bill has been justly referred to as the turning-point in the history of the states. It at once and for ever reduced the northern and free communities to an inferior political position, and gave an immense preponderance to the slaveholding interests of the south. In accounting for so extraordinary a change in affairs, the future historian will probably point to other reasons besides the vulgar outcry for national enlargement. He will doubtless find those that represent the decline of public spirit.

Whether it be that Providence at certain periods sends great men into the world to accomplish particular purposes; or that such at all times latent exist, and are developed by necessity or by occasion; or, to hazard another alternative, that republics are not favourable to the growth of prominent individuals; the fact is undeniable that the great men who effected the American and French revolutions, and who, be it remarked, were breakers of underminded power, bore to them no equals in magnitude of intellect or indomitable force of character. It is true that several persons who figured in the commotions of '76 were still on the stage when the Louisiana Bill came into consideration; but there was now a general collapse in heroism; intrigue took the place of patriotic arduour; the men of the north, for the sake of material interests, succumbed to a course of treatment, which their more sturdy ancestors would not have endured from an English ministry. Unfortunately, also, a deterioration of manners was visible among slaveholders. The gentlemanly spirit of the old planters was passing away. Virginia was beginning to be 'overrun by time-servers, office-hunters, and political blacklegs.' Power was subsidizing into the possession of this disreputable class of personages. Nor, all things considered, could much else be expected. Certain radical mistakes, as had been seen, were committed in the general terms of union. The constitutional recognition of slavery had fixed and given breadth to the institution. The very slaveholders had secured a franchise to which nothing corresponded in the north. For the free states, as has been shown, representation is based purely on a free population, whereas in the slave states it is founded on a large extent on property in slaves; consequently, a mere handful of slaveholders—only 530,000, it is said, altogether, along with their indulgent and easily influenced white neighbours—are able to exert power in the House of Representatives, approaching that of the wealthy and populous free states, numbering in 1850 a population of 13,329,850 whites. Of course, such a flagrant piece of injustice could not have been tolerated for any length of time, had the north been true to itself. But this, as we may afterwards have occasion to particularise, it has never been—a large proportion of northern men having on all occasions cast in their lot with the political party represented by the more imperious aristocracy of the south.

With such facts before us, can we feel surprise at the passage of the Louisiana Bill, and all subsequent bills of the same nature? Freedom had been delivered up, bound hand and foot, to the interests of slavery, and all that followed was a natural consequence of that fundamental error. We are justified in these opinions by the remarks of the venerable Josiah Quincy, a survivor of the youthful era of the republic. In his late admirable address on this subject, he said that the Louisiana Admission Bill was effected by arts which slaveholders well know how to select and apply. Sops were given to the congressional watch-dogs of the free states. To some, promises were made, by way of opiate; and those whom they could neither pay nor publicly treated with insolence and scorn. Threats, duels, and violence were at that day, as now, modes approved by them to deter men from awakening the free states to a sense of danger. From the moment the act was passed, they saw that the free states were born of their strength; that they had obtained space to multiply slaves at their will; and Mr. Jefferson had confidently told them that, from that moment, the "constitution of the United States was blank paper;" but more correctly, there was no longer any constitution. The slaveholders, from that day, saw they had the free states in their power; that they were masters, and the free states slaves; and have acted accordingly. From the passage of the Louisiana Bill until this day, their policy has been directed to a single object, with almost uninterrupted success. That object was to exclude the free states from any share of power, except in subservience to their views; and they have undeniably, during all the subsequent period of our history (the administration of John Quincy Adams only excepted) placed in the chair of state either slaveholders or men from the free states who,
for the sake of power, consented to be their tools—
“Northern men with Southern principles”; in other words, men who, for the sake of power or pay, were willing to do any work which they could be set upon."

With the widening scope for slave-labor opened up by the passage of the Louisiana Bill, also the contemporaneous extension of slavery over portions of the southern States, it will not be strange that in 1810 (notwithstanding the removal of the institution from several States, and the stoppage of the foreign slave-trade in 1808), the number of slaves in the Union had increased to 1,191,364—a significant commentary on the hallucinations of the patriot founders of the republic.

W. C.

THE MUTINY OF THE GRANT HIGHLANDERS.

BY ONE OF THE MUTINEERS.

Before entering on the subject in hand, the reader
will be pleased to hear me while I give a brief relation of the circumstances which brought me in connection with the Grant Highlanders, and of the doings of the regiment previous to the mutiny.

I am one of those unfortunate who never saw their father. Mine died a week before my birth, and my mother married a discharged soldier six months afterwards. Poor woman!—happy it would have been for her, and for me too, had she remained faithful to the memory of her first husband, for the cruelty and debauchery of her second sent her to an early grave, and drove her boy forth a wanderer from the home that should have sheltered him. Thus, while yet a parent’s guiding hand should have been with me, I was cast upon the mercies of a strange world, and forced to take an active part in the great battle of life.

After struggling with difficulties such as only the friendless have to encounter, I at length reached that period which was to mark my future destiny. This was in 1794, when I would be about fifteen years of age, tall, strong, and prematurely manly. Sir James Grant was then engaged in raising a new regiment—the 97th, or Grant Highlanders; and many lads from the district in which I lived—a lonesome valley in Inverness-shire—enlisted under his banner. At first I had no desire to follow his example, for the remembrance of a certain red coat, which at one time lay in a drawer in my mother’s kitchen, and which had engendered a dislike to all soldiers, now arose vividly before me. One beautiful spring morning, however, as I was tending cattle on an upland pasture, there came floating on the freshening breeze, which hurried oceanward, sounds of distant music. I was wondering and debating with myself whencesoever they proceeded, when suddenly I beheld a numerous band of red coats emerge from the gorge of a gloomy valley at an angle of the hill wherein was standing. It was a glorious sight to my young eyes that first beholding of a regiment of soldiers, as rank by rank they issued from the darkness into the sunshine, which fell, as it were, in showers of glory on their scarlet array!

On, on they came, and the merry roll of the drum set my heart dancing. My whole nature seemed to undergo a revolution. Old antipathies were forgotten, and giddy with delight, I hastened down the hill to meet the approaching Highlanders, for it was Sir James Grant’s new regiment on the march to Fort George.

In the mood of mind which possessed me, it required no ‘oily tongue persuasively’ to induce me to become a king’s man, nor had I before my eyes the fear of breaking the heart of a poor old mother, or that of a sweetheart, therefore I readily accepted the shilling which Lieutenant Macdonald offered me. Sending my dog, Chance, off to watch the cattle until a more trustworthy servant than I should come, I marched away with a swallow’s flight from the hills of my boyhood, never more to behold them, except through the dim mists of the far away.

Drill, drill, drill!—months of continuous drill, and then we were pronounced fit for the service. In June of 1794, we, together with the Gordon and Seaforth Highlanders, sailed from Fort George for Southampton in England. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters ere we got the route for the island of Guernsey, where we passed a miserable winter—our duty being onerous, rations scanty, and the weather severe. Glad, indeed, were we when the spring of ’95 saw us once more safely located on the shores of Old England.

But there is no rest for the wicked. Government having now more need of our aid on the sea than on the land, bethought themselves of rendering us available as sea-soldiers; and in conformity with this idea, we were lent, as it were, for a short season, to the marine service.

In our new character, we joined the Channel-ship under Lord Bridport. To us it was a mere pleasure-cruise, until the 21st of June, when a frigate brought us intelligence that the enemy’s fleet was out; but, much to the chagrin of Jack, a heavy gun was coming in at the time, which forced us to remain inactive, and to tack about, under easy sail. At midnight, however, the wind somewhat abated, and by the first streaks of morning, we descried the enemy right ahead. Cheer after cheer rent the welkin, as his lordship’s signal for a general chase and to prepare for action flew forth to the breeze. On board our wooden bulwarks all were as lifeful and martial as if they had been hastening to a bridal-feast—and so they were—but Death, unthought of, was the bridegroom.

The chase continued all that day and night, for the gale had lulled to a dead calm; and as screens were then unthought of, our progress was slow. O how we did whistle for a few puffs of our late visitant the gale! At four in the morning of the 23rd a fine breeze sprang up to our whistling, and ere two more hours had passed, the French were brought within range of our long Toms. The Iratestible, the Orion, the Robert, and the Colossus—on board of which last vessel I was—being the headmost ships-of-the-line, were the first to enter into action.

This was the first fight in which we Highlanders had ever been engaged. We certainly did feel strangely out of our element, cooped up within wooden walls, unable to dash forward at once to the charge. It is strange how quickly the mind assimilates itself to the spirit which prevails around. At first, there was a slight tremor of fear mixed with my courage; and the sight of the mangled bodies and limbs of my mates well-nigh sickened me. But the stirs and bustle of the battle, the thunder and glare of the cannon, and the shouts of the combatants, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, soon drove my sentimentalism away, and I cheered, loaded, and fired away, as if it had only been a review, instead of a mighty life-struggle in which I was engaged.

The breeze which carried the Iratestible and six others into action having failed before the heavy line-ships could come up, the seven had to begin and maintain the fight with fourteen of the enemy. We were beginning to feel two to one rather a little unpleasant, when the tide of battle was turned by the arrival of the other two and the admiral of the Royal George, we welcomed him with three thundering cheers. The battle was soon over, and we were left in possession of the Formidable, 80; La Tigre, 80; and the Alexandre 24 guns.

About forty of my comrades were among the killed
and wounded; but to me Providence was kind—I came out of this time with nothing but a scratch. Our ship, besides receiving numerous damages of a minor character, had her main top-mast shot away, and the mizen greatly shattered. The Prince of Wales, the Eagle, and the Orderly were considerably damaged, were ordered, along with us, into port with the prizes, to get repaired.

On landing at Portsmouth, we were quartered in Hilses Barracks. We mustered at this time about 120 men altogether. This number being considered as those in power too many for one battalion, the regiment was divided into two, one of which was sent on board the hulks to guard the prisoners, while the other was left on shore to do barrack-duty. The latter division, to which I belonged, soon after received orders to be drafted for the marine service solely. To a man we refused to go—arguing that, having enlisted for the land service, we were determined not to be forced into any other. Hearing of our refusal to comply, General C——, the governor, came among us next day, and threatened compulsion unless we acceded; but we only laughed at his threats, and were the more resolved to hold out for what we conceived to be our rights. Letters were privately conveyed to those on board the hulks requiring our services, without our delay. They lost no time in doing so: that same night they secured the prisoners by closing the hatches, and before morning, were all safe with us in Hilses Barracks. Increasing now the numbers we were likely to send, our officers now left us. The governor, of course, was early informed of our proceedings, and a second visit from him was the result. The sergeants, acting in their behalf, told him we were all willing to shed our best blood in defence of king and country, but that no power on earth could compel us to become marines, we were willing otherwise. To be persuaded thus by a parcel of Scotch vagabonds, as he politely termed us, was more than the old gentleman could bear with equanimity. He left us in high dudgeon, blustering as he went, that before the week was a day older, we would gladly do that which government required us. We guessed what he meant, and prepared accordingly. The party who had been doing duty on board the hulk still retained their ammunition, which was now divided equally among us all.

Next morning at dawn, and with its came the governor, the 11th regiment of the line, two brigades, and two hundred and thirty-three officers. The call sounded for parade, which we immediately obeyed; and when drawn up in the square, we were once more asked to comply with the king's commands. Despite the threat of compulsion before us, we to a man still adhered to our former resolution. The 11th were now placed in our front, supported on either side by the dragoons and artillery. After some little manœuvring, we were ordered to ground arms, which we did; to march into barracks, which we also did, but we were not foolish enough to leave our muskets behind.

A thousand curses on you, you rebellious Highland crew! furiously shouted old C——, when he witnessed our doings.

Mad with rage, he commanded the 11th to load, &c. We, too, obeyed him, as if his orders had been addressed to us. We loaded, but not as the poor infantry loaded; they rammed home blank-cartridges—we, ball! Neither the general nor the poor soldiers guessed this, and we as little knew what they used. C——'s object was only to frighten us; but he reckoned without his host. Orders for the last time were now read, and we felt that the critical moment had arrived. Oh, how our hearts were beating with anxiety. Suddenly, with the terrible word 'fire!' was given, and ere the echo had passed away, shrieks and groans from wounded and dying men rent the murky atmosphere. Conrad turned towards comrade, and asked how it fared with him, and then it was the fearful discovery was made that our opponents' Fire had been only a sham! Great was their consternation, poor fellows, when they witnessed the havoc which our ball-cartridge had made in their ranks. Long before they understood that they retreated helter-skelter from the scene—the gallant general taking the lead.

Here was a pretty fix to be in! The murderer's doom was sure to be each of ours—at least every one felt so, except one old sergeant.

'Plood, men!' exclaimed he, in Highland English, 'what ye ye fear o'? She (meaning the governor) po her maeus to plain; she cried "fire," and we fired—that was only obeying orders.'

Despite this line of argument, we all felt more or less uncomfortable; but I daresay it was more on account of the dead and the dying soldiers than from the anticipation of any punishment we might receive. An hour was now spent in anxious deliberation regarding our next procedure, when it was finally resolved that we should remain where we were—doing duty as before, mounting guard, &c.; and as our small stock of ammunition was unexhausted, we determined, should a fresh force be brought against us, to act on the defensive, as we fully expected that, if it did come, it would come to kill, not to frighten!

For three days we remained in this state, without any sign of the 'enemy's' approach. Early in the morning of the fourth day, however, Sergeant Halliday, the acting officer of the guard then on duty, was accosted by a military-looking gentleman, who asked:

'Who is the officer on duty?'

'We have no officer,' was the sergeant's reply.

'Who commands the guard, then?' was the next query.

'I do,' answered Halliday, drawing himself up to his full height, as if he were 'somebody.'

'Beat to arms, and turn all out!' imperiously commanded the unknown.

'By whose orders?'

'By the orders of General Abercornby.'

In a twinkling, the call sounded 'To arms! to arms!' and each barrack-room was as quickly alive with commotion. Being very early, few of us were out of bed when the alarm broke upon us; and, as a matter of course, nothing but hurry and confusion prevailed. Here might be seen a multitude fleeing to the yard with kils, coats, and smock cleared away, in their hands—there, a band with their coats on, but no kilt. Particular regard was paid to one thing, however—the musket. None forgot his 'Brown Boss,' although kilt and hose were wanting; for we imagined the 'enemy' were close at hand. When Sir Ralph saw the hurly-burly and sad confusion in which we were, he laughingly ordered us back to our rooms to dress, which order we cheerfully obeyed, after understanding who he was. Being now fully arrayed and drawn up in the square, we welcomed him with three Highland cheers. He then called the sergeants round him, and told them to inform us that he was commissioned by government to get our unfortunate affair settled, and requested to know what our grievances were, pledging his word of honour that we should receive justice.

Through our sergeants, we acquainted Sir Ralph with the whole history of the matter, telling him, as we told old C——, that we were still willing to serve our king and country in the service for which we enlisted, and that we decidedly objected to be changed into marines. He replied, that he was happy to learn that our loyalty remained unshaken, and hoped many of us would join the expedition of which he was on the eve of taking the command. At length, under the impression that we were to accompany him immediately, we expressed our willingness by making old Hilses barrack-yard echo with our cheering. But he now told us that
our regiment was disbanded—that we were no longer soldiers—that each was left to follow the bent of his own mind. He trusted, however, that none of us would leave the service. To those who wished to join the marines, a bounty of L.5 would be allowed; and to those who, disliking that service, entered the 42d or any of the other Highland regiments, L.4 of bounty would be given. No fewer than 500 chose the 42d; many, the other regiments; a few left the service entirely; and, notwithstanding our former antipathy, 300 of us joined the marines.

Thus was this serious mutiny amicably quelled by the adroitness of a sensible man. It is a curious history from first to last, and teaches an important lesson to those who have the command of troops. Government had obviously placed themselves in a false position, from which they could not have been honourably extricated, but by the expedient of Sir Ralph Abercromby. So far as I know, the particulars of this affair have never before been given; even Stewart, in his chapter on Mutinies, omitting to notice that of the Grant Highlanders.

RESEARCHES IN THE EAST.

I AM a dweller among the denizens of the east end of London. I am not ashamed to say that I am better acquainted with that unpoplar quarter of the metropolis than with the realms of fashion. To me, Mile End is more familiar than Mayfair; I know more of Bethnal Green than of Belgravia. I was born and bred among the vulgar thousands whose existence is ignored by the mighty west, and I have a fellow-feeling for them. It is true, a snug investment I have in the Three Per Cents. would warrant me in taking a villa at Bayswater, or a lodge at Hampstead; but I prefer breathing my native air, which circles round the pleasant places of Whitechapel—an atmosphere redolent, it is true, of smoke and dust, and effluvium from sugar-bakeries, and sources of a still more questionable character, but still my native air, and therefore deserving my respect. I have made a study of my neighbours; I enjoy an extensive acquaintance with weavers, costermongers, and nondescripts. Every nook and corner of the surrounding district is familiar to me; the most secret adytum of that region little known have not escaped my search. Do you wish to know where the pickpockets live, or to find the sleeping-places of the myriad oyster-stalls, or to visit the hidden manufactories of ginger-beer and sherbet, so extensively patronised in the east? I shall be happy, gentle reader, to be your guide.

Let us take a ramble through these narrow streets that fill up the space between Hackney Road and Whitechapel. Branching out into a devious net-work on every hand—house-rows crowded so close upon each other, that opposite neighbours of a friendly disposition may almost shake hands across the street. Plenty of room here for the sluggish smoke to hover; plenty of room for the steaming exhalations from the open-channel on each side, where the fetid water lies with prismatic scum upon its surface; but small space for the fresh breeze which ought to sweep in, and lift the murky curtain. Ah! it is never so light here as it is everywhere else. In summer, the sun-rays fall with subdued effect; in winter, the fog is densest here, and the smoke least willing to quit possession. In the great cycloramas, this part is 'cast distinctly into shade.' Look at these rows of houses four stories high, with windows nearly as broad as the rooms inside. These are the dwellings of the Spitfields weavers—who, despite their poverty, do a great deal of talking. You do not know that from this unpromising region come forth many of those glossy silks and velvets, whose choice texture and pleasant sheen attract the shoppers in Regent Street, and adorn the patronian dames of the parks? If you listen, you will hear the dull clank of the looms, as the weavers work with hand and foot, and drive the shuttle for dear life. You would like to see the weaver at his work? I have a special friend in this house; let us go in. The dwelling is four stories high, two rooms on a floor; there is a family in each room, and the tenants are all weavers. My friend is busy at his loom; he tells me he has been 'at play' for several weeks, and now he has a large quantity of work to finish by Saturday morning. He must work day and night to get it done. He has a cheap newspaper before him, from which, when the silk is free from knots, and it is plain sailing, he reads a virulent attack upon a rotten ministry, or an eloquent analysis of the Treaty of Peace. My friend's name is Greenow (Grinnoneau); that of the man on the next floor is Luxany (Luxigne); that of the family at the back is Bonwell (Bonville). They are all, like a large proportion of these weavers, descendants of the French refugees who came over to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their names, originally French, are clipped, and twisted, and mispronounced into an English form. My friend here can show you his great-great-grandfather's Bible, with his name written in it by that worthy priest who had accompanied his flock in their flight to the land of liberty. There is his name, Jean Francois Grinnoneau, the date of his expatriation, and the names of his descendantants, in lineal order down to the present representative. This man cannot speak a word of French, is considerably John Bullish in his constitution, and claims the right of a native to grumble and abuse the powers that be. These weavers are the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and, on the whole, they are a set of thinking men. They patronise cheap literary institutions, listen to lectures with decent composure, and are partakers in the benefits of certain half-penny newspaper rooms, where they can keep pace with the course of events in the Sun and Globe, and follow the mitesomene leaders in the Times.

Leaving this region of silk-weaving, let us approach a little nearer to the city. Here we find the houses still more crowded, the thoroughfares ill paved, and undrained courts, with a choice of smells that might almost rival the 'two-and-seventy stenches' of Cologne. Here is a most unprepossessing cul-de-sac: at least, it looks like that; but if you go to the bottom, you will find a narrow archway that a casual observer might well overlook, which opens into a court beyond. The people of the place are observing us; furtive glances are cast at us from behind window-curtains and doors ajar. Strangers do not often penetrate here; the scripture-reader and the city-man take a rare view of the only visitors—except the policeman—who are not free of the fraternity.

Put your handkerchief in your breast-pocket, and button up your coat over your watch-chain; we are in the region of the pickpockets and thieves. I met with an adventure in this court some time since, which served to teach me its character. I was passing Whitechapel church one night, when I heard a light step in retreat behind me. I instinctively clapped my hand to my pocket—my handkerchief was gone. Turning round hastily, I caught sight of a boy running across the road, and thrusting something into his jacket as he ran. I gave chase. Theurchin entered one of the by-streets at an easy pace; but finding himself pursued, he doubled his pace, and took to the roofs of the houses. Like an old hand, he doubled upon me, in and out, up one alley and down another. But I knew the ground well, and kept close up; and so away we went at a slashing rate, chased with the Rose flags darting into the slimy gutters; cheered on by the passengers whom we passed, and knocking down a placid policeman in our flight. At last, I ran him down in this very court. The boy began to whim and beg pardon in a
much louder tone than was necessary; and having recovered my breath, I was just opening an oration on dishonesty, when whack! came my hat over my eyes, and a kick from an unknown source sent me prostrate on the ground. While this prone and denuded state lasted, I heard the door and on regaining my balance, my game had disappeared with my bandana, and the coast was clear. The young heathen frustrated my great intentions, for I meant to have sent him to some school or reformatory, whence he might in due time have come forth in the dignity of scarlet uniform, and have cleaned boots at a penny a pair. But it is growing dusk, and as my looks are too jovial for a city-parson's, and yours are too honest for a member of the free brotherhood, we had better send our way elsewhere.

There is a locality almost entirely inhabited by costermongers, an honourable guild. Yonder is a collection of the barrows, trucks, and other impediments of those who have sold out, or who are not on duty. The word costermonger, in the strict sense of the term, signified a dealer in fruit; but it is applied also to the dealers in oysters, vegetables, garden-roots, &c. It was the observation of the illustrious Samuel Weller, that 'a proper open-air character,' and here you cannot but be struck with the truth of the remark. Fruit-stalls are numerous, but oyster-stalls are far more so. At whatever hour of the day you may pass, you will see the lovers of that succulent luxury gratifying their taste. Either as an appetising preparation for breakfast, or a savoury substitute for supper, oysters seem to be infallible. In the western high places of affluence and pleasure, they never meet your view; but here, where squall poverty and misery are so rife, they seem almost indigenous to the soil. Armed with the rusty pepper-box and the weakened vinegar, and with oysters opening before them, the inhabitants defy fate. There are no less than 80,000 costermongers in the east end of London. In these days of military spectacles, I should like to witness a review of the costermongers; 80,000 Taras and Amazons, with their 80,000 barrows, would be a sight worth seeing. The discipline might not be very perfect, and the evolutions might not be very imposing; but give them the Russian administration of raki—or a substitute—and start them with the war-cries of Billingsgate and Covent Garden, and they would rival the charge at Balaklava.

You can gather but a faint idea of the denseness of the population from merely observing the number of the houses; you must take into the account the separate families, varying from four to sixteen, which each dwelling contains. Now, here is a street composed of about thirty houses, and each house is tenanted, on an average, by sixteen families. If you would like to see how human beings can herd together, come with me into this house. Here is a room with a woman and five children in it; a rabbit-lurch in one corner, and a dog with a litter of puppies under the bed. The atmosphere is stifling. Ask the woman to set the window open; she replies that she did so one day last week, but that she will not do it again, for the children have had colds ever since. In the next room, a newly married couple are added to the tenant-family, in the capacity of lodgers; and thus there are two families, nine souls, with the usual addenda of birds, cats, &c., living and sleeping in one small room. In one apartment at the top dwells a new-marriage on the sick, and the liquor is blazing on the stovetop. The ceiling is covered by a compounder of villainous sauce, which he dignifies by the title of ginger-beer. But here there is an unmistakable odour of tobacco smoke, and the liquor is salamandering in fire and brimstone. The ceiling is occupied by a compounder of villainous sauce, which he dignifies by the title of ginger-beer. But here there is an unmistakable odour of tobacco smoke, and the liquor is salamandering in fire and brimstone. The ceiling is occupied by a compounder of villainous sauce, which he dignifies by the title of ginger-beer. But here there is an unmistakable odour of tobacco smoke, and the liquor is salamandering in fire and brimstone. The ceiling is occupied by a compounder of villainous sauce, which he dignifies by the title of ginger-beer. But here there is an unmistakable odour of tobacco smoke, and the liquor is salamandering in fire and brimstone. 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the croup of the horse. A young Indian's might have done so, but his trusses would have been jet-black and coarse-grained, whereas those under my eyes were soft, smooth, and nut-brown. Not the style of riding—duchesse de Berri—or the manlike costume of manga and hat, hindered me from forming my conclusions. Both the style and costume are common to the rancheers of the Southwest. Moreover, as the mustang made his last double, I had caught a near view of the side face of his rider. The features of no man—not the Trojan shepherd, not Adonis nor Endymion—were so exquisitely chiseled as they. Certainly a woman! Her declaration at once put an end to my conjectures, but, as I have said, did not astonish me.

I was astonished, however, by its tone and manner. Instead of being uttered in accents of alarm, it was pronounced as coolly as if the whole thing had been a jest! Sadness, not supplication, was the prevailing tone, which was further confirmed as she knelt to the ground, pressed her lips to the muzzle of the still breathing mustang, and exclaimed:

'Ah-de-mi! pobre yegua! muerte! muerte!' (Alas me! poor mare! dead! dead!)

'Si, Senor!' said I, feigning astonishment. My interrogatory was unheeded; she did not even look up.

'Ah-de-mi! pobre yegua! Lola, Lola! she repeated, as coolly as if the dead mustang was the only object of her thoughts; and I, the armed assassin, fifty miles from the spot!

'You say you are a woman?' I again asked—in my embarrassment scarcely knowing what to say.

'Si, Senor; nada mas—que quiere V.;' (Yes, sir; nothing more—what do you want?) As she made this reply, she rose to her feet, and stood confronting me without the slightest semblance of fear. So unexpected was the answer, both in tone and sentiment, that for the life of me could not help breaking into a laugh.

'You are merry, sir. You have made me sad; you have killed my favourite!'

I shall not easily forget the look that accompanied these words—sorrow, anger, contempt, defiance, were expressed in one and the same glance. My laughter was suddenly checked; I felt humiliated in that proud presence.

'Senorita,' I replied, 'I deeply regret the necessity I have been under: it might have been worse

'And how, pray?—how worse?' demanded she, interrupting me.

'My pistol might have been aimed at yourself, but for a suspicion.'

'Caramba!' cried she, again interrupting me, 'it could not have been worse! I loved that creature dearly—dearly as I do my life—as I love my father—pobre yegua—yo nunca la soportare!'

And as she thus wildly expressed herself, she bent down, passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, and once more pressed her lips to its velvet cheek. Then gently closing its eyelids, she rose to an erect attitude, and stood with folded arms, regarding the lifeless form with a sad and bitter expression of countenance.

I scarcely know what to say. I was in a dilemma with my faire captive. I would have given a month of my 'pay-roll' to have restored the spotted mustang to life; but as that was out of the question, I betook myself of some means of making restitution to its owner. An offer of money would not be delicate. What then?

A thought occurred to me, that promised to relieve me from my embarrassment. The eagerness of the rich Mexcians to obtain our large American horses—frisones, as they term them—was well known throughout the army. Fabulous prices were often paid for them by these ricos, who wanted them for display under the Paso. We had good blooded blood in the troop; one of these, thought I, might be acceptable, even to a lady who had lost her pet. I made the offer as delicately as I could. It was rejected with scorn.

'What, Senor!' cried she, striking the ground with her foot till the roses rang—'what? A horse to me?

'Mira!,' she continued, pointing to the plain: 'look there, sir! There are a thousand horses; they are mine. Now, know the value of your offer. Do I stand in need of a horse?'

'But, Senorita,' I stammered, 'these are horses of native race. The one I propose to—'

'Bah!' she exclaimed, interrupting me, and pointing to the mustang; 'I would not have exchanged that native for all the frisones in your troop. Not one of them was its equal!'

A personal slight would not have called forth a contradiction; yet this defiance had its effect. She had touched the chord of my vanity—I might almost say, of my affection. With some pique I replied:

'One, Senorita?'

I looked towards Moro as I spoke. Her eyes followed me, and she stood for some moments gazing at him in silence. I watched the expression of her eye; I saw it kindle into admiration as it swept over the gracefully curving outlines of my noble steed. He looked at the moment superb; the short skurry had drawn the foam from his lips, and flashes of it clung against his neck and counter, contrasting finely with the shining black of his skin; his sides heaved and fell in regular undulations, and the smoke issued from his blood-red nostrils; his eye was still on fire, and his neck proudly arched, as though conscious of his late triumph, and the interest he was now exciting.

For a long while she stood gazing upon him, and though she spoke not a word, I saw that she recognised his fine points.

'You are right, cavaliero,' said she at length, thoughtfully; 'he is."

'Just then, a series of reflections were passing through my mind, that rendered me extremely uncomfortable; and I felt regret that I had so pointedly drawn her attention to the horse. Would she demand him? That was the thought that troubled me. I had not promised her any horse in my troop, and Moro I would not have given for her herd of a thousand; but on the strength of the offer I had made, what if she should fancy him? The circumstances were awkward for a refusal; indeed, under any circumstances refusal would have been painful. I began to feel that I could deny nothing. This proud, beautiful woman already divided my interest with Moro!'

My position was a delicate one; fortunately, I was relieved from it by an incident that carried our thoughts into a new current: the troopers who had followed me at that moment rode up.

They seemed uneasy at their presence; that could not be wondered at, considering their wild garb and fierce looks. I ordered them back to their quarters. They stared at the fallen mustang with its rich blood-stained trappings, at its later rider, and her picturesque garments; and then, muttering a few words to one another, obeyed the order. I was once more alone with my captive.

CHAPTER VI.

ISOLDA DE VARGAS.

As soon as the men were out of hearing, she said interrogatively: 'Tejanos?'

'Some of them are Texans—not all.'

'You are their chief?'

'I am.'

'Capitan, I presume?'

'But that is my rank.'

'And now, Senor Capitan, am I your captive?'

The question took me by surprise, and, for the moment, I did not know what answer to make. The excitement
of the chase, the encounter, and its curious developments—now on other things, the bewitching beauty of my captive—had driven out of my mind the whole purpose of the pursuit; and for some minutes I had not been thinking of any result. The interrogatory reminded me that I had a delicate duty to perform. 

Was this lady a spy? 

Such a supposition was by no means improbable, as any old campaigner can testify. Fair ladies—though never one so fair as she—have, ere now, served their country in this fashion. She may be the bearer of some important dispatch for the enemy. If so, and I permit her to go free, the consequences may be serious—unpleasant even to myself. Thus ran my reflections. 

On the other hand, I disliked the duty of taking her back a prisoner. I feared to execute it; I dreaded her displeasure. I wished to be friends with her. I felt the influence of that mysterious power which transcends all strength—the power of beauty. I had been but ten minutes in the company of this brown-skinned maiden, and already she controlled my heart as though she had been its mistress for life! 

I knew not how to reply. She said that she hesitated, and again put the question: 

‘Am I your captive?’

‘I fear, señorita, I am yours.’

I was prompted to this declaration, partly to escape from a direct answer, and partly giving way to the passion already fast gathering in my bosom. It was no covetey on my part, no desire to make a pretty passage of words. Though I spoke only from impulse, I was serious; and with no little anxiety did I watch the effect of my speech. 

Her large lustrous eyes rested upon me, at first with a puzzled expression; this gradually changed to one of more significance—one that pleased me better. She seemed for a moment to throw aside her indifference, and regarded me with more attention. I fancied, from the glance she gave, that she was contented with what I had said. For all that, the slight curl upon her pretty lip had a provoking air of triumph in it; and she resumed her proud hauteur as she replied: 

‘Come, cavallero; this is idle compliment. Am I free to go?’

I conferred betwixt duty and over-politeness: a compromise offered itself. 

‘Lady,’ said I, approaching her, and looking as seriously as I could into her beautiful eyes, ‘if you give us the word that you are not a spy, you are free to go: your word—I ask nothing more.’

I prescribed these conditions rather in a tone of entreaty than command. I affected sternness, but my countenance must have mocked me. 

My captive broke into unrestrained laughter, crying out at intervals: 

‘I a spy!—a spy! Ha, ha, ha! Señor Capitán, you are jesting?’

‘I hope, señorita, you are in earnest. You are no spy, then?—you bear no dispatch for our enemy?’

‘Nothing of the sort, mi capitán; and she continued her light laughter. 

‘Why then, did you try to make away from us?’

‘Ah, cavallero; are you not Tejano? Do not be offended when I tell you that your people bear an indifferent reputation among us Mexicans.’

‘But your attempt to escape was, to say the least, rash and imprudent; you risked life by it.’

‘Carrasqueado, yes: I perceive I did; and she looked significantly at the mustang, while a bitter smile played upon her lips. ‘I perceive it now; I did not then. I did not think there was a horseman in all your troop could come up with me. Merced! there was one. You have overaken me: you alone could have done it.’

As she uttered these words, her large brown eyes were once more turned upon me—not in a fixed gaze, but wandering. She scanned me from the forage-cap on my crown to the spurs on my heel. I watched her eye with eager interest: I fancied that its scornful expression was giving way; I fancied there was a ray of tenderness in the glances. I would have given the world to have divined her thoughts at that moment.

Our eyes met, and parted in mutual embarrassment—at least I fancied so; for on turning again, I saw that her head dropped, and her gaze was directed downward, as if some new thought occupied her.

For some moments, both were silent. We might have remained longer thus, but it occurred to me that I was acting rudely. The lady was still my captive. I had not yet given her permission to depart; I hastened to tender it.

‘Spy or no spy, señorita, I shall not detain you. I shall bear the risk; you are free to go.’

‘Gracias, cavallero! And now, since you have behaved so handsomely, I shall set your mind at rest about the risk. Read!’

She handed me a folded paper; at a glance, I recognised the safe-guard of the commander-in-chief, enjoining upon all to respect its bearer—the Doña Inesina de Vargas.

‘You perceive, mio capitán, I was not your captive after all? ha! ha! ha!’

‘Lady, you are too generous not to pardon the rudeness to which you have been subjected?’

‘Freely, capitán—freely.’

‘I shouldered at thought of the risk you have run. Why did you act with such imprudence? Your sudden flight at sight of our picket caused suspicion, and of course it was our duty to follow and capture you. With the safe-guard, you had no cause for flight.’

‘Ha! it was that very safe-guard that caused me to fly.’

‘The safe-guard, señorita? Pray, explain!’

‘Can I trust your prudence, capitán?’

‘I promise’—

‘Know, then, that I was not certain you were Americans; for aught I could see, you might have been a guerrilla of my countrymen. How would it be if this paper, and sundry others I carry, were to fall into the hands of Canales? You perceive, capitán, we fear our friends more than our enemies.’

I now fully comprehended the motive of her wild flight.

‘You speak Spanish too well, mio capitán,’ continued she. ‘had you cried “Halt!” in your native tongue, I should at once have pulled up, and perhaps saved my pet. Ah, me—pobre yegua!’

As she uttered the last exclamation, her feelings once more overcame her; and sinking down upon her knees, she passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, now stiff and cold. Her face was buried in the long thick mane, and I could perceive the tears sparkling like dew-drops over the tasseled hair.

‘Pobre Loba,’ she continued. ‘I have good cause to grieve; I had reason to love you well. More than once you saved me from the fierce Lipan and the brutal Comanche. What am I to do now? I dread the Indian foray; I shall tremble at every sign of the savage. I dare no more venture upon the prairie; I dare not go abroad; I must tamely stay at home. Mis queridos! you were my wings: they are clipped—I fly no more.’

All this was uttered in a tone of extreme bitterness; and I, who so loved my brave steed, could appreciate her feelings. With the hope of imparting even a little consolation, I repeated my offer.

‘Señorita,’ I said, ‘I have swift horses in my troop—some of noble race.’

‘You have no horse in your troop I value.’

‘You have not seen them all?’

‘All—every one of them—to-day, as you fled out of the city.’
Chamber's Journal.

‘Indeed!’
‘Indeed, yes, noble capitán. I saw you as you carried yourself so cavalierly at the head of your troop of saladeteros—ha, ha!’
‘Señorita, I saw not you.’

‘Carramato! It was not for the want of using your eyes. There was not a bulón or reja into which you did not glance—not a smile in the whole street you did not seem anxious to reciprocate—ha, ha, ha!’ I fear, Señor Capitán, you are the Don Juan de Tenorio of the North.’

‘Lady, it is not my character.’

‘Nonsense! You are proud of it. I never saw man who was not. But come! a truce to badinage. About the horse—you have none in your troop I value, save one.’

I trembled as she spoke.

‘It is he,’ she continued, pointing to Moro. I felt as if I should sink into the earth. My embarrassment prevented me for some time from replying. She noticed my hesitation, but remained silent, awaiting my answer.

‘Señorita,’ I stammered out at length, ‘that steed is a great favourite—an old and tried friend. If you desire—to possess him, he is—he is at your service.’

In emphasizing the ‘if,’ I was appealing to her generosity. It was to no purpose.

‘Thank you,’ she replied coldly; ‘be he well cared for. No doubt he will serve my purpose. How is his mount?’

I was chagrined with vexation, and could not reply.

I began to hate her.

‘Let me try him,’ continued she. ‘Ah! you have a curb bit—that will do; but it is not equal to ours. I use a mamluke. Help me to that lasso.’

She pointed to a lazo of white horsehair, beautifully plaited, that was coiled upon the saddle of the mustang.

I unloosed the rope—mechanically I did—and in the same way adjusted it to the horn of my saddle. I noticed that the nose-ring was of silver! I shortened the leathers to the proper length.

‘Now, capitán!’ cried she, gathering the reins in her small gloved hand—‘now I shall see how he performs.’

At the word, she bounded into the saddle, her small foot scarcely touching the stirrup. She had thrown off her manta, and her woman’s form was now displayed in all its undulating outlines. The silken skirt draped down to her ankles, and underneath appeared the tiny red boot, the gleaming spur, and the lace ruffle of her snow-white colombe. A scarlet sash bound her waist, with its fringed ends drooping to the saddle; and the tight bodice, lashed with lace, displayed the full rounding of her bosom, as it rose and fell in quiet, regular breathing—for she seemed in no way excited or nervous. Her full round eye expressed only calmness and courage.

I stood transfixed with admiration. I thought of the Amazons: were they beautiful like her? With a troop of such warriors one might conquer a world!

A fierce-looking bull, moved by curiosity or other-wise, had strayed from the herd, and was seen approaching the spot where we were. This was just what the fair rider wanted. At a touch of the spur, the horse sprang forward, and galloped directly for the bull. The latter, cowered at the sudden onset, turned and ran; but his swift pursuer soon came within lasso distance. The noose circled in the air, and, launched forward, was seen to settle around the horns of the animal. The horse was now wheeled round, and headed in an opposite direction. The rope tightened with a sudden pluck, and the bull was thrown with violence on the plain, where he lay stunned and apparently lifeless. Before he had time to recover himself, the rider turned her horse, trotted up to the prostrate animal, bent over in the saddle, unfastened the noose, and, after coiling it upon her arm, came galloping back.

‘Superb!—magnificent!’ she exclaimed, leaping from the saddle and grasping at the stool. ‘Beautiful!—most beautiful! Ah, Lola, poor Lola! I fear I shall soon forget thee!’ The last words were addressed to the mustang. Then turning to me, she added: ‘And this horse is mine?’

‘Yes, lady, if you will it;’ I replied somewhat cheerfully, for I felt as if my best friend was about to be taken from me.

‘But I do not will it,’ said she with an air of determination; and then breaking into a laugh, she cried out: ‘Ha! capitán, I know your thoughts. Think you I cannot appreciate the sacrifice you would make? Keep your favourite. Enough that one of us should suffer;’ and she pointed to the mustang. ‘Keep the brave black; you well know how to ride him. Were he mine, no mortal could influence me to part with him.’

‘There is but one who could influence me.’

As I said this, I looked anxiously for the answer.

It was not in words I expected it, but in the glance. Assuredly there was no frown; I even fancied I could detect a smile—a blending of triumph and satisfaction. It was short-lived, and my heart fell again under her light laugh.

‘Ha-ha-ha! That one is of course your lady-love. Well, noble capitán, if you are true to her, as to your brave steed, she will have no cause to doubt your fidelity. I must leave you. Adiós!’

‘Shall I not be permitted to accompany you to your home?’

‘Gracias! no, señor. I am at home. Mira! my father’s house!’ She pointed to the hacienda. ‘Here is one who will look to the remains of poor Lola;’ and she signaled to a vaquero at that moment coming from the herd. ‘Remember, capitán, you are an enemy; I must not accept your politeness; neither may I offer you hospitality. Ah! you know not us—you know not the tyrant Santa Anna. Perhaps even at this moment his spies are—’ She glanced suspiciously around as she spoke. ‘O Heavens!’ she exclaimed with a start, as her eyes fell upon the form of a man advancing down the hill. ‘Sanitissima Virgen! is it Ijrra?’

‘Ijrra!’

‘Only my cousin; but—’ She hesitated, and then suddenly changing to an expression of entreaty, she continued: ‘O leave me, señor! Por amor Dios! leave me! Adiós! I vaunted into my saddle, and rode off.

On reaching the border of the woods, curiosity—a stronger feeling perhaps—mastered my politeness; and, under the pretense of adjusting my stirrup, I turned in the saddle, and glanced back. Ijrra had arrived upon the ground. I beheld a tall dark man, dressed in the usual costume of the ricos of Mexico: dark cloth polka-jacket, blue military trousers, with scarlet sash around his waist, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat upon his head. He appeared about thirty years of age, whiskered, moustached, and, after a fashion, handsome. It was not his age, nor his personal appearance, nor yet his costume that had my attention at the moment. I watched only his actions. He stood confronting his cousin, or rather he stood over her, for she appeared to cower before him in an attitude of fear! He held a paper in one hand, and I saw he was pointing to it as he spoke. There was a fierce, vulture-like expression upon his face; and even in the distance I could tell, from the tone of his voice, that he was talking angrily. Why should she fear him? Why submit to such rude reproof? He must have a strange
power over that spirit who could force it thus tamely to listen to reproach?

These were my reflections. My impulse was to drive the spurs into the sides of my horse, and gallop back upon the ground. I might have done so had the scene lasted much longer; but I saw the lady suddenly leave the spot, and walk rapidly in the direction of the hacienda.

I wheeled round again, and plunging under the shadows of the forest, soon fell into a road leading to the rancheria. My thoughts full of the incident that had just passed, I rode unconsciously, leaving my horse to his own guidance. My reverie was interrupted by the challenge of one of my own sentries, which admonished me that I had arrived at the entrance of the village.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ORDER TO FORAGE.

My adventure did not end with the day; it was continued into the night, and repeated in my dreams. I rode the chase over again; I dashed through the magueys, I leaped the sequia, and galloped through the affrighted herd; I held the spotted mustang stretched lifeless upon the plain, its rider bending and weeping over it. That face of rare beauty, that form of exquisite proportion, that eye round and noble, that tongue so free, and heart so bold—all were again encountered in dreamland. A dark face was in the vision, and at intervals crossed the picture like a cloud. It was the face of Ljrma.

I think it was that avoke me, but the recolle of the bugle was in my ears as I leaped from my coach.

For some moments I was under the impression that the adventure had been a dream: an object that hung on the opposite wall came under my eyes, and recalled the reality—it was my saddle, over the holsters of which lay a coil of white horsehair rope, with a silver ring at the end. I remembered the lazo.

When fairly awake, I reviewed my yesterday's adventure from first to last. I tried to think calmly upon it; I tried to get it out of my thoughts, and return seriously to my duties. A vain attempt! The more I reflected upon the incident, the more became conscious of the powerful interest its heroine had excited within me. Interest, indeed! Say rather passion—a passion that in one single hour had grown as large as my heart.

I saw not the first love of my life. I was nigh thirty years of age. I had been enamoured before—more than once, it may be—and I understood what the feeling was. I needed no Cupid to tell me I was in love again, at the very ends of my fingers.

To paint the object of my passion is a task I shall not attempt. Beauty like hers must be left to the imagination. Think of the woman you yourself love or have loved; fancy her in her fairest moments, in bower or boudoir—perchance a blushing bride—and you may form some idea—No, no, no! you could never have looked upon woman so lovely as Isolina de Vargas.

Oh! that I could fix that fleeting phantom of beauty—that I could paint that likeness for the world to admire! It cannot be. The most puissant pen is powerless, the brightest colour too cold. Though deeply graven upon the tablets of my heart, I cannot multiply the impression.

It is idle to talk of wary hair, profuse and glossy—of almond eyes with long dark fringes—of pearl-white teeth, and cheeks tinted with damasce. All these had she, but they are not peculiar characteristics. Other women are thus gifted. The traits of her beauty lay in the admirably blended in the physical. She was in a happy combination of both. The soul, the spirit, had its share in producing this incomparable picture. It was to behold the play of those noble features, to watch the changing cheek, the varying smile, the falling lass, the flashing eye, the glance now tender, now sublime; it was to look on all this, to be impressed with an idea of the divinest loneliness.

As I ate my frugal breakfast, such a vision was passing before me. I contemplated the future with pleasant hopes, but not without feelings of uneasiness. I had not forgotten the abrupt parting—no invitation to renew the acquaintance, no hope, no prospect that I should ever behold that beautiful woman again, unless blind chance should prove my friend. I am not a fatalist, and I therefore resolved not to rely upon more destiny, but, if possible, to help it a little in its evolution.

Before I had finished my coffee, a dozen schemes had passed through my mind, all tending towards one object—the renewal of my acquaintance with Isolina de Vargas. Unless favoured by some lucky accident, or, what was more desirable, by the lady herself, I knew we might never meet again. In such times, it was not likely she would be much "out of doors;" and in a few days, hours perhaps, I might be ordered en route never more to return to that interesting post. As the district was, of course, under martial law, and I was de facto dictator, you will imagine that I might easily procure the right of entry anywhere. Not so. Whatever be the licence of the rude soldier as regards the common people of a conquered country, the position of the officer with its higher class is essentially different. If a gentleman, he naturally feels a delicacy in making any advances towards an acquaintance; and his honour restrains him from the freer forms of introduction. To take advantage of his position of power would be a positive meanness, of which a true gentleman cannot be guilty. Besides, there may be rancour on the part of the conquered—there usually is; but even when no such feeling exists, another barrier stands in the way of free association between the officer and 'society.' The latter feels that the position of affairs will not be permanent; the enemy will in time evacuate, and then the vengeance of mob-patriotism is to be dreaded. Never did the ricos of Mexico feel more secure than while under the protection of the American army. Many of them were disposed to be friendly, but the phantom of the future, with its mob envenen, stared them in the face, and under this dread they were forced to adopt a hypocritical exclusiveness. Epaullets must not be glanced through the windows of their drawing-rooms!

Under such circumstances, my situation was difficult enough. I might gaze upon the outside walls of that handsome hacienda till my heart ached, but how was I to effect an entrance?

To charge a fort, a battery, an intrenched camp—to storm a castle, or break a solid square—one or all of which would have been child's play compared with the difficulty of crossing that glacial line of etiquette that separated me from my beautiful enemy.

To effect this purpose, a dozen schemes were passed through my mind, and rejected, till my eyes at length rested upon the most interesting object in the apartment—the little white rope that hung upon my saddlebow. In the lazo, I recognised my 'forlorn-hope.' That pretty implement must be returned to its owner. I myself should take it home! So far destiny should be guided by me; beyond, I should have to put my trust in destiny.

I think best under the influence of a cigar; and lighting one, I ascended to the azotea, to complete my little scheme.

I had scarcely made two turns of the roof, when a horseman galloped into the praetorium. He was in his uniform, and I saw he was an orderly from headquarters, and inquiring for the commander of the outpost. One of the men pointed to me; and the
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

July 29, 1846.

Sir—You will take a sufficient number of your men, and proceed to the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas, in the neighbourhood of your station. You will there find 5000 head of beehves, which you will cause to be driven to the camp of the American army, and delivered to the commissary-general. You will find the necessary drivers upon the ground, and a portion of your troop will form the escort. The enclosed note will enable you to understand the nature of your duty.

C. A. Adjutant-general.

Surely', thought I, as I finished reading—"surely there is a 'providence that shapes our ends.' Just as I was cudgelling my brains for some scheme of introduction to Don Ramon de Vargas, here comes one ready fashioned to my hand.'

I thought no more about the lace: the rope was no longer an object of prime interest. Trimmed and embellished with the graceful excuse of 'duty,' I should now ride boldly up to the hacienda, and enter its gates with the confident air of a welcome guest. Welcome indeed! A contract for 5000 beehves, and at war-prices! A good stroke of business on the part of the old Don. Of course, I shall see him—'embrace him'—holibob with him over a glass of Canas or Xeres—get upon the most intimate terms, and so be 'asked back.' I am usually popular with old gentlemen, and I trusted to my bright star to place me en rapport with Don Ramon de Vargas. The corraling of the cattle would occupy some time—a brace of hours at the least. That would be outside work, and I could intrust it to my lieutenant or a sergeant. For myself, I was determined to stay by the walls. The Don must go out to look after his vaqueros. It would be rude to leave alone. He would introduce me to his daughter—he could not do less: a customer on so large a scale! We should be left to ourselves, and then—Ha! Ijuras! I had forgotten him. Would he be there?

The recollection of this man fell like a shadow over the bright fancies I had conjured up.

A dispatch from head-quarters calls for prompt attention, and my reflections were cut short by the necessity of carrying the order into execution. Without loss of time, I issued orders for about fifty of the rangers to 'boot and saddle.'

I was about to give more than ordinary attention to my toilet, when it occurred to me I might as well first read the 'note' referred to in the dispatch. I opened the paper; to my surprise, the document was in Spanish. This did not puzzle me, and I read:

"The 5000 beehves are ready for you, according to the contract, but I cannot take upon me to deliver them. They must be taken from me with a show of force; and even a little rudeness on the part of those you send would not be out of place. My vaqueros are at your service, but I must not command them. You may press them."

RAMON DE VARGAS.

This note was addressed to the commissary-general of the American army. Its meaning, though to the uninstructed a little obscure, was to me as clear as noonday; and although it gave me a high opinion of the administrative talents of Don Ramon de Vargas, it was by no means a welcome document. It rendered null every act of the fine programme I had sketched out. By its directions, there was to be no 'embracing,' no hobnobbing over wine, no friendly chat with the Don, no the-o-the-tie with his beautiful daughter—no; but, on the contrary, I was to ride up with a swagger, bang the doors, threaten the trembling porter, kick the peons, and demand from their master 5000 head of beef-cattle—all in true freebooting style!

A nice figure I shall cut, thought I, in the eyes of Isolina; but a little reflection convinced me that that intelligent creature would be in the secret. Yes, she will understand my motives. I can act with as much mildness as circumstances will permit. My Texan lieutenant will do the kicking of the peons, and that without much pressing. If she be not cloistered, I will have a glimpse at her; so here goes. 'To horse!'

The bugle gave the signal; fifty rangers—with Lieutenants Holingsworth and Wheatley—leaped into their saddles, and next moment were flying by twos from the plaza, myself at their head.

A twenty minutes' trot brought us to the front gate of the hacienda, where we halted. The great door, massive and jail-like, was closed, locked, and barred; the shutters of the windows as well. Not a soul was to be seen outside, not even the apparition of a frightened peon. I had given my Texan lieutenant his cue; he knew enough of Spanish for the purpose.

Flinging himself out of the saddle, he approached the gate, and commenced hammering upon it with the butt of his pistol.

"Amubre la puerta!" (Open the door!) cried he.

No answer.

"La puerta—la puerta!" he repeated in a louder tone. Still no answer.

"Amubre la puerta!" once more vociferated the lieutenant, at the same time thundering on the woodwork with his weapon.

When the noise ceased, a faint 'Quien es?' (Who is it?) was heard from within.

'Yo!' hawled Wheatley, 'ambre! ambre!'

'Si, señor,' answered the voice, in a somewhat tremulous key.

'Anda! anda! Sesnos hombres de bien.' (Quick then! We are honest men.)

A rattling of chains and shooting of bolts now commenced, and lasted for at least a couple of minutes, at the end of which a thick-shaded door opened inward, displaying to view the swarthy leather-clad porter, the brick-paved patio, and a portion of the patio, or courtyard within.

As soon as the door was fairly open, Wheatley made a rush at the trembling porter, caught him by the jerkin, boxed both his ears, and then commanded him, in a loud voice, to summon the dueño! This conduct, somewhat unexpected on the part of the rangers, seemed to be just to their taste; and I could hear behind me the whole troop chuckling in half-suppressed laughter. Guerilleros as they were, they had never been allowed much licence in their dealings with the inhabitants—the non-combatants—of the country, and much less had they witnessed such conduct on the part of their officers. Indeed, it was cause of complaint in the ranks of the American army, and with many officers too, that even hostile Mexicans were treated with a lenient consideration denied to themselves. Wheatley's behaviour, therefore, touched a chord in the hearts of our listeners, that vibrated pleasantly enough; they began to believe that the campaign was about to become a little more jolly.

'Señor,' stammered the porter, 'the du-du—dueño has given or—orders—he—wi—wi—will—s—see any one.'

'Will not!' echoed Wheatley; 'go, tell him at once!'

'Yes, amigo,' I said soothingly; for I began to fear the man would be too badly frightened to deliver his
message. 'Go, say to your master that an American officer has business with him, and must see him immediately.'

The man went off, after a little more persuasion from the free hand of Wheatley, of course leaving the gun to be cared for him.

We did not wait for his return. The patio looked inviting; and directing Hollingsworth to remain outside with the men, and the Texan lieutenant to follow me, I headed my horse for the great archway, and rode in.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE STATUTE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

The consolidation of the statute laws of England has been often attempted, but hitherto the scheme has always failed. Various causes led to this result: the members of the old commission spent their time in quarrelling; they tried to write each other down, and published all sorts of accusations and recriminations against each other; and until last session, every one thought the question was disposed of for many years.

Last session, however, the commission was reformed, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, although an opponent of the present government, consented to waive political feeling, and undertake, unpaid and unrewarded, the laborious duty of heading it. For the time, toil and personal labour he will have to give to this duty, it may be doubted whether £2,000 per annum would recompense him. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, however, has absolute authority to do the work in his own way, employing gentlemen at the bar of competent skill and experience to assist, and paying them for such assistance at his own discretion. It is also understood that the work, when done, is to be accepted as it is, and parliament is to be asked to take the consolidation bills in their integrity, and, in reliance upon the commission, to pass them without debate upon their provisions, in faith that they are not a new law, but merely the existing law, collected and arranged in an orderly manner.

In answer to the inquiries of the great law-reformer, Lord Brougham, as to 'the state and prospects of the consolidation of the statute law,' Sir Fitzroy Kelly, another member of the commission, thus states the mode in which the work is to be done: 'To consolidate the statute law, is to take the statutes at large from Magna Charta to the last act of Victoria; to expunge and to废除 obsolete parts; the whole title of each statute is to be arrested and every enactment which is either repealed, expired, or obsolete, and then to take what remains—which will consist of all that is law in force and to continue in force—to digest and to arrange this body of law by dividing it into classes, and subdividing each class into single subjects, and then to reduce the whole into single bills, each bill being on a single subject, but comprising the whole of that subject. The amendment of the statute-book is neither more nor less than the applying, by a series of new acts of parliament, a complete remedy to every grievance, every defect, and every evil which now exists in the statute law.'

The work was commenced in May last. Barristers were employed to go through the statutes at large, from Magna Charta to the 20th of Victoria; in short, to go through the entire statute-book, and having laid aside all the repealed and otherwise inoperative matter, to retain every act and enactment which is now in force, and intended to remain in force, and to digest and to arrange this body of law by dividing it into classes, and then subdivide each class into single bills upon single subjects; and, finally, to prepare, revise, and perfect the whole of these bills in one uniform style of phrasing, and upon a graduated arrangement. Three classes were selected for a beginning: criminal law, real property law, and mercantile law. The criminal law was divided into eight bills. Barristers were employed to prepare these eight bills, detailed instructions for their guidance being previously laid before them. As a draft of each bill was ready, it was first inspected and revised by Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr Greaves, a member of the commission; and all the difficulties that presented themselves were noted down for further consideration, and the bills were then gone through and finally corrected by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Wensleydale, Lord Chief-Justice Jervis, and Mr Greaves, assisted by Mr Brickdale, the secretary to the commission. This class, containing the whole of the criminal statute law, thus perfected, was submitted by the Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords at the close of last session. The other two classes, real property law and mercantile law, and several single bills constituting classes by themselves, are now in preparation upon the same principle, and will undergo the same process of revision, and will probably be ready to be laid before parliament on the first day of the ensuing session. Simultaneously with the consolidation of the public general statutes, is proceeding that of the local, personal, and private acts. If government and the two houses of parliament give the support and co-operation which are necessary, it is supposed the entire work will be completed in three years from the commencement.

The difficulties attending this herculean task are well described by Sir Fitzroy Kelly; he says: 'It is almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties which attend the undertaking. The question continually arises—whether the enactments of several reigns, as of William III., or of the Georges, are virtually or implicitly repealed or varied by other enactments upon the same subject, and with the same intent in later acts, as of William IV. and Victoria? So, likewise, provisions were found of the highest constitutional importance in statutes of Anne and William III., for supplying copies of the indictments and lists of witnesses to persons indicted for high treason. (It was upon one of these that the point arose in Frost's case by which his life was saved, and the fifteen judges divided against each other—eight to seven, and nine to six.) Then other provisions with the same intent, and nearly same effect, but varying from those of William III. and Anne, when read together in acts of George III. and IV., William IV., and Victoria. These could not be repeated verbatim without contradiction; the strict legal construction of these complicated acts had therefore to be discarded, but the substance remained upon. This was done by Lord Wensleydale, Lord Chief-Justice Jervis, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and Mr Greaves; but not without many days, says Sir Fitzroy Kelly, of anxious and careful research and deliberation. Other serious difficulties arose from the vicious practice of repealing acts by provision that 'so much of any former act of parliament hereafter made as is inconsistent with, or repugnant to, the act in question, shall be, and is thereby repealed.' This evil makes it necessary to go through the whole of the earlier acts operated upon by the later act, and to determine how much is repealed and how much is not; and other difficulties of equal magnitude have already arisen, and must be anticipated throughout the entire work.

The evils resulting from the present state of the statute-book are manifold; any one purchasing the statutes at large must pay the price of, and encumber his shelves with forty volumes, of which above thirty-five are filled with inoperative and worthless matter. These forty volumes contain above a million of enactments, without order or connection. Enactments upon totally different subjects and branches of the law are thrown together. Any one wishing to ascertain the law upon a given subject, must go through the whole confused mass of matter, and extract, as best he can, what is law. And, from this confusion, the
acts themselves cannot be relied on in all cases as accurate. Thus, an act of Victoria cites in several places the 6th George IV., ch. 48, as the 5th George IV., ch. 48, which is an act upon a totally different subject; and misquotations, not only of the title, but of the language of former acts, are not wanting.

The present scheme of consolidation, involving as it does no alteration in the laws, is a grand one, and so far proves to be a successful one. But to insure complete success, it must have the full confidence of parliament. There must be no review by the legislature; it must be taken or rejected in its entirety; for if each bill is to be debated in all its details in committee of both Houses, a century would not suffice for the work.

The result of consolidation will be, that all the evils detailed will be remedied: 40,000 statutes—of which 16,000 are upon public general law—will be reduced to between 200 and 400. Forty volumes of statutes will be reduced to five or six volumes, indispensable to statesmen, lawyers, magistrates, and public officers.

The doubts as to what is, and what is not repealed, will be cleared up. The difficulties, and consequently the great amount of litigation to which the present uncertainty gives rise, are beyond calculation. It has been thought that more than half the business of all the courts of law and equity in the kingdom consists of disputed questions upon the construction of acts of parliament. Again, so long as the statute-book remains in its existing state, it will be impossible to adopt a pure principle of legislation. Mr. Brickdale well observes upon this subject: 'A member of either House about to bring in a bill, finds that a class is suffering injustice or inconvenience, in consequence of the state of the law, which it is his duty to remedy; but he has not before him, in any simple or accessible form, either the whole law, or the subject, or any statement of the principle of the law, which is the cause of the evil complained of: he therefore naturally contented himself with introducing a bill which remedied that specific evil, and no more: he even carefully avoids any appearance of interfering with principles, for fear of effecting something which he did not intend, or unintentionally opening questions which would lead to opposition, and perhaps frustrate his whole immediate object—the removal of the evil actually felt.'

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

What is literature? Is it a playbill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrænæan races, or the length of petticoat of the Virginis of the Sun? Is a sermon published 'by request' of a decent congregation—which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it—literature? Is an indignant letter (paid for as an advertisement), wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village church-warden for refusing him a sitting in church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3, and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swifts, stock-broker, Falham, and Snooch, dryshut, Maxwell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most mordacious manner over the apparel of a young lady, 'whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair, (but which we know to be Sophia Groby—old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street); and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two (and no coffee), end by discovering that the suspiçous Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swifts or the interesting young lady whose name, &c., and that even if he had, he was not the property, and therefore not under the control, of Snooch, of Maxwell Hill. Is this literature? I suppose it is; for judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literature, and most of the people you meet are literary men.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A DREAM.

I had a vision! O'er my life
It shed so bright a gleam,
So very sweet, so very soft,
Alas! how could I deem
To see it rest, while I am left
To know it was a dream.

'Twas like some bright bird fluttering
Through that dark grave, my heart,
Bearing the sunshine of its wing
Even to the gloomiest part;
Now cold and dead, its sweet life fled,
Leaving this heavy heart.

Like a calm star to my spirit's depth
That gentle vision shone;
'Tis faded, but a strange pale flame
Still burneth fiercely on,
Raising its light in wild suspense,
The ghost of what is gone.

Or I bear my dream like a dear friend dead,
To a home in my secret soul;
I must be alone, oh, quite alone,
Ere I weep without control.
I could not hear the harsh ones jeer,
Still less the kind condol.

In a very dark and silent room
It both concealed from all,
And I have covered its cold, stiff form
With a heavy funeral pall;
Yet I tremble and shrink as sometimes think,
What, if the shroud should fall?

When the solemn hand has guided me
To the last of love's vain wish,
And shewed me those I've sought in vain,
The loving and the true,
All grief that day shall have fled for aye,
Like the early morning dew.

When I walk with a kindred soul at last
Beside heaven's crystal streams,
When truth shines down with unclouded light,
Instead of these lupil glances,
Where the weary breast finds a lasting rest,
God grant there are no more dreams!

M. L. P.

NEW PROCESES OF VITIFICATION.

It has been discovered by analysis that the grape-substances giving out colour, taste, bouquet, and flavour to wine—namely, tartar, tannin, essential oil, and colouring matter—constitute only one per cent. of its composition, the remaining 99 per cent. consisting merely of sugar and water. It is this one per cent. alone which makes wine, distinguishes it from all other liquids, and bestows its different valuable qualities. It appears that the above-mentioned component parts, especially that which is most precious, the essential oil, are only one-fourth absorbed by the usual process of fermentation. There is therefore left undeveloped at the bottom of the fermenting tuns or vats 75 per cent. of flavour, &c., which, if saturated in a solution of refined sugar and water, will give out one-third of its unexhausted properties, which is sufficient to produce wine of a better quality than that derived from the natural must. This operation may be three times repeated with the same result; and even if tried a fourth time, will yield sufficient flavour to make a small description of vinous liquid. This discovery is due to the French chemists, who, on account of defective vintages, have deemed it worthy to investigate the subject.—Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular.

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AN EXCEEDINGLY CHEAP TOUR.

Although I am tolerably well off for a curate, in having nothing to pay for vegetables and house-rent, money—as far as it can be said of any churchman—is a considerable object to me. I have to save in this know where he keeps, without in that, and to accustom my stomach a good deal to home-made wine. My surprise—the idea of a curate having such a thing! is not of lawn, nor do I renew very often that miraculous silk garment without fastening, the getting into which is one of the mysteries of the Church of England. I read the wicked Times, on its third day, without feeling any of those disagreeable qualms with which it affects my reverend rector, 'the cloth' it attacks being of a material very widely different from mine. I confess, however, that my own clerical character falls considerably short of the ideal standard set up by the conductors of that journal. I think it no sin in a bachelor curate, whose hard lines have fallen in a place five miles from the nearest educated being, feeling a little dull, being desirous of a visit from my friend from time to time, or taking his parson's holiday, of twenty days, once every summer. I take one myself yearly, with as much mental profit as pleasure, and return to my parish all the better fitted in health and spirit to renew my labours in that vineyard. In the front of this last June, I walked over the English and Scotch lake countries with Tom Trevor, attorney-at-law of Striketown. We were at dear old Trinity together in the old times, and understand one another perfectly. 'We have heard the chimneys at midnight, have we not?' quotes he. 'Oh, the mad days we have spent, and to see how much of mine old acquaintance that are now clergymen! I have no antecedents, I am thankful to say, to be very deeply ashamed of; and if I had, I should know that Tom could mean nothing but good-humour and pleasantry in reminding me of them. He is one of those rare ones who can say without offence anything, that from another man would be absolutely intolerable. That perpetual pyrotechnic display of his, no matter how inflammable the material on which it descends, never seems to set any one on fire. I don't know where he keeps his law-books, his business airs, his ill successes, his Christmas bills, and his indigestions, but none of his friends have ever seen a symptom of them: this of course weakens the vulgar belief in his solid virtues; and we who are pillars shake our heads a little, though we cannot refuse to offer cordial hands; while his defence is, that his principles, so far from not being high enough, are elevated clear out of sight.

He gives his brothers of his best;
His worst he keeps, his best he gives,
and I for one am not inclined to be hard upon him.
He is, of course, one of the most charming 'tourist's companions' possible, and full of the happiest illustrations, lending an interest to the dullest landscapes, and heightening the glory of the grandest—unto sorrow giving smiles, and unto graces, graces.' I remember him, while at college, discovering a pathos in a certain proposition in statics—whose object and meaning I have entirely forgotten, and which I shall most probably misquote—and throwing a touching regretfulness into his tones as he described how DE vanished, the weight is supported by the immovable fulcrum C, and the body is at rest! It is said to have drawn tears from an entire lecture-room.

'Now, Trevor,' said I, before we started upon our rambles, 'you have a genius for finance, I know, so you shall carry the bag for both of us; but remember I am but a poor curate, so don't be over-generous.'

'Reverend sir!' answered he, 'I am a lawyer, and such imputations I shake from off me as dew-drops are shaken from the calf-skin. Leave everything pecuniary to me.'

After this arrangement, I, of course, never interfered in such matters, nor was I ever present at any settling transactions whatsoever; and hence it was, as will be seen, that I came to make such an exceedingly cheap tour.

The landscape which lies round my curacy has none of these straggling objects about it, obstructing the light and air, which are called trees; but their place is supplied in some measure by gigantic chimneys, from the months of which rises an artificial sky, so dense that one wonders it doesn't rain down ink. And yet we have a sense of coming summer even there—a rustle of the leafy woodlands, a murmur of the pleasant brooks, make themselves heard amidst our very furnace roars; we feel that somewhere is the sun unblurred, the snow-white cloud set in the stainless blue; the green earth without touch of cinder-scar. We that have heard it, long then to hear the wind at its wild play among the hill-tops, as hungry men for food. The great town, whose iron glamour comes to us for ever across the level flats, in summer scarcely seems fit to breathe and move in. There are no fountains there, no parks, no gardens, no galleries of pictures, where a man may shake his thirst for freshness and for freedom; the workman there knows not so much of nature even as art, her pretty waiting-maid, can tell him: that is what dulls our pleasure—Tom's and mine—as we start from the hot clanging Striketown station for the purple hills. 'The pastor sees the dewy meadows, and the water-springs, but the flock never sees,' sighed I. 'Yes,' echoed Trevor; 'you the pastor, I the shearer,
we alone.' A Striketown magnate in the same carriage—he was a corrugated iron-merchant, and he looked like it—took umbrage at my remarks upon this subject; but myself engaging him steadily hand to hand, while Tom dazzled him with his finest sheet-lightning, we reduced him to silence: presently, however, while we two were speaking of the best poetical expressions for distance, and one was instancing poor Keats's

There she stood,
About a young bird's flutter from the wood,
he broke in again with: 'And, gentlemen, pray how many yards may that be?' and so revenged himself.

Stafford, Preston, Lancaster, the shominable Creveo, were all left behind in due course, and we quitted the London and North-western for Westmoreland and fairyland at last. I confess myself to have been born a Cockney, and to entertain an admiration, not unmixed with awe, for the Surrey range. The great mountain mesh-work of the lake-country is to my eyes, therefore, quite as tremendous as the Himalayas; and all the witty things that have been said against it and the lakes pass by me like the idle wind, that wakes a smile of pity upon the face of fair Windermere, but never stirs its depths. I know not how far the dim recollection of a wearisome journey, and the distinct remembrance of a most excellent dinner, may have contributed to bring it about, but as we lay in our boat beneath Belle Isle that evening, the careless splash of the oars alone breaking the silence which brooded over the serene hills and moonlit lake, I believe, with Trevor, that if you had put pen and ink within my grasp—and it were not for the rhymes—I could have gone hie to have written a sonnet. I feel at this moment the fatal facility of the lake district for writing descriptions stealing over me at the mere reminiscence; I long to honey my page with such names as Ambleside and Ettewater, or to make it like a leaf out of some mountain peerage, with such titles as Helvellyn and Glaramara, but I forbear. Enough to say, that we made forced marches over the hills and far away to our great content; the knapsacks—which at first seemed to be endowed with life and a desire to go the other way—which lay between our astonished shoulders like two large live coals, and which rendered our conditions of equilibrium both novel and dangerous—at last becoming as natural to us as the hump to the camel. And ever, at the close of each day's toil, did the red wine flow from the hotel's best bin; nor at any time, when our four legs grew weary, did we hesitate to hire eight fresh ones to relieve them, till, for my part, I began to fear that we should scarcely reach the Land of Cakes at all, or if we did, that we should have no money left to buy any. That Tom did pay for things, and pay liberally, was evident enough, for I never saw landlords more obsequious, landladies more gracious, or the plurality of boots more perfectly satisfied. One day, when we were carrying it, the driver, who was new to the lake-country, and desired to make a cicerone of himself for the benefit of future visitors, entreated us to point out to him the local habitations and the names of the great celebrities, which Trevor did at once, most cheerfully and with a vengeance. It seemed to our astonished Jethro that so many eminent persons were never before collected in so small a compass; in particular, a certain sequestered clergyman, preferring the delights of solitude among the hills to that of his collegiate halls during the long vacation, had an undreamt-of greatness thrust upon him. Many a time has he since been startled by a string of cars, filled with excursionists, pulling short up before his cottage door, while our apt friend, whip in hand, dilates aloud upon the glory of 'Mr A——, the Fellow of St Boniface, the accomplished coach, who knows more about the particle μ+ than any other man within the four seas: that's his bedroom, gentlemen and ladies, looking east.' Whose fame is much indebted to Tom Trevor. On account of this good turn being done him, the driver declined to take more than a shilling for chariotering us twelve miles; but of course Tom couldn't get rid of all our carmen for such a mere song as that; and how the purse held out, grew a still greater wonder to me, day by day.

In Caledonia, matters went on just as smoothly: we denied ourselves no dainty which loch or mountain afforded, while the wine of the country, by reason of its smoky character, was pronounced not good enough for our palates, and rejected as burgundy and claret... Still, while I was set wondering whether or not a clergyman of the Church of England could be imprisoned in a Tolbooth for a hotel bill, the adultery of us in no way decreased. Gillies ran bare-legged, as though with the fiery cross in hand, to do our behests: musicians, with instruments resembling the interiors of quadrupeds, performed the most excruciating coronachs at our departures, and what were meant for triumphal airs at our arrivals. The best bedrooms seemed to have been bespoiled for us at every inn, and the seats that were most comfortable, or which commanded the most extensive views, to have been reserved for us in the coffee-rooms. I began to have a horrid suspicion that we were being taken for somebody else—ambassadors extraordinary, or the Brothers Rothschild in disguise. Trevor had some sketching-paper, and I a note-book, which I used pretty freely; but neither authors nor artists—I can answer for Striketown, at least—were wont to be held in such consideration in the south, as to induce a belief that our genius and talents were only receiving their natural tributes. Sometimes Tom wrote the day before to secure accommodation for us, and sometimes had an interview with the landlord as soon as we arrived; but in either case, our occupation of the premises seemed to be hailed as triumphant and honourable to an extreme degree. At one of the largest inns in the Western Highlands, I happened, in Trevor's absence, to receive the bill instead of him, and I remember thinking of sending it to the Times newspaper, to refute the calumnies that had been published about hotel charges, only Tom persuaded me not. This is the bill, which, for two persons, I surely was justified in thinking very moderate: Double-bedded room, Is. 6d.; soup and fish-dinner (for two), 8s.; bottle of port (1834), 8s.; breakfast for two, with meat, Is. 6d.; Total, 9s. N.B.—It is particularly requested that no gratuities may be given to the servants.

I was much astonished that none of our fellow-travellers by the coach that morning seemed to be satisfied with their bills, but accused the landlord most unmercifully of extortion and excess; and I agreed with Tom that it was a very remarkable exemplification of the proverbial naivete of the Scotch character.

We travelled so fast, that I had time enough to spare
for a four days’ run into Ireland, which I was over-persuaded to take by my companion.

The sister-isle received us with extended arms: if anything, the welcomes of the innkeepers appeared to be still warmer and more affectionate than elsewhere, and the settlement of their accounts a mere form, that we were at liberty to go through or not as we preferred. The landladies went so far, on more than one occasion, as to kiss Trevor, and to entitle me their jewel; the gossips stood on their heads to do us honour; and the very beggars about the inn-yards regarded us with a solicitude that was the more remarkable by reason of the difference of our countries and religions.

Upon the nineteenth day, I returned like a punctual shepherd to my flock, and on our road, Tom Trevor, Esq., attorney-at-law, insisted upon my auditing the accounts of our expenses, which—particularly as he handed me a much larger balance than, under the circumstances, I should have thought possible—I was very unwilling to do. My share of the three weeks’ tour, irrespective of couch, railway, and packet fares, was under a five-pound note.

‘Well, my dear fellow,’ said I, with that feeling of grateful admiration which a Briton rarely permits himself to entertain except towards a great financier, ‘all I can say is, I can’t imagine how you did it. I never lived better or at less cost in all my life, and I shall certainly go over the same ground next summer, and, as I most sincerely hope, with the same companion.’

There was a curious expression about Trevor’s eye which made me unaccountably uneasy, as he replied with some dryness: ‘Well, I think your reverence had better not do that for a few seasons.’

‘Why? why not, Trevor?—for goodness sake, tell me why not?’ said I, getting alarmed.

‘Oh, nothing; don’t be afraid, my dear sir; trust me for keeping on the safe side of the law in these matters.’

‘The law!’ gasped I, looking at the figures just transferred to my note-book, and regretting, somehow, that they did not make up a larger sum; ‘why, you don’t mean to say you—’

‘No, I did nothing,’ interrupted Tom; ‘it was all you, you and that note-book. The fact is, you made such copious remarks in it from the first hour we started, and at every place you came to, that I thought you were compiling a Guide to the North; and without asking you the question point-blank, which I considered would be enough to indicate my suspicions, sometimes in writing, sometimes verbally, to the innkeepers. “My friend,” I said to them, “is desirous of every information about this spot, and particularly regarding your hotel charges; you must not speak to him as if you were aware of this, for he is pledged by the Messrs Grateau, publishers, to secrecy and independence; but I am pleased with your house myself, and am willing, under the roof, to do you a good turn.” Every time you put pen to paper in the coffee-room saved us half-a-crown apiece at least; there was quite a difficulty in some places in getting them to charge us anything at all; and I must say that, all along, you acted your part to perfection.’

‘Acted my part! how dare you,’ said I, in a lowering passion, ‘you base, horrid!’—

‘There now, you are going on to what is actionable,’ interrupted Tom. ‘You Parsons never know when to stop, and you are, besides, the last people in the world to take a healthy and charitable view of things. This is how the matter stands: we have passed, by your own confession, a very sumptuous three weeks; we have given opportunities to a much maligning class of our countrymen, in all their grossnesses, imbecility, and civility; we have threatened a new unmutilated guide-book, which you have both the power and the will to withhold; and, finally, we have had, I must say, an exceedingly cheap tour!’

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

WE GET TO THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

Starting with lofty notions of liberty and equality, the United States, as already noticed, have always, and now more than ever, been hampered with an institution at variance with public profession, and which—from a European point of view—is lowering in no small degree to national dignity. Seemingly ashamed of slavery as a too obvious fact, American writers hasten to assure us that it is a mere local usage depending on the municipal law of the states in which it happens to exist, and therefore in no way concerns the federal constitution. We are not going to plunge into a political dispute on this point. It is true that slavery derives its vitality from the laws of individual states, and if these laws were severally abrogated, the institution would be no more; but it is equally certain, that while these laws are in operation, the federal power is bound to give them international efficacy. The constitution imparts authority to slaveholders to pursue and seize their property, ‘persons held to service’ anywhere within the boundaries of the Union—even where no slavery exists. Besides this old Fugitive Slave-law, lately strengthened by an act of congress, the constitution prescribes a method of making up a constituency to appoint members to the House of Representatives, by reckoning the ratio of free and bond persons. Doubtless, it is unfortunate that the constitution in any manner, however equivocal, recognised and gave force to the practice of holding slaves, and so took that mean stand in the matter of human equality which embarrasses American jurisprudence; but nothing, we think, is to be gained by shrinking the fact, and taking a disingenuous view of the subject.

It has been mentioned that the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, was a turning-point in the history of the Union. At this time, the institution was disappearing from the more northern Atlantic states; and by the celebrated ordinance of 1787, it was excluded from the large Indiana territory on the north-west, from which have been formed the prosperous free states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. It lingered still in New York and New Jersey, but southward from Pennsylvania, and westward as far as the banks of the Mississippi, it was as yet confined to the limits of the ‘Old Dominion.’ Kentucky was formed from a ceded portion of Virginia, Tennessee from North Carolina, and, in like manner, Alabama and Mississippi from portions of Georgia; but though adding to the number of states, and swelling the slaveholding interests in congress, these re-arrangements did not geographically extend the area of slavery.

The acquisition of the French province of Louisiana opened up a boundless prospect for slavery extension. For a number of years, the newly acquired tract of country remained a territory under federal authority. At length, in 1812, the lower part on the Gulf of Mexico was admitted as the state of Louisiana. The remainder of the purchase, stretching northwards on the west bank of the Mississippi, and embracing the rivers Arkansas and Missouri, was henceforth known as the Missouri Territory, over which settlers gradually spread themselves. In March 1816, a sufficient
population being consolidated, petitions from the inhabitants were presented to congress, praying for the admission of Missouri as a state. Now began the first resolute struggle between slavery and freedom. It was the wish of the petitioners to have the state admitted on equal terms with the state of Louisiana, in which the inhabitants were guaranteed all the privileges, that of holding slaves among which they had enjoyed under the French rule. This was firmly opposed. A degree of alarm concerning the spread of slavery had taken possession of legislators from the free states; and it was felt that now or never was the opportunity for checking its wonderful and unexpected growth in the far west. It must be allowed, that members of congress had been much too late in making this notable discovery—the whole nation, indeed, had been culpably negligent on the subject. If there was a general desire to admit no more states with slavery, the proper precaution would have consisted in enacting a law, like that of the ordinance of 1787, for forever excluding any institution from the territories out of which such states could possibly be formed. The defects of the federal constitution seemed to necessitate such a legislative measure.

It has been graphically said, that when a number of adventurers, British subjects, land on a newly discovered territory, and take possession in the name of the Queen, the common law of England, is ipso facto established; and from that moment every member of the infant community, no matter what be his breed or colour, enjoys all the privileges, and comes under the usual obligations of freeborn Englishmen. In such a way does the British constitution act, and there is a decision and simplicity about it which cannot but command respect. The constitution of the United States is less comprehensive and peremptory. Plant it where you will, it settles no determinate social system. It proclaims freedom, but admits of slavery. All men are free, but freemen may hold slaves—"chattels human"—who though men de facto, are seemingly not men de jure. The British flag, God knows, has in its day sheltered much insolence, injustice, cruelty. Under it, eighty years ago, an audacious attempt—since regretted and atoned for—was made to rob English colonists of their inherent rights, and what the end of that was, we all know. Things are somewhat altered since Grenville passed the Stamp Act, or since good old Dr Johnson wrote Taxation no Tyranny. When we see the Union Jack floating from a vessel in the Atlantic, we feel a sound assurance that there is not the shadow of a thing to fear. A sight of the American flag does not convey the same confidence; seen south from the capes of Virginia, two to one it is covered with a carpet of slaves going to the market for "chattels human" at New Orleans; for though the foreign slave-trade terminated in 1808, the coasting slave-trade did not, and is till this day in full operation. If this be thought a hard view of practises prevailing under the federal constitution, we cannot help it. The constitution is not that of a distinct nation, but simply the terms of compact by which a number of sovereignties—"the Union"—agree to hold together for the sake of mutual convenience and purposes common to the whole. Some of these sovereignties exclude slavery, some maintain it. The federal constitution, consequently, operates with considerable reserve on this delicate subject. It is anything you like to make of it. When extended over new territories, unless congress interpose an order to the contrary, the choice of domestic institutions is nominally left to the parties concerned. If, when the time comes, they choose to inaugurate slavery, good and well; it is all the same to the constitution. This is called "freedom of the north" theory. Let us now see how the thing practically works.

When a new tract of country is acquired by the United States, it passes into the possession and under the control of the federal authorities, who hold it for the general behoof. If it be resolved to lay it out for a new state, it is first called a "territory." As such, it is the subject of an act of congress, from which body it receives an interim constitution, prescribing its boundaries, divisions, executive authorities, laws, judicial and political, which they had enjoyed under the French rule. This was firmly opposed. A degree of alarm concerning the spread of slavery had taken possession of legislators from the free states; and it was felt that now or never was the opportunity for checking its wonderful and unexpected growth in the far west. It must be allowed, that members of congress had been much too late in making this notable discovery—the whole nation, indeed, had been culpably negligent on the subject. If there was a general desire to admit no more states with slavery, the proper precaution would have consisted in enacting a law, like that of the ordinance of 1787, for forever excluding any institution from the territories out of which such states could possibly be formed. The defects of the federal constitution seemed to necessitate such a legislative measure.

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When a new tract of country is acquired by the
pretended freedom communicated by congress and the constitution, produces an uneasiness among the people. The question is now whether we shall unite and form a government more determined in local interests and less disposed to accommodate and yield to the demands of a minority. The great point at issue is the extent and nature of the rights which the states are entitled to enjoy under the constitution. It is contended by those who advocate the construction of the constitution as protecting the rights of the states, that the states have the right to declare the constitution null and void whenever it is inconsistent with their rights. The other side contend that the states have no such power, and that the constitution is a compact entered into by the states and is binding on them as such. The question is of great importance, and it is expected that Congress will soon take action on it.

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than seclude slavery within a certain geographical limit. That this has generally been the hapless policy of the free portion of the Union, is conspicuous in the history of the Missouri Compromise and subsequent events. We now approach this famed compromise. In February 1819, the petition of the inhabitants of Missouri for the admission of their state, which had been some time under consideration, led to a hot debate in congress. In the House of Representatives, Mr Tallmadge of New York moved the following amendment on the proposed constitution: 'And provided that the introduction of slavery, or involuntary servitude, be prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party has been duly convicted, and that all children born within the said state, after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be declared free at the age of twenty-five years.' To this restriction, southern members objected, for the reason that congress had no right to impose such offensive terms. Missouri was entitled, like every other state, to choose its own institutions, so far as slavery was concerned. The northern states, on the other hand, were not concerned. They feared that if the restriction were carried, the South would dissolve its connection with the Union. Tallmadge, who appears to have been a man of dauntless energy, referred to this necessity by saying: 'If a discussion on this point should take place, to let it be so. If civil war, which gentlemen so much threaten, must come, I can only say, let it come. My hold on life is probably as frail as that of any man who has a name to make, while both hold lasts, it shall be devoted to the service of my country—to the freedom of man. If blood is necessary to extinguish any fire which I have assisted to kindle, I can assure gentlemen, while I regret the necessity, I shall not forbear to contribute my share.' Sir, the violence to which gentlemen have resorted on this subject will not move my purpose, nor drive me from my place. I have the fortune and the honour to stand here as the representative of freemen, who possess intelligence to know their rights—who have the spirit to maintain them. As their representative, I will proclaim their hatred to slavery in every shape—as their representative, here will hold my stand, till this floor, with the constitution of my country which supports it, shall sink beneath the weight of myriads of slave hearts. If the congress of the United States—that is the municipal congress of republican America, the subject of slavery has become a subject of such importance—that no such question can be safely dismissed! Are we to be told of the dissolution of the Union, of civil war, and of seas of blood? And yet, with such awful threats before us, do gentlemen in the same breath insist upon the encouragement of this evil? upon the extension of this monstrous scourge of the human race? An evil so fraught with such dire calamities to us individuals, and to our nation, and threatening in its progress to overwhelm the civil and religious institutions of the country, with the liberties of the nation, ought at once to be met, and to be controlled. If power, its influence, and its impending dangers, have already arrived at such a point that it is not safe to discuss it on this floor, and it cannot now pass under consideration as a proper subject for general legislation, what will be the result when it is spread through your widely extended domain? Its present threatening aspect, and the violence of its supporters, so far from inducing me to yield to their wishes, has earned me an unenviable reputation. It is notorious, that with all the prevalent alarm respecting the increasing power of slaveholders, and all the professions in favour of freedom, the North expresses no desire to do more
extension of empire over the vast territories of the west, he says: 'People this fair domain with the slaves of your planters; extend slavery, this bane of man, this abomination of Heaven, over your extended empire, and you gain your object; you turn its accumulated strength into positive weakness; you cherish a canker in your breast; you put poison in your bosom; you place a vulture preying on your heart—nay, you whet the dagger and place it in the hands of a portion of your population, stimulated to use it by every tie, human and divine. The envious contrast between your happiness and their misery, between your liberty and their slavery, must constantly prompt them to accomplish your destruction. Your enemies will learn the source and the cause of your weakness. As often as external dangers shall threaten, or internal commotions await you, you will then realise that, by your own procurement, you have placed amidst your families, and in the bosom of your country, a population producing at once the greatest cause of individual danger and of national weakness. With this defect, your government must crumble to pieces, and your people become the scoff of the world.'

Finally, the bill embodying the restriction was lost. The men of the north, we have said, strangely contented themselves with seeing slavery fortify and extend itself, provided it keep within a certain limit. The required line of division appears to be that which bounds the cotton-producing lands of the south. Having lost Missouri territory, as a whole, the friends of freedom did not prevent the southern portion of it being organised as a territory, without any restriction as to slavery. This was accordingly done. Arkansas was set off as a distinct territory; and the usual means being employed to give it pro-slavery tendencies, it became ultimately (1836) a slave state.

The struggle about Missouri was renewed in December 1819 and January 1820. As there seemed no possibility of reconciling both branches of congress to a plan of restriction within Missouri, the idea of a compromise was suggested. It was proposed by Mr Thomas of Illinois to admit Missouri as a slave state; but, as a compensation, to exclude it prospectively from all the remainder of the old Louisiana territory, north of a certain latitude. His provision was—'And be it further enacted, That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana, which lies thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included within the limits of the state contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude be excluded; and otherwise than in the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby for ever prohibited.' This compromise, after various divisions in both houses, was adopted. Missouri was enabled to enter the Union as a slave state. There was yet, however, another struggle connected with this troublesome matter. When the Missourians, in November 1820, submitted their state constitution to the approval of congress, it was found to contain some objectionable clauses, preventing the settlement of free men of colour in the state. As several northern states acknowledge free coloured men to be citizens, though the federal constitution, as usually interpreted, is much more exclusive, the objectionable clauses met with a warm opposition. At this juncture, a new character comes on the stage. Throughout the whole Missouri affair Henry Clay was a statesman of no mean eminence, had given the aid of his counsels. If every man has his mission, Clay's seems to have been that of uniting compromises. He was an orator, a schemer—one of those mighty geniuses who have always a plan in their pocket to tide over difficulties, and who, in securing present peace, do not mind seeing clouds of future discord. Clay's plan of engineering a difficulty was sublimely simple. It consisted in compounding for so much evil by so much good. If a certain quantity of slavery was put in one scale, the same quantity of freedom, or what looked like freedom, was put in the other; so the balance was adjusted, and all was satisfied. He is understood to have been the real conceiver of the Missouri Compromise; and now, at this fresh and unexpected collision, he interposed with a scheme of settlement. It consisted in extracting a pledge from the Missouri legislature, that no advantage should be taken of its constitution, and it should pass no act 'to exclude any of the citizens of either of the states' from the enjoyment of the privileges they enjoy under the constitution of the United States. This qualifying provision was accepted. The only question is—who are the 'citizens within the meaning of the constitution'? So ended the contest about Missouri, which was received into the Union as a full-blown slave state—a circumstance ever to be regretted, for, independently of other considerations, the state, as will be seen on looking at a map, projects considerably northwards into free territory, and so stops the way to free migration westwards.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII—DON RAMON.

On entering the courtyard, a somewhat novel scene presented itself—a Spanish picture, with some transatlantic touches. The patio of a Mexican house is its proper front. Here you no longer look upon jail-like door and windows, but façades of curtained verandas, and glazed shades that reach to the ground. The patio of Don Ramon's mansion was paved with brick. A fountain, with its tank of japanned mosaic-work, stood in the centre; orange-trees stretched their fronds over the water; their golden globes and white wax-like flowers perfumed the atmosphere, which, cooled by the constant evaporation of the jet d'eau, felt fresh and fragrant. Round three sides of the court extended a veranda, its floor of painted tiles rising but a few inches above the level of the paved court. A row of portales supported the roof of this verandah, and the whole corridor was raised in, and curtained. The curtains were close-drawn, and except at one point—the entrance between two of the portales—the corridor was completely screened from our view, and consequently all the windows of the house, which opened into the veranda. No human face greeted our searching glances. In looking to the rear, into the great corral, or cattle-yard, we could see numerous ponies in their brown leathern dresses, with naked legs and sandalled feet; vaqueros in all their grandeur of velveteens, bell-buttons, and gold or silver lace; with a number of women and young girls in coloured nagnas and rebozos. A busy scene was presented in that quarter. It was the great cattle enclosure, for the estate of Don Ramon de Vargas was a hacienda de ganados, or grand cattle-farm—a title which in no way detracts from the presumed respectability of its owner, many of the noble hidalgos of Mexico being only graziers on a large scale.

On entering the patio, I only glanced back at the corral; my eyes were busy with the curtained verandah, and, failing there, were carried up to the accenting hopes of discovering the object of my thoughts. The house, as I have elsewhere stated, was but a single story in height, and from the saddle, I could almost look into the azotea. I could see that it was a sanctuary of rare plants, and the broad leaves and bright corollas of some of the taller ones appeared over the edge of the parapet. Abundance of fair flowers I could perceive, but not that for which I was looking. No
face yet showed, no voice greeted us with a welcome.

The shouts of the vaqueros, the music of singing-birds, cages along the corridor, and the murmur of the fountain, were the only sounds. The two former suddenly became hushed, as the hoofs of our horses rang upon the stone pavement, and the portero stopped to utter its soft monotonie. Once more my eyes swept the curtain, gazing intently into the few apertures left by a careless drawing; once more they sought the azoteas, and glanced along the parapet: my scrutiny still remained unrewarded.

Without exchanging a word, Wheatley and I sat silent in our saddles, awaiting the return of the portero. Already the peons, vaqueros, and wenches had poured in through the back gateway, and stood staring with astonishment at the unexpected guests.

After a considerable pause, the tread of feet was heard upon the corridor, and presently the messenger appeared, and announced that the don was coming. In a minute after, one of the curtains was drawn back, and an old gentleman made his appearance behind the reeling. He was a person of large frame, and although slightly stooping with age, his step was firm, and his whole aspect bespoke a wonderful energy and resolution. He was tall, lean, and sallow, shadowed by heavy brows, upon which the hair still retained its dark colour, although that of his head was white as snow. He was simply habited—in a jacket of mackerel cloth, and wide trousers of like material. He wore neither waistcoat nor cravat. A full white shirt of finest linen covered his breast, and a sash of dull blue colour was twisted round his waist. On his head was a costly hat of the 'Guayquill gras,' and in his fingers a hawk cigarette smoking at the end.

Altogether, the aspect of Don Ramon—for it was he—despite its assumed sternness, was pleasing and intelligent; and I should have relished a friendly chat with him, even upon his own account.

This, however, was out of the question. I must abide by the spirit of my orders: the face must be played out; so, touching the flanks of my horse, I rode forward to the edge of the verandah, and placed myself vis-à-vis to the Don.

'Are you Don Ramon de Vargas?'

'Si, señor,' was the reply, in a tone of angry astonishment.

'I am an officer of the American army—'I spoke loud, and in Spanish of course, for the benefit of the peons and wenches. 'I am in the service of the laws of the United States, and for the maintenance of our public peace, I have an order from the general-in-chief—'

'I have no bees for sale,' interrupted Don Ramon in a gay voice; 'I shall have nothing to do with the American army.'

'Then, sir,' retorted I, 'I must take your bees without your consent. You will be paid for them, but take them I must; my orders require that I should do so. Moreover, your vaqueros must accompany us, and drive the cattle to the American camp.'

As I said this, I signalled to Holingsworth, who rode in with his following; and then the whole troop, filing through the back gateway, began to collect the frightened vaqueros, and set them about their work.

'He protests against this robbery!' shouted Don Ramon. 'It is infamous—contrary to the laws of civilised warfare. I shall appeal to my government—'

'You shall have payment, Don Ramon,' said I, apparently trying to pacify him.

'Payment, carrebo!—payment from robbers, filibusteros—'

'Come, old gentleman!' cried Wheatley, who was only half behind the scenes, and who spoke rather in earnest, 'keep a good tongue in your head, or you may lose something of more value to you than your cattle. Remember whom you are talking to.'

'Tipos! ladrones!' hissed Don Ramon, with an earnest application of the latter phrase that would certainly have brought Wheatley's revolver from his belt, had I not, at the moment, whispered a word in the lieutenant's ear.

'Hang the old rascal!' muttered he in reply to me; 'I thought he was in earnest. Look here, old fellow!'

he continued, addressing himself to Don Ramon, 'don't you be scared about the dollars. Uncle Sam's a liberal trader and a good paymaster. I wish your beef was mine, and I had his promise to pay for it. So take things a little easier, if you please; and don't be so free of your 'filibusteros' and 'ladrones': free-born Texans ain't used to such talk.'

Don Ramon suddenly cut short the colloquy by angrily closing the curtains, and hiding himself from our sight.

During the whole scene, I had great difficulty in controlling my countenance. I could perceive that the Mexican afterwards under a similar difficulty. There was a laughing devil in the corner of his keen eye that required restraint; and I thought once or twice either he or I should lose our equanimity. I certainly should have done so, but that my heart and eyes were most of the time in other quarters. As for the Don, he was playing an important part; and a suspicion of his hypocrisy, on the minds of some of the leather clad greasers who listened to the dialogue, might have afterwards brought him to trouble. Most of them were his own domestics and retainers, but not all. There were free rancheros among them—some who belonged to the pueblo itself—some, perchance, who had figured in pronunciamientos—who voted at elections, and called themselves citizens. The Don, therefore, had good reasons for assuming a character; and well did the old gentleman sustain it.

As he drew the curtain, his half-whispered 'Adios, capitán!' heard only by myself, sounded full of sweetness and promise; and I felt rather contented as I straightened myself in the saddle, and issued the order for raising his cattle.

CHAPTER IX.

'UN PAPELITO'

Wheatley now rode after the troop, which with Holingsworth had already entered the corral. A band of drivers was speedily pressed into service; and with these the two lieutenants proceeded to great plain at the foot of the hill, where most of Don Ramon's cattle were at pasture. By this arrangement I was left alone, if I except the company of half-a-dozen slipped wenches, the delites of the cocones, who, clustered in the corner of the patio, eyed me with mingled looks of curiosity and fear. The verandah curtains remained hermetically closed, and though I glanced at every aperture that offered a chance to an observing eye, no one appeared to be stirring behind them.

'Too high-bred—perhaps indifferent?' thought I. The latter supposition was by no means gratifying to my vanity. After all, now that the others are gone out of the way, Don Ramon might ask me to step inside. Ah! no—these mestizo women would not tell tales: I perceived it would never do. I may as well give it up. I shall ride out, and join the troop.'

As I turned my horse to put this design into execution, the fountain came under my eyes. Its water reminded me that it was thirsty, for it was a July day, and a hot one. A gourd cup lay on the edge of the tank. Without dismounting, I was able to lay hold of the vessel, and filling it with the cool sparkling liquid, I drained it off. It was very good water, but not Canario or Xeres.

Sweeping the curtain once more, I turned with a disappointed glance, and jiggling my horse, rode
dugely out through the back gateway. Once in the rear of the buildings, I had a full view of the great meadow already known to me; and pulling up, I sat in the saddle, and watched the animated scene that was going on. A hardy, half-wild, half-tame cow was standing there doing its best for food; a young bull, half wild, rubbing elbows with three other bulls, all three being of the same species. And over the whole scene there was a grander sight than any I had ever seen. The bulls were gazing upon the large brown eyes gazing upon me with that half-serene, half-mocking glance I had already noticed, and which produced within me both pleasure and pain!

I was about to speak to her, when I saw the expression suddenly change: a hurried glance was thrown backwards, as if the approach of some one disturbed her; a finger rested momentarily on her lips, and then her face disappeared behind the screening wall of the parapet. I understood the universal sign, and remained silent.

For some moments I was undecided whether to go or stay. She had evidently withdrawn from the front of the building, though she was still upon the azotea. Some one had joined her; and I could hear voices in conversation; her own contrasting with the harsher tones of a man. Perhaps her father—perhaps that other relative—less agreeable supposition! I was about to ride off, when it occurred to me that I had better first master the contents of the ‘papelito.’ Perhaps it might throw some light on the situation, and enable me to adopt the more pleasant alternative of remaining a while longer upon the premises. I had thrust the billet into the breast of my frock, and now looked around for some place, where I might draw it forth and peruse it unobserved. The great arched gateway, shadowy and tenantless, offered the desired accommodation; and leading my horse to it, I once more rode inside the saguan, facing around so as to hide my front from the cocina, I drew forth the strip of folded paper, and spread it open before me. Though written in pencil, and evidently in a hurried impromptu, I had no difficulty in deciphering it. My heart throbbed excitedly as I read:

‘Capitan! I know you will pardon our dry hospitality? A cup of cold water—ha! ha! ha! Remember what I told you yesterday: we fear our friends more than our foes, and we have a guest in the house my father dreads more than you and your terrible filibusters. I am not angry with you for my pet, but you have carried off my lasso as well. Ah, capitan! would you rob me of everything—Adios! ISOLINA.’

Thrusting the paper back into my bosom, I sat for some time pondering upon its contents. Part was clear enough—the remaining part full of mystery.

‘We fear our friends more than our foes.’ I was left to ponder on the scene that lay before me, to comprehend what was intended by that cunningly worded phrase. It simply meant that Don Ramon de Vargas was Ayuntado—or in other words, a friend to the American cause, or, as some loud demagogue would have pronounced him, a traitor to his country. It did not follow, however, that he was anything of the kind. He might have wished success to the American arms, and still remained a true friend to his country—not one of those blind bigots whose standard displays the brigand motto, ‘Our country right or wrong,’ but an enlightened patriot, who desired more to see Mexico enjoy peace and happiness under foreign domination, than that it should continue in anarchy under the iron rule of native despots. What is there in the empty title of independence, without peace, without liberty? After all, patriotism in its ordinary sense is unwise, and perhaps nearer to a crime! It will one day appear so; one day in the far future it will be supplanted by a virtue of higher rank—the patriotism that knows no boundaries of nations, but whose country is the whole earth. That, however, would not be patriotism!’

Was Don Ramon de Vargas a patriot in this sense—a man of progress, who cared not that the name of Mexico should be blotted from the map so long as
peace and prosperity should be given to his country under another name? Was Don Ramon one of these? It might be. There were many such in Mexico at that time, and these principally of the class to which Señor de Vargas belonged—the ricos, or proprietors. It is easy to imagine why the Ayakniegos were of the class of ricos.

Perhaps the affection of Don Ramon for the American cause had less lofty motives; perhaps the 5000 beehives may have had something to do with it. Whether or no, I could not tell; nor did I stay to consider. I only reflected upon the matter at all as offering an explanation to the ambiguous phrase now twice used by his fair daughter—'We fear our friends more than our foes.' On either supposition, the meaning was clear.

What followed was far from equally perspicuous. A guest in the house dreaded by her father! Here was a mystery indeed. Who could that guest be?—who but Ijuura?

But Ijuura was her cousin—she had said so. If a cousin, why should he be dreaded? Was there still another guest in the house? That might be; I had not been inside to see. The mansion was large enough to accommodate another—a score of others. For all that, my thoughts constantly turned upon Ijuura, and why I knew not; but I could not resist the belief that he was the person pointed at—the guest that was 'dreaded.'

The behaviour which I had noticed on the day before—the first and only time I had ever seen the man—his angry speech and looks addressed to Isolina—her apparent fear of him; these it was, no doubt, that guided my instincts; and I at length came to the conviction that he was the fiend dreaded by Don Ramon. And she too feared him! 'God grant that she do not also love him!'

Such was my mental ejaculation, as I passed on to consider the closing sentences of the hastily written note. In these I also encountered ambiguity of expression; whether I construed it aright, time would tell. Perhaps my wish was too much parent to my thoughts; but it was with exulting heart I rode out from the gateway.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD ENEMY.

I rode slowly, and but a few paces before reining up my horse. Although I was under the impression that it would be useless remaining, and that an interview with Isolina was impossible, for that day at least, I could not divest myself of a lingering thought. I might appear again upon the azotea; if but for a moment; if but to wave her hand, and waft me an adieu; if but—

When a short distance separated me from the walls, I drew up, and turning in the saddle, glanced back to the parapet. A face was there, where here had been; but, oh, the contrast between her lovely features and those that now met my gaze! Hyperion to the Satyr! Not that the face now before me was ugly or ill featured. There are some, and women too, who would have termed it handsome: to my eyes, it was hideous! Let me confess that this hideousness, or more properly its cause, rested in the moral, rather than the physical expression; perhaps, too, a little of it might have been found in my own heart. Under other circumstances, I might have criticized that face so harshly. All the world did not think as I about the face of Rafael Ijuura—for it was he who was gazing at me over the parapet.

Our eyes met; and that first glance stamped the relationship between us—hostility for life! Not a word passed, and yet the looks of each told the other, in the plaintiff language, 'I am your foe.' Had we sworn it in wild oaths, in all the bitter hyperbole of insult, neither of us would have felt it more profound and keen.

I shall not stay to analyse this feeling of sudden and unexpressed hostility, though the philosophy of it is simple enough. You too have experienced it—perhaps more than once in your life, without being exactly able to explain it. I am not in that dilemma: I could explain it easily enough; but it scarcely merits an explanation. Suffice to say, that while gazing upon the face of that man, I entertained it in all its strength.

I have called it an unexpressed hostility. Therein I have spoken without thought; it was fully expressed by both of us, though not in words. Words are but weak symbols of a passion, compared with the passion itself, exhibited in the clenched hand, the lip compressed, the flashing eye, the clouded cheek, the quick play of the muscles—weak symbols are words compared with signs like these. No words passed between Ijuura and myself; none were needed. Each read in the other a rival—a rival in love, a competitor for the heart of a lovely woman, the loveliest in Mexico! It is needless to say that, under such an aspect, each hated the other at sight.

In the face of Ijuura I read more. I saw before me a man of bad heart and brutal nature. His large, and, to speak the truth, beautiful eyes, had in them an animal expression. They were not without intelligence, but so much the worse, for that intelligence expressed ferocity and bad faith. His beauty was the beauty of the jaguar. He had the air of an accomplished man, accustomed to conquest in the field of love—heartless, reckless, false. O mystery of our nature, there are those who love such men!

In Ijuura's face I read more: he knew my secret! The significant glance of his eye told me so. He knew why I was lingering there. The satiric smile upon his lip attested it. He saw my efforts to obtain an interview, and, confident in his own position, held my failure but lightly—something only to amuse him. I could tell all this by the sardonic sneer that sat upon his features.

As we continued to gaze, neither moving his eyes from the other, this sneer became too oppressive to be silently borne. I could no longer stand such a critical reading of my thoughts. The insult was as marked as words could have made it; and I was about to have recourse to words to reply, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs caused me to turn my eyes in an opposite direction. A horseman was coming up the hill, in a direct line from the pastures. I saw it was one of the lieutenants—Holingsworth.

A few more stretches of his horse brought the lieutenant upon the ground, where he pulled up directly in front of me.

'Captain Warfield!' said he, speaking in an official tone, 'the cattle are collected; shall we proceed!'—

He proceeded no further with that sentence; his eye, chanced directed, was carried up to the azotea, and rested upon the face of Ijuura. He started in his saddle, as if a serpent had stung him; his hollow eyes shot prominently out, glaring wildly from their sockets, while the muscles of his throat and jaws twitched in convulsive action! For a moment, the desperate passion seemed to stifle his breathing, and while thus silent, the expression of his eyes puzzled me. It was of frantic joy, and ill became that face where I had never observed a smile. But the strange look was soon explained—it was not friendship, but the joy of anticipated vengeance! Breaking into a wild laugh, he shrieked out: 'Rafael Ijuura, by the eternal God!'

This awful and emphatic recognition produced its effect. I saw that Ijuura knew the man who addressed him. His dark countenance turned suddenly pale, and then became mottled with livid spots, while his eyes scintillated and rolled out in the unsteady glances of terror. He made no reply beyond the
ejection 'Demonio!' which seemed involuntarily to escape him. He was unable to reply; surprise and fright held him spell-bound and speechless!

'Traitor! villain! murderer!' shrieked Holingsworth, 'we've met at last; now for a squaring of our accounts!' and in the instant that the muzzle of his rifle was pointing to the notch in the parapet—pointing to the face of Ijura!

'Hold, Holingsworth—hold!' cried I, pressing my heel deeply into my horse's flanks, and dashing forward.

Though my steed sprang instantly to the spur, and as quickly I caught the lieutenant's arm, I was too late to arrest the shot. I spoiled his aim, however: and the bullet, instead of passing through the brain of Rafael Ijura, as it would certainly have done, glanced upon the mortar of the parapet, sending a cloud of lime-dust into his face.

Up to that moment, the Mexican had made no attempt to escape beyond the aim of his antagonist. Terror must have glued him to the spot. It was only when the report of the rifle, and the blinding mortar broke the spell, that he was able to turn and fly. When the dust cleared away, his head was no longer above the wall.

I turned to my companion, and addressed him in some warmth:

'Lieutenant Holingsworth! I command!'

'Captain Wardfield,' interrupted he, in a tone of cool determination, 'you command me in all matters of duty, and I shall obey you. This is a private affair; and, by the Eternal, the general himself—Bah! I lose time; the villain will escape!' and before I could seize either himself or his bridle-rein, he shot his horse past me, and entered the gateway at a gallop.

I followed as quickly as I could, and reached the patio almost as soon as he; but too late to hinder him from his purpose. I grasped him by the arm, but with determined strength he wrested himself free—at the same instant gliding out of his saddle. Pistol in hand, he rushed up the esculera, his trailing scabbard clank- ing upon the stone steps as he went. He was soon out of my sight, behind the parapet of the azotea.

Flinging myself from the sadder, I followed as fast as my legs would carry me. While on the stairway, I heard loud words and oaths above, the crash of falling objects, and then two shots following quick and fast upon each other. I heard screaming in a woman's voice, and a groan—the last uttered by a man. One of them is dead or dying, thought I.

On reaching the azotea—which I did in a few seconds of time—I found perfect silence there. I saw no one, male or female, living or dead! True, the place was like a garden, with plants, shrubs, and even trees growing in gigantic pots. I could not view it all at once. They might still be there behind the screen of leaves?

I ran to and fro over the whole roof; I saw flower-pots freshly broken. It was the crash of them I had heard coming up. I saw no men, neither Holingsworth nor Ijura! They could not be standing up, or I should have seen them. 'Perhaps they are down among the pots—both. There were two shots. Perhaps both are down—dead!'

But where was she who screamed? Was it Isolina? Half distracted, I rushed to another part of the roof. I saw a small escalera—a private stair—that led into the interior of the house. His! they must have gone down by it? she who screamed must have gone that way?

For a moment, I hesitated to follow; but it was no time to stand upon etiquette, and I was preparing to plunge down the stairway, when I heard shouting outside the walls, and then another shot from a pistol.

I turned, and stepped hastily across the azotea in the direction of the sounds. I looked over the parapet.

Down the slope of the hill two men were running at the top of their speed; one after the other. The hindmost held in his hand a drawn sabre. It was Holingsworth still in pursuit of Ijura!

The latter appeared to be gaining upon his venal pursuer, who, burdened with his accoutrements, ran heavily. The Mexican was evidently making for the woods that began at the bottom of the hill; and in a few seconds more he had entered the timber, and passed out of sight. Like a bound upon the trail, Holingsworth followed, and disappeared from my view at the same spot.

Hoping I might still be able to prevent the shedding of blood, I descended hastily from the azotea, mounted my horse, and galloped down the hill. I reached the edge of the woods where they had gone in, and followed some distance upon their trail; but I lost it at length, and came to a halt. I remained for some minutes listening for voices, or, what I more expected to hear, the report of a pistol. Neither sound reached me. I heard only the shouts of the vaqueros on the other side of the hill; and this reminding me of my duty, I turned my horse, and rode back to the hacienda.

There, everything was silent: not a face was to be seen. The inmates of the house had hidden themselves in rooms barred up and dark; even the damnsels of the kitchen had disappeared, thinking, no doubt, that an attack would be made upon the premises, and that spoliation and plunder were intended.

I was puzzled and could not get to the bottom of Holingsworth's strange conduct. I had disarranged my ideas. I should have demanded admission, and explained the occurrence to Don Ramon; but I had no explanation to give; I rather needed one for myself; and under a painful feeling of suspense as to the result, I rode off from the place.

Half-a-dozen rangers were left upon the ground, with orders to await the return of Holingsworth, and then gallop after us; while the remainder of the troop, with Wheatley and myself in advance of the vast drove, took the route for the American camp.

**DR LIVINGSTONE AND HIS DISCOVERIES.**

It is not our business to follow in the steps of the newspapers, but an event has recently taken place of an interest so peculiar in science and civilization, that it must of necessity find a record in our pages. For a considerable time past, the world has now and then had scraps of information before it touching the remarkable travels of Dr Livingstone in Africa; and the conviction gathered upon most minds that this intrepid missionary was one of the greatest of modern discoverers.

No book, however, came forth from the pen of Livingstone to give tangible evidence of the facts, and his voice was heard from time to time only as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Great, therefore, was the excitement a few weeks ago, when it was found that, after an absence of sixteen years, he had returned, and that Dr Livingstone was actually to be seen in the body among the denizens of the metropolis.

Among the gatherings to greet this remarkable person, the most important, in a scientific point of view, was that of the Royal Geographical Society, on the evening of meeting, December 15. The ostensible business was to present the traveller, for the second time, with the highest distinction it is in the power of the Society to bestow—their gold medal. The first was given for traversing South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope by the Lake Ngami to Linyanti, and thence to the west coast, in 10 degrees south latitude; the present was for setting out anew from Linyanti, and completing the entire journey across South Africa.
Many interesting and crowded meetings have been held in the Society's rooms, but assuredly none more interesting or more crowded than on the occasion in question. Sir Roderick Murchison filled the chair with his accustomed tact and dignity; and among the eminent of his supporters were the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Portuguese minister, Professor Owen, Sir John Richardson, and African travellers not a few, including Mr Gordon Cumming in full Highland costume. Among the ladies, whose presence added a charm to the meeting, sat Lady Franklin, her widow's cap betokening the sad fate of her brave husband in the regions of polar frost. Many more names might we enumerate; suffice it, however, that the rooms were overcrowded, numbers of visitors having to stand during the whole time of the meeting, which was prolonged to an hour unusually late.

The proceedings began at half-past eight, when Sir Roderick entered, accompanied by a gentleman about forty years of age, somewhat spare in face and form, of average height, dark hair, brow furrowed through hardships, and complexion deeply bronzed, almost black, from exposure to a scorching sun. The appearance of this man was hailed by a general clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and such other demonstrations as are resorted to by a British audience when they desire to express hearty admiration, esteem, and welcome. The stranger bowed and took his seat. Dr Norton Shaw, the secretary of the Society, read sundry formal notices, and then the important business of the evening began.

The stranger was the Rev. Dr Livingstone, missionary and traveller, the man who has taken away the opprobrium from African geography, who has accomplished what many have attempted in vain ever since the earliest days of Portuguese discovery—namely, a journey across the continent of Southern Africa, from the centre to the western coast, and from the western coast washed by the Atlantic to the eastern shores on which beats the thunderous surf of the Indian Ocean. And this he has done without any great flourish of trumpets—without pecuniary grants from government—without companions or escort, save what the friendship of the natives yielded. Trusting in Providence, and strong in his hopeful self-reliance, he has manfully through the work that lay before him to do.

We have from time to time incidentally mentioned in the Journal Dr Livingstone's movements and discoveries, not now without this complete notice, in which we need but to follow the proceedings of the meeting. The president, rising, reminded the company that the gold medal of the Society had been awarded to Dr Livingstone in 1855; and now, the much greater feat accomplished by the adventurous traveller made a similar presentation so much the more pleasurable a duty. Great was the applause as the missionary received the golden token by which the Society acknowledge and honour his meritorious services.

Dr Livingstone commenced his reply by an apology for his 'imperfections in speech-making.' Sixteen years' absence from England, and the habit of speaking only the Bechuana and other African dialects during nearly the whole of that time, checks his fluency in his native language. The effect was not at all in his manner of speaking, for there is a metallic, ringing character about his voice, similar to what is described as the spirit of a certain kind of violin, which sounds resemble the striking together of pieces of copper. His style of speech, moreover, is homely—such as would be familiar to simple-minded men; hence there is a novel sort of pleasure in listening to what he says. While he spoke, thanking the Society for the honour they had done him, and with great modesty of himself, we could enter into the spirit with which he wrote in one of his recent letters: 'I am not so elated in having performed what has not, to my knowledge, been done before, in traversing the continent, because the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. May God grant me life to do some more good to this poor Africa!' We unite in his 'hope that the medal will go down in his family as an heir-loom worth keeping.'

Then followed Mr Labouchere with a short speech and a resolution expressing thanks 'to the governors of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, who had so kindly received and entertained Dr Livingstone.' This was seconded by Sir Henry Rawlinson, of Ninevite fame; who said the meeting he wished the duty had fallen into abler hands, but that the chairman's commands were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, with which he (Sir H.) had some acquaintance. The resolution, we need hardly say, was carried by acclamation, for his excellency Count Lavralski, the Portuguese minister, who asked leave to speak in French, making a very purposeful speech in reply.

Then the secretary read portions of letters from Dr Livingstone, reserved especially for the meeting, giving an account of his travels, which were rendered the more interesting by vivid-voce observations from the doctor himself. Our readers will perhaps remember that first among the enterprising missionary's exploits heard of in this country, was the discovery of the great Lake Ngami. This lake, it now appears, is for the most part shallow; fordable in places, and likely to dry up. This destination is a new phenomenon, for in the Bechuana country, and other regions to the south of the lake, there are ancient river-beds in which water has not flowed for ages, and most of the existing streams are dwindled to a mere rivulet. It is as if the interior of Africa were drying up. The commencement of the process is assigned by Dr Livingstone to a remote period, when a fissure made in a range of basaltic hills opened a new channel for the great river Lembuyo.

Up to the 20th parallel of south latitude, as is pretty well known, the drying process is well-nigh complete, for there the inhabitants depend, with rare exceptions, on fountains alone for their supply of water. But to the north of that parallel, the country is well watered, traversed, indeed, by a net-work of perennial rivers, and is of remarkable fertility. Elephants graze, buffaloes, leopards, and many kinds of game abound, and three antelopes were shot of a species not yet known in England. The doctor's gun was the first ever fired in that country, and so inexperienced were the animals of their dangerous effects, that they stood still within bow-shot, and were easily killed. This is as different a country from the arid region to the south as from the western coast of Europe, a maze of swamp and forests. It is elevated, cooled by pleasant breezes, and abounding in fruit and grain. This is the habitat of the true Negritus, the curly-headed, jet-black negro, whose intelligent though simple race, when quickened by European knowledge, will one day rule the continent. A striking token of the direction of the genius of this people towards civilisation, is to be found in the social condition of their women. The welfare of the women is paramount, and at times they even become chiefs. 'If a man were asked to go anywhere,' said Mr Livingstone, 'or to agree to any arrangement, he must go home and ask my wife.' If she said 'No,' there was no possibility of getting him to move. Women sit in the councils; and while a Bechuana swears by his father's image, he swears by his mother. It may even be inferred that the ladies carry their supremacy a little too far. If a woman beat her husband, we are told, they are both taken to the market-place, and the wife is compelled...
to carry her injured lord home on her back amidst the cheers of the people. On these occasions, the women generally cry out: 'Give it him again!' In all parts of his travel, the women showed great kindness to Dr Livingstone and his party; and, what is noteworthy, the English name is known as that of a people 'who like the black man.'

But the most extraordinary circumstance announced by Dr Livingstone is the salubrity of this vast region. "Some of the districts of the interior," says he, "are perfect sanatoria;" and among the pure negro family, many diseases that affect the people of Europe are unknown. Small-pox and consumption have not been known for twenty years, and scrofula, cancer, and hydrophobia are seldom heard of.

As regards natural resources, there are large beds of coal, and deposits of copper and iron ore; gold is found in the streams; grain is produced in immense abundance; indigo, quinine, senna leaves—the last in an exhaustless supply; the sugar-cane flourishes, although the natives have no idea of sugar; there are whole forests of cinchona, and wax and honey, and valuable fibrous plants, one of which resembles flax—to say nothing of ivory, that can be obtained in any quantity. In one place, that at the Cape of thirty large elephants' tusks placed upright in the ground. The country is so fertile, that in the gardens cultivated by the natives, a constant process of sowing and reaping goes on all the year round. All this was so well detailed by Dr Livingstone with the intelligence of real knowledge, for he is not one of those travellers who go abroad merely to look, describe appearances, and record impressions. Having a competent knowledge of various sciences, as he journeyed along he made observations astronomical, geological, and geometrical, noted the varieties of climate, and took botanical and zoological notes. In addition to these important matters, he had an eye to the commercial products of the various territories and the industrial habits of the natives, and their inclination to trade.

Dr Livingstone went far himself to solve the question as to how the resources of the country could be made available for trade. When first at Linyanti, he succeeded in persuading the chief to let him lead a party with merchandise to the western coast, under a promise to conduct them back. The journey was accomplished, and the party reached the Portuguese settlement of St Paul de Loando, amused at what they saw of white men and their ways. Here was one path to the sea opened; and since then a second party, led by an Arab, despatched by the chief himself, have repeated the adventure and safely. The doctor kept his promise, and conducted his troop back to their homes, from whence he afterwards guided them in the opposite direction.

It was in these journeys he found that a long sloping ridge rises between each coast and the interior, whereby the interior becomes a broad shallow basin, with so little outfall in some places, that rain-water lies on the plain until it is evaporated. It is probable that some of the water may find its way to the streams that feed the upper course of the Nile. The river is however the principal drain. This is a magnificent stream. Dr Livingstone describes the scenery about the falls where the great river, similarly to the Nile, tumbles suddenly into the narrow basaltic cliff, as of wondrous beauty. The river was followed down to its confluence with the Zambezi, past the Portuguese settlements of Tete and Sena, and to Quimilane at the mouth on the Mozambique Channel. This was the second pass to the sea.

But this mouth, as well as another to the south, has for many years been slowly filling up. For six months of the year, the bar at Quimilane is impassable, and all boats are driven up the river. From the Dort men from the Dort were all drowned in attempting to pass it to convey a message to Dr Livingstone. This danger, it appears, may be avoided; for the doctor calls attention to the existence of other mouths with safe harbours further to the north, approachable at all seasons.

It is remarkable that the Zambezi, though deriving from the Leambye, is not flooded at the same time; for the latter inundates the upper country for hundreds of miles in July, when the former is all but dry; and in March and April, when the Zambezi is overflowing its banks, the Leambye is lowest.

Henceforward, a considerable portion of the blank in our maps of Africa will be filled up. The Mountains of the Moon, with their heretofore summits of snow, will probably turn out to be a range trending north-east from the Leambye, with glittering peaks of a rock resembling quartz, of which specimens have been laid before the Geological Society. As for the central region of the Gambiers, scarred by an insufferable sun, in the rays of which no European could live, we have seen that it is in many important respects healthier than England, and a land abounding in natural wealth. As to the other contributions of Dr Livingstone to human knowledge, we have the testimony of the Rev. T. Maclean, astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope. 'The number of his observations,' writes this gentleman, 'is astonishing, when we consider the difficulties he had to encounter. He observed for latitude and longitude at every interesting point, particularly at the confluence of other rivers with the Zambezi, the bends, the falls, the more important villages. In short, he has opened up, geographically speaking, that hitherto unknown section of the continent. But he has done more: he has graphically described the character of the country, the inhabitants; and altogether his collection of facts would fill a volume, of deep interest to science, commerce, and, last not least, to humanity.'

After Dr Livingstone had concluded his discourse, various inquiries and observations were made by different speakers. Professor Owen said that he had had a conversation with the traveller seventeen years ago in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and rejoiced to hear his accounts of great collections of fossil bones, and new forms of animal life. Mr Gordon Cumming related how much he owed to Dr Livingstone's hospitality while on his famous hunting-journey; and Captain Vardon, interested in the subject, repeated the adventures by a sailor. The doctor kept his promise, and conducted his troop back to their homes, from whence he afterwards guided them in the opposite direction.

David Livingstone was born in the village of Blantyre Works, Blantyre. He was the second son of Neil Livingstone, long a resident of the place, who, with his wife, Agnes Hunter, continued there for thirty years after their marriage. About sixteen years ago, the family removed to Hamilton, where the mother and two sisters of the traveller still reside, and under their care are his own children. He has two brothers in America—one in business in Canada, and the other a minister in the United States. David Livingstone wrought at the Blantyre mills as a piece-boy; but subsequently, when he had attained to the dignity of a spinner, he attended the classes in Glasgow during the winter months, resuming his employment at the mills in the summer vacation. Having formed a connection with the London Missionary Society, he left the Blantyre Works; and after completing his studies at the college, Glasgow, he went out to Africa, and up to the Bochuanu country, where he married a daughter of the zealous missionary Dr Moffat, whose name is well known in England. Here he was authorised by the London Missionary Society to explore the country. A boat's crew of eight men from the Dort all drowned in attempting to
seen, and Europe rang with his fame, the commanders of Her Majesty's ships in the Monongahela Channel had orders to inquire for Dr Livingstone; and in one of those ships he got a passage from Quelimane, and came home by the overland route.

THE STORY OF AN ENGAGED YOUNG PERSON.

It seemed a very long journey that we poor parliamentary passengers were taking, in this early November weather, all the way from London to Liverpool. The stoppages were frequent enough, but of such short duration, that we had scarcely time to get ourselves warmed at the crowded grate before the inexorable bell rang for us to start again, and off we went with a shriek into the blinding fog. It was positively too dark to read with any comfort, even if one was so indifferent to the biting air as to lend one of his hands to hold the book up: we put both of them in our pockets instead, or more usually sat upon them, to keep them warm. It was only when the guard came from time to time to look at our tickets, and trod upon our feet, that we began to feel we had them, so dead they were to cold.

'Sir,' observed a comical-looking tailor to this official, 'your seats are too narrow to be sat upon after my cross-legged fashion, so please be careful; for although my toes are from the East Indies, and my underskirt from the near.'

This produced a laugh, and then arose a little talk, principally about how miserable we were, and then, as poor people use, we began to tell what our business was upon at Liverpool: whereby the guard, being of the opinion my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the courtyard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore having nothing better—or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom amongst her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full-length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in barettes, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glacé silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and falling veil fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud: 'Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind.' It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers—this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond earrings, before I heard wheels in the courtyard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her bon soir, she added: 'I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself.' I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glass silk? Did I, in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich
me with? No; as I hope for heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart too, bearing true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against him, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains—ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-case, upon the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin—everywhere where the murderer’s hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with a gapping throat. . . . They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them what I had known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person’s eyes began to get redder about this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choppy character.) I did not understand how much I owed him; how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady’s-maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St Honoré, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had believed ill to me of which, I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor I could have told them what I had known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me in court—in the prisoners’ place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how everything was safe, and my doors locked, and the chamber-window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my miss-ress’s bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while; it made me shudder even then, amidst that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress’s depart-ure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the courtyard, the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate-porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon trial. A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress’s family, nearly L400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed of anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal, a collection for mine and Joseph’s benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service right away at once, receiving the last of June of the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at their beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each strike where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my ‘ugly’ on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason enough for disliking—and eyes that looked different and murderous ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disconcert him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made me give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with ‘Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexcep-tionable behind.’ I cried out ‘Murder’ and ‘Police!’ as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame’s toilet-glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate-porter, whom I had never before seen; and what he had to tell, I had to tell against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that was in my room; and I obtained besides the L400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

THE SMOKE-NUISANCE.

In what combination of ingredients, typical of the dark livery of ‘w’, should the painter dip his brush or the writer his pen, who should attempt to set forth on canvas or paper the multiplied evils and miseries inflicted upon us by this gigantic annoyace? Who shall depict its ravages, or describe its effects upon our health, our linen, our spirits, our tempers?

Only let any one who has travelled, even as far as Paris, recall his first impressions of the noble effect produced by a great city spread out at its feet, as he gazed upon it from the column in the Place Vendôme, and the heights of Montmartre. Let him recollect the green trees of the boulevards, and the brilliant contrast of scarlet and silver, which in the environs of that wonderful city, actually gladden...
Putting it in another form, my proposal is, that no smoke should be tolerated in large towns; and that it should be made universally known that, by the means enumerated above, all the objects attained by the use of fire can be arrived at without any necessity for producing smoke.

It is true that I do not recommend to offer some observations in connection with the several processes adverted to, and endeavour to find out what may be the most desirable and practicable mode of bringing them into operation.

The Arnott grate, I doubt not, is a good contrivance; but it might be a curious speculation to inquire how long it would take before London could be supplied with it in its length and breadth, and from kitchen to garret, in all its manifold human habitations. For my own part, this idea alone would prevent my feeling sanguine of its coming effectually into play; but it might occupy a very important place in the proposed improvement. Being expensive, it would not suit the majority of cases as well as some cheaper system; but it might figure to advantage in a vast number of sitting-rooms, &c., belonging to the wealthier classes. In fact, it ought to be a most valuable adjunct, although, if I am right, it could not stand alone in doing the work proposed.

We come now to the other system, on which I base my chief expectations. Coal consists of coke and gas, popularly speaking. Gas is a heating as well as an illuminating power; and its value in the former sense is daily becoming better known—all the essential work of warming apartments can, it is now admitted, be not only performed economically with gas-stoves, but with a great accession of convenience and cleanliness. The very saving of a servant's time in carrying coals, and cleaning grates, &c., is a great economy, as every prudent housekeeper will readily admit. Now, supposing that a great development of the gas-system was to take place from a general use of this beautiful material for cooking and warmth; this would inevitably throw into the market a vast amount of smokeless fuel in the shape of coke. This is the very thing we require; for many will prefer to use a calorifer fed with coke, or some form of stove now in use to any other mode of warming. Some will prefer a char-coke fire in the kitchen to the gas-cooking plan; and some would probably combine the two, having a series of gas-burners for boiling, stewing, &c., and a clear fire for roasting; although this can be done equally well with gas alone.

Lastly, it is highly probable that native anthracite would find its way to the metropolis in large quantities as soon as the smoke-nuisance was put down by law.

Now, since there are so many concurrent ways by which this object may be attained; and since far more than the first steps are already taken in the direction indicated here; and since the deliverance of London from its smoke would require merely an extension of means and appliances which are already at work, and become essential parts of our social system, I cannot but think that the time is come when all reasonable men ought to give this matter their serious consideration.

I do not for a moment doubt that what I propose is strictly practicable. It will not admit of question, that any London householder who chose it could, at the moment, resolve that within a week his house should cease to contribute its quota of unconsumed carbon to the mass of city-smoke. He could put up at a few hours' notice the additional gas-fittings which would be required, where he chose that gas should do the work hitherto performed by coal alone; and, if he chose to vary it a little, he could obtain a fair price for a supply of coke for a portion of that work; and he could get an Arnott grate into his drawing-room, so as to enjoy still the pleasure of a 'cheerful freésid.' I give this in proof that what I recommend can be
done, and done effectually; but I am not so visionary as to let it escape me that what one could do, all could not do. The supply of gas and coke, depending on, and relative as they are to each other, is now capable of a certain extension, but that necessity has its limits. In order to carry out our plan in extenso, it would doubtless be necessary to create new means of supply; and it becomes a question of detail, into which I shall not attempt to enter now, what mode of doing this would be the best for the public—whether by 'consumers' companies' created for the occasion, or what else.

No doubt reasonable time should be allowed; and the carrying into effect a project of this kind may involve details which escape observation in the first instance. Let it only receive the attention which such a project demands from gifted and practical men; and let not class interests and private considerations be allowed to sway the public judgment, and without a reasonable doubt it will speedily be found that what our 'collective wisdom' has seen fit to do in respect of the great smoke-producers, may be done rather more effectually as regards the smaller ones; and for this simple reason, that for private dwellings we have now access, as I have shown, or can very easily obtain it, to a perfectly smokeless fuel; whereas the use of which we are already familiar; while the owners of factories, &c., have to contend with a real difficulty in trying to consume a smoky material without allowing any of the smoke to escape. I need not say how great this difficulty must be; but I would just insinuate that a good deal may be done by a strong determination to do it in accordance with those principles of feeding, and attention to detail, which are now tolerably well known.

Just think, gentle reader, of a smokeless London! a bright sky, green trees, the possibility of growing flowers in pots, and leaving pictures so that they can be seen. Think of being able to see one another across the street; and averting the danger of broken bones at every crossing in our autumnal and winter fog! Think of all which is included in the idea of the removal of the smoke-nuisance, and then do what you can to effect it. If you can think of a better plan than mine, I shall most heartily welcome it. If you see any difficulty in what I propose, say so honestly, and I will either honestly admit it, or endeavour to shew you how it may be removed.

I need scarcely add, that I have taken London merely as a type—what is true there is true in Edinburgh (Auld Reekie!) or any other large city. May they all soon burn their smoke!

CALCULATING-MACHINE.

M. Thomas, of Colmar, says the Moniteur, has lately made the finishing improvements in the calculating-machine called the arithmometer, at which he has been working for upwards of thirty years. Pascal and Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, and Diderot at a later period, endeavoured to construct a machine which might serve as a substitute for human intelligence in the combination of figures, but their efforts failed. M. Thomas's arithmometer may be used without the least trouble or possibility of error, not only for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, but also for much more complex operations, such as the extraction of the square root, inversion, the resolution of triangles, &c. A multiplication of eight figures by eight others is made in 18 seconds; a division of sixteen figures by eight figures in 24 seconds; and in 11 minutes one can extract the square root of sixteen figures, and also prove the accuracy of the calculation. The arithmometer adapts itself to every sort of combination. As an instance of the wonderful extent of its powers, we may state that it can furnish in a few seconds products amounting to 909,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999—a marvellous number, comparable to the infinite multitude of stars which stud the firmament, or the particles of dust which float in the atmosphere. The working of this instrument is, however, most simple. To raise or lower a nut-screw, to turn a winch a few times, and by means of a button to slide off a metal plate from left to right, or from right to left, is the whole secret. Instead of simply reproducing the operations of man's intelligence, the arithmometer relieves that intelligence from the necessity of making the operations. Instead of repeating responses dictated to it, this instrument instantaneously dictates the proper answer to the man who asks it a question. It is not matter producing material effect, but matter which thinks, reflects, reasons, calculates, and executes all the most difficult and complicated arithmetical operations with a rapidity and invariability which defies all the calculators in the world. The arithmometer is, moreover, a simple instrument, of very little volume, and easily portable. It is already used in many great financial establishments, where considerable economy is realised by its employment.

A FIRE SIDE SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Give Hope a place beside our evening fire;  
'Twill add a warmer relish to its glow,  
And bring out pictures from the smouldering pyre  
Which darkness and despair can never shew;  
'Twill breathe of Night that ushers the glad Day,  
And the white Winter followed by green May.  
'Twill draw forth images of suns that rise—  
From the dark bosom of the passing mist—  
Of smiling glances that teem with eyes,  
And wan cheeks into roses new health-kist;  
Hope is not always false, whate'er men say.  
Since after Winter follows the green May.  
Cold is the night, but colder is the street—  
Be thankful for the foget in the grate;  
And dwell on every mercy thou dost meet,  
Blessing the Hand which spares thee griefs that wait  
On many a sufferer, in whose stern way  
Lingers the Winter longer than the May.  
Thank God for this, that Hope hath come from Him,  
And nestles in our hearts, like birds that find  
'Neath some kind thatch shelter from hail-storm grim,  
And food where stacks of corn keep the wind:  
Stay, heavenly Hope! and teach us well to pray  
That Winter may be followed by green May!

CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN LONDON.

London is labouring under a plague of criminals, so accurately known to the police, that the commissioners have actually reported their numbers to amount to 107 burglars, 110 house-breakers—the distinction is the commissioners', not ours—38 highway robbers, 773 pickpockets, 5057 sneaksmen or common thieves, 11 horse-stealers, and 141 dog-stealers; besides a whole host of other offenders, but not habitually using violence, which swell the number of criminals in London to 16,900 known to the police. It is perfectly notorious that all these ruffians carry on their business as systematically as butchers and tailors—that they are never without the intent to commit a felony —and that, when they are not so doing, it is because they have not the opportunity. If the peace of London and the prosperity of its inhabitants—now preyed upon by those gentry to the extent of from £40,000 to £50,000 a year—could be secured by locking up less than 300 known, hardened, and incorrigible offenders, before they have the opportunity of committing another felony, I would not think that the British constitution, subservient as it is, would sink under the shock. —Morning Post.

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A SPIRITUAL EXTENSION OF A PHYSICAL LAW.

Or late years, the effects of different employments on the physical health of man have been freely discussed, and systematically traced, by means statistical and otherwise. That those effects are too often injurious, is an undisputed fact; while it is at the same time clear that they may be prevented, removed, or modified, by remedial contrivances or treatment. The maladies or misfortunes with which excess, possesses their corresponding nostrum—moderation—or may be at least partially avoided by counteracting discipline proper to the case. Those which result from directly detrimental agency, can only be successfully combated by its mechanical removal or avoidance. The physiologist must use his skill to determine why a given kind of labour should give rise to a given form of ailment, and thus scientifically account for the choicest painters, the wasting of grinders, the phthisis of masons, the gouta acutis of needlewomen, or the nervous ruin of quicksilver miners. But it is sufficiently obvious to every one, without reference to any greater authority than common sense, that the multifarious complaints to which working flesh is heir by reason of its labour, are due to one common and adequate cause—the breach of physical laws, by faulty to which humanity holds vigour and life. If a man, regardless of gravitation, throws himself from a precipice, it is not surprising if his neck be broken and his limbs mangled; if he submerges himself in water, he may reasonably expect soon to become comatos; or if he takes shelter beneath a tree in a thunder-storm, it will not be very wonderful if the lightning strike him dead. Extreme as these illustrations may appear, they involve neither more nor less than the reason and cause for those slower but not less certain evils which follow the overstraining of a sense, the inhalation of unwholesome air, or a too sedentary mode of life.

It is not a part of my intention to enter more fully on this subject, as it affects the physical part of man—his body; I wish to point out that strictly analogous results, in obedience to a strictly analogous, or rather the self-same law, may be observed in the spiritual part of man—his mind. After all, the whole matter is but a corollary of the great principle of law which reigns throughout the universe, so far as man is cognizant thereof, and which, from a moral point of view, is expressed in the reflection, that the rain falls both on the just and the unjust. There is a noteworthy parallelism between the body and the mind running through the history of man. Just as there is one great type of the human frame, to which all men conform, so is there one type of soul. As the Caucasian mould is distinguishable from the Mongol, so the Caucasian mind is different from the Mongol. As nations physically differ, so mentally they vary; as family features bear the common mark of kinship, so do their spiritual attributes; and as each face possesses its own individuality, so has each character. Hereditary physique has its analogue in hereditary tone of mind; and it would not be difficult to adduce instances in which scientific, literary, or musical talent has descended through several generations at large. It is therefore, character is essentially and originally diverse, there can be no doubt that its development, like that of the physical frame, may be perfect or imperfect, healthy or diseased, according to its surroundings and the facilities afforded it; and so far, and so far only, man is the creature of circumstance.

Mental philosophy, dealing with spiritual phenomena, evades the touchstone of experiment, is not amenable to units of reference, and owes no allegiance to ratios: thus it lies without the region over which the savant has dominion, and can never, perhaps, take its place amongst the exact sciences. I say perhaps, because in these days of progress, especially physiological, it is hard to regard anything as entirely impossible. Nevertheless, from the infancy of philosophy it has been a recognized truth—that without which recognition no mental philosophy could indeed exist—that there are spiritual laws no less sure in their effect, and constant in their energy, than those physical laws which ordain that the rain-drop should fall and the planets hold their unirriging courses. And it is no less true, that in so far as man conforms to these spiritual ordinances, his mind shall be vigorous and healthy; and in so far as he disregards and violates them, his mind shall be distorted and diseased. It requires no difficult analysis to verify this conclusion by the characters of those we see around us in society. In the literature of fiction, in daily life, and colloquial speech, we discover a common conviction and thought, that different professions and occupations induce warped and diseased forms of character peculiar to themselves.

I believe that there may be and is a healthy conservatism; but I hold the conservatism of lawyers to be a professional disease. They deal habitually with dry forms, venerable to them for their antiquity, and valuable for the toil that has been bestowed upon them, though mummies to the world at large. It is hardly to be expected that a man will readily acknowledge the learned lore on which he has spent his best days, and to which he looks for sustenance and honour at the hands of society, to be outgrown, and only worthy of such respect as is due to a cast-off suit. No doubt...
many a special pleader felt a pang, sharp and severe, when his elaborate and time-honoured entanglements were swept into the dust by the simple device of supposing that a man, who is not excused, not to be excused; and many a conveyancer, mourning over the decline of his country, believes John Doe and Richard Roe to be as essential elements of the British constitution as her Majesty or the House of Lords. But worse than the conservative ailment is the disease of professional morality. It is the misfortune of patient students of the law that the moral elements of a ‘case’ have to be disregarded, or, rather, ‘the height of reason’ having determined generally what course is most conformable to moral law, it only remains to accept as the solution of the immediate question, the dictum or decision of a judge or bench of judges. The duty of the learned counsel is to make the best case he can for the litigant who fees him; to evade the telling of the whole truth, it may be; to explain away unpleasant facts; to influence the judge by an appeal to the law, and bamboozle, with appeals to the feelings, the jury. It is obvious that a man who devotes his whole energies to the labour of this description, may easily become one-sided in his view of moral dignity and truth; but if the mere learned counsel is liable to somewhat stunted growth of the conscience, and a deformed mould of character, to reform, the mere attorney is predisposed to graver forms of spiritual derangement. If the learned counsel is concerned with mummies, the mere attorney feeds on the skins of mummies. The pleader at least vitiates his antiquated notions with a galvanic semblance of life; he can shew how they were praiseworthy and useful in the year twelve hundred; but to the attorney they remain as lifeless as parchment, to the flavour of which his taste has been habituated. The moral element, even of feudal jurisprudence, does not come within his ken. His court of conscience is at Westminster. A right neither in equity nor at common law is no right at all. With him the first question is, ‘Is there a loophole?’ the second, ‘Can my client slip through?’ There is indeed a quasi-code for his guidance, that of respectability, which society has made for him; but the highest form of duty, which his inward eye can look upon and live, is his duty to his client, and the leading commandments for his government are: ‘Thou shalt not make an unnecessary admission,’ and ‘Thou shalt not omit to take advantage of a point of law.’ It is not to be wondered at that the practitioner becomes cautious and suspicious, disdainful of his fellow-men, a lover of technicality and detail, an upholder of red-tapism and routine, and that society styles him the keen, shrewd Mr Ferret.

Thus depicting the unhappy character of Mr Ferret, I do not intend to throw an aspernation on a profession tempted in no ordinary way, and possessing many high-spirited and noble members: I could not reasonably do this, any more than I could truthfully represent the majority of needlewomen as blind, or of masons as consumptive; but assuredly there is some truth to be recognised in the legal characters as depicted in the stage; and there must be some shadow of ground for the gibes of satirists and the reproaches of common speech.

In a conversation on reading, some time ago given to the world by a celebrated essayist, it is laid down—I cannot exactly quote the words—that the direction of our leisure studies ought to be as much as possible opposite to the tendency of our profession and habits of life—that a lawyer, for instance, should read works of imagination, and, I may add, philosophy. The undeniable tendency of the study of the law, even in superior minds, is to narrow their view, and raise detail and practical above principle. It is true that all teaching can be more philosophically true than the remark of the essayist; and for my own part, I conceive that even where the mind is naturally averse from a particular branch of thought, thus shewing a natural inaptitude, great benefit may be derived from a forced attention to the untasteful and unwelcome subject; for this habit of mind is strengthened, as the brawny arm of the smith is rendered muscular by the exercise of his craft. It is a noticeable fact, that the foremost law-reformer in the English profession is one who is not remarkable for his attainments and ability in literature and science.

Perhaps there is no more intelligent or better-informed body of men in English society than that which practises the medical profession. We will not examine too minutely into their antecedents, when they were students walking the hospitals; but take them as they are when settled in their country ‘habitats,’ in the exercise of their useful functions. Probably this superiority is owing, in the first place, to their necessary acquaintance with some of the most important and attractive sciences; and, secondly, to their varied experience of character under the most trying circumstances. It is true they are not remarkable for business-like virtues, but neither are they for business-like vices. They are, for the most part, religious without being fanatics, and take sensible and decided views on social questions without being hot partisans. Nevertheless, there are certain mental aberrations to which they are subject, which arise from their familiarity with suffering and death, and the dependence which they daily observe of the mind on the body. There is a tendency to materialism in their philosophy, and sometimes an apparent callousness to pain. I don’t know that it can properly be regarded as a fallacious prejudice that they detest medicine, and are fond of hard words.

Of clergymen of divers churches, it is needless and inexpedient to say much. The odium theologicum, a very virulent complaint, has always had its headquarters in the pulpit. Preachers generally take an intensely clerical view of everything, and winding about themselves the net of some hard theological dogmatism, their cry to the thirsting multitudes too often is, ‘I am of Paul,’ and ‘I am of Apollos,’ with a change of names and dressing. Dry divinity is one of the most astounding products of the professional mind, when we consider the all-embracing and lofty theme upon which the authors have to dwell. Very recently, we have seen how theological training can interrupt and bend aside the reasoning of a man of science in the Essay on the Plurality of Worlds.

Having thus lightly touched upon the three professions which, according to the satirists, thrive on the follies and vices of mankind, it is unnecessary to dwell on other classes presenting various forms of mental perversion peculiar to their respective callings. Merely to suggest the pedantry of schoolmasters, the superficial pictures of the little newspaper editor, the hard demonstrative nature of the mathematician, the dreamy unrealism of the poet, the petty huckstering spirit of the retail trader, the unpractical thought of the theologian, and the sickly-theoretical hostility of the practical man. There is one, and only one remedy for all—the education of the whole man, intellectually and morally. The threadbare adage of

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring.

is eminently false. There is more danger in deep knowledge of one branch of thought exclusively, than in an elementary knowledge of many branches. In our day, division of labour has extended itself to literature and science. Neither does any injury to the dignity of human character necessarily arise from the peculiar devotion of its powers to that division of knowledge to which it is best adapted; but in those of health and symmetry, it is needful to make ourselves acquainted with the labour of other men in other fields, to widen our horizon while we are labouring in
our more familiar path. All nature is symmetrical; we live in a realm of order and mutual dependence, and if, disobeying the injunctions of our nature, we unduly develop one faculty, it will be at the cost of others; and our characters will become as unisexual to the eye of contemplation as a hunch-back or a cripple to the outward sense.

The spiritual ailments and deformities to which I have alluded are essentially distinct from those brain diseases which depend on physical causes, and are the proper subjects of the science of the physiologist and the skill of the physician. Of mania and idiocy, in their various forms, I have not intended to speak; but it seems to me that those spiritual derangements which manifest themselves in the jaundiced mind, and in party prejudice and professional fobbes, and may be comprised in the term wrongheadedness, are no less remediable than physical ills, and may properly be placed in the category of diseases of the soul, which it is not only for our advantage to combat, but our duty. Thus only can we realise the ideal of the poet:

Man the image of his God, 
Erect and free.

THE WAR-TRAIL: 
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XI.—RAFAEL IJURRA.

Is ill-humour I journeyed along. The hot sun and the dusty road did not improve my temper, ruffled as it was by the unpleasant incident. I was far from satisfied with my first lieutenant, whose conduct was still a mystery. Wheatley could not explain it. Some old enmity, no doubt, both of us believed—some story of wrong and revenge.

No everyday man was Holingsworth, but one altogether of perfect character and temperament—as unlike him who rode by my side as acid to alkali. The latter was a dashing, cheerful fellow, dressed in half-Mexican costume, who could ride a wild horse and throw the lasso with any vaquero in the crowd. He was a true Texan, almost by birth; had shared the fortunes of the young republic since the days of Austin; and was never more happy than when engaged in the business of that, with some intervals, had been carried on against either Mexican or Indian foe, man, ever since the lone-star had spread its banner to the breeze. No raw recruit was Wheatley; though young, he could in a way term an ‘old Indian fighter’—a real ‘Texas ranger.’

Holingsworth was not a Texan but a Tennessean, though Texas had been for some years his adopted home. It was not the first time he had crossed the Rio Grande. He had been one of the unfortunate Mier expedition—a survivor of that decimated band— afterwards carried in chains to Mexico, and there compelled to work breast-deep in the mud of the great zanjas that traverse the streets. Such experience might account for the serious, somewhat stern expression that habitually rested upon his countenance, and gave him the character of a ‘dark satyr’ man. I have said incidentally that I never saw him smile—never. He spoke seldom, and, as a general thing, only upon matters of duty; but at times, when he fancied himself alone, I have heard him mutter threats, while a convulsive twitching of the muscles, and a mechanical clenching of the fingers accompanied his words, as though he stood in the presence of some deadly foe! It had more than once observed these frenzied outbursts, without knowing aught of their cause. Harding Holingsworth—such was his full name—was a man with whom no one would have desired to take the liberty of asking an explanation of his conduct. His courage and war-protess were well known among the Texans; but it is idle to add this, since otherwise he could not have stood among them in the capacity of a leader. Men like them, who have the election of their own officers, do not trust their lives to the guidance of either striping or coward.

Wheatley and I were talking the matter over as we rode along, and endeavouring to account for the strange behaviour of Holingsworth. We had been concluded that the affair had arisen from some old enmity—perhaps connected with the Mier expedition—when accidentally I mentioned the Mexican’s name. Up to this moment the Texan lieutenant had not seen Ijurra—having been busy with the cattle upon the other side of the hill—nor had the name been pronounced in his hearing.

‘Ijurra?’ he exclaimed with a start, reining up and turning to me with an inquiring look.

‘Ijurra.’

‘Rafael Ijurra, do you think?’

‘Yes, Rafael—that is the name.’

‘A tall, dark fellow, moustached and whiskered?—not ill-looking?’

‘Yes; he might answer that description,’ I replied.

‘If it be the same Rafael Ijurra that used to live at San Antonio, there’s more than one Texan would like to raise his hair. The name—it must be—there’s no two of the name—taint likely—no.’

‘What do you know of him?’

‘Know?—that he’s about the most precious scoundrel in all Texas or Mexico either, and that’s saying a good deal. Rafael Ijurra? Tis he, by thunder! It can be nobody else; and Holingsworth—Ha! now I think of it, it’s just the man; and Harding Holingsworth, of all men living, has good reasons to remember him.’

‘How? Explain?’

The Texan paused for a moment, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then proceeded to detail what he knew of Rafael Ijurra. His account, without the expletives and emphatic ejaculations which adorned it, was substantially as follows:

Rafael Ijurra was by birth a Texan of Mexican race. He had formerly possessed a hacienda near San Antonio de Bexar, with other considerable property, all of which he had spent at play, or otherwise dissipated, so that he had sunk to the status of a professional gambler. Up to the date of the Mier expedition he had passed off as a citizen of Texas, under the new régime, and pretended much patriotic attachment to the young republic. When the Mier adventure was about being organised, Ijurra had influence enough to have himself elected one of its officers. No one suspected his fidelity to the cause. He was one of those who at the halt by Laredo, urged the impudent advance upon Mier; and his presumed knowledge of the country—of which he was a native—gave weight to his counsel. It afterwards proved that his free advice was intended for the benefit of the enemy, with whom he was in secret correspondence. On the night before the battle, Ijurra was missing. The Texan army was captured after a brave defence, in which they slew more than their own number of the enemy, and, under guard, the remnant was marched off for the capital of Mexico. On the second or third day of their march, what was the astonishment of the Texas prisoners to see Rafael Ijurra in the uniform of a Mexican officer, and forming part of their escort? But it was only that their hands were bound, they would have torn him to pieces, so enraged were they at this piece of black treachery.

‘I was not in that ugly scrap,’ continued the lieutenant. ‘As luck would have it, I was down with a fever in Brazos bottom, or I guess I should have had to draw my beans with the rest of ‘em, poor fellows! ’

Wheatley’s allusion to ‘drawing his bean’ I understood well enough. All who have ever read the account of this ill-starred adventure will remember, that the
Texans, gored by ill treatment, rose upon their guard, disarmed, and conquered them; but in their subsequent attempt to escape, ill managed and ill guided, nearly all of them were recaptured, and despatched--each tenth man having been shot like a dog! The mode of choosing the victims was by lot, and the black and white beans of Moza (jocoto) were made use of as the executors of the fatal decrees of destiny. A number of the beans, corresponding to the number of the captives, was placed within an earthen ollin; there being a black bean for every nine white ones. He who drew the black bean must die! During the drawing of this fearful lottery, there occurred incidents exhibiting character as heroics as has ever been recorded in story.

Read from an eye-witness:

'They all drew their beans with manly dignity and firmness. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say: "Boys! this beats roving all to pieces!" Another: "Well, this is the tallest gambling-scrape I ever was in." Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground exceedingly ill, called his brother William, and said: "Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place--I want to die!" The brother, with overwhelming anguish, replied: "No, I will keep my own place; I am stronger, and better able to die than you." Major Coke, when he drew the fatal bean, held it up in his hand, and, with a smile of contempt, said: "Boys! I told you so: I never failed in my life to draw a prize!" He then coolly added: "They only rob me of forty years!" Henry Witting, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, in a joyous tone: "Well, they don't make much out of me any more; I know I've killed twenty-five of them." Then demanding his dinner in a firm voice, he added: "They shall not cheat me out of it!" Saying this, he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, he had ceased to live! The Mexican fired fifteen shots at Whaling before he expired! Young Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that he "was perfectly willing to meet his fate--for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die." Edward Este spoke of his death with the coolest indifference. Cash said: "Well, they murdered my brother with Colonel Torrey, and they are going to murder me." J. L. Jones said to the interpreter: "Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country." Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he declared that the country should not particularly avenge his death. Major Dunham said he was prepared to die for his country. James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate and said: "I am prepared to see where and when they may attack Rafael Ijcura." Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge his murder.

'They were bound together--their eyes being bandaged--and set upon a log near the wall with their backs towards their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance, saying they "were not afraid to look death in the face." This request the Mexican refused; and to make his cruelty as refined as possible, caused the fire to be delivered from a distance, and to be continued for ten or twelve minutes, indiscriminating and maiming these heroes in a manner too horrible for description.

When you talk of Thermopylae, think also of Texas! But what of Holingsworth? I asked.

'Ah! Holingsworth!' replied the lieutenant; 'he has good cause to remember Ijcura, now I think of it. I shall give the story to you as I heard it; and my companion proceeded with a relation, which caused the blood to curdle in my veins, as I listened. It fully explained, if it did not palliate, the fierce hatred of the Tennessean towards Rafael Ijcura.

In the Mier expedition, Holingsworth had a brother, who, like himself, was made prisoner. He was a delicate youth, and could not bear the hardships of captivity. The barbarous treatment to which the prisoners were exposed during that memorable march. He became reduced to a skeleton, and worse than that, the English doctors told him that the growth of his feet and ankles, worn skinless, and charged with the spines of acacias, cactus, and the numerous thorny plants in which the dry soil of Mexico is so prolific. In agony, he fell down upon the road. Ijcura was in command of the guard; from him Holingsworth's brother begged to be allowed the use of a mule. The youth had known Ijcura at San Antonio, and had even lent him money, which was never returned.

'To your feet, and forward!' was Ijcura's answer. 'I cannot move a step,' said the youth despairingly. 'I cannot!' cried Ijcura; we shall see whether you can. Here, Pablo, continued he, addressing himself to one of the soldiers of the guard: 'give this fellow the spur; he is restless!' The ruffian soldier approached with fixed bayonet, seriously intending to use its point on the poor way-born invalid! The latter rose with an effort, and made a desperate attempt to keep on; but his resolution was not durable. He again fell. He neither endured the pain of the spur, and after staggering a pace or two, he fell up against a rock.

'I cannot! he again cried--I cannot march further; let me die here.'

'Forward! or you shall die here,' shouted Ijcura, drawing a pistol from his belt, and cocking it, evidently with the determination to carry out his threat. 'Forward!'

'I cannot,' faintly replied the youth. 'Forward, or I fire!'

'Fire!' cried the young man, throwing open the flaps of his hunting-shirt, and making one last effort to stand erect.

'You are scarce worth a bullet,' said the monster with a sneer; at the same instant he leveled his pistol at the breast of his victim, and fired! When the smoke was blown aside, the body of young Holingsworth was seen lying at the base of the rock, doubled up, dead! A throng ran through the line of captives. Even their habitually brutal guards were touched by such wanton barbarity. The brother of the youth was not six yards from the spot, tightly bound, and witness of the whole scene! Fancied his feelings at that moment!

'No wonder,' continued the Texan--'no wonder that Harding Holingsworth don't stand upon ceremony as to me. I am prepared to see where and when he may attack Rafael Ijcura.' You verily believe that the presence of the commander-in-chief wouldn't restrain him from taking vengeance. It ain't to be wondered at!

In hopes that my companion might help me to some knowledge of the family at the hacienda, I guided the conversation in that direction.

'And Don Ramon de Vargas is Ijcura's uncle?'

'Sure enough; he must be. Ha! I do not think of that. Don Ramon is the uncle. I ought to have known him this morning—that confounded mezcal I drank knocked him out of my mind altogether. I have seen the old fellow several times. He used to come to San Antonio once a year, on business with the merchants there. I remember, too, he once brought a daughter with him—splendid girl that, and no mistake! Faith, she ceased half the young fellows in San Antonio, and there were no end of duels about her. She used to ride wild-horses, and fling the lasso like a Comanche. But what am I talking about? That mezcal has got into my brain, sure enough. It must have been her you chased? Sure as shootin', it was!'
Probable enough,' I replied in a careless way. My companion knew it, and his interest in my remarks was exciting, or the struggle it was costing me to conceal my emotions. One thing I longed to learn from him—whether any of these amorous duellists had been favoured with the approbation of the lady. I longed to put this question, and yet the absolute dread of the answer restrained my tongue! I remained silent, till the opportunity had passed. The hoof-strokes of half-broken horses coming rapidly from the rear, interrupted the conversation. Without surprise, I saw that it was Holingsworth and the rangers who had been left at the hacienda.

'Captain Worfield' said the Tennessean as he spurred alongside, 'my conduct no doubt surprises you. I shall be able to explain it to your satisfaction when time permits.' It is a long story—a painful one to me; you will not require it from me now. This much let me say—for good reason, I hold Rafael Ijurra as my most deadly foe. I come to Mexico to kill that man; and by the Eternal! if I don't succeed, I care not who kills me!'—

'You have set then.'—

With a feeling of relief, I put the question, for I read the answer in the look of disappointed vengeance that gleamed in the eyes of the Tennessean. I was not permitted to finish the interrogatory; he knew what I was going to ask, and interrupted me with the reply:

'No, no; the villain has escaped; but by—'

The rest of the emphatic vow was inaudible; but the wild glance that flashed from the speaker's eye expressed his deep purpose more plainly than words. The next moment he fell back to his place in the troop, and with his head slightly bent forward, rode on in silence. His dark taciturn features were lit up at intervals by an ominous gleam, shewing that he still brooded over his unsavory wrong.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

The next two days I passed in feverish restlessness. Holingsworth's conduct had quite disconcerted my plans. From the concluding sentences of Isolina's note, I had constructed an invitation to revisit the hacienda in some more quiet guise than that of a filibuster; but after what had transpired, I could not muster courage to present myself under any pretence. It was not likely I should be welcome,—I, the associate,—say, the commander—of the man who had attempted to take the life of a nephew, a cousin! Don Ramon had stipulated that I should have the full measure of his bargain, and a good deal more. He could not otherwise than think so. Were I to present myself at the hacienda, I could not be else than coldly received—in short, unwelcome.

I thought of apologies and pretenses, but to no purpose. For two days I remained in vacillating indecision; I neither saw nor heard of her who engrossed my thoughts.

* * *

News from head-quarters! A 'grand ball' to be given in the city!

This bit of gossip fell upon my ear without producing the slightest impression, for I cared little for dancing, and less for grand balls: in earlier youth I had liked both; but not then.

The thing would at once have passed from my thoughts, had it not been for some additional information imparted at the same time, which to me at once rendered the ball attractive.

The information I allude to was, that the ball was got up 'by authority,' and would be upon a grand scale. Its object was political; in other words, it was to be the means of cultivating a friendly intercourse between the conquerors and the conquered—a desirable end. Every effort would be made to bring out the 'natives of society,' and let it be seen that the officers were not such 'barbarians' as they affected to deem, and in reality pronounced us. It was known—so stated my informant—that many families of the Ayünkialeos would be present; and in order to make it pleasanter for those who feared 'proscription,' the ball was to be a masked one—un balé de mascara.

The Ayünkialeos are to be there! and she—'

My heart bounded with new hope; and I resolved to make one of the maskers—not that I intended to go in costume. In my slender wardrobe was a civilian dress of proper cut, and tolerably well preserved: that would answer my purpose. The ball was to come off on the night following that on which I had word of it. My suspense would be short.

* * *

The time appeared long enough, but at length the hour arrived, and mounting my good steed, I started off for the city. A brisk ride of two hours brought me on the ground, and I found that I was late enough to be fashionable.

As I entered the ball-room, I saw that most of the company had arrived, and the floor was grouped with dancers. It was evident the affair was a 'success.' There were four or five hundred persons present, nearly half of them ladies. Many were in character costumes, as Tyrolese peasants, Andalusian negroes, Bavarian broom-girls, Wallachian bayards, Turkish sultans, and bead-bedecked Indian belles. A greater number were disguised in the ungraceful domino, while not a few appeared in regular evening-dress. Most of the ladies wore masks; some simply hid their faces behind the coquettish rebozo tapado, while others permitted their charms to be gazed upon. As the night wore on, and an occasional capitán de vino strengthened the nerves of the company, the uncovered faces became more numerous, and masks got lost or put away.

As for the gentlemen, a number of them also wore masks—some were en costume, but uniforms predominated, stamping the ball with a military character. It was not a little singular to see a number of Mexican officers mingling in the throng! These were of course prisoners on parole; and their more brilliant uniforms, of French patterns, contrasted oddly with the plain blue dresses of their conquerors. The presence of these prisoners, in the full glory of their gold lace, was not exactly in good taste; but a moment's reflection convinced one it was not a matter of choice with them. Poor fellows! had they abided by the laws of etiquette, they could not have been there; and no doubt they were as desirous of shaking their legs in the dance as the gayest of their captors. Indeed, in this species of rivalry they far outstriped the latter.

I spent but little time in observing these peculiarities; but one idea engrossed my mind, and that was to find Isolina de Vargass—no easy task amid such a multitude of maskers. Among the uncovered faces she was not. I soon scanned them all, or rather glanced at them. It needed no scanning to recognise her. If there, she was one of the mascaritas, and I addressed myself to a close observation of the damos en costume and the domines. Hopeless enough appeared the prospect of recognising her, but a little hope sustained me in the reflection, that, being myself uncovered, she might recognise me.

When a full half hour had passed away, and my lynx-like surveillance was still unrewarded, this hope dried within me; and, what may appear strange, I began to wish she was not there. 'If present,' thought I, 'she must have seen me ere this, and have taken no notice'— A little pang of chagrin accompanied this reflection.

I flung myself upon a seat, and endeavoured to assume an air of indifference, though I was far from
feeling indifferent, and my eyes as before kept eagerly scanning the fair mascaritas. Now and then, the _tourment_ of an ankle—I had seen Isolina’s—or the ellipsoidal sweep of a fine figure, inspired me with fresh hope; but as the mascaritas who owned them were near enough to be seated, and yet took no notice of me, I conjectured—in fact, hoped—that none of them was she. Indeed, a well-turned ankle is no distinctive mark among the fair _danzellas_ of Mexico.

At length, a pair of unusually neat ones, supporting a figure of such superb outlines, that even the ungraceful domino could not conceal them, came under my eyes, and riveted my attention. My heart beat wildly as I gazed. I could not help the belief that the lady in the yellow domino was Isolina de Vargas. She was waiting with a young dragon officer; and as they passed me, I rose from my seat, and approached the orbit of the dance, in order to keep them under my eyes. As they passed me a second time, I fancied the lady regarded me through her mask: I fancied I saw her start. I was almost sure it was Isolina.

My feeling was now that of jealousy. The young officer was one of the elegant gentlemen of the service—a professed lady-killer—a fellow, who, notwithstanding his well-known deficiency of brains, was ever welcome among women. She seemed to press closely to him as they whirled around, while her head rested languishingly upon his shoulder. She appeared to be _contented_ with her partner. I could scarcely endure the agony of my fancies.

It was a relief to me when the music ceased, and the waltz ended. The circle broke up, and the waltzers scattered in different directions, but my eyes found only the dragon officer and his partner. He conducted her to a seat, and then placing himself by her side, the two appeared to engage in an earnest and interesting conversation.

With me politeness was now out of the question. I had grown as jealous as a tiger; and I drew near enough to become a listener. The lowness of the tone in which they conversed precluded the possibility of hearing much of what was said, but I could make out that the spark was ‘coaxing’ his partner to remove her mask. The voice that replied was sure to be Isolina’s! I could myself have torn the silken screen from her face, through very vexation; but I was saved that indiscretion, for the request of her cavalier seemed to prevail, and the next instant the mask was removed by, I, her own hand. _Silence of Erebus! what did I see?_ She was black—a negress! Not black as ebony, but nearly so; with thick lips, high cheek-bones, and a row of short, ‘kinky’ curls dangling over the arch of her glittering forehead.

My astonishment, though perhaps of a more agreeable kind, was not greater than that of the dragon lieutenant, who, by the way, was also a full-blooded ‘southerner.’ At sight of his partner’s face he started, as if a six-pound shot had winded him; and after a few half-muttered excuses, he rose with an air of extreme _gacheria_, and hurrying off, hid himself behind the crowd.

The ‘coloured lady,’ mortified—as I presumed she must be—hastily readjusted her mask, and rising from her seat, glided away from the scene of her humiliation. I gazed after her with a mingled feeling of curiosity and pity; I saw her pass out of the door alone, evidently with the intention of leaving the ball. I fancied she had departed, as her domino, conspicuous by its bright yellow colour, was no more seen among the maskers.

**CHAPTER XIII. THE BLUE DOMINO.**

Thus disappointed, I gave up all hope of meeting her for whose sake I had come to the ball. She was either not there, or did not wish to be recognised, even by me. The latter supposition was the more bitter of the two; and grasped to other inconceivable thoughts, I paid frequent visits to the ‘refreshment-room,’ where wine flowed freely. A cup or two drove the _one idea_ out of my mind; and after a while, I grew more comfortable, and determined to enjoy myself like others around me. I had not danced as yet, but the wine soon got to my toes as well as into my head; and I resolved to put myself in motion with the first partner that offered.

I soon found one—a blue domino—that came right in my way, as if the fates had determined we should dance together. The lady was ‘not engaged for the next;’ she would be ‘most happy.’

This, by the way, was said in _French_, which would have taken me by surprise, had I not known that there were many French people living in C—, as in all the large cities of Mexico. They are usually jewellers, dentists, milliners, or other artisans of that class, who drive a lucrative trade among the luxury-loving _Mexicanos_. To know there were French people in the place, was to be certain you would find them at the ball; and there were they, numbers of them, pirouetting about, and comporting themselves with the gay _insouciance_ characteristic of their nation. I was not surprised, then, when my blue domino addressed me in French.

‘A French modiste!’ I conjectured, as soon as she spoke. Milliner or no, it mattered not to me; I wanted a dancing partner; and after another phrase or two in the same sweet tongue, away went she and I in the curving whirl of a waltz.

After sailing once round the room, I had two quite new and distinct impressions upon my mind: the first, that I had a partner who could waltz, a thing not to be met with every day. My blue domino seemed to have no feet under her, but floated around me as if borne upon the air! For the moment, I fancied myself in Ranelagh or Malbille! My other impression was, that my arm encircled as pretty a waist as ever was clasped by a lover. There was a pleasing ro tun dity about it, combined with a general symmetry of form and serpentine yieldiness of movement, that rendered dancing a pleasure to my partner both easy and delightful. My observation at the moment was, that if the face of the modiste bore any sort of proportion to her figure, she needed not have come so far from France to push her fortune.

With such a partner I could not otherwise than waltz well; and never better than upon that occasion. We were soon under the observation of the company; and became the centre of a circle. This I did not relish, and drawing my blue domino to one side, we waltzed towards a seat, into which I handed her with the usual polite expression of thanks.

This seat was in a little recess or blind window, where two persons might freely converse without fear of an eaves-dropper. I had no desire to run away from a partner who danced so well, though she were a modiste. There was room for two upon the bench, and I asked permission to sit beside her.

‘Oh, certainly,’ was the frank reply.

‘And will you permit me to remain with you till the music recommences?’

‘If you desire it.’

‘And dance with you again?’

‘With pleasure, madame, if it suit your convenience. But is there no other who claims you as a partner?—no other in this assemblage you would prefer?’

‘Not one, I assure you. You are the only one present with whom I care to dance.’

As I said this I thought I perceived a slight movement, that indicated some emotion.

‘It was a gallant speech, and the modiste is pleased with the compliment,’ thought I.
Her reply:

'In the end, she was not ungenerous—she let you see the face?'

'The devil!' exclaimed I starting; 'you saw the dénouement then?'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed she; 'of course I saw the dénouement, ha, ha!—drove, wasn't it?'

'Very,' replied I, not much relating the joke, but endeavouring to join my companion in the laugh.

'How sily the spark looked? ha, ha!'

'Very silly indeed—ha, ha, ha!'

'And how disappointed—'

'Eh?'

'How disappointed you looked, monsieur.'

'Oh—ah—I no—I assure you—I had no interest in the affair. I was not disappointed—at least not as you imagine.'

'Ah!'

'The feeling uppermost in my mind was pity—pity for the poor girl.'

'And you really did pity her?'

'This question was put with an earnestness that sounded somewhat strange at the moment.

'I really did. The creature seemed so mortified—'

'She seemed mortified, did she?'

'Of course. She left the room immediately after, and has not returned since. No doubt she has gone home, poor devil!'

'Poor devil! Is that the extent of your pity!'

'Well, after all, it must be confessed she was a superb deception: a finer dancer I never saw—I beg pardon, I except my present partner—a good foot, an elegant figure, and then to turn out—'

'What?'

'Una negrilla!'

'I fear, monsieur, you Americans are not very gallant towards the ladies of colour. It is different here in Mexico, which you term egalitarian.'

'I felt the rebuke.

'To change the subject,' continued she; 'are you not a poet?'

'I do not deserve the name of poet, yet I will not deny that I have made verses.'

'I thought as much. What an instinct I have! O that I could prevail upon you to write some verses to me!'

'What! without knowing either your name or having looked upon your face. Mam'selle, I must at least see the features I am called upon to praise.'

'Ah, monsieur, you little know: were I to unmask those features, I should stand but a poor chance of getting the verses. My plain face would contrast all your poetical inspirations.'

'Shade of Lucretia! this is no needlewoman, though dealing in weapons quite as sharp. Modiste, indeed! I have been labouring under a mistake. This is some dame spirituelle, some grand lady.'

'I had now grown more than curious to look upon the face of my companion. Her conversation had won me: a woman who could talk so, I fancied, could not be ill-looking. Such an enchanting spirit could not be hidden behind a plain face; besides, there was the gracefulness of form, the small, gloved hand, the dainty foot and ankle demonstrated in the dance, a voice that rang like music, and the flash of a superfine eye, which I could perceive even through the mask. Beyond a doubt, she was beautiful.'

'Lady!' I said, speaking with more earnestness than ever, 'I entreat you to unmask yourself. Were it not in a ball-room, I should beg the favour upon my knees.'

'And were I to grant it, you could hardly rise soon enough, and pronounce your lukewarm leave-taking. Ha, monsieur! think of the yellow domino!'
yourself of the attractions of your conversation—of that voice that thrilled my heart—of that grace exhibited in your every movement! With such endowments, how could a woman appear ill-looking? If your face was even as black as hers of the yellow domino, I verily believe I could not perceive its darkness.’

‘Ha, ha, ha! take care what you say, monsieur. I presume you are not more indolent than the rest of your sex; and well know I that, with you men, ugliness is the greatest crime of a woman.’

‘I am different, I swear.’

‘Do not perjure yourself, as you will if I but remove my mask. I tell you, sir, that in spite of all the fine qualities you imagine me to possess, I am a vision that would horrify you to look upon.’

‘Impossible!—your form, your grace, your voice. Oh, unmask! I accept every consequence for the favour I ask.’

‘Then be it as you wish; but I shall not be the means of punishing you. Receive from your own hand an answer to your curiosity.’

‘You permit me, then? Thanks, mam’selle, thanks! It is fastened behind: yes, the knot is here—Now I have it—so—so—’

With trembling fingers, I undid the string, and pulled off the piece of taffety. Shade of Sheba! what did I see?

The mask fell from my fingers, as though it had been iron at a cherry heat. Astonishment caused me to drop it; rather say horror—horror at beholding the face underneath—the face of the yellow domino! Yes, there was the same naiveté with her thick lips, high cheek-bones, and the little well-rolled kinks hanging like corkscrews over her temples!

I knew not either what to say or do; my gallantry was clean gone; and although I resumed my seat, I remained perfectly dumb. Had I looked in a mirror at that moment, I should certainly have beheld the face of a fool.

My companion, who seemed to have made up her mind to such a result, instead of being mortified, burst into a loud fit of laughter, at the same time crying out in a tone of raillery: ‘Now, Monsieur le Poète, does my face inspire you? When may I expect the verses? To-morrow? Soon? Never? Ah! monsieur, I fear you are not more gallant to us poor “ladies ob colour” than your countryman the lieutenant. Ha, ha, ha!’

I was too much ashamed of my own conduct, and too deeply wounded by her reproach, to make reply. Fortunately, her continued laughter offered me an opportunity to muster some broken phrases, accompanied by very clumsy gestures, and thus take myself off. Certainly, in all my life, I never made a more awkward adieu. I walked, or rather stole, towards the entrance, determined to leave the ball-room, and gallop home. On reaching the door, my curiosity grew stronger than my shame; and I resolved to take a parting look at this singular Ethiopian. The blue domino, still within the niche, caught my eye at once; but on looking up to the face—gracious Heaven! it was Isolina!’

I stood as if turned into stone. My gaze was fixed upon her face, and I could not take it off. She was looking at me; but, oh! the expression with which those eyes regarded me! That was a glance to be remembered for life. She no longer laughed, but her pride seemed to curl with a sarcastic smile, as of scorn!

I hesitated whether to return and apologise. But no; it was too late. I could have fallen upon her knees, and begged for forgiveness. I did not do so, however. I should only subject myself to further ridicule from that capricious spirit.

Perhaps my look of remorse had more effect than words. I thought her expression changed; her glance became more tender, as if inviting me back! Perhaps through her heart—

At this moment, a man approached, and, without much ceremony, seated himself by her side. His face was towards me—I recognised Ijorra!

They conversed. Is it of me? Is it of me? If so, he will laugh. A world to see that man laugh, and know it is at me. If he do, I shall soon cast off the load that is crushing my heart!

He laughs not—not even a smile is traceable on his sombre features. She has not told him, and well for her she has not. Prudence, perseverance, restrains her tongue; she might guess the result.

They are on their feet again; she masks. Ijorra leads her to the dance; they front to each other; they whirl away—away; they are lost among the maskers!

‘Some wine, monzo!’

A deep long draught, a few seconds spent in buckling on my sword, a few more in reaching the gate, one spring, and my saddled steed was under me. I rode with desperate heart and hot heart; but the cool night-air, the motion of my horse, and his proud spirit mingling with mine, gave me relief, and I felt calmer.

On reaching the rancheria, I found my lieutenants still up, eating their rudely cooked supper. As my appetite was roused, I joined them at their meal; and their friendly converse restored for the time my spirit’s equipoise.

FATHER MATHEW.

On Tuesday, the 9th December 1856, every vessel lying in Cork Harbour and river appeared with its colours half-mast high, and nearly every shop in the city had its shutters partially closed; for, on the previous day, Father Mathew, the beloved Apostle of Temperance, breathed his last at Queenstown. The local journals, Conservative and Radical, Whig and Tory, merging for once all points of sectarian difference, united in lamentations for a great and good man, and in bearing tribute to his worth. From their columns, and from other sources, but principally from an ably written article which appeared in the Cork Examiner, we shall compile a short biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the age.

Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, in the county Tipperary, on the 19th of October 1790. The Mathews were originally an old English Catholic family, some branches of which came over to Ireland with Cromwell. One of this family is mentioned by Swift as ‘the grand George Mathew,’ who was remarkable for the extenuation and splendour of his hospitality.

It is stated, that a gentleman who had made a wager that he would compel him to break a rule of his house, which was, never to ask the name of any one who chose to offer himself as a guest, lost his bet, notwithstanding that he stayed three weeks in the house, and conducted himself with as much impropriety as he could possibly assume.

The subject of this sketch was left with eight brothers and sisters, an orphan, at a very early age. Lady Elizabeth Mathew, a relative of his father, took him under her care, and sent him, at the age of thirteen, to the Roman Catholic college, Kilkenny. There he continued for some years; and having evinced a desire to enter the priesthood, his theological studies were completed, partly in Spain, and partly at Maynooth. At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and after ministering for a brief period in Kilkenny, he was transferred to the house of the Capuchin order in Paris.

His conduct as a priest was exemplary. Not content with the ordinary labours attached to his office, he hired an old store next his chapel, which he converted into schools for the female children of his parish. At
one period, no less than 500 children were attending these schools. In this admirable effort he was succeeded by a number of pious and charitable ladies of the city. In the year 1832, Asiatic cholera desolated Cork. Night and morning, Father Mathew was to be seen pacing the miserable lanes of the most miserable parish in Cork, that of St. Nicholas, seeking out subjects for the shelter of the hospital, and administering to them physical relief as well as spiritual consolation. During this dreadful time, his residence was besieged by claimants on his bounty, and none ever left it unaided or unanswered. On one occasion his secretary said to him: 'Sir, this is the last shilling we have.' His reply was: 'Give it, and let us trust to God.'

Great inconvenience was experienced by the poor of the city from the high price charged for burial-grounds. In order to remedy this evil, Father Mathew took a piece of ground, known as the 'Botanic Gardens,' in the neighbourhood of the city, and converted it into a beautifully-loved ground, a large portion of it being devoted gratuitously to the use of the poor. This, which is now one of the most beautiful cemeteries in these countries, afforded a most necessary accommodation to the destitute during their days of poverty and in the terrible years of the famine-terror.

About this time, what may be called the public career of Father Mathew commenced. Hitherto, though his name was known and widely throughout the country as the good and benevolent priest, yet the origin of his reputation lay almost entirely within the strict limits of his calling. He was now about to enter upon a career of action, which brought him a fame and a glory that cannot perish, but which at the same time entailed upon him endless troubles and vexations, beneath which his strong spirit eventually bowed, and to which may in no small degree be attributed his almost premature decay.

About the year 1830, a number of Cork gentlemen, including a Protestant clergyman, and some members of the Presbyterian body and of the Society of Friends, got up an association for the spread of temperance principles. The vice of intoxication had increased at that period to a fearful extent. The advance of education, and the consequently enlarged power of public opinion, had diminished its prevalence amongst the higher classes; but the poor had no such check upon their actions, and this deadly plague raged fearfully.

It was in vain that the newly formed society sought to counteract it: the good intentions of its members were recognized, but they had no influence over the poorer classes. Father Mathew, on all occasions, and for several years without having made any sensible advance. At length, in the month of April 1838, Father Mathew was induced to lend his aid, and in a very brief period the power of his name was felt. Thousands flocked to his feet, to receive a pledge binding them to self-denial, of a character hitherto unrivaled. Many drunkards joined it from a pure desire to reform, many from the excellent motive of wishing to afford a good example to their trailer brethren; very many from pure admiration of the good man who was now coming at the head of the movement, and vast numbers, who went to the meetings from motives of curiosity, in an enthusiastic impulse also joined. Thus the tide rolled from south to north, and west to east, until it spread over the entire country. Wherever Father Mathew went, he was hailed with delight and enthusiasm, and his progress was a kind of ovation rather than a journey of advocacy.

Many adverse effects of the temperance movement in her own neighbourhood: 'In our village of Edgeworthstown, the whisky-selling has diminished since the “pledge” has been taken, within the last two years. You have public-houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not say, to our moral satisfaction. The appearance of the people, their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general; and to the knowledge of this family, many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought, confirmed drunks, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge. They have become able and willing to work, and take care of their business; are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children healthy and happy, instead of, as before the reformation, miserable and heart-broken. Very few, scarcely any instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge; but some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others . . . . Beyond all calculations, beyond all the precedents of experience, and all examples from the past, and all analogy, this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations, the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals, has succeeded and lasted for about two years.'

The effect produced upon the sale of intoxicating drinks in Ireland was extraordinary. Distilleries and public-houses in numbers were closed during the period. Personally, indeed, Father Mathew was a pecuniary sufferer, as he caused a large and flourishing distillery which belonged to his brother to be shut up, shortly after his undertaking the temperance advocate.

The wonderful reformation of which he was the apostle in this country, soon made the name of Father Mathew famous for beyond the limits of his own country, and he soon became the idol and the inspiration of all the sight-seers who visited Cork. Their astonishment was great to find this man, whose reputation had reached them in remote lands, whose extraordinary munificence was scarcely less remarkable than his reformatory zeal, dwelling in an unpрetentious house in an obscure corner of the city. They saw that his levies were chiefly of the poor; among whom he went as a father and a friend, distributing with soft caressing manner, and in words of kindness that came fresh from the heart, his advice and counsel. They could see also that he had won the affections of every class, and that polemical animosity did not exist towards him.

In the year 1848, Father Mathew made a tour through England and Scotland, where he was received with a cordiality, and even with an enthusiasm which showed how completely respect for his character and appreciation of his motives had overcome the prejudice against his profession as a Roman Catholic clergyman. This feeling was especially evident on a subsequent occasion, when, owing to the largeness of his charities, he became so far involved in pecuniary difficulties, that he was actually arrested for debt in Dublin. On that occasion, the generous English people subscribed largely to relieve him from his embarrassments, and on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £500 a year was granted him by the Queen. All this, however, merely went to satisfy the claims of his creditors, a sufficient answer to the trumpery charge which at one time was made, and which he even had to confound to answer, that he was driving a trade in medals, and amusing wealth by means of the temperance movement! Had he sought riches, indeed, they might have been his; but as his heart was loving, his hand was open. Money he valued only as the means of assisting others, and the man who was one of the wonders of the age, and a benefactor to all who needed his assistance, has died himself a deeply-poor man, and not possessed of a shilling he could term his own.

The awful years of 1847 and 1848 afforded another opportunity for exhibiting the virtues of Father Mathew's character. About the last period he received an invitation of a most flattering nature to visit Rome.
This he had always longed to do; but during the existence of the terrible ordeal through which his countrymen were then passing, he felt that his place was amongst them, and he remained in the plague-stricken city, distributing alms, organising committees of relief, and bringing the whole force of his powerful intellect to bear on the business of charity. The estimation in which his name was held was partly instrumental in obtaining from the American people their gift of corn, when disarraying their ships-of-war: they crammed their magazines with food for the relief of the stricken country.

In the year 1849, Father Mathew was prevailed upon to visit the United States, in order to gratify the wishes of the millions of Irish who have made them their home. His reception, on his arrival at New York, was enthusiastic. Addresses from all quarters poured upon him; deputations from all the great cities of the States pressed to his presence, and he was fitted as an honored guest to the White House. The restless disposition of the people kept him continually giving receptions, holding levees, and receiving demonstrations, until the mingled fatigue and excitement caused his health to suffer. He returned to the United States, and brought upon him two attacks of a disease from which he had suffered once before—paralysis. After recovering partially from the effects of the latter of these, he was advised to try the thermal springs in the backwoods of Arkansas; and, accordingly, he spent the month of September in a log-hut in that remote locality, eight miles distant from any other human habitation. There he had no attendant but the wild women who owned the hut, and his son; and he was obliged to live upon Indian corn and the produce of the son’s gun and fishing-net.

It was an interesting sight, we have been told, to see this pious ecclesiastic, who, wherever he went, had been saluted by the acclamations of thousands, offering up his act of adoration amidst the vast solitude of the pine-woods, the turf being his fragrant shrine, and his temple the great arch of God.

While in America, he administered the pledge to vast numbers of the Irish people resident there; and his departure from it was witnessed by all classes with a regret proportioned to their delight at his arrival. We may here quote a sketch which Koli, the German traveller, gives of him: ‘I was formally introduced to the reverend chairman (at a temperance meeting), who presented me to Father Mathew. He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance, and I was long in observing the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them; and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall; he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is throughout well built and well proportioned. His countenance is fresh, and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected; and, altogether, he has something about him that wins the good-will of those he addresses. His features are regular, though full of noble expression. His air is indomitable firmness. His eyes are large; his forehead straight, high, and commanding; and his nose—a part of the face which in some expressions such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned; and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon’s.’

From the time of Father Mathew’s return from America, he never recovered his health. By this time, too, the movement to which he had devoted the energies of his life had suffered from various causes. The famine, distress, and the want of all physical comforts, had induced moral degradation; and on his return, Father Mathew had the misery of beholding the great fabric to which he had devoted almost superhuman energies, apparently crumbling away. The enthusiasm for total abstinence had in a great degree departed, and the numbers on the roll of teetotalers had diminished largely. But the effects of the movement had not passed away, and are still to be seen in the improved habits of the people, where they remain a standing monument to the man who alone could have effected that wonderful reformation.

As a proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese, we may mention that, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy in 1847, he was returned by them Dixinimus to succeed him in the see of Cork. The choice of the pope, however, fell on another. Father Mathew was set aside, either because the temperance movement was of too secular a character, or because he was in receipt of a pension from the English government, or because he had been arrested for debt; any of which, perhaps, was considered ill. The same winning sweetness of manner, the same thoughtful kindness for his friends.

He took up his abode at Leehona, the residence of his brother, Mr. O’Briain, situated near a distance of 100 miles from Cork. There, the gate was surrounded with poor applicants for the reception of the pledge, for alms, or spiritual aid. These he still received with the same kindness that he had ever shown to old women who wished the hut, and his son; and he was obliged to live upon Indian corn and the produce of the son’s gun and fishing-net.

It was an interesting sight, we have been told, to see this pious ecclesiastic, who, wherever he went, had been saluted by the acclamations of thousands, offering up his act of adoration amidst the vast solitude of the pine-woods, the turf being his fragrant shrine, and his temple the great arch of God.

While in America, he administered the pledge to vast numbers of the Irish people resident there; and his departure from it was witnessed by all classes with a regret proportioned to their delight at his arrival. We may here quote a sketch which Koli, the German traveller, gives of him: ‘I was formally introduced to the reverend chairman (at a temperance meeting), who presented me to Father Mathew. He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance, and I was long in observing the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them; and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall; he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is throughout well built and well proportioned. His countenance is fresh, and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected; and, altogether, he has something about him that wins the good-will of those he addresses. His features are regular, though full of noble expression. His air is indomitable firmness. His eyes are large; his forehead straight, high, and commanding; and his nose—a part of the face which in some expressions such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned; and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon’s.’

From the time of Father Mathew’s return from America, he never recovered his health. By this time, too, the movement to which he had devoted the energies of his life had suffered from various causes. The famine, distress, and the want of all physical comforts, had induced moral degradation; and on his return, Father Mathew had the misery of beholding the great fabric to which he had devoted almost superhuman energies, apparently crumbling away. The enthusiasm for total abstinence had in a great degree departed, and the numbers on the roll of teetotalers had diminished largely. But the effects of the movement had not passed away, and are still to be seen in the improved habits of the people, where they remain a standing monument to the man who alone could have effected that wonderful reformation.

As a proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese, we may mention that, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy in 1847, he was returned by them Dixinimus to succeed him in the see of Cork. The choice of the pope, however, fell on another. Father Mathew was set aside, either because the temperance movement was of too secular a character, or because he was in receipt of a pension from the English government, or because he had been arrested for debt; any of which, perhaps, was considered ill. The same winning sweetness of manner, the same thoughtful kindness for his friends.

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Not only did he appear in a suit of black with a long crimped hat-band, but his shutters were kept strictly closed; not a chink was allowed to betray the nature of the liquid merchandise within.

‘How is it,’ asked a gentleman, ‘that you are grieving for Paradise, old man?’ I should have thought you would rather have rejoiced at it.’

‘Ah, yer honour,’ said the man, with that indescribable wink of mingled cunning and drollery which none but an Irish eye can contrive to execute—sure I wouldn’t sell a drop o’ whiskey to-night, if I didn’t put up my shutters to-day!’

LAY-MONKS.

Among the most standard creations which the British public delights in having periodically served up for its delectation, must be reckoned the original old-established monk. This traditional personage, the type moine, as the French would say, may be said to flourish still, a thriving evergreen; and his appearance on the stage or in the novel is always a novelty. It is no wonder, then, that the enthusiasm of every British heart. When Father Francis or Father Philip comes on the scene, bearing all his traditional marks and tokens about him, it is pleasant to be once again greeted and addressed as an old acquaintance. The good man’s shining poll, his person singularly developed about the epigastric region, his gait, which is slightly unsteady; in short, all the points belonging to the tradition are welcomed by the spectators as things familiar to them and their sires for generations back. We might almost fancy the holy men were to be seen every day in our streets, or were part of the “institutions” of the country.

At the end of last century, the stage swarmed with monks, the horizon was clouded with cowls and saffron-coloured frocks—Sheridan and other ingenious mechanists supplying the article as wanted. The former fashioned a famous friar, to be found in the Duenna; and even through the sulphur and blue fire of the Castle Spectare, we catch a glimpse of a portly figure, who is facetiously accused of bearing about with him a “tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl.”

Whence, then, this intimate knowledge of monkish physiognomy, this deep insight into monachologia? Has the tradition of Robin Hood’s merry friar, or of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, been so affectionately preserved that we have come to know their ways and habits, as it were by heart? Perhaps it is that the Briton respects and appreciates such sleek evidence of good cheer, although impregnated with the papistical idea of a canva, that this scene brings us to another stage, where cowl and frock enjoy high popularity.

Those who have assisted at symposia fast and furious where convivial chattering has been in vogue, may perhaps recollect some ancient of the party beginning to quaver about the sanctity and other perfections of a certain ‘Ho-ho-ho! Friar!’ Alack! that lay extends under many verses and occasional generous delights in full measure. ‘Chorus, if you please, gentlemen,’ sings our ancient: instant signal for roar of voices in divers vinous keys, all asseverating that the letter reverend was ‘such a Ho-ho-ho! Friar!’ If another elder favour, as it is called, the company with a song, he will most likely select The Friar of Orders Gray or the Monks of Old; but there is an antique simplicity about the first-named chorus which insures for it a more enduring popularity.

With this strong faith in clerical joviality, it is not surprising that certain merry spirits should have conceived the idea of a new scene. Simply to the likeness of these monks of old, hoping that by this means the ancient monastic spirit would be revived in them once more. In the teeth of the well-established maxim, that theowl maketh not the monk, they fancied that by adopting the garb, their revels would acquire that traditional flavour which is supposed to be found in perfection at the monkish board. Accordingly, we find divers of these pseudo-monastic establishments flourishing at different periods during the last century; wherein, it must be confessed, not St Dominic or St Benedict had but little part; and to the more important of these we now purpose inviting the reader’s attention; and first for Medmenham Abbey and the order of ‘Franciscans.’

The distinction of being the most notorious man of pleasure of his day belongs without dispute to Sir Francis Dashwood, Baronet. About the middle of last century, he first began his eccentric career, and, like a noble marquis of our own time, continued for many years to trouble the repose of the good lieges of the city. But soon the pleasing excitement of beating watchmen and abducting actresses began to pall upon him—even street-encounters were found to have lost their charm—and he began to cast about for some new and untried sphere of action. Accordingly, Jack Wilkes and some other famous ‘blooms’ were called into council; and it was agreed that, under existing circumstances, the only course open was to found an order of a penitential character, the members whereof should bear the name of Franciscans, after their noble founder.

An ancient mansion, beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, was chosen as the residence of the new institute. Surrounded with hedges, woods, and moss-grown slopes, far away from the busy hum of men, it was in every way suited for the enjoyment of a calm and tranquil solitude. In days of old it had belonged to the Cistercian monks; but the holy walls were now destined to witness very different scenes.

In the following summer, the prior, Sir Francis, with the rest of the brethren, including Mr John Wilkes, Mr Paul Whitehead, Sir Thomas Stapleton, and others remarkable for devotion and piety, repaired to the convent, and the ‘exercises,’ or rather the reign of riot, forthwith commenced. Every succeeding summer the same scenes were repeated; and Medmenham Abbey and its inmates became the wonder and the scandal of the country.

In Chrysalis, or the Adventures of a Guinea, a now obsolete novel, written by an Irishman of that day, may be found a detailed account of the abbey and its inhabitants. At the secret rites of the chapter-room, none save the twelve brethren were permitted to be present. With such acaena we have no concern; but without coveting so edifying a prospect, there was enough left to puzzle and amuse the inquiring visitor.

Over the principal entrance was to be seen the famous Rabelaisian maxim: ‘Fay ce que vouldras’—an encouraging precept, religiously observed. A little further on, another comforting motto met the eye: ‘Aide, hoopes, contemnemores opes.’ In the room where the brethren took their meals, was a statue of Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, together with another of the female goddess of the same virtue. Thus was conveyed a hint to both sexes. There were beautiful gardens, laid out with consummate taste, ornamented with statues and fountains; there were fragrant groves, ‘cool grots, and little coves,’ classical inscriptions, in harmony with the scene, met the eye at every turn.

With such attractions, it was no wonder that conventual life was found agreeable. Accordingly, for many summers did holy Abbot Francis and his twelve merry monks repair regularly to the favoured spot. But there was a change impending. To the astonished interest of everybody, and most solemnly to his own, Sir Francis Dashwood, the baronet, found himself on a sudden transformed into a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and into a peer of the realm by the style and title of Lord le Despencer. Stranger still, he was discovered
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To have actually built a church near his house! Jack Wilkes, too, had got deep into his North Briton troubles, and was battling hard with government and the Commons. Lord Sandwich, whose morals were about on a par with those of the late prior, affected to have been shocked with some of Mr Wilkes’s verses, and had thought it his duty, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to bring their author to justice. Those were so many interruptions to the calm tranquillity of the abbey. Poor Brother Whitehead, better known by the sobriquet of ‘Paul the Aged,’ succumbed at last to the weight of years, and was laid in Sir Francis’s garden with strange pomp and fantastic ceremonies. A funeral urn was set up over him by his sorrowing patron. In this way the members dropped off, and the meetings came gradually to be given up.

The year 1809 witnessed the establishment of a new order at Newstead Abbey, under the auspices of the youthful Lord Byron. This was not quite so systematic or so earnest an effort as that of the Medmenham seminary. The noble prior was then scarcely twenty-one, an age scarcely suited to so important a charge; but he had an admirable coadjutor in Charles Skinner Mathews, the very beau-ideal of good fellowship, who discharged his duties to perfection. He too, like ‘aged Paul,’ was soon swept away. It is impossible to look at the scanty memorials left to us of his wit and genius, and not feel convinced that he would have turned out a brilliant spirit of the Sheridan order.

The ‘exercises’ and general distribution of the day may be best described in his own words: ‘For breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, he would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always—when an invalid—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast-party broke up. Then, for the amusement of the morning, there were reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practicing with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.’

This irregular existence Lord Byron seems to have enjoyed amazingly, and his letters dwell with pleasure on the time when they all used ‘to sit up late in our frisky, drinking claret, champagne, and what not out of the skull-cap and all sorts of glasses, and butting all round the house in our conventional garments.’ These ‘conventional garments’ were strictly canonical in shape and hue, though procured through the unsanctioned medium of a masquerade warehouse, and coated an old black frock with a cowl of the same colour. In this sombre garb would the brethren assemble in chapter, when the grim skull-cap in its silver mountings would be filled with choice Burgundy, and set on its pedestal. At the close solemn moment, voices would be uplifted, and the mystic skull-song chanted:

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled!
In me the only skull
From which unlike a living head—
Whatever flows is never dull.

The ghostly monk who was supposed to flit about the ruined galleries of the old abbey, might be supposed to stay awhile the midnight wanderings, and forever angry on this mortal contest. For another illustration of this eccentric taste for playing at monks, we must cross over into the sister-island, and go back to the close of last century, and the last days of the Irish Parliament. At that most brilliant period of Irish history, more wit and talent were gathered together in the metropolis than it will ever be the fortune of that country to look upon again. Strange to say, this brilliant aggregate, we suppose by way of concentrating its spirit, fell into conventual shape; and thus was founded the order of the Monks of the Screw. It would be an idle task to enumerate here all that composed that choice company; it will be enough if we mention that in its ranks were to be found the honoured names of Grattan, Curran, Barry the painter, Hussey Burgh, Ponsonby, Corry, and Father O’Leary; of Lords Avonmore, Arran, Carhampton, Charlemont, Kingsborough, Mornington, Townshend, and Killarney. Nearly every one of its members attained to eminence in their respective professions, the brethren furnishing chief-justices, chancellors of the Exchequer, judges, and serjeants for many years to come. It will be seen, from the character of the members, that their meetings were of a very different description from the wild orgies of similar institutions on the other side of the water.

Every Saturday evening the community assembled in chapter in Lord Tracton’s House, arrayed in the canonical costume of a black tunic frock and cowl, with a cork-screw hanging on the waist, and a biretta of rosary. The chair was usually filled by the prior, the facetious Mr Curran, who in that capacity, as may be imagined, was all that could be wished; Judge Johnson did duty as sacristan; and Mr Doyle, a master in Chancery, officiated as abbot. Those chapter-nights were often looked back to in after-years with fond and vain regrets; and no wonder, for they were true feasts of reason, unalloyed with any feeling that might hereafter come back on them attended with shame or regret.

Such were these notable societies, illustrating, we think, very curiously the strange chapter of human eccentries.

A WORKING-MAN’S GROWL.

I MEANT to call this a grumble, but the dictionary says that grumble means to complain without a cause; and so, having plenty of cause for complaint, I will call it a growl. Those who read to the end, will find out whether it is properly titled or not.

I like fair play, I do; and I don’t like being told, ‘there’s fair play for all; I’m in this hard-worked old England of ours, when there isn’t.’ If fighting against the longest odds is fair play—if being kept down is fair play—if ‘dignity of labour’ being made to look undignified, is fair play; then I give it in at once, and acknowledge that I have been mistaken.

My growl doesn’t mean blitting; I don’t blame anybody in particular; but somehow it seems as if it would ease my mind to speak out and say things that have lain heavy upon me for a good while. At times they bewildered me rather, especially when school-boy recollections of my old catechism put me on thinking I ought to be contented in my station of life. Who knows, if I say my say, perhaps some one who reads it may be able to give me a word of advice, or to tell me whether I am mistaken?

I’m a journeyman mechanic, always have been, and don’t expect ever to be anything else, though I used to dream about it once. I can handle the plane and saw as well as anybody else, and can turn out a chest of drawers or a dining-table fit for any gentleman’s house; ay, or the Queen’s palace for the matter of that. I have worked for a good many masters in any time; if I hadn’t, there wouldn’t be anything for me to write about.

I shall never forget the master I was apprenticed
to. All through the month I was on trial, I had my meals at the hotel, and bought a loaf of bread and toast for breakfast, and so forth. But the very next morning after my father came over to bind me, I was transmuted into the kitchen, and a basin of slop, called brot, was put before me. And crusts were left on the table. This was a sample of my fare for three or four years: however, by hook or by crook, I managed to get enough; and that was something for a growing boy. I needn't say much about my master; two facts will paint his portrait. He kept me good part of my time splitting up tough, nearly old roots of oak and elm for firewood, that being his way of teaching me to make chairs and tables; and at other times, when I was taking my turn in the workshop, he would come up and say to me and the other apprentices: 'Let's see which can look the silliest; and then he would make a fool's countenance to the best of his ability, and the more we laughed, the better pleased he seemed to be. It was generally after dinner when he did this.

Nobody will be surprised that such a man became a bookseller. He was but one of those—of whom there are too many nowadays—not fit to be a master. My indenture was given up to me; and so, before half my time was up, I was freed to go and work where I liked as a journeyman. I got taken on at another shop in the same town, and being kept steadily at the bench, I learned my trade, and managed to save something out of the trifle of wages that was paid me. After I had once got into the knack of it, the man who could work quicker, or shew better or sounder workmanship than I did, would have had to get up pretty early in the morning. 'Do your best, come what may,' was a saying of my good old mother's, and it stuck by me.

There was a Mechanics' Institute in the town; I joined it, and got well laughed at by my shopmates, who accused me of a wish to 'seek in among the aristocracy.' I was always fond of reading, and never was fond of the public-house, and so there was always some sort of antagonism between me and the others. 'You ain't a-going to come your superiority over us,' they said, when I refused to go to the tippling-parlour at the Cross-Keys. I went twice, and that took away from me all desire ever to go again. 'To say nothing of sitting three or four hours in the midst of tobacco-smoke, the talk was of the stupidest and silliest kind—perfect beast indeed, mingled at times with petty scandal. To sit and listen to that was more than I could bear, and I went over to the Mechanics' Institute, though it wasn't by any means what it ought to be. Since then, I have found out, by being in the plans of the managing board of Mechanics' Institutes don't know how to make them useful or attractive in such a way as would catch working-men, that otherwise would be willing to join.

Now and then we had lectures, and I used to feel proud when the lecturer told us of the mighty achievements of labour and industry, and how that every working-man could get on if he only would. That was just what I wanted to do; but my shopmates wouldn't let me. Here was the beginning of my experience, that it isn't the classes above him—if there be any above him—that keep a working-man down, but his companions, those among whom he works and lives.

It isn't comfortable to be in the same workshop with men who think they have a right to annoy you in any way short of actual violence, and it isn't every one that's philosopher enough to bear daily taunts, sneers, and suspicions. Because their way of spending their overhours was not my way, they being seven or eight, and I being only two, they thought I was wrong, and acted accordingly. However, I didn't quarrel with them, except when they played tricks with my work or hid my tools, and then I made a demonstration that insured me a week's quiet. A favourite notion with them was, that I was trying to curry favour with the master, and thereby get the best work for myself; but this was a mistake. I never liked any of the masters I worked for, except one, well enough to make a friend of him, or ask favours; and as for the one then over me, he was reckoned on his men as so many machines, out of which he had to make as much profit as possible; and he had, besides, a habit of putting off settling-day as long as possible for himself, and longer than was convenient for me.

To a man whose wage is reckoned by shillings, any loss or stoppage, though small in itself, is felt at once, and seriously. He is saving for some special object—perhaps to buy a new coat or a watch—and notes already the time when the sparrings of many weeks will enable him to effect his purpose. But he is exposed to see his expectations balked by the whims or greed of his master, or the caprices of a customer. One day, when I was at work on a chest of drawers, my master took it into his head that he would have the drawer bottoms tongued and grooved in the joints, instead of a stuff that was tight and required delicate handling, and the joints took me half a day, instead of half an hour. What matters that, you will say, so long as I was paid for it. That's just where it is; it wasn't paid for. The governor wouldn't give an extra half-penny for the making, and so I was half a day out of pocket.

There's no harm in my saying that I was quick at finding out new and readier ways of putting things together, so that I could finish in seven and a half or eight days a job that used to take me nine days. This did very well for a time or two; but by and by, when the master saw that I wanted a new job sooner than he had calculated, he wasn't long in finding out the reason why, nor in cutting down my wage. I remonstrated, but it was no use; he stuck hard and fast to this: 'If the job doesn't take you so long by a day, it isn't worth so much by a day.'

Nice encouragement this for a young fellow who worked hard, and tried to keep himself respectable; and when I thought of what the lecturers said at the Mechanics' Institute—that it depended only on the working-man himself whether he would get on or not, I made up my mind, feeling rather bitter at the same time, that they had never known what it was to work with none but working-men for companions, and for a master who considered nobody but himself.

Another trick the governor had that none of us liked—for we all had a taste of it—was to give us something—a chair, a wash-stand, or a few yards of carpet—to carry to a distant part of the town when we were going home for the evening. No matter how far it was, he would say: 'There, leave that as you go by. It isn't a yard out of your way,' when all the time the yard was a mile, very seldom less than half a mile. Not satisfied with the imposition, he took away whatever merit there was in our performance of it, and neutralised any satisfaction we might have felt in obliging him, by telling us the task wouldn't take us a yard out of our way. Why should a journeyman, whose spare hours are so few, be expected to give up a portion for a master who was so keen in cutting off the man's advantage in another way? My honest belief is, that nine out of ten masters isn't fit to be masters. Just think of having to go a mile out of your way on a cold or wet night, and missing the beginning of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute.

Another thing: why should a man be made to lose so much time between job and job—and why should he have to wait so long for his money? Suppose you are at piece-work. Well, you are paid for the wrong, and five shillings a week to keep you going, and the master makes up the difference—not at the end of the job, as he ought to, but when it pleases him, and that's generally about once a year. Is it fair the master should
keep what belongs to the man? Why shouldn’t the
man have it, and put it in the savings-bank, and have
whatever interest it brings, like one day, when my
governor owed me about L10, I said to him very
civilly that I should be glad if he would settle.
‘What do you want with your money?’ he asked
snappily.
‘I want to put it in the savings-bank.’
‘Oh, you are afraid of me, are you? Well, I’ll settle
with you.’
And so he did. He paid me the arrears, and gave
me notice that when the job in hand should be finished,
I might suit myself elsewhere.
I shifted my quarters to London, thinking there
would be more independence for a journeyman in
the great city than in a country town. I soon found
work, in a shop not a great way from Tower Hill, kept by a
man who supplied two first-rate houses with furniture.
Of course he had his profit to make, and to do that he
cut down prices to so low a figure, that unless you
worked like a little steam-engine, there was no chance
of making living wages. I got experience, it is true,
and enlarged my knowledge of the trade; but in other
respects, I had jumped from the frying-pan into the
fire. My shopmates, about twenty in number, were a set
of the greatest scamps I ever fell in with. Their
talk was filthy and profane, and their habits to match.
I wasn’t squeamish, but the language I could not help
hearing day after day made me feel degraded: my
self-respect was wounded. And because I couldn’t
laugh at remarks that were thought to be witty, but
were only foul and brutal, I was nicknamed the
Methodist.
As for a sense of duty, I don’t believe there was one
of them knew what it was. They would rob the
merchant, and cheat him in all possible ways. Their
work was too often as bad as themselves, and the igno-
rance they exercised to conceal its inferiority, would
have more than sufficed to gain them first-rate wages
by honest work in a first-rate shop. Stealing anything
that was not likely to be missed for the moment was
not stealing, only ‘carrying it home.’ And how they
drank! Five pints of porter a day was the average;
but two or three took their sixteen pints. And how
pervasive! Often when they knew a job was wanted in
a hurry, they took all possible pains to delay it, and
the governor would be driven crazy by their vexatious
idleness. It was at times amusing to see what shifts
he resorted to in order to get his precious crew to go
ahead. Now and then he would make a pretence of
stopping a man in the middle of a job to set him on
another, whereupon there would be a terrible outcry:
‘That’s unfair;’ and ‘Don’t you stand it;’ would be heard
from all parts of the shop. The man himself would
avow his determination not to stand it, and in proof
thereof, work away at the job in hand, and finish it all
the sooner. This was just what the master wanted;
but what harassments he had to go through in dealing
with such an unprincipled set. He had a good stroke
of business, yet for all that I wouldn’t have changed
places with him for all he was worth.
I could fill whole pages with the sayings and doings
of that workshop; but what would be the good? The
manners, or rather want of manners that prevailed,
shocked and amazed me; but I have since then fallen
in with many—many more of the same stamp. Birds
of a feather, it is said, flock together. How many
do you suppose I have met with in my life like-minded
with myself, decent enough? None. I was glad to asso-
ciate with? Guess! Only five; and one of them was
a Frenchman.
Now, Mr Lecturer, are you quite sure it depends on
the working-man how far he will get in the world or not? It seems to me that his environment has something to do with the question; and when a
man depends on his week’s work for his week’s means
of existence, he can’t always choose what his sur-
rounding shall be. And for keeping you down, there
is nothing like being tyrannised over by the aristocracy—crushed with
taxes—enveloped by monopoly, and what not; nothing
stops the way so surely and fatally as the stupidity,
to give it its no worse name, of your fellows.
It seems to me, therefore, that whether the working-
man shall get on or not, depends on working-men.
Even as the proverb says: A man must ask his wife’s
leave to thrive.
I had heard of a large establishment at the west end,
not ten miles from the marble arch, where hundreds
of men were employed, and where a reading-room and
all that sort of thing was fitted up on the premises
for such as chose to make use of it. So I migrated
from the east, and got work in what seemed such a
promising place; not sorry to quit my ill-conditioned
comrades.
By way of change, I took a turn at carpentry,
which saved me from being shut up all the time in
the workshop. I was employed a good while in some of
those handsome rows of houses that link London to
Kensington or Paddingtonia; and not a little pleased
was I to find myself in a place where good workman-
ship was the rule. Every man was expected to do his
best, and the foremen took care to see that the expecta-
tion wasn’t balked. I didn’t see any deliberate
dishonesty while I was under this firm; but I did see
a good many things that soon showed my chance of get-
ting on wasn’t much, if any, better here than elsewhere.
I work when I am at work. One day I was hanging
shutters in a new house. I took pains, and by the
time the foreman came round in the afternoon, had
got four pair hung. He approved the workmanship,
but said: ‘You are too quick for us: two pair a day
is quite enough.’
I stared. It was nevertheless true. You were not
to do as much as you could—only as much as by
custom had come to be considered enough.
No getting on here, thought I, after this specimen of
trade morality. The firm that consequently had to
pay their hands for dawdling, and the customer or
tenant whose pocket suffered in proportion, were not
taken into consideration.
And I felt sure there would be no getting on when I
saw how many toadies the foreman had, and how
pleased he seemed to be with their subervience, and
the use he made of it. Nothing like choosing one of
yourself, my mates, if you want to set up a chief
who will make you feel what it is to be kept down.
The foreman of the department I was in kept a public-
house, and if he didn’t see you pretty often in his
tipping-parlour in the evenings, you had nothing to
expect from him but disfavour. He had two or three
grown-up daughters, whom he wished to marry off his
hands, and lucky was the carpenter who paid his
addresses to any one of them. Tiptop work and tiptop
pay always fell to his share.
And then, notwithstanding the high character of the
establishment, I found there was room for dishonesty.
If a man was going out to lay down carpets, or put
up curtains, and so forth, he went to the office for the
necessary supply of tacks, nails, screws, &c. Not un-
frequently he had twice as many as he wanted, and
what he didn’t use he kept.
I couldn’t take any pains to conciliate the foreman,
neither could I turn a penny by selling surplus tacks,
&c., to the little ironmongers in the neighbourhood;
and so, as I never had the luck to get tiptop wages, I
left the model establishment at the end of a year.
Since then, I have been trying to get up a business
on my own account. It is uphill work, and not
promising; but I am not obliged to toady anybody, or
to associate with blackguardism or dishonesty. I am,
in fact, my own journeyman.
A RIDE IN THE FRENCH IMPERIAL MAIL-GIG.

Last summer there appeared in the Journal an entertaining account of a journey from Pumps to Springs by her Britannic Majesty's mail-gig, with the ups and downs, and the dura mala of the mail-road. Would your readers feel interested in an account of the style in which his Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon conveys the letters of his loving subjects in this enlightened age?

It was my lot, some few weeks ago, to visit the terra incognita, or well-nigh such, once called Armoric, the country, not the name, of my ancestors, the south of France as Finistère and the Côtes-du-Nord; and as my route lay beyond the line of service of the diligence, no other means of locomotion offered than to travel with the fowlers and the sourdiets, and to lunch at the Novelle on the road.

I confess that the idea of a seven hours' ride by night was not inviting, especially as the distance was only thirty miles. But the saving of time and mirth being my object, I soon came to wish that the service of the government; and at nine p.m. was ready in the yard of the Hôtel de France at Guignamp, awaiting the carriage that was to convey the imperial mail-bags to the Ultima Thule of Carnihx.

'Don't be afraid, sir,' was the salutation of a country woman, one Sally Heartl, who does for the English in that locality—'don't be afraid; the mare's only a little "fierce" or so!' This was not encouraging, but not likely to daunt one who had some experience of the Oxford screw.

'Il vous montrera monsieur qui va voyager par le casse-cou,' said a gamin among the circle of idlers inseparable from a coach-yard all over the world. Casse-cou, that is breakneck in English; not a pleasant idea certainly. But there was not much time to deliberate: my bag and coat were whisked out of my hand, and deposited somewhere, and I was ordered to mount.

By the dim light of a stable lantern, I saw two wheels, and a confused jumble of leather, wood, and cords. The machine had no cushions, but but one spring, and every part had been patched and mended, till the original had almost disappeared. Indeed, the vehicle was in its very nature a study for the antiquary: so shapeless and ancient, it appeared like a confused heap of wrecks, and waifs, and strays of the antediluvian world. The mare alluded to was an immense raw-boned cart-horse, with a hump like a camel, and so high, that the shafts were lifted up to an angle of 45 degrees to reach the tugs; and the cart hung back more fashionably than agreeably. But I had little time for further inspection; for the mail being deposited in the well, and a piece of broken board laid across for a seat, up we mounted—the jarvey on the near side, and myself on the off, which should have been his seat in any other country. There is a police regulation in French towns, that after dusk every vehicle shall carry a lantern: accordingly, a lantern, or a substitute for it, with an inch of candle, was put into my hand; but as it had no handle, and only one glass unbroken, it required no slight skill to keep it alight, as the mare dashed off at once as soon as we mounted. With this feature, too, I was fortunate enough to have it accidentally occupied, till we got clear of the rattling stones and narrow lanes of Guignamp; but it was not long before the regulation inch of tallow burnt out; and the escort being passed, we were left in outer darkness, and I was free to look after my own comfort.

The driver also seemed much at ease, for he dropped his reins, knotted his whip, and set himself to light his first pipe. I ventured to hint that the seat was rather hard, and likely to damage the nether man; but my friend only replied that it never did him any harm. So making the best of it with a great-coat, I settled down, and made no more remonstrance.

Jog, jog, on we laboured, to the music of the rattling ironwork and ungeased wheels, while the old machine lurched, and bumped, and lumbered along over the uneven road. But our worthy conducuteur finished his pipe, and then composed himself to his first nap, and coolly laid his head on his shoulder to take it easy.

This was rather too strong an invasion of rights; so, after shaking him off two or three times, I watched his coming, and as he lurched over to me, I leaned forward, and he pitched backwards with a momentum which nearly sent him over the back of the cart, and, as it was, deposited his sombrero in the road. This awoke him for a kilometre or so; and being repeated as often as he tried to establish himself, proved a real means of keeping him awake. But he dropped his hat three times, and his whip twice, before we arrived at Callac. Meanwhile, the 'fierce' one had it all her own way, and trottled, walked, or galloped 'quich the exact course of the road, and artfully easing the weight in descending by grazing the wheel against the bank.

Two hours brought us to the first poste, where a branch of withered mistletoe showed that all wine needed a bush; the horse stopped spontaneously, and the driver, being on friendly terms with the hostess, entered jauntily, and invited me to follow. The inmates were all in bed—indeed, no Breton peasant sits up beyond eight o'clock—but sunry night-capped heads peeped out of the little cupboards which serve for bedsteads in these parts, and a voice told us to help ourselves to cognac or cassis—the latter a tolerable liqueur, made from black currents. The driver said we must stop twenty minutes to broussouffler the mare; so there was no help for it; but the place was insufferably close—how the natives can sleep in those closets, with only an inch or two of the sliding-door left open, is an impenetrable mystery—and I was glad to get out of the cabin, and exchange for the fresh air of heaven the reek of the tavern, and disappoint the feas, which were beginning to smell the blood of an Englishman.

Having at length resumed our route, two hours more of up hill and down hill, of lurching and screaming of the rickety old vehicle, and smoking and snoring of the driver, brought us to the poverty-stricken village of Callac, where we were to change horses, but we rejoiced in only one; and this operation occupied another hour. The driver disappeared with the quadruped, and left me in the motionless, and now more tolerable vehicle, to study astronomy. I think he also improved the shining hour, as I judged from his increased incapacity, and an odour of garlic that floated around him when he returned. I may mention, for the benefit of my piscatorial brethren, that the river Hyères, which runs from Callac to Carnihx, is well stocked with trout, and would repay a visit to those who don't mind roughing it. The fish there became worse after leaving Callac; and the animal that replaced the 'fierce' one being by no means high-mettled, our progress was slow, but not sure.

'I n'est pas mauvais monsieur,' quoth the coachman; but 'descendant il ne vaut rien;' and so it proved. The road is all a series of hills; and when we had arrived at the summit of one, the descent was not so easy or pleasant as that is said to be which leads to Avernus. Bucephalus would insist upon subsiding on his hind-quarters, and sliding down two-thirds of the way; and then, aroused by a volley of whip-smacking and verbal insults, he would spring up, and dash down the remaining declivity like the
Possessed of wine of holy writ, it was one of those escapeada that brought our ride and our vehicle to an untimely end.

I was just thinking how beautifully the flush sunrise was gilding the hill-tops, and how fresh the morning air felt, making every one of the miseries of the journey, when we began to descend the worst hill we had yet encountered. We were at the highest point of the great range of the Mend, that runs through Brittany from east to west; and while the sun was lighting up the hill-tops, the valleys were enveloped in the mist-wreaths, with the tall poplars rising spectre-wise from the vapour; and the road seemed to plunge into a vast lake beneath us. It was too steep for our horse to slide down, and our driver urged him recklessly on. As we rushed down the steep and rotten road, I became aware of a sharp turn and a narrow bridge at the bottom, and got my legs loose for a jump. Just in time; for the off-wheel caught the edge of the parapet, and the horse went down with a terrific concussion; and we complete upset was the consequence.

With a crashing and splintering up of the old car, I found myself flying through the air, and landed on the opposite bank, with his Imperial Majesty's mail-coachman on one hand, and the body of the imperial mail-cart above me, some five yards from the rest of the apparatus. Shaking off the wreck, I emerged like a tortoise, and succeeded in kicking up the driver, who seemed destitute of wits, where he was, and venting his remaining energy in heathenish or Breton exorcisms. We then proceeded to extricate the horse from the debris of the cart-harness in which he was struggling. The whole perch or body of the vehicle had dissolved partnership with the wheels; the imperial mail-bags, and my carpet-bag of ordinary life, were reposing side by side in the mud; and the whole affair, when set on its legs, seemed to have been transformed into a cobbler's cart. The next thing to be considered was how to perform the remainder of the journey. The driver was for riding into Carhaix, and sending back a conveyance for me; but this proposition was too indefinite to be entertained. The horse was a long-backed family quadruped, and could easily carry double; and as the cart was a total wreck, the best thing we could do was to take to the long-boat. So, disengaging the animal from the shafts, we disposed of the concern by pushing it out of the road; and then balancing the mail-bags on one side, and my sac de nez on the other of the old horse, we climbed up, and rode the remaining league into Carhaix. I think our entry in this fashion created not a little sensation. It was only five A.M. when we arrived; but there were plenty of natives with their horned charges to bid us welcome, and pass their jokes upon our appearance. I was only too thankful to have come off sound, wind and limb; but I suppose there was something mirchi-provoking in the tall lean old chestnut ambling over the stones, with so singular, or rather plural, a burden. In front, Sano Fanz, with a huge sombrero and tight canvas pantaloons; and behind him, like Horsac's black caro, a tall gentleman in subfusc garments, and of sedate appearance, and the leathern bags hanging against the coarse side—perhaps the natives may be excused for their jokes at our comical entry. But the driver, now metamorphosed into an outrider, brought his bags to the bureau in time; and made light of the breakdown, which one would think he had contrived for my special gratification, pour amuser l'Anglais. And the host at Guingamp, when I made my re-appearance at the table d'hote, made a good story of the Englishman who travelled by the case-coo, and inquired most kindly after the state of my dorsal and cervical vertebrae.

So there you have a true and particular account of the way the imperial post is explored, as the French say in these parts. And if any of your readers pay this country a visit, they can doubtless be accommodated with a ride in a case-coo; and I can only hope they will like it.

A NEW MAN'S QUESTION.

Strange soul of mine, that rose, I know not whence. Upon my sleeping life and mortal frame, Like morin's sun o'er the mountains, all afame, And large through mists of delicious innocence, Which, year by year with me up-travelling thence As hour by hour the day-star, modest aspire My heart, thus interpenetrated with fire It felt but knew not; spirit mixed with sense, Wisdom with folly, genius with mere clay— Soul, thou hast journeyed with me all this way, Oft hidden, oft beclouded, oft arroyed In searching splendours which my earth-life burned. Yet sunward up to thee my true life turned, For, dark or clear, twas thou my daylight made. Soul, set aloof in God's infinitude, And sometimes seeming no more part of me— This me, worms' heritage—than that sun; I see Is of the earth he has with warmth imbued, Whence comest thou? whither goest thou?—I, subdued With awe of my own being, sit me still. Dumb on the summit of this crowded hill. Whose dry November grasses, rain-bedewed, Mirror a thousand suns—Tint sun which was Light-bearer, passes; as thou soon must pass, My soul! Art thou afraid? thou who hast trod A path I know not, from a source to a bourne Both which I know not! fear'st thou to return Alone, even as thou camest—alone to God?

PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA.

In riding through one of her large agricultural valleys, a few weeks since, where so late as 1852 there was scarcely a mile of fence to be seen from one end of it to the other, I saw now continuous grain-fields, of six or eight miles in length, with perhaps a dozen repears, of the best patent, marching up and down, levelling the tall thick harvest. Comfortable, substantial farmhouses, or neat cottages, stand upon the sites of the little canvas shanties we used to see, and neat, often elegant vehicles, have taken the place of the clumsy coarse wagon of those times.

You may travel in summer on all the main roads, from the north to the south, in the best Concord or Troy coaches, and be received, in the more considerable towns, as at good hotels as you will find at corresponding places anywhere in the Union. And every day's material progress is less expressive of the growth of the state than other signs at present visible in her condition.—Farbans California.

ALCOHOL IN WINES.

The Customs Surveyor-generals have been busy collecting information to ascertain what quantity of proof-spirit per cent, is usually contained in port wine, and from an extensive range of trials, they have discovered the minimum to be 26 per cent. The majority of trials showed from 30 to 36—some few parcles contained 40 per cent— and (although the latter is bad enough in all conscience) in a few exceptional cases, as much as 55 per cent, has been detected. Those containing more than 33 per cent. are still held under stop, until the pleasure of the Lords of the Treasury can be ascertained. On the 25th of June 1853, a Treasury Minute was issued, under date 25th October 1853, prohibiting all alcoholic liquids from passing into consumption, as wine, which contained more than 33 per cent. of proof-spirit.—Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular.

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GENTEELE ECONOMY.

It would be well for some of the more highly waged of our operative classes to know what it is sometimes done, in the way of economical living, by persons whom they regard as strange and misanthropic. It often happens that a clergyman, a medical man, a teacher, or some other person of the so-called middle classes, has less income than an artisan. We lately heard of active ministers of the Established Church of England living on eighty pounds a year. We know that there are Episcopalian ministers in Scotland—officiating chiefly amongst the gentry—on similar stipends. Were there an advertisement for instances of surgeons and country schoolmasters not realising over a pound a week, we apprehend there would be an inpouring of answers like a spring-tide in the Severn or the Solway. Yet all of these people live with their families in a style decidedly more elegant and slightly than do the generality of such of the working-people as enjoy equal or larger incomes. And not only this; but they often contrive to educate their children, and bring them forward in life, in a way never dreamt of by the most highly salaried operatives.

A remarkable instance of this has lately been revealed through a privately printed memoir of Mr Thomas Thomson, advocate—an eminent legal antiquary, and the man to whom the public has been indebted for the arrangement of the national records of Scotland. This gentleman, who was the intimate friend and associate of Jeffrey, Cockburn, and all that set, sprung from a manse in Ayrshire, where the family income was £105 a year. The worthy clergyman not only gave his son Thomas the education required for the Bar, and the means of paying his fees on passing advocate, but reared another son to his own profession; besides whom there were other children to be provided for. How such feats were accomplished on so small means, while all the time the usual hospitalities of a rural parsonage were maintained, surpasses conception; yet we are assured they were performed, and the means were strictly no more than what is here stated; neither did the father of the family leave one shilling of debt.

It will be of no use to try to make out this as a peculiar and rare case, or as depending on conditions which only existed in a past age, for it is notorious that a very considerable proportion of the young men in both parts of the island, entering the legal profession, whether as barristers or solicitors, as well as those destined for the profession of the civil-engineer, and for service in India, are the children of clergymen possessed of incomes inferior to those enjoyed by many operatives. The present chief-justice of England is one of the sons of such a clergymen; and many others could be pointed to, now occupying distinguished situations in life. It is a marvel of no rare kind, to see an English clergyman sending his son, or sons, to Oxford, for an education, calling that it is not an outlay equal to the entire annual proceeds of the benefice. In these cases, of course, there must have been a saving during many years in order to meet the requirements of a few.

How is it that persons of small income in the middle classes make such good and laudable results of their little means? There can rest no doubt that it is done only by great self-denial and frugality. The principle at work is that of Genteel Economy. There are elegant tastes calling for gratification; but they are quietly set aside. There is accomplishment that might adorn the saloons of the affluent; but it is calmly, though perhaps with a sigh, condemned to waste its sweetness on the desert air. Scenes of public gaiety are avoided, because they infer dresses that cannot be afforded. The friend is left uninvited, because the family menage can scarcely show before a stranger. What is called a very quiet life—that is, a life without the excitement from society which is one of its necessaries—is submitted to without a murmur, but not without suffering—sometimes not without positively hurtful consequences. The daily experiences of tradesmen and servants are often of a more enviable kind. Can anything be more affecting than a life in which so much that is needed, and that could be enjoyed, is dispensed with and postponed? We here see men and women to whom the future is more important than the present—to whom the intellectual is of more account than the material, the sentimental than the sensual—persons who, resigning themselves perhaps to a narrow and ungenerous lot, indulge the hope that their offspring will rise to something better, and for the realisation of that hope are willing and ready to make great sacrifices. If to make the future overrule the present, and to subordinate our own gratifications to those of some other person, is to advance in the scale of moral being, great praise is surely due to those who, from such motives, practise a genteel economy. Self-denial in such circumstances truly has in it that religious beauty which is only illusively associated with the self-denial of the ascetic.

Amongst the hand-workers, there is often equal or superior means, but much seldom the disposition to fashion the ways of a household to the attainment of some postponed benefit. Nor is this wonderful, when we consider that the sense of such benefits is not so apt to be engendered in that class of minds. The intelligent
member of the middle class see what blessings attend refined life, when supported by sufficiency of means; he strains for those blessings, accordingly, for himself or his children. The artisan is shut out from contact with such things, and so far from hoping for, does not even think of them. Hence the so frequent and so sad spectacle of a ménage equally coarse and extravagant, luxury without comfort or convenience, and, what is more painful to look at, indulged in on the very brink of want and dependence. Till the sturdy operative shall be elevated by education and circumstances to higher ideas of what is really worth striving for in life, he will continue to fall far behind the genteel poor in these respects.

The Gentle Poor! name of pity and ridicule to many, a favourite theme of sarcasm among novelists and dramatists ever since modern fiction arose. And yet we do seriously believe that the genteel spirit is often not merely a softener of poverty, but a means of redemption from it. When the educated person of the middle classes is reduced to penlessness, as often happens in this variable world, what is it that keeps him from sinking into and being lost in the obscure multitude but this spirit? what but this gives him the desire to struggle again up the slippery slope of fortune? A gentleman now in a very distinguished situation in life has assured us, that when he found himself in his youth brought by the misfortunes of his family into association with the humbler class of people, it was alone the sense of the better sphere of life he had been in which inspired him with the industry and self-denial by which he has worked his way so far upward. And we can believe it. It may be called by such names as pride and vanity; but if these names be rightly applied, then we would assume and defend the position, that pride and vanity are things not without their use in our moral economy.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

FLORIDA—TEXAS—FUGITIVE SLAVE-HILL.

Sympathizing with the Americans in their unfortunate inheritance of slavery, and making every allowance for the constitutional difficulties which are presumed to surround any plan for its eradication, we must regret the manner in which this portentous evil has not only been endured, but has been actually stimulated to grow in dimensions. At no period since the foundation of the Union, has the number of slaves diminished; on the contrary, it has regularly increased; and at the period when our narrative has arrived, 1820, is amounted to 1,538,064.

From the time the Missouri Compromise came under agitation, there was a succession of measures, all tending to extend the sphere of compulsory servitude. The first of these was the annexation of Florida, which did not excite any particular hostility. The peninsula of Florida—swampy, rich in alluvial marshes and swamps, and eminently suitable for the production of rice and the sugar-cane—possesses a history abounding in picturesque incident. Discovered and settled by the Spaniards; captured by the English; then rendered back to the Spaniards; it ultimately, during the early years of the present century, became an object of desire to the United States—to which, by contiguity, it formed so convenient an appendage, that its fate from the outset could hardly be considered as dependent on the interests of the United States; and if this were the case, the planters of the West Indies would have been the first to assert their rights over them.

The Americans, as their best friends allow, have never, on suitable occasions, been at a loss to make out a good case of injury, requiring smart reparation. The Floridians were a bad set. They had prayed like freebooters on American commerce, and the sufferers were all redress from Spain; they had excited the Indians to molest the frontiers of the states; and, worst of all, they had given refuge to runaway slaves from Georgia and Louisiana. Such proceedings were intolerable. Pacific overtures having failed, the United States government despatched a military force to over-run Florida. Negotiations followed, in which the Americans advanced a claim to Texas, a barb Texas, a barb on a portion of the old French province of Louisiana, which the Spaniards ought long since to have relinquished. Spain was thankful to buy off this strange demand, and others, the claim to Florida; the United States at the same time undertaking to indemnify citizens for their losses. In virtue of a treaty to this effect, Florida was taken possession of by General Jackson in the summer of 1821.

As a territory of the Union, this hitherto peninsula endured for some time the horrors of a war levied against the Seminole Indians, with a view to recover fugitive slaves and their descendants. The narrative of this ruthless war of races, aggravated by the use of bloodhounds to trace the Indians and negroes through the brakes and swamps, involves instances of more fearful suffering and daring heroism than perhaps any history of modern times. Finally, the Indians being subdued and removed in a body, and the real or alleged fugitives secured, Florida settled down into the ordinary condition of a state, with slavery as a legalized institution.

The claim on Texas on the above occasion, shewed pretty conclusively that there were parties in the United States who were not altogether satisfied by the acquisition of Florida. The practice of acquiring new countries and adding them to the Union, began with Louisiana and Florida, and with these precedents, might be carried to any extent.

The desire for territorial aggrandizements came partly owing to the restless character of the Americans, as well as to certain necessities in their position, arose in no small degree from causes connected with slavery. Not to speak of the exhaustion of lands by slave-labour, and the corresponding obligation to seek for fresh scenes of operation, there is an incessant natural increase in the slave population, which leaves to planters no choice but being eaten up by servants and sending them abroad through the agency of the slave-trader. On this account alone, there is positively no limit to the extension of slavery. Unless the surplus be carried off by emigration—and to that the law in several states presents serious obstacles—there is no restricting it in amount or keeping it within any former or present limits, but only by the commercial principle giving active impulse to the institution. Slave-breeders and traders rejoice in the prospect of new settlements and new purchasers; and if the matter rested with them, they would be glad to see the Union ingulf country after country, till at length there was nothing more to incorporate. To this wild demand for territorial enlargement, the central government, for obvious reasons, can give no external con

urrence in the first instance; but that is of little consequence. The condition of affairs in America is at all times favourable to the commission of daring exploits by private adventurers, whose acts can be repudiated or sanctioned as circumstances shall determine. In no country in Europe could be found groups of individuals at all to compare with these adventurers, of the true filibuster type. They are the refuse of the world—peniless, reckless, confident, and unscrupulous. Refugee Foles, Italians, and Frenchmen; exiles from the British Islands, bankrupt in character and fortune; Portuguese and sailors, who have acquired in the slave-trade or in freebooting; immigrant Germans, who, instead of pushing off to inland rural settlements, as is usual with their countrymen, have become frequenters of Carolina and Georgia, flocks in 'lager beer;' sons of American gentlemen, who, brought up without restraint, and having gone through their fortune, lover of bars-rooms and gambling-houses, get up dog and cock fighting matches, and at
night tormenting the streets as rowdies—all are ready for any sort of mischief. Such are some of the elements of a filibustering expedition, of which, however, the white trash of the south, by whom honest labour is deemed a disgrace, used to form the staple material. Equip, arm, and ship off company after company of this heterogeneous mass—see them land in grotesque costume, their trousers stump, their striped or red woollen shirts, their rusty beards, hats of every imaginable shape, belts stuck with Bowie-knives and revolvers, and rifles slung over their shoulders—chewing, spitting, swearing—and you have an army of marauders such as, we venture to say, could be nowhere else produced on the face of the earth.

Nature accomplishes great designs by rough agencies. The Old World was not peopled and settled as we now see it, without going through centuries of violence and bloodshed. Greeks, Persians, Romans, Goths, Saxons, Normans, and Sea-kings, all in their turn conquered wields, justice, and power. But that was long ago, and one imagines that, under the lights of Christianity and modern civilisation, things should be managed differently. True in one respect, but not in another. Much of the American continent is a new country, through its ancient and middle ages. Filibusters are the Sea-kings of the nineteenth century. Who is to restrain them, so long as they confine their stealthy attacks to regions under a rule ad, and the northern states, and the annexation of which to the Union flatters the desire for national aggrandisement? If to this we add the ardent demand for new territories over which to disconcert the British, that is to make the acquisition not only becomes irresistible, but, to judge from past events, is almost certain to receive the countenance of the highest federal authorities.

Looking about for means of advancing their interests, slaveholders and slave-traders saw no outlet so available as that westwards along the Gulf of Mexico into Texas. This province, of almost matchless fertility, producing cotton equal to the finest in the United States, extended over twelve degrees of latitude, with an area large enough to form eight or nine ordinary sized states; and it was calculated that, if freely opened to planters and their servants, the value of human stock would probably rise fifty per cent. Ever seeking new spoils for settlement, parties of emigrants had begun to find homes in Texas as early as 1819. They were chiefly from the north, and, for the sake of material interests, were far to submit to the petty tyranny which usually accompanies the Spanish rule. Since that time, before the appearance of any chance of success for a filibustering expedition. As soon, however, as Mexico had shaken off Spain, and declared itself a republic, things seemed ripe for striking a blow. From this time, 1834-5, we hear of migration into Texas on a formidable scale. It is no longer parties of industrious yeomen who come across the frontier, but companies of armed men, under southern leaders of military reputation. Claiming to have territorial rights under grants from Mexican authorities, there arrive in their train, flocks of greedy speculators and jobbers, hundreds of stock land companies, besides a floating mass of adventurers anxious to secure whatever good might fall in their way—and when we recollect that there was a country as large as France to be won by dint of a little impudence and fighting, and that the first-comers had the best chance, the rush to Texas is no great matter for surprise. The method of appropriation, however, is curious. It resembles nothing so much as that of a lodger who, taking a fancy to his quarters, begins by finding fault with his landlord, and ends with turning him out of doors. Clearly, the Americans had no business to set up any more than the English had in India—and if they went thither, it was their duty as foreigners to remain quiet. But good order and respect for rights are, in such cases, against all rule. How the Texan settlers and their allies picked endless quarrels with the wretched government to which the province nominally belonged—how, under General Sam. Houston, the invading hosts defeated and routed the whole Mexican forces—the star material of rebellion—the significant lone-star—which like a meteor they carried through the country, as far as the banks of the Rio Grande—how they overpowered the Mexicans, and in one of their battles captured Santa Anna, whom they set at liberty only on having conceded to them the independence of Texas—are all circumstances well known. In short, in the space of two years, by the desultory movements of a body of unauthorised adventurers, an extensive and valuable province was wrested from Mexico. The brilliance of this exploit is somewhat lessened by the fact, that a large army entered Texas, by order of the United States government, professedly to allay Indian disturbances, but really to hang about as a reserve, to countenance, and, if need be, to support, the filibusters. The object of the invasion was never a matter of doubt. It was to secure independence, and then to seek annexation, with a view to strengthening the southern interests, by adding several new California states to the Union. On the character of this splendid manoeuvre, we should prefer allowing an American writer to speak. 'Some crimes by their magnitude,' says Channing, have a tone of sublimity; and if in this dignity the seizure of Texas by our citizens is entitled. Modern times furnish no example of individual rape on so grand a scale. It is nothing less than the despoilation of a nation.' The colonists and their coadjutors satisfy themselves with nothing short of an empire.' Shrinking from annexation, be添 that this act will be accomplished only at the ‘imminent peril’ of American institutions, union, prosperity, virtue, and peace. *

In the wilful perpetration and extension of slavery—its infliction on a country from which it was expelled—lies, perhaps, the chief odium of this great deed of spoliation. Although accustomed to look with contempt on Spain and the transatlantic nations which she has planted, we are obliged in the present instance, as an act of simple justice, to state, that when the Mexicans attained to independence, they at the same time loosened the bonds of the slave—decreasing, 'that no person thereafter should be born a slave, or introduced as such into the Mexican states; that slaves then held should receive stipulated wages, and be subject to no punishment but on trial and judgment of the same year's magistrates.' Doubtless, these provisions were partly a consequence of the large infusion of mixed breeds and persons of colour in all ranks of Mexican society; but be this as it may, slavery had been abolished in Texas when it fell into the hands of the Americans. After this occurrence, however, slaves were rapidly introduced, and with avowed slavery institutions, the republic claimed to be admitted into the Union. When annexation was formally proposed, there was a considerable division of opinion as to its expediency. Petitions were presented to congress, and Daniel Webster, among other men, offered the wholesome oratorical opposition to the measure, on the ground that the admission of a large region as Texas would give a most undue preponderance to the South. In one of his speeches, he says: 'I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do anything which shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slaveholding states to the Union. When I say that I regard slavery in itself a great moral, social, and political evil, I only use language which has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slaveholding states. I shall do

* Channing's Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas. 1837.
nothing, therefore, to favour or encourage its further extension. In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring a new, vastly extensive, and slaveholding country, large enough for half-a-dozen of a dozen states, into the Union. In my opinion, the Union ought not to consent to it. Indeed, I am altogether at a loss to conceive what possible benefit any part of this country can expect to derive from such annexation. All benefit to any part is at least doubtful and uncertain—the objections obvious, plain, and strong. On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord—it has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken a strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who suppose that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected.' In conclusion, he said: 'I see, therefore, no political necessity for the annexation of Texas to the Union—no advantages to be derived from it, and objections to it of a strong, and, in my judgment, decisive character. I believe it to be for the interest and happiness of the whole Union to remain as it is, without diminution or addition for the whole slave population.'

Exposition was useless. By the election of Mr Polk as president, November 1844, the people showed their desire for annexation. When the subject was debated in congress, a resolution to annex was carried, and Texas was accordingly incorporated as a state in 1845, without any restriction as to slavery. It was provided that four new states of convenient size might afterwards be formed out of it; and further, that slavery, at the discretion of the inhabitants, might exist in all the new states, south of 36° 30', latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line.

Out of the annexation of Texas sprang a war, which in its turn produced still greater extensions of the Union. According to Mexican topography, the boundary of Texas on the west was the river Nueces. The Texans, however, insisted that the proper limit was the Rio Grande del Norte; and in 1846, an army of occupation under General Taylor was marched into the disputed region. On this and some other grounds of dispute, a collision with the Mexicans ensued; and for two years subsequently, there raged a war by sea and land with the United States. The result, as might have been expected, was disastrous to the Mexicans, who were no match for the Americans. Under General Scott, the war was prosecuted with consummate skill, and nothing could have been more easy than the conquest of the whole of Mexico; had it been expedient to carry matters that length. By the final terms of adjustment, the United States government paid large sums to Mexico for extensive tracts of country which might have been retained or taken by force. The possessions acquired on this occasion included California, and certain regions in the interior, now composing the territories of New Mexico and Utah—in fact, by these annexations, in conjunction with rights founded on pre-occupation, the dominion of the United States engrossed the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the British possessions on the north to the shrunken republic of Mexico on the south; and it seemingly became only a question of expediency as to the time when all that remained of Mexico should swell the gigantic proportions of the Union.

To procure a sufficient amount of money for the very right of the purchases from Mexico, a bill of appropriation was laid before congress. Now ensued a long and entangled contest between parties respecting the restriction or non-restriction of slavery in the lands about to be acquired from Mexico; it was, in fact, a resumption of the old dispute, whether congress had the power to determine the institutions of the territories. The debate in the first instance turned on the motion of Mr. David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, usually called the Wilmot proviso, which was an effort to provide neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of the territory to be acquired from Mexico. This and similar restrictive clauses were lost. In the succeeding congress, 1847, a bill was carried to organise the territory of Oregon, according to the provisions in the ordinance of 1787. This latter point, which insured freedom to the territory, was carried with some difficulty. It may here be added, that the territory of Minnesota was organised, 1849, and that of Washington, 1853, both with free institutions. The northern situation of these territories, we presume, rendered them not very available for slavery.

During the passage of the Oregon bill, an attempt was made by the slaveholding interest to extend the line 36° 30' to the Pacific; but it was defeated. The object of the movement was, in effect, to make a distinct division of the United States into North and South (such as the South), with its peculiar institutions. Such a division was felt to be essential to the permanence of slavery; for if, at any subsequent period, free states should be organised on the borders of Texas, they might, by a subtle sophistry, be reduced to the same pitch. The defeat of the proposed division, which was a kind of northern triumph, did no more, however, than postpone for a short time the tug of war. Hitherto, while there were plenty of new lands north and south to annex, free and slave states had been added in so equal a proportion, that the numerical balance was kept tolerably even. Now, the unoccupied lands in the north were becoming scarce; many new free states in that direction were hopeless; and if the balance was to be maintained, the North would require to seek for an equipoise south of the line of the Missouri Compromise. The game of pitching new states into the Union was getting serious—the result critical.

Nations, like individuals, usually add more to their cares than their comforts by their acquisitions of property. The United States had from small beginnings become a mighty empire; but while prosperous in its material interests, it was torn with intestine commotions. It had acquired enormously large possessions in the south; but what was to be done with them? Eager discussions respecting these acquisitions occurred in the congress 1849-50. Zachary Taylor, the new president, having recommended the organisation of California as a state, United States was the crucial question. The territories of the Union, there arose a contest on that everlasting subject—the imposition of restrictions as to slavery. Once more, Henry Clay interposes to alloy the storm with an ingeniously complicated and specious compromise. To understand the purport of this beautiful piece of legislation, it is necessary to have some notion of the state of affairs since 1834. The invasion of Texas, and its probable results in extending slavery, greatly stimulated the party of Abolitionists, who about this time began to agitate with uncommon zeal—perhaps more zeal than discretion—through the agency of speeches, pamphlets, and petitions. One of the things they especially demanded was the expulsion of slavery from the District of Columbia, where it was a scandal to the official capital of the States, to numerous were the petitions presented to congress on this and analogous subjects, that at length the extraordinary resolution to receive no more was adopted, and for several years the question was so far suspended. It was during this turbulent decade (1830-40), that a bill was brought in to extend the slave state of Missouri. The prescribed boundaries of this state on the south, by a combination of lands about to be acquired from Mexico, that remained free soil in virtue of the
ordinance of 1875, the incorporation of it was anxiously desired by the Missourians, for it was exceedingly fertile, and lay on the route to the rich and still unappropriated lands of Kansas. Strange to say, the bill to incorporate this region illegally inscribed to freedom—was passed in 1836 without any perceptible opposition. The tract so annexed comprises six counties, and has become one of the most populous and wealthy sections of the state, devoted to the growing of hemp, tobacco, and other articles, and cultivated by slaves. This, we are told, 'is the most pro-slavery section of the state, in which it originated, and has been principally the series of inroads into Kansas, corruptions of her ballot-boxes, and outrages on her people, which have earned for their authors the appellation of border ruffians.'

Not discouraged, the ultra anti-slavery party kept up a constant war of argument and remonstrance through the press. The Texan invasion and its consequent pro-slavery principles, was fuell the remonstrants. Petitions for a dissolution of the Union, for amendments in the constitution, for a reform of the representation, were poured into congress, and when those failed, was cleverly carried through the assemblies of California, in the contest overshadowed all other questions. Clay, as has been said, now comes on the scene, with his plan of conciliation, which, being embodied in several bills, was cleverly carried through the assemblies of the state in 1850. This famous 'omnibus' measure, as it was called, was worthy of Clay's genius. The South had complaints against the North, on account of the difficulties thrown in the way of recruiting of fugitive slaves. The North complained that slavery continued to exist in the District of Columbia. Clay projected some mutual concessions on these points: and as the South and North were the more intractable, adjusted its demands by conceding that the inhabitants of the new southern acquisitions should exercise the right of introducing or excluding slavery, as further, the original compact with Texas was confirmed, and its western boundary fixed at the Rio Grande del Norte. California was admitted as a state, and New Mexico and Utah as territories, on the basis of 'squatter sovereignty'—a circumstance of no moment, as it proved, to California, which, though already intruded on by some planters and their slaves, made choice of freedom. Slavery was not abolished in Columbia, but the slave-trade and open sales of slaves were prohibited under heavy penalties in the District. Lastly, the Fugitive Slave Bill strengthened those provisions in the federal constitution for recognition of which the slave-trade had become practically inoperative. These united measures did not become law without incurring opposition on both sides; but we are concerned to observe, that in all the divisions in the legislature, members from free states voted with the South—the only rational explanation of this being, that the principle of freedom versus slavery had not attained force sufficiently distinct to overcome party connection or individually selfish considerations. Among the eminent men who on this occasion voted in violation of the faith of the convention, was Daniel Webster—a circumstance of which he was so painfully reminded by his rejection at a convention for proposing candidates for the presidency, that he languished and died 'a damned man,' October 1852. Clay, a short time before, made an equally abrupt and unannounced exit.

It is now, we believe, generally admitted by its partisans, that Clay's Fugitive Slave Bill was a grave political blunder; for, besides failing in its professed object, it exasperated the North in no ordinary degree, and, more than anything else, has there promoted an unconquerable hatred of slavery and all engaged in its support. Of the working of this most odious measure, we may afterwards have occasion to speak. Meanwhile, it is enough to say, that it is already as much a dead-letter in several northern states as were the original obligations on which it was founded. So much for Clay's omnibus measure, which was to insure universal harmony! So much for what a committee of congress in 1854, sagaciously proclaimed as having been 'a final settlement of the controversy, and an end of the agitation.' Well may one say, with how little wisdom is the world governed!

With the incentives to increase, to which we have drawn attention, it will not be thought remarkable that in 1850, the number of slaves in the United States had risen to 8,204,913.

W. C.

THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

Somewhere about a year ago, a friend pressed upon my attention what he termed the Shoe-blacks of the Rocks of London, and expatiated so long and freely upon the excellency of the institution, upon the good it had effected and was effecting, and the support it deserved from the public, that I had almost a desire to inquire further about, nay, rather to look into its operations and to examine its merits, because irresistible. The facts which have come to my knowledge, in the course of the present investigation, are so of so interesting a nature, that I make bold to lay them before the general reader, feeling assured he will derive the same pleasure from the perusal of the following details that I experienced in collecting them.

The institution is unique in its way: in no part of the world can its like be found. Shoe-brushing establishments, it is true, exist elsewhere, but in no French town of any importance, shops, or rather saloons, are elegantly fitted up with broad easy divans, covered with rich crimson-velvet, running round them, and invariably recognisable by the inscription, printed in large letters over the entrance, Ici on cite les bottes. At the corner of every street you may also meet with a commissionaire, dressed in a bottle-blue suit of corduroy, with a large tin badge upon his left arm, sitting on or leaning over a box, the inside of which contains his brushes and his vernis; and, for a couple of sous, you may have your trousers cleansed and an exquisite polish given to your upper leather.

Still, nowhere will you find a company, a guild of shoe-blacks, organised in the same manner, with such high aims, with such generous and philanthropic objects in view. In the aim of getting a livelihood is the object, and men, not boys, are the operators: in the other, the desire of finding employment for the poor and neglected children of the streets and alleys of our overgrown metropolis, originated the system, and it has subsequently proved a valuable stepping-stone to something better—to something higher. The purpose of the institution is not reformatory; the object of its promoters is rather to keep those under their charge from falling into vicious courses of life, which would certainly lead them to the reformatories, or, if not thither, to the polling-gallies. Their motto might well be, 'Prevention is better than cure.'

It appears, that about five or six years ago, a number of gentlemen, principally members of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, taking a lively interest in the future of the children of those marvellous academies for the hungry and naked, those Samarian universities for the hitherto poor and neglected—the Ragged Schools—formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of finding out and organising remunerative occupation for the scholars who conducted themselves well, and were desirous of rendering themselves useful. With this view, a company of shoe-blacks, barmers, and messengers was set on foot. The idea of public shoe-

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blacks was a revived rather than an original one, since, years ago, our forefathers used to enjoy the luxury at the corners of the streets. The opening of the Great Exhibition, however, and the expected influx of visitors from all parts of the world, favoured, if it did not suggest the idea in the present instance, as it seemed to afford a splendid opportunity of employing the children of the Ragged Schools largely to their own profit.

Accordingly, on Monday the 31st of March 1851, five boys were selected, and sent out for the first time to work in the streets. A few weeks sufficed to determine the success of the enterprise. By the end of July, thirty names were enrolled on the books of the committee.

One of the great difficulties, however, the promoters of the scheme had to contend with, was the selection of proper stations for the boys, since the commissioners of police regarded with rather a reluctant eye this innovation, being apprehensive of having their highways and by-ways obstructed by a corps of disorderly shoekicks; though it did probably occur to them that this corps would be far less troublesome when earning a shilling a day, and incidentally allowed to run adrift upon society. The orderly conduct of the boys themselves, however, overcame the scruples of the civic functionaries; special posts were established, and distantly placed, not only with the sanction, but under the protection of the superintendent.

The receipts of the first six months, it was found, were larger than they have been since within the same period. This is to be attributed to the great influx of foreigners and country-people flocking to London during these months. But the occasion gave a fair start to the enterprise; and it went on extending its ramifications, until it was found necessary to break up the original society into three distinct bodies, for the better working of the system.

The three societies are—the Original Shoe-black Society, head-quarters Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; the East London Society, head-quarters High Street, Whitechapel; and the South London Society, head-quarters High Street, Borough.

No boy can be admitted into any of these societies except on the recommendation of the superintendent of a Ragged School in connection with the Ragged School Union. The postulant, or candidate for employment, must also bring a printed form, properly filled up and signed, stating his name and age; the length of time he has attended school; whether he has any time been employed in service; whether he has been in prison; whether his parents are living, &c. It should be observed, too, that the committee prefer boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen, since experience has shown that the disposition is then more tractable, the character more quickly formed, and the boys more willing to undergo the training necessary to fit them for their duties. It is then they begin to understand the utility of the discipline they are subjected to, and can best appreciate the motives which influence their teachers and directors.

When a youth enters, he is first initiated into the mystery of handling the brushes. To give perfection in this branch, only a few days' practice are deemed requisite, and he is then sent forth upon trial, not as one of the elect, but simply as a novice. The term of probation lasts a month, during which time the boy is expected to continue his connection with the school from which he came, and to attend it Sundays as well as week-day evenings as often as he can. To insure regularity in his attendance, he receives a card, on which the superintendent marks the number of times he is present. This card is given up on Monday morning, and the time his card is not handed in is noted down. When the superintendent is satisfied with his progress, he is regularly admitted, and enjoys the benefits of the society, which is made a member, and is provided with the necessary implements out of the general fund.

The uniform notion is that the superintendent is to recognise his protégés, but the public also; so that by thus making the youths conspicuous in the street, it serves as a check upon any irregularity on their part. Much the same opposition to the return of the quaint dress of the times of Edward VI. in Christ's Hospital. The boys of the Original Society are distinguished by a red jersey and cap with a red band; the East London Brigade by a blue uniform; whilst the boys of the South London Society wear a yellow or canary-coloured jersey, with a cap with a yellow band. Badges, again, are required to indicate each individual of these several corps; consequently, either on their breast or right arm, or sometimes on both, a piece of cloth is sewn, bearing a particular letter or letters, worked in white beads by the children of the Leison Street Refuge. This institution, whose services are thus made available, was founded in 1850 by a few charitable ladies, who interested themselves greatly in the female branch of the Ragged Schools. Particularly the case of the girls taught in these establishments were separated from the kind of life they had led and were leading, the good achieved by the schools would be neutralised as they grew up, as they had been hired to be placed in a few rooms, which were fitted up for the boarding and lodging of seven. Since then, however, 150 have been received into this asylum, of whom sixty-six have been provided for, and the rest returned home to their friends. Whilst in the Refuge, they are trained to become useful servants, and taught reading, writing, ciphering, &c, as well as needle-work and straw-bonnet making.

There is also another establishment with which we must notice en passant, in reference to the Ragged Schools' Shoe-black Society. We allude to the Grotto Passage Ragged and Industrial Schools. Here tailor- ing, shoemaking, mat and rug weaving, box-making, hair-picking, and wood-chopping, are the principal occupations pursued. And it is here that the boxes containing the blacking and the brushes for the shoe-blacks, and the mats on which they kneel, are fabricated, so that one institution aids the other in becoming self-supporting.

It may here be observed, that the boxes and implements are regularly deposited at the offices of the different societies, as soon as the day's work is over; and if the lads return home, they return home in the plain suits in which they came, or others left at the offices by charitable persons, for the use of the most ill-clad. After their first equipment, too, the boys have to purchase both their uniforms and implements, but these they obtain at half-price. They are then clothed in York Place, Strand. One boy, for nearly two years, came every morning from the east end of London, and returned at night; thus walking more than eight miles, besides the distances between the office and his station, which sometimes exceeded two miles. It was with the object of reducing the distances the poor boys had to travel to their head-quaters, that the society was broken up into the three bodies. When the system was concluded, the boys disperse to their different stations, where they remain till the evening. The hour of return, however, varies according to the time of the
When a lad leaves the service, or rather the protection of the society, the balance in his favour in the bank is paid to the superintendent, to be laid out for his benefit. Many have by this means been apprenticed; some have obtained outfits for emigrating; and some good clothes to enter respectable situations.

The average number of boys employed by the Red Society rose from twenty-four in 1852 to forty-eight in 1859; and their earnings in the last-mentioned year amounted to L1,483 8s. 7d. The Yellow Society, the youngest branch, has been established only two years; average number of boys, twenty-eight and thirty-two; and aggregate earnings for the two years, L894. 17s. 4d. But the Blue Society (East London) possesses a feature in its administration peculiar to itself. 'It goes'—to use the words of a zealous promoter of this branch—'still lower in the scale than the other two; for while they employ only those boys who have homes, we—the Blue—take the houseless and most destitute, cleanse them from their filth and vermin, and so end their earning, which is so low, that it makes a difference of four or five pounds a year.

At the latter part of the year, the committee provided a refreshment-room on their premises, which was conducted by a matron who received the profit, and bore all the risk of the undertaking. Bread and butter, eggs, herrings, pies, oranges, puddings, coffee, and soup were there consumed by the boys after the labours of the day were over. This also kept the so-disposed shoe-blacks from adjourning to neibouring coffee-shops to supper.

To enter the Refuge above mentioned, a note of recommendation from the superintendent of the Ragged School must always be brought by the candidate for admission, when a colouloquy to the following tenor takes place.

'Where do you live?'
'I live nowhere, sir.'

'Where do you sleep?'
'Anywhere, sir.'

'Where are your parents?'
'Dead, sir.'

'How long since?'
'Father about four years, mother one.'

'How have you got your living since?'
'Doing anything, sir.'

'Can you read?'
'A little, sir.'

'How long since you had a shirt on?'
'I don't know, sir.'

'Are you willing to work?'
'Yes, sir.'

'Do you know how to get your living?'
'No, sir.'

But a letter of introduction from the superintendent of a Ragged School is not always essential. Misery and destitution have sometimes been the sole recommendation. 'We have now—to quote again the gentleman above alluded to—a very superior lad, who has been respectable brought up, and can read and write well; but who, on account of the loss of both parents, became quite destitute, and was brought to me by our boys in a perishing condition. We expect to make an inspector of him.'
leit it of their own accord, 47 were dismissed as incorrigible, and 106 were reclaimed, of whom several were once reputed thieves. These are important facts; and the committee, in their report recently published, express their belief that it cannot be shown by any other society that 106 boys have been effectually reclaimed from the streets, and put into the way of obtaining their own living cheaply—the average cost of each boy being only L.1. A great feature in the society again is, that the boys help to pay the expenses incurred in reclaiming them.

We have now briefly to notice the means adopted to enforce discipline and to carry out this beneficial system of training. It is not to be supposed that this is by any means an easy task; not only great patience but great tact must be employed, in dealing with the variety of characters that are introduced to the managers or superintendents of the societies. Of course, the chief object is to gain the child's affections, and the success of the system depends on the management of the children, of course, is under those to whom interest themselves so much in his behalf. He is also shown how much it is his own interest to co-operate with those who undertake to provide for his future and direct his steps. But this is not altogether sufficient. A regular course of control is necessary, and it has been found that this cannot work without a system of rewards and punishments: Fines, for late hours, absence, or other misbehaviour; Degradation, from one division to a lower, either permanently or for a limited period; Suspension from work for a fixed time. Generally speaking, the boys acquiesce in the justice of their sentence, and willingly submit to its execution. The system of rewards consists in giving prizes in money, varying from sixpence to half-a-crown, and amounting in all to ten shillings, presented to the two boys in each division whose monthly earnings have been largest; medals, presented to the first boys in the three first divisions; and promotion, from a lower to a higher division. The results of this system proved its effectiveness in every respect. So far back as June 1822, Mr. M'Gregor, one of the first members of the committee which organised the Original Ragged School shoe-black society, when examined before a select committee of the House of Commons on criminal and destitute juveniles, declared it as his conviction, founded on experience, that boys could be taken as nuisances from the streets, and as criminals from the jails, and be made useful servants to the public, and that a durable livelihood during their reformation, and finally become religious and respectable lads, or leave as useful colonists. The experience of subsequent years corroborates still more strongly and substantiates his report. When further examined on the means employed to achieve this noble object, and the character of the work to which the boys were set, Mr. M'Gregor replied, that the nature of the occupation was comparatively unimportant, if industry were immediately rewarded, and not merely enforced; if permanent employment were held out in prospect; if good and bad conduct were made directly apparent to the other lads and to the managers; emulation promulgated by classification; honesty, by constant money transactions where trust is involved; economy, by daily saving; attention to regularity of appearance, and enforcing proper clothing; punctuality, by fixed hours; steadiness, by requiring prolonged attention to duties at a certain post; learning, by promoting to stations requiring it; love of home, by providing for those who would be otherwise without a shelter. It is highly gratifying to our natures to know that youths who, but a year or two since, passed their days in idleness, and run about the streets pilfering and begging, have been so transformed in their conduct and affections; and that of these, a large number support their parents—parents who probably have entirely neglected them, and through whose immoral and dissipated habits they had themselves been obliged to roam about, aimless, houseless, and breadless.

To show the special adaptability of the shoe-black ing system to carry out this great work, it is only necessary to give a short account of two employments which we have just alluded to, and which are the starting almost contemporaneously with the above society, or rather issuing from it about the same time, ceased shortly after—the Broomers, a name invented for the occasion, and the Messengers. The duty of each broomer was to keep the pavements clean in front of twenty shops. Regent Street, Bond Street, and Waterloo Place, were divided into districts; and on the 10th of November 1851, boys were sent out. By the 12th of January following, twenty-one boys were employed; but from this time their number was gradually reduced, until in the end of March the enterprise was altogether abandoned, it being found insufficiently remunerative; though, we believe, the pecuniary difficulties were not so much the motive for its abandonment as the spirit of independence in its early days. The boys employed were in the same livery as the original shoe-blacks, and scarlet jackets, and provided with a check-book, to enter the addresses of parcels, and to give receipts if required. The sum charged was twopence for the first half-mile, and one penny for every additional half-mile; the boys being stationed at the Bank, the Exchange, and the Electric Telegraph Offices. The committee promoted to this employment the most industrious boys, those who had in their banks a sufficient sum to guarantee the value of parcels to the amount of L.5. The Electric Telegraph Company occasionally intrusted the messengers with their dispatches; and one of them was employed by the Crystal Palace Company to distribute their circulars. A respectable publisher also employed four of the society’s boys for several weeks in sending out the copies of a new serial. Notwithstanding this patronage, the occupation of a messenger was found to be less remunerative than that of a shoe-black, especially as it was necessary to promote the use of the most active and intelligent of the boys. Towards the close of 1852, therefore, this project was abandoned.

Since that time, the committee have confined the employment of the boys to the ordinary occupation of a shoe-black—what with results, we have endeavoured to show.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.—LOVE-THOUGHTS.

A DREAD feeling is jealousy, mortified vanity, or whatever you may designate the disappointment of love. I have experienced the sting of shame, the blight of broken fortune, the fear of death itself; yet none of these ever wrung my heart so rudely as the pang of an unexpressed passion. The former are but transient trials, and their bitterness soon has an end. Jealousy, like the tooth of the serpent, leaves its poison in the sting, and long and slow is the healing of its wound. Well knew he this, that master of the human heart: Iago’s prayer was not meant for mockery.

To drown my mortification, I had drunk wine freely at the ball; and on returning home, had continued my potations with the more fiery spirit of Catalan. By this means I gained relief and sleep, but only of short
duration. Long before day, I was awake—awake to the double bitterness of jealousy and shame—awake to both mental and physical pain, for the fumes of the vile stuff I had drunk wrecked my brain, as though they would burst open my skull. An ounce of opium would have set me free, but I tossed in my coach like one labouring under delirium.

Of course the incidents of the preceding night were uppermost in my mind. Every scene and action that had occurred, were as plainly before me, as if I was again witnessing them. Every effort to alienate my thoughts, and fix them upon some other theme, proved vain and idle; they ever returned to the same circle of reflections, in the centre of which was Isolina de Vargas! I thought of all that had passed, of all she had said. I remembered every word. How bitterly I remembered that scornful laugh!—how bitterly that sarcastic smile, when the double mask was removed!

The very remembrance of her beauty pained me! It was now to me as to Tantalus the crystal waters, never to be tasted. Before, I had hungered; I had indulged in prospective dreams: the masquerade adventure had dissipated them. I no longer hoped, no longer permitted myself to dream of pleasant times to come; I felt that I was saved, I felt that I was lost.

This feeling produced a momentary revulsion in my thoughts. There were moments when I hated her, and vengeful impulses careered across my soul. I had moments of distasteful moments; again, before I rose early, I took a loving form, that proud grand spirit, in the full entirety of its power, and again my soul became absorbed in admiration, and yielded itself to its hopeless passion. It was far from being my first love, and, thus experienced, I could reason upon it. I felt certain it was to be the strongest and stormiest of my life.

I knew of three loves distinct in kind and power. First, when the passion is reciprocated—when the heart of the beloved yields back thought for thought, and throb for throb, without one reserved pulsation. This is bliss upon earth—not always long-lived—ending per chance in a species of sublimated friendship. To have is no longer to desire.

The second is love entirely unrequited—love that never knew word or smile of encouragement, no soft whisper to fan it into flame, no ray of hope to feed upon. Such died of inaction, the sooner that its object is out of the way, and absence will conquer it in time.

The third is the love that 'dotes yet doubles,' that doubts but never dies—no, never. The jealousy that pains, only sustains it; it lives on, now happy in the honeyed conviction of triumph, now smarting under the inexpressible fear that its object is inaccessible to sight or hearing! No matter how worthless that object may be or become—no matter how lost or fallen: love regards not this. It has sought to do with the moral part of our nature.

Beauty is the shrine of its worship, and beauty is not morality.

In my own mind, I am conscious of these three elements or classes of feeling: the moral, the intellectual, and what I may term the passion— the last as distinct from either of the other two as oil from water or vinegar from wine. To the latter belongs love, which, I repeat again, has no sympathy with the moral feelings of our nature, but, alas! as one might almost believe, with their opposite. Even a plain but wicked coquette will captivate more hearts than a beautiful saint, and the brilliant murderess, ere now, has made conquests at the very foot of the scaffold!

It pains me to pronounce these convictions, derived as they are from experience. They are as little gain as pleasure in so doing, but popularity must be sacrificed at the shrine of truth. For the sake of effect, I shall not play false with philosophy.

It is this lack of studied psychology sufficiently to understand these truths; and I endeavoured to analyse my passion for this girl or woman—to discover why I loved her. Her physical beauty was of the highest order, and that no doubt was an element; but it was not all. Had I merely looked upon this beauty under ordinary circumstances—that is, without coming in contact with her spirit that animated it—I might have loved her, or I might not. It was the spirit, then, that had won me, though not alone. The same gem in a less brilliant setting might have failed to draw my admiration. I was the captive both of the spirit and the form. Soul and body had co-operated in producing my passion, and this may account for its suddenness and profundity. Why I loved her person, I knew—I was not ignorant of the laws of beauty—but why the spirit, I know not. Certainly not from any idea I had formed of her high moral qualities; I had no evidence of these. Of her courage, even to daring, I had proof; of energy and determined will; of the power of thought, quick and versatile; but these are not moral qualities, they are not even feminine! True, she wept over her slain steed. Humanity? I have known a hardened lorette weep bitter tears for her tortoise-shell cat. She refused to take from me my horse. Generosity? She had a thousand within sight. Alas! in thus reviewing all that had passed between myself and the beautiful Isolina, in search of her moral qualities, I met with but little success!

Mystery of our nature! I loved her not the less! And yet my passion was pure, and I do not believe that my heart was wicked. Mystery of our nature! Who reads all hearts alone can solve thee!

I loved without reason; but I loved now without hope. I loved before that night. Her glance through the turrets—her note—its contents—a word or two at other times, had inspired me with hope, however faint they were. The incident in the ballroom had crushed them.

Jura's dark face kept lowering before me; even in my visions he was always by her side. What was between the two? Perhaps a nearer relationship than that of cousin? Perhaps they were affection? Married?

The thought maddened me.

I could rest upon my coach no longer. I rose and sought the open air; I climbed to the azoteas, and paced it to and fro, as the tiger walks his cage. My thoughts were wild, and my movements without method. To add to the bitterness of my reflections, I now discovered that I had sustained a loss—not in property, but something that annoyed me still more. I had lost the order and its enclosure—the note of Don Ramon. I had dropped the order for a day in which they were received, and I believed in the patio of the hacienda, where they must have been picked up at once. If by Don Ramon himself, then all was well; but if they had fallen into the hands of some of the leathern-clad hermanas, ill affected to Don Ramon, it might be an awkward affair for that gentleman—indeed for myself. Such negligence would scarcely be overlooked at head-quarters; and I had ill-forebodings about the result. It was one of my soul's darkest hours.

From its very darkness I might have known that light was near, for the proverb is equally true in the moral as in the material world. Light was near.
azotea till near mid-day. The storm raging within prevented me from taking note of what was passing around. The scenes in the plaza, the rangers and their steeds, the 'greasers' in their striped blankets and the Indians squatting on their petates, the pretty poblanas, were all unnoticed by me. At intervals, my eyes rested upon the walls of the distant dwelling; it was not so distant but that a human form could have been distinguished upon its roof, had one been there. There was none, and twenty, ay, fifty times, did I turn away my dispointed gaze.

About noon, the sergeant of the guard reported that a Mexican was willing to speak with me: mechanically, I gave orders for the man to be sent up; but it was not until he appeared before me that I thought of what I was doing.

The presence of the Mexican at once roused me from my unpleasant reverie. I recognised him as one of the vaqueros of Don Ramon de Vargas—the same I had seen on the plain during my first interview with Isolina.

There was something in his manner that betokened him a messenger. A folded note, which he drew from under his jerkin—after having glanced around to see whether he was noticed—confirmed my observation.

I took the note. There was no superscription, nor did I stay to look for one. My fingers trembled as I tore open the seals, and opened the writing and recognised it, my heart throbbed so as almost to choke my utterance. I muttered some directions to the messenger; and to conceal my emotion from him, I turned away and proceeded to the furthest corner of the azotea before reading the note. I called back to the man to go below, and wait for an answer; and, then relieved of his presence, I read as follows:

"July 19—"

'Gallant capitan! allow me to bid you a buenas dias, for I presume that, after the fatigues of last night, it is but morning with you yet. Did you dream of your sable belle? 'Poor devil!' Ha, ha, ha! Gallant capitan!'

I was provoked at this mode of address, for the 'gallant' was rendered emphatic by underlining. It was a letter to taunt me for my ill behaviour. I felt inclined to fling it down, but my eye wandering over the paper, caught some words that induced me to read on.

'Gallant capitan! I had a favourite mare. How fond I was of that creature you may understand, who are afflicted by a similar affection for the noble Moro. In the last three hours, you see, alas! I robbed me of your favourite, but you offered to repay me by robbing yourself, for well know I that the black is to you the decisive object upon earth. Indeed, were I the lady of your love, I should ill brook such a divided affection! Well, mio capitan, I understood the generous sacrifice you would have made, and forbad it; but I know you are desirous of cancelling your debt. It is in your power to do so. Listen!'

Some hard conditions I anticipated would follow; I recked not of that. There was no sacrifice I was not ready to make. I would have dared any deed, however wild, to have won that proud heart, to have inoculated it with the pain that was wringing my own. I read on:

"There is a horse, famed in these parts as the "white steed of the prairies" ('el caballo blanco de los llanos'). He is a wild-horse, of course; snow-white in colour, beautiful in form, swift as the swallow— But why need I describe to you the "white steed of the prairies"? 'you are a Tejano, and must have heard of him ere this? Well, mio capitan, I have long had a desire—a frantic one, let me add—to possess this horse. I have offered rewards to hunters—to our own vaqueros, for he sometimes appears upon our plains—but to no purpose. Not one of them can capture, though they have often seen and chased him. Some say that he cannot be taken, that he is so fleet as to gallop, or rather glide out of sight in a glance, and that, too, on the open plains! Yet there are those who assert that he is a phantom, un demonio! Surely so beautiful a creature cannot be the devil? Besides, I have always heard—and, if I recollect aright, some one said so last night—that the devil was black. "Poor devil!" Ha, ha, ha!'

I rather welcomed this allusion to my misconduct of the preceding night, for I began to feel easier under the conviction that the whole affair was thus treated in jest, instead of the anger and scorn I had anticipated. With pleasanter presentiments I read on:

'To the point, mio capitan. There are some incredible people who believe the white steed of the prairies to be a myth, and deny his existence altogether. Carrambo! I know that he does exist, and, what is more to my present purpose, he is—or was, but two hours ago—within ten miles of where I am writing this note! One of our vaqueros saw him near the banks of a beautiful arroyo river, which I know to be his favourite ground. For reasons known to me, the vaquero did not either chase or molest him; but in breathless haste brought me the news.

'Now, capitán, gallant and grand! there is but one who can capture this famed horse, and that is your powerful and majestic capitan, hang him once as wild and free. Yes! you can do it—you and Moro!'

'Bring me the white steed of the prairies! I shall cease to grieve for poor Lola. I shall forgive you that contratiempo. I shall forgive all—even your rudeness to my double mask. Ha, ha, ha! Bring me the white steed! the white steed! Isolina!'

As I finished reading this singular epistle, a thrill of pleasure ran through my veins. I dwelt not on the oddness of its contents, thoroughly characteristic of the writer. Its meaning was clear enough.

'I had heard of the white horse of the prairies—what hunter or trapper, trader or traveler, throughout all the wide borders of prairie-land, has not? Many a romantic story of him had I listened to around the blazing camp-fire—many a tale of German-like diablerie, in which the white horse played hero. For nearly a century has he figured in the legends of the prairie 'mariner'—a counterpart to the Flying Dutchman—the 'phantom-ship' of the forecastle. Like this, too, ubiquitous—seen to-day scouring the sandy plains of the Platte, to-morrow bounding over the broad llanos of Texas, a thousand miles to the southward! That there existed a white stallion of great speed and splendid proportions—that there were twenty, perhaps a hundred such—among the countless herds of wild-horses that roam over the great plains, I did not for a moment doubt. I myself had seen and chased more than one that might have been termed 'a magnificent animal,' and that no ordinary horse could overtake; but the one known as the 'white steed of the prairies' had a peculiar marking, that distinguished him from all the rest—hears were black!—only his ears, and these were of the deep colour of ebony. The rest of his body, mane and tail, was white as fresh-fallen snow.

'It was to this singular and mysterious animal that the letter pointed; it was the black-eared steed I was called upon to capture. The contents of the note were specific and plain. One expression alone puzzled me:

'You have made captive what was once as wild and free.'

What? I asked myself. I scarce dared to give credence to the answer that leaped like an exulting echo from out my heart!

There was a postscript, of course; but this contained only 'business.' It gave minute details as to when, how, and where the white horse had been seen, and
stated that the bearer of the note—the vaquero who had marked the place as my favourite of the arbutus—I pondered not long upon the strange request. Its fulfilment promised to recover me the position, which but a moment before I had looked upon as lost for ever; and with a resolve, rising high above the level of the surrounding thicket, like banners above a host. Not that I possess the refined taste of a lover of flowers, and much less then; but cold must be the heart that could look upon the floral beauty of Mexico without remembering some portion of its charms. Even the rudest of my followers could not otherwise than admire; and once or twice, as we journeyed along, I could hear them give utterance to that fine epithet of the heart's desire, 'Beautiful!'

As we advanced, the aspect changed. The surface became freer of jungle; a succession of glade and thicket; in short, a 'mesquite prairie.' Still advancing, the 'openings' became larger, while the timbered surface diminished in extent, and now and then the glades joined each other without interruption.

We had ridden nearly ten miles without drawing bridle, when our guide suddenly bade me stand still. His judgment proved correct; for following the trail but a short distance further, we came full in sight of the drove, which the vaquero confidently pronounced was the manada we were in search of.

So far our success equalled our expectations; but to get sight of a cabalilla of wild-horses, and to capture its swiftest steed, are two things of very unequal difficulty. This fact my anxiously beating heart and quickly throbbing pulse revealed to me at the moment. It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of anxious doubt and joyous hope that passed through my mind, as from afar off I gazed upon that shy herd, still unconscious of our approach.

The prairie upon which the mares were browsing was more than a mile in width, and, like those we had been passing through, it was surrounded by the low chapparal forest, although there were avenues that communicated with other openings of a similar kind. Near its centre was the manada. Some of the mares were quietly browsing upon the grass, while others were frisking and playing about, now rearing up as if in combat, now rushing in wild gallop, their tossed manes and full tails flung loosely upon the wind. Even in the distance we could trace the full rounded development of their bodies, and their smooth coats, glinting under the sun, denoted their fair condition. They were of all colours known to the horse, for in this the face of the Spanish horse is somewhat peculiar. There were bays, and blacks, and whites—the last being most numerous. There were grays, both iron and roan, and dun with white manes and tails, and some of a rude colour, and not a few of the kind known in Mexico as pintados (piebalds)—for spotted horses are not uncommon among the mustang—all of course with full manes and tails, since the mutabilitie hoofs of the jockey had never curtailed their flowing gouts.

But where was the lord of this splendid harem—where the steed? This was the thought that was uppermost in the mind of all, the question upon every tongue. Our eyes wandered over the herd, now here, now there. White horses there were, numbers of them, but it needed but a glance to tell that the 'steed of the prairie' was not there.

We eyed each other with looks of disappointment. Even my companions felt that; but a far more bitter feeling was growing upon me as I gazed upon the surface, among which the leaderless troop, Comrades I have so often carried back the whole drove, the present would not have purchased one smile from Isolina. The steed was not among them!

He might still be in the neighbourhood; or had he
forsaken the manada altogether, and gone far away over the wide prairie in search of new conquests? The vaquero believed he was not far off. I had faith in this man’s opinion, who, having passed his life in the observation of wild and half-wild horses, had a perfect knowledge of their habits. There was hope then. The steed might be near; perhaps lying down in the shade of the thicket; perhaps with a portion of the manada or some favourite in one of the adjacent glades. If so, our guide assured us we should soon have him in view. He would soon bring the steed upon the ground.

How? Simply by starting the mares, whose neigh of alarm would be heard even afar.

The plan seemed feasible enough; but it was advisable that we should surround the manada before attempting to disturb them, else they might gallop off in the opposite direction before any of us could get near. Without delay, we proceeded to effect the "surround."

The chapparal aided us by concealing our movements; and in half an hour we had deployed around the prairie.

The drive still browsed and played. They had no suspicion that a cordon of hunters was being formed around them, else they would have long since galloped away. Of all wild creatures, the shiest is the wild-horse; the deer, the antelope, and buffalo are far less fearful of the approach of man. The mustang seems to understand the dooms that await him in captivity. One could almost fancy that the runaways from the settlements—occasionally seen amongst them—had poured into their ears the tale of their hardship and long endurance.

I had myself ridden to the opposite side of the prairie, in order to be certain when the circle was complete. I was now alone, having dropped my companions at intervals along the margin of the timber. I had brought with me the bugle, with a note or two of which I intended to give the alarm to the mares. I had placed myself in a clump of mesquite trees, and was about raising the horn to my lips, when a shrill scream from behind caused me to bring down the instrument, and turn suddenly in my seat. For a moment, I was in doubt as to what could have produced such a singular utterance, when a second time it fell on my ear, and I then recognised it. It was the neigh of the prairie stallion!

Near me was a break in the thicket, a sort of avenue leading out into another prairie. In this I could hear the hoof-stroke of a horse going at a gallop. As fast as the underwood would allow, I pressed forward and came out to the edge of the open ground; but the sun, low down, flashed in my eyes, and I could see no object distinctly. The tread of the hoofs and the shrill neighing still rang in my ears. Presently, the dazzling light no longer quite blinded me; I shaded my eyes with my hand, and could perceive the form of a noble steed stretching in full gallop down the avenue, and coming in the direction of the manada. Half-a-dozen springs brought him opposite; the beam was no longer in my eyes; and as he galloped past, I saw before me the ‘white steed of the prairies.’ There was no mistaking the marks of that splendid creature: there was the snow-white body, the ears of jetty blackness, the blue muzzle, the red projected nostril, the broad oval quarters, the rounded and symmetric limbs—all the points of an incomparable steed!

Like an arrow, he shot past. He did not arrest his pace for an instant, but galloped on in a direct line for the drove.

The mares had answered his first signal with a responsive neigh; and tossing up their heads, the whole manada was instantly in motion. In a few seconds, they were gained ground, and were once more in line—as exact as could have been done by a troop of cavalry—and fronted their leader as he galloped up. Indeed, standing as they were, with their heads high in air, it was easy to fancy them mounted men in the array of battle; and often have the wild-horses been mistaken for such. Concealment or stratagem could no longer avail; the chase was fairly up. Speed and the lasso must now decide the result; and with this conviction, I gave Moro the spur, and bounded into the open plain.

The neighing of the steed had signaled my companions, who shot almost simultaneously out of the timber, and spurred towards the drove, yelling as they came.

I had no eyes for aught but the white steed, and after him I directed myself. On nearing the line of mares, he halted in his wild gallop, twice reared his body upward, as if to recommit the ground; and then, uttering another of his shrill screams, broke off in a direct line towards the edge of the prairie. A wide avenue leading out in that direction seemed to have guided his instincts. The manada followed, at first galloping in line; but this was soon broken, as the swifter individuals passed ahead of the others, and the drove became strung out upon the prairie.

Through the opening now swept the chase—the pursuers keenly plying the spur, the pursued strain ing every muscle to escape.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HUNT OF THE WILD-HORSE.

My gallant horse soon gave proof of his superior qualities. One after another of my mounted companions was passed; and as we cleared the avenue and entered a second prairie, I found myself mixing with the hindmost of the wild mares. Pretty creatures some of them were; and upon any other occasion, I should have been tempted to fling a lasso over one of them, which I might easily have done. Then I only thought of getting them out of the way, as they were hindering my onward gallop. Before we had quite crossed the second prairie, I had forged into the front rank, and the mares, seeing I had headed them, broke to the right and left, and scattered away. All were now behind me, all but the white steed; he alone kept the course, at intervals uttering that same shrill neigh, as if to tantalise and lure me on. He was yet far in advance, and apparently running at his ease!

The horse I bestrove needed neither spur nor guidance; he saw before him the object of the chase, and he divined the will of his rider. I felt him rising under me like a sea-wave. His hoofs struck the turf without impinging upon it. At each fresh spring, he came up with elastic rebound, while his flanks heaved with the conscious possession of power.

Before the second prairie was crossed, he had gained considerably upon the white steed; but to my chagrin, I now saw the latter dash right into the thicket. I found a path, and followed. My ear served to guide me, for the branches crackled as the wild-horse broke through. Now and then I caught glimpses of his white body, glancing among the green leaves.

Apprehensive of losing him, I rode recklessly after, now breasting the thicket, now tracing its labyrinthine aisles. I needed not the thorny mimosa; my horse headed them not; but large trees of the false acacia (Robinia) stood thickly in the way, and their horizontal branches hindered me. Often I was obliged to bend flat to the saddle, in order to pass under them. All this was in favour of the pursued, and against the pursuer.

I longed for the open prairie, and to my relief it at length appeared, not yet quite treeless, but studded with timber ‘islands.’ Amid these the white steed was sailing off; but in passing through the thicket, he had gained ground, and was now formed in line—exact as of me. He was making for the open plain that lay
beyond, and this showed that it was his habit to trust
his heels for safety, yet, with such a pursuer, he
would have been safer to have kept the chapparal;
but that remained to be seen.

In ten minutes' time, we had passed through the
timber insects, and now the prairie—the grand, limit-
less prairie—stretched before us, far beyond the reach
of vision.

On the chasse over its grassy level—on till the
trees are no longer behind us, and the eye seen nought
but the green savannah, and the blue canopy arcing
over it—on, across the centre of that vast circle which
has for its boundary the whole horizon!

The wolves, lost in the mazes of the chapparal,
have long since fallen off; the mustangs have gone
back; on all that wide plain, but two objects appear—
the snow-white form of the flying steed, and the dark
horsman that follows!

It is a long wild ride, a cruel gallop for my match-
less Moro. Ten miles of the prairie have we parsed—
more than that—and as yet I have neither used whip
nor spur. The brave steed needs no such prompting;
he, too, has his interest in the chase—the ambition not
to be outrun. My motive is different: I think only
of the smiles of a woman; but such motive ere now
has led to the loss of a crown or the conquest of a
world. On, Moro! on! you must overtake him or
die!

There is no longer an obstacle. He cannot hide
from us here. The plain, with its sward of short
grass, is level and smooth as the sleeping ocean;
not an object intrudes upon the sight. He cannot conceal
himself anywhere. There is still an hour of sunlight;
he cannot hide from us in the darkness: ere
that comes down, he shall be our captive. On, Moro!
on!

We glide in silence. The steed has ceased to
utter his taunting neigh; he has lost confidence in
his speed; he now runs in dread. Never before has
he been so sonorously pressed. He runs in silence, and so,
too, his pursuer. Not a sound is heard but the stroke
of the galloping hoofs—an impressive silence, that
betokens the earnestness of the chase.

Less than two hundred yards separate us; I feel
certain of victory. A touch of the spur would now
bring Moro within range; it is time to put an end to
this desperate ride. Now, brave Moro, another stretch,
and you shall have rest.

I look to my lasso; it hangs coiled over the horn
of my saddle; one end is fast to a ring and staple firmly
riveted in the tree-wood. Is the loop clear and free?
It is. The coil—is it straight? Yes; all as it should be.

I lift the coil, and rest it lightly on my bridle arm;
I separate the noose, and hold it in my right hand. I
am ready—God of Heaven! the steed!

It was a wild exclamation, but it was drawn from
me by no common cause. In arranging my lasso, I had
taken my eyes from the chase, only for a moment:
when I looked again, the horse had disappeared!

With a mechanical movement I drew bridle, almost
wrenching my horse upon his haunches; indeed, the
animal had half hauled of his own accord, and with a
loud whimper seemed to express terror. What could it
mean? Where was the wild-horse?

I wheeled round, and round again, scanning the
prairie on every side—though a single glance might
have served. The plain, as already described, was
level as a table; the horizon bounded the view: there
was neither rock nor tree, nor bush nor weeds, nor
even long grass. The sward was of the kind known
upon the prairies as 'buffalo-grass' (Sclerisie doctyp-
oides), short when full grown, but then rising scarcely
two inches above the soil. A serpent could hardly
have found concealement under it, but a horse—
Merciful heaven! where was the steed?

An indefinable feeling of awe crept over me: I
troubled; I felt, in my heart, a horror. I felt the
weight of the cold perspiration of terror was fast coming upon me. The mystery was heavy and appalling!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

From certain experiments recently made by Mr W.
R. Grove, whose name is associated with the best
of galvanic batteries, the way appears to be opening
for new applications of electricity, and for investigations
rich in promise alike to science and art. It was known
years ago to some of the German savans, that a coin
or medal placed on a smooth vitreous or metallic
surface and electrised, would leave impressions on that
surface which became visible when breathed on. From
the latter peculiarity they were called 'poric figures';
and attempts were made to fix them by exposure to
vapour of mercury or iodine, but without success.
Where the Germans failed, Mr Grove has succeeded:
believing, as I have for many years,' he says, 'that
electricity is nothing else than motion or change in
matter, a force and not a fluid, I have made experi-
ments to ascertain whether similar effects take place in
cases where electrical light is visible upon insulated
surfaces only.'

We give a brief sketch of the experiments, adopting
Mr Grove's description where it suits our purpose.

Two plates of window-glass, about three inches square
were dipped in nitric acid, then washed, and dried
with a clean silk handkerchief, and conted on the
outside with pieces of tinfoil a little smaller than the
glass. A piece of a printed hand-hill was laid between
the plates thus prepared; the tinfoil coatings were
connected with the secondary terminals of a Rümel-
koff's coil, and removed after a few minutes' electriza-

Now, the interior surface of the glass when
breathed on, showed with great beauty the printed
words which had been opposite it, these appearing
as though etched on the glass, or having a frosted ap-
pearance; even the fibres of the paper were beautifully
brought out by the breath, but nothing beyond the
margin of the tinfoil.' These impressions were fixed
by holding them over hydrofluoric acid—powdered
fluor spar and sulphuric acid slightly warmed in a
leaden dish.

'I now cut out of thin white letter-paper,' proceeds
Mr Grove, 'the word Volta, and placed it between
the plates of glass. They were submitted to electrifi-
ation as before, and the interior surface of one of
them, without the paper letters, was subsequently exposed
in the hydrofluoric acid vapour; the previously invisible
figures came out perfectly, and formed a permanent
and perfectly accurate etching of the word Volta, as
complete as if it had been done in the usual mode by
an etching ground. This, of course, could be washed
and rubbed to any extent without alteration; and the
results I have obtained give every promise for those
who may pursue this as an art, of producing very
beautiful effects, enabling Silhouette designs, or even
due engravings, to be copied on glass, &c.'

We cite yet another experiment, as it brings photo-

graphy into play. A plate on which the invisible
image was impressed, was immersed in a bath of
nitrte of silver, in the usual manner as for a photo-

1 It was then held opposite a window for a few

seconds, and taken back into the darkened room; and
on pouring over it the hydrofluoric acid, the word
Volta, and the border of the glass beyond the
limits of the tinfoil, were darkened, and came out with
perfect distinctness, the other parts of the glass having
been, as it were, protected by electrification, or by the
action of light. The figures were permanently fixed
by a strong solution of hyposulphite of soda."—Mr. Grove has published an account of his various experiments in the Philosophical Magazine.

Professor Hauy of Sévres, one of the foreign members of the Royal Society, and a renowned astronomer, has recently completed a series of elaborate calculations based on observations of the moon, which clear away some of the difficulties of the question as regards our satellite. His published results are for the most part abstruse and technical—appreciable only by astronomers; but among them occur certain matters of popular interest. He finds, for example, that the moon's centre of gravity is 39,000 metres (about forty miles) from the centre of its mass, a difference sufficiently great to produce an effect.

' Hence,' he argues, 'we ought to consider the two hemispheres of the moon, of which one is visible and the other invisible to us, as essentially different with regard to their levels, their climates, and all that depends thereon. So far as the abdomen of man regulates itself principally with reference to the centre of gravity, the hemisphere of the moon turned towards us rises much more beyond the mean level than the opposite hemisphere. The moon presents itself to us as a sterile region, void of atmosphere, and of animal life, we cannot conclude it the same for the latter. The mean level should prevail round the edge, as seen by us; and in truth we cannot say but that some traces of atmosphere do show themselves.'

A paper 'On the Laws of the Strength of Wrought and Cast Iron,' by Mr. W. Bell, has been read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. The subject is one eminently interesting to the profession. The author has taken all the trustworthy experiments hitherto made, and comparing them with each other, deduces certain laws conformable with the prevalent theory. The phenomena of tension, compression, and breakage of the several kinds of iron are examined and discussed, and exemplified by mathematical formulæ. Mr. Bell considers the opinion, that in an overstrained and breaking beam 'the neutral axis is at or above the top of the beam,' to be erroneous, and cites as evidence some of Sir David Brewster's experiments in passing polarised light through a piece of glass subjected to transverse strain. Here we see optics brought to bear in a question of mechanics. Leaving aside the dry and difficult technicalities, we give the propositions established by the paper. '1. That in experiments where the materials are but slightly strained, theory and experiment coincide; 2. That where the ordinary theories apply to the top, and especially to large beams of wrought iron, theory and experiment practically coincide; and last, that the ordinary theory of the strength of materials is more trustworthy than is generally supposed.' The subject is one of first-rate importance. A somewhat similar paper 'On the Strength of Iron Pillars,' has been read before the Royal Society by Mr. Eaton Hodgkinson, giving the results of a long series of experiments made with his usual care. The cost of these experiments has been defrayed by a portion of the Royal Society's government grant, and the results are of high Stephensonian interest.

Mr. Bac-off's new method of purifying gas is attracting notice; instead of lime, he uses charcoal saturated at red-heat with lime-water, by which all the sulphur and arsenic are actually stopped, while, as we hear, the quantity of gas obtained per ton of coal is all but doubled. On the continent, great improvements have been made in the manufacture of gas from wood: at Zurich, Heilbronn, Munich, and other places, it is largely used; and, according to report, five feet of wood-gas give as much light as six feet of coal-gas.—Extensive beds of clay, rich in aluminum, have been discovered in the state of Jersey, United States, where our enterprising cousins will doubtless turn them to profit.—So much has the process of extracting the aluminum been simplified, that two kilogrammes of the metal are produced every day at a laboratory in the Rue St Jacques, Paris, at a cost of not more than 800 francs the kilogramme. The eagles on the standards of the French army are now made of aluminum, and with a considerable saving in the weight to be carried. —Cherrel has communicated to the Académie a paper on setting forth difficulties of the question as regards our satellite. His published results are for the most part abstruse and technical—appreciable only by astronomers; but among them occur certain matters of popular interest. He finds, for example, that the moon's centre of gravity is 39,000 metres (about forty miles) from the centre of its mass, a difference sufficiently great to produce an effect.

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given another opportunity for testing the merits of a portable military telegraph, invented by M. Hipp, chief of the federal telegraph construction department—a remarkably effective yet simple instrument. It prints after the manner of a typewriter, and is regulated by a single spring only, worked by pressing a small knob. Attached to any line of wire, messages can be received and transmitted, and indeed all the usual operations of telegraphy carried on as with fixed instruments. It, however, weighs no more than twelve pounds complete with its case, which measures ten inches in length, and five inches in breadth and height. Within this small space it contains the transmitting apparatus, a supply of paper, the tools necessary for mounting and dismounting the instrument, an alarm which may be brought into the circuit at pleasure, two drawers holding troughs of gutta-percha of twelve compartments each, furnished with a pile of charcoal and amalgamated zinc. When moistened with dilute sulphuric acid, the action is complete, and little liable to disturbance; an instrument sent from Berne to Paris by diligence and railway, was quite fit for use on arrival.

Among the meteorological phenomena which occurred during December, there fell at Ambelside five inches of rain in twenty-nine hours on the 7th and 8th, whereby a sudden flood was produced in the valleys.—M. de Tessan says in a communication to the Société Philomatique, that fogs, clouds, mists, &c., are not vesicular vapours—in which opinion he is not alone—and that a true study of these appearances would clear up some doubtful points in meteorology.—The Abbé Raillard has laid a paper before the Académie on the same subject. He denies the truth of the vesicular vapour theory concerning clouds, and contends that the phenomenon in question depends on minute division. As gold, when beaten into leaf, falls slowly, so the more the surfaces of water are increased, the more slowly will the water fall. The resistance of air to a drop divided into a thousand parts, is a thousand times greater than to a single drop. Hence clouds are borne up by the friction of the atmosphere. That clouds should consist of vesicular vapour is, in the abbé's opinion, simply impossible: for if it were vesicular, it would be condensed; and if air were contained within the vesicles, the viscosity of the husk or shell would have to be something very different from that of water. This is a subject of especial interest to meteorologists, many of whom entertain similar views; and considering the activity which now prevails in their branch of study, we may look for important advances towards establishing it as a science.

The great oceanic survey, which we have from time to time mentioned, is making satisfactory progress. Reports with tabular details have already been received from some of the ships employed, and these will be discussed and the results brought out under the superintendence of Captain R. Fitzroy, Marine Department of the Board of Trade. The work of this survey, as will be remembered, was begun by the United States government; and our Admiralty now undertake a class of observations not embraced by the Americans, and hitherto beneficial consequences are hoped for from this co-operation of the two nations.—Lieutenant Maury recommends that the routes for ships crossing the Atlantic should be set off into what he calls 'lanes,' or pathways some twenty-five miles wide, one to be used by steamers going, the other by steamers returning—following the law of the road to prevent collisions. The breadth of the route travelled by the Cunard steamers is 300 miles; and it is clear that a lane fifty miles wide might be followed on either margin, and the risk of vessels meeting entirely avoided.

For some years, tide-observations have been made round the coasts of Ireland, for the purpose of discovering the various phenomena connected with the tides, currents, &c., and so facilitating navigation. Among the results obtained, there is one which at the first glance appears all but impossible. The Rev. Professor Haughton, of the Dublin Eth. Academy, has been enabled, by ingenious calculations based on those tide-observations, to infer the depth of the ocean. One of his conclusions, omitting fractions, is eleven miles; the other, five miles. The first is the depth of the vast central channel up which the great tidal wave rolls from the antarctic pole; the second is the mean depth of the whole Atlantic Ocean. We noticed some time ago a deep-sea sounding of seven miles, taken in the South Atlantic: this favours the professor's theory, and we shall perhaps learn, from the surveys and explorations now in progress, whether the deeper places have yet been sounded.

GOING TO THE PLAY IN CHINA.*

At the end of the street or alley we now entered, we observed a vast court surrounded with scaffolding crowded with people, and at the further end, on a stage, the actors were to perform their parts—the river, forming the harbour of Canton, and its countless vessels, being the background of the picture.

To think of forcing our way through the crowd which encumbered the pit (the court), was perfectly useless; but thanks to the eloquence of M.—, we entered a house, through which we were allowed to pass, on payment of half a gourde each; and in this manner succeeded in gaining one of the scaffolding which was on a level with the first story of the house. Here we found several rows of benches, ranged one above the other, and selecting one of the highest, for the purpose of commanding a better view, we quietly took our seats.

The arrangement of the theatre was as follows:—An oblong enclosure was shut in on both sides by the boxes—covered galleries erected on wooden stakes—and here were assembled all those who paid for their admission. The stage, likewise supported on pillars, and covered, not with matting, like the gallery, but with painted cloth, formed one of the small corners of the right angle, and extended to the edge of the water; finally, a wall which joined the house through which we had entered, to another house opposite, completed the enclosure of the vast space, leaving only one door open for the crowd, who occupied the pit gratis.

At the moment of our arrival, a clever mountebank belonging to the troupe was filling up the pause between the acts by passing his body through the rounds of a ladder, jumping backwards over chairs, &c. As this was not a very exciting spectacle, I bestowed all my attention on the assembly among whom we now found ourselves, and wherein we were the only Europeans. I remarked, first of all, that among all those grave Chinese heads, surmounted by black feather caps or conical hats, were some really pretty women, whose coiffures were ornamented with flowers and gold pins. Their costume, though simple, was nevertheless scrupulously neat; but although they possessed the most diminutive feet in the world, these beauties, with their oblique eyes, must have belonged to an inferior class of society, as the higher orders of women never shew themselves in public. On one side, but at the extreme end, there were also three or four girls, whose friends seemed rather apprehensive lest we should approach them. At our feet, on the

* This sketch is from the pen of a French naval officer, formerly stationed in the last war.
neighbouring benches, the good burghers of Canton, who had been probably sitting in the same place ever since the morning, were eating fruit and sweetmeats, which were supplied by ambulatory merchants; while others calmly smoked their mate-sticks, whose narrow bowls will admit of only one pinch of tobacco at a time. A servant attends on each pipe, lighting it with a sort of phosphoric match; and this operation has constantly to be renewed, as a longer puff than usual is sufficient to exhaust the bowl.

All these people interested me very much; but the really exciting feature of the place, and of which we never grew tired, was the pit. Picture to yourself some thousands of Chinese stripped down to their waists, in order to save their clothes—their long queues rolled round their heads, all of the same form and colour, as if it was the head of a single man repeated a thousand times in a multiplying mirror. Now calm, now agitated by an imperceptible movement, the surface of this sea presents the appearance of a brown cloth, dotted with flat noses, and eyes that wink with desperate excitement. Suddenly the waves, lulled for a time, become agitated by some unknown cause, dash forwards, then backwards, with irresistible force, and a deafening sound—a confused murmur of voices laughing, shouting, crying, and menacing. The heavy waves which support the stage are scarcely strong enough to resist the repeated shocks of these rolling masses. In vain those who are nearest endeavour, by catching at the stakes, to make buttresses of themselves, to stay the impetuous flood—their arms at length drop, and they are speedily carried away under the scaffolding down to the river.

If everything in this strange theatre appeared to us curious and new, our pleasure produced assuredly the same effect on the assembly; for besides the investigations of which we were continually the subject, every burst of applause, as the play went on, was accompanied by the pretty Chinese girls, the beauteous smokers, and even the unfortunate wretches forming the troubled sea of bald heads, all turning their eyes upon us, and seemingly endeavouring to discover the degree of interest we took in the spectacle.

After the mountebank had finished his tricks, the actors, whose dressing-room is a tent at the back of the stage, appeared, much to the satisfaction of the public. Banded on each side of a high table, they waited until the manager has explained to the audience the nature of the piece they are about to witness. As soon as this formality—very rigorously observed in China—is completed, three or four personages, covered with magnificent robes, whose cost is said to be enormous, come forth majestically upon the stage. One of these individuals, in order to mark his supreme dignity, wears in his hat, in the manner of horns, the two long and beautiful feathers of the tail of a Barbary pleasant. He seats himself at a table, while the grandees of his court, the ministers of state, the literati, and the popular at large, remain respectfully standing in two rows before him. I was surprised to find in these costumes the exact reproduction of those I had been accustomed to see in Chinese designs—the rich dresses studded with gold and silver, the heavy wings attached to the head-dress, the flags issuing from all parts of the person, and, above all, the grotesque painting, the lines of black, white, red, and yellow, which render the human face a diabolical mask. I was informed that this was a representation of the earliest Chinese courts; that the costumes were scrupulously correct; and that the fashion of the period was for the nobles, according to their several ranks, to beornear their faces so as to render them unrecognisable.

The emperor or chief who sat at the table, in the course of conversation, appeared to accuse one of the great personages of his court of some crime. This man, who was dressed in black, and apparently belonged rather to the literary than the warlike class, immediately left his place on hearing this accusation, and falling on his knees, muttered in a distressing tone of voice a long prayer, frequently striking his head against the earth. The judge, however, was immovable, and pronounced sentence; and at intervals during his speech, the guards and attendants uttered in chorus a sharp discordant cry, which signified, as I was informed, acquiescence in the will of the prince.

All at once, a woman in tears—a man plays the part—rushes on the stage: she is the wife of the prisoner, and throwing herself on her knees before the judges, implores their mercy. But her supplications and tears are all in vain.

So terminated one act of the piece, which appeared to interest very much those who had filled the audiènc. It was quite stifled the sound of the tam-tams, gongs, and other discordant instruments—instruments, however, far less discordant and piercing than the voices of the actors. Indeed, the efforts of those unhappy beings were distressing to witness; their eyes seemed starting out of their heads, and the veins of their necks were swollen to such a degree as to induce serious fears for their safety. Fatigued at length with the tumult, now and interesting as the scene was, I found that I had been quite long enough at the play; and as night was coming on, we soon afterwards retired on board our ship.

VIGILS.

A young and yet unbelted knight he seems
Watching his maiden armour by the well.
He standeth in the moonlight dim and gray,
With darkness round, on which his steady gaze
Is bent, expectant of some issuing foe.
The light of a great purpose seems to burn
In those bright, lucid eyes—and the young lips
Are white and stern with high expectancy.
So stands he silent in the silent light,
Pale, fixed, and eager—guarding those pure arms
Which Honour on the mound shall gird him with,
And send him forth on quests of high emprise.
Her tried and loyal knight.

A bard youth
On whom the mantle of manhood hath not fallen,
Has not this scene a teaching good for thee?
Thou too hast arms to guard, God-given and fair.
Watch that no stain obscure their lovely sheen;
Watch through the night-hours for the envious foe
Whose birth is of the darkness, yet whose power
Harms not him standing in the gentle light
Of strong and glowing truth. Then hopefully,
With bright, unsullied armour, go thou forth,
To fight for Truth with many a world-born wrong
Which reigns supreme, and drinks of human tears
As monsters did of old. Go, and fear not;
Fight through the Night, till breaks the blessed Dawn—
When thou shalt see a shining Presence stand
To crown thee victor from thy arduous strife
In Life's great lists, and heir to glorious lands
Won by thy wounds, O soldier of the Cross!  

M. A. D.
THE BIRCH, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

When Master Adolphus Smith, who has been detected in a suspicious situation in the school-yard, is sentenced by the Rev. Kane M'Cawse of the academy, Birch Grove—who receives a limited number of young gentlemen at L.40 per annum—to a gentle titillation with a certain well-known instrument of juvenile torture, that apple-munching youth is not in the least aware of the very great antiquity of the punishment which his learned instructor delights to inflict. If young Smith but knew the ancient customs of the Lacedemonians, and how boys like him were whipped for hours before an altar, making it a point of honour not to cry, there can be no doubt that the young gentleman would bear the sentence of M'Cawse with much greater equanimity than, we regret to say, is usually his practice. We may be permitted to hope that, as his classic knowledge expands, the veil of ignorance will be withdrawn, and the examples of these Spartan youths will ultimately take effect. But there are so many of this young gentleman's seniors in a state of ignorance on the subject as to demand inquiry, and we are astonished that some of our keen-eyed dealers in Common Things and Things not Generally Known, have not long ere this ‘familiarly explained’ the word Birch. Even in our most ponderous encyclopaedias, we have to turn to the word ‘Flagellant’ before we can even partially satisfy our curiosity; and these learned repositories contain but a few dry sentences about ‘a sect of religious fanatics.’ This utter darkness as to such a thing as birch is most extraordinary; so extraordinary, that an ancient author recommends a work on the subject, and says that a time will sooner or later arrive when the discipline and flagellations which were in use for so many centuries, will be considered by the people so whimsical and absurd as to be unworthy of belief, although these same persons will be in the daily practice of other customs equally absurd and whimsical.

The origin and early development of flagellation is involved in great obscurity, and therefore it is hardly necessary to say that we have not the means of tracing out the first whipping which was inflicted, or the name and address of him or her who administered it. The literature of the subject, too, is exceedingly scanty; but we have a shrewd guess that the population of the world would not be very numerous when the practice was instituted. We will not at present, however, venture into any inquiry as to antediluvian discipline, although in these times of bookmaking, we have occasionally had thoughts of doing a work, to be entitled Birch before the Flood, illustrated with cuts, but will confine ourselves to the subject in its more modern aspect.

‘Once upon a time’ that we have read about, a tremendous dispute agitated the learned world as to whether whipping as a penance, or whipping as a punishment, was first introduced. One author contended for one view of the case, and his opponent fought to establish an opposite theory. The learning of each was flashed in the face of the other, and, as usual, the dispute ended by each thinking the other wrong. The relation of facts evolved by the controversialists, is so clouded in words and lost in old Latin quotations, or so flittered away in notes and commentaries as to make it a task of no small difficulty to separate the corn from the chaff. We need not further allude to the controversy than merely to say, that all the probabilities of the case are in favour of punishment as first giving occasion for the use of the rod, although a strong case has been made out on behalf of those who hold a different opinion. We may remark upon the fondness of some of the ancient saints for the penance of flagellation, as detailed by these writers who take this view of the subject; one saint in particular was so fond of it, as to inflict upon himself, at one performance, a complement of 183,000 stripes! As, however, his daily allowance was 30,000 lashes, this immense number need not be much wondered at: things are only great by comparison, and this gentleman, it is hinted, wore a cuirass!

The ancient Romans carried the practice of flagellation further, perhaps, than any other nation; and we have been so fortunate as to find several authors who refer to their use of the scourge. Flagellatia emblems were common in every house; and the judges of the nation, with a desire to strike all evil-doers with terror, were surrounded with those instruments of chastisement. They had all different names: there was the ferula, a flat strap of leather, which was the mildest of all; then came the scotia, an instrument of twisted parchment, which was a degree more severe than the first named; after that there was the flagella, and the terrible flagellum, the severest of all, which was composed of plaited thongs of ox-leather.

There were other instruments of punishment still more terrible than even these, such as balls of metal stuck full of small sharp points, and fastened to the end of long whips. So prevalent did the practice of whipping slaves become, that in course of time these unfortunate came to be named after the particular kind of flagellation they were made to undergo; in fact, the scourge was looked upon by the Romans as characteristic of domination. The master or mistress of a Roman household in those days often exercised their terrible powers...
with unrelenting severity, and the poor slaves were not unfrequently scourged to death from a mere caprice. It was quite a sufficient excuse among the Roman ladies to whip a slave if she displeased them; in other words, if they were not satisfied with the state of their own charms. Their wantonness of power was carried still further, if we may believe Plutarch, if they were displeased with the hair of their maids of honour; they would send for a slave, and, if they were not satisfied, they would have her hair dressed with both nicety and expedition, to have the dressing-maid stripped to the waist, ready for flagellation should she be guilty of any fault or mistake in performing her task. The fair termagants at last carried these cruelties to such a pitch, that in the beginning of the empire it was found necessary to restrain their licence. During the reign of the Emperor Adrian, a lady was banished for five years for inflicting undue cruelties on her female slaves. The smallest faults, such as breaking glasses or over-seasoning dishes, exposed these wretched serfs to grievous whippings, which were generally inflicted in presence of guests who happened to be entertained at table, as a means of affording a little diversion.

In addition to the flagellum custumum in times of the ancient Romans, we may allude to a ceremony which was common among the Macedonians, and called the Day of Flagellation, on account of the ceremony of whipping, in front of the temple, of Diana, a number of boys, who freely submitted to that painful treatment. Various authors mention this fact. Plutarch says: 'Boys are whipped, for a whole day, often to death, before the altar of Diana the Orithian, and they suffer it with cheerfulness, and even joy; nay, they strive with each other for victory; and he who bears up longest, and has been able to endure the greatest number of stripes, carries the day. This solemnity is called the contest of flagellations, and is celebrated every year in presence of the parents.' The reward to these martyrs of the birch was a stone; and statues similar to those which we erect to our poets and men of learning, were erected to their memory in the public places of Sparta.

The madness of the Luperci is scarcely worth alluding to; they were simply a disgust: and it is surprising that their festival, as it was called, should have existed for several hundred years after the institution of Christianity. Their orgies have been recorded in the works of different authors. They were performed on occasions of particular solemnities, when the actors in them, reduced to a state of nudity, ran about striking each other with the thongs of the Luperci. The following brief account of the sect is from the latest edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica:—'The first recorded instances of self-flagellation are isolated cases which happened about the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. From this date, the practice began to spread till the middle of the eleventh century, when, by the precepts and example of Damian, it came to be regarded by many religious persons as a sort of duty. The custom was very warmly opposed by the more liberal minds among the clergy, but it continued to spread in despite of all opposition; and soon after the middle of the thirteenth century, the devotees of the system, no longer content to mortify themselves in private, began to do so in public. Societies were, now formed by which the doctrine of flagellation was promulgated throughout Europe; and the excesses into which they were frequently hurried by the arduour of their enthusiasm, excited the astonishment even of their contemporaries.'

Leaving the days of ancient Rome and the festival of the Lupercali, we may, by a bold leap over a few troublesome centuries, arrive at a period much nearer our own day, when for a time the public were exulted with terrible severity over the religious public; when flagellation as a penance was a rage, and as a punishment was rigorously observed both in the king's palace and in meaner households. As an example of the discipline of the court, we may cite Brantome's quaint account of the misfortunes which befall one of the pages of the King of France. This lady, as that author relates, was of high birth, great beauty of person, very handsome, very witty, and an adept in all the graces; she was placed at court in the capacity of a lady-in-waiting, and she had been there but a few months when she tried her wit at the expense of the ladies and gentlemen by whom she was surrounded, and wrote a pasquinade in which all were made to appear. These verses, being ingeniously written, spread very fast, and people were curious to know who had composed such a satire. At last it was found out that Madame de Limeur was the author; and as the queen, besides being a lady of serious temper, was grown disgusted with the great licence of writing that prevailed at court, and had determined at least to prevent any satire or lampoon from originating in her own household, orders were given, in consequence of which mademoiselle was rewarded for her verses by a whipping; and those young ladies in the suite of the queen who had been privy to the composition of the pasquinade, were likewise flagellated. The author we have cited thus moralises on the event: 'The instance of flagellation which I have related, taken just now related, from witnessing the beauty, nor the birth, nor the rank of the culprits, nor the brilliancy of their wit, their readiness at their pen, nor happy turn for satire, could screen them, clearly shows how much flagellation is in the times we speak of, and how much efficacy they were thought to possess for insuring those two great advantages—good order and decorum.' Such disciplines were not, however, confined in these noble houses to ladies; wholesome corrections of a similar kind were also frequently bestowed on the male retainers—the pages coming in for a large share of attention, and even strangers visiting the place were not exempted.

There has been a great deal of controversy on the subject of flagellation in numeraries, both as to such punishments being improper, and as to the right mode of infliction. We do not propose to enter at all into this very delicate part of the subject, but shall merely repeat a statement of Du Cange, who tells us of the different ceremonies connected with the administration of discipline. He says that flagellants have to suffer in the presence of the whole congregation—that in monasteries the discipline is administered by 'vigilant' abbots; and in the numeraries, by 'an elderly morose sister.'

It may be permitted us here to abridge from Delole's History of the Flagellants, the following notices of the fathers of St Lazare, in Paris, whose school was known as 'the Seminary of the Good Boys.' These reverend fathers carried on an extensive business as general flagellators, the punishments being inflicted, as previously arranged, on parties carrying a recommendatory letter to this effect. Being situated in the metropolis, it was a most convenient place of punishment. Fathers or mothers who had unfruitful sons, tutors who had unruly pupils, uncles who were intrusted with the education of ungovernable nephews, masters who had wickedly inclined apprentices, whom they durst not themselves chafe or correct, applied to the fathers of St Lazare, and had their wishes gratified. So regular was the trade carried on by the good fathers in that branch of business, that letters of the above kind were literally notes of hand payable at sight. Luidious incidents frequently arose out of their mode of doing business. Young culprits, who suspected what was in the wind, contrived to get some other person than the father of his ward into the house with what result the reader may guess. Others who had letters to carry to the house of Lazare, the contents of
which they did not mistrust, would often enough unde- signedly charge other persons to deliver them; and the unfortunate bearer had no sooner presented his card of indenture, than he was as gallantly, pre pared for the discipline, and rewarded for his good nature by having administered to him a most excellent flagellation. When a lady had been slighted by her lord, it was his custom to give her his pincushion, and frequently contrived to have it inflicted by the fathers at the seminary of St Lazare. An artful scheme was contrived to get the unfortunate individual, under some pretence or other, to call at the place, and the reverend disciplinarians, having been previously advised and paid, took good care to make the faultless gallant yield ample satisfaction to the injured fair one. The system of St Lazare ultimately led to such abuses as to attract the attention of the government of the period, who caused the seminary to be abolished.

We have not sufficient space to relate all the anecdotes of flagellation which have been handed down to us from the remote monastic ages, but the following is one which deserves to be recorded: A certain jovial friar, who had a keen eye to the good things of this world, found the means of procuring a number of fine dishes and a quantity of rare wine which his vows expressly forbade his class to partake of. He invited a select number of his brethren to share in the feast, and as it would have been deferred with certain detection, if it had been laid out in any of their cells, they selected one of the large brewing-tuns of the monastery as a dining-room. As the feasting was held on several successive days, the abbot began to wonder at so many of the monks mysteriously disappearing at a certain hour. Being unable to find them either in their cells or in the chapel, he went himself on a voyage of discovery, and descending to the vaults, the savoury perfume of the dishes at once betrayed the secret dining of the jolly friars. The abbot silly took his measures and at once made his entrance into the hidden apartment. As may be supposed, the brethren were prodigiously alarmed; but the abbot soon set them all at their ease, expostulated with them for making the feast a secret, begged leave to join their revelry, partook of the wine and the well-seasoned dishes, and spent the greater part of the afternoon in a most agreeable and convivial manner. At last the banquet terminated, and the monks dispersed, but without serious misgiving that something would come out of all this; and they were right. 'Next day,' says Delolme, 'a chapter having been summoned, the abbot, in order to find out how far the mischief had gone, accused himself of the sin he had committed the day before, and requested to be well flogged for it. The prior objected much to such a discipline being inflicted on the abbot, but the latter having insisted, his request was complied with. This proceeding greatly astonished his boon-companions, but there was no escape. They were compelled to follow the example of the abbot, and that astute individual had so arranged matters, as to insure each of the delinquents a sound flogging.'

In the French Cours de Célébrité, we find the reports of various trials—arising out of the practice of flagellation—one in particular, where a noble lady was a comber high person of the same age, and had her whipped by her servants. In London, about three hundred years ago, a clergyman was tried for administering to his housemaid 'a discipline after the manner of a school-boy,' and he even defended his conduct in a quarto pamphlet. The old practice of birching all the children of a family every time an execution took place, may also be referred to. This was a practice of this age, and its object was to keep the sufferers in mind of what had occurred. The still more recent plan of flogging the papier children at the boundaries of the parish, in order that they might recollect them if disputes arose, seems a remnant of the same custom. One anecdote of 'penance' which we have heard is as follows: a lady, after having been to confession, was ordered to mortify her flesh, and to get some person to inflict upon her a hundred blows. The priest, however, forgot to say with what kind of instrument; and the lady, taking advantage of his oversight, caused her servant to flagellate her with a bunch of ostrich feathers. We may bid farewell to the ancient part of our subject by referring to the case of Clopinel, a court poet, who wrote a malicious libel on some of the ladies of the court. These beauties determined to be revenged on the poet, and at a consultation which was held, it was unanimously determined that he should be flagellated. At a convenient time, he was seized and prepared for the rod, which the fair ones had determined to administer in person. He was saved, however, from the infliction by his judgment of mind; 'piteously addressing the angry yet beauteous group around him, he humbly entreated that the first blow might be struck by the honourable damsels who felt herself the most aggrieved, and it is needless to add that not a lash was inflicted.'

A recent correspondence in the Times newspaper gives us the information that birch is not yet extinct in Great Britain, and that, having been abolished by a court, and almost fallen into disuse in our criminal code, it has found refuge in our great public schools, making Eton its head-quarters. We need not travel so far as Russia to laugh at flagellation in the nineteenth century, since we have it at home. As the modern case has been made public through the columns of the London daily press, we need have no delicacy in alluding to it here. A gentleman, who had placed his two sons at Eton, heard that the eldest one had been flogged, and as this young man was eighteen years of age, the father thought the punishment very improper, and wrote to his boy instructions not again to submit to such a punishment. 'I consider such a humiliation as disgraceful both to the party receiving and inflicting it; therefore be on your guard how you expose yourself to so degrading an exhibition as that of your person on the whipping-block. It is fitting for the felon, but does not become a gentleman. Therefore, one shan't be on your guard, and should your love of fun or insubordination place you again in such a position, I desire that you will leave Eton, and not permit any one so to insult you and common decency as long as you can defend yourself. I am aware that Eton customs do not attach such disgrace to flogging as elsewhere, and it is one of the greatest objections to this practice that it actually deprives itself of its effect by its frequent repetition. Up to a certain age, flogging may be tolerated; but when the child approaches the period of manhood, such a mode of punishment is revolting to every mind which is capable of being actuated by manly and correct feelings. I wish you to shew this letter to your tutor, in order that he may be made acquainted with my views on this point, and should think proper, communicate them to Dr Goodford.' Accordingly, about three months ago, the young gentleman having been found 'smelling of smoke,' and not choosing to tell an untruth, he did not deny that he had been smoking, and for this he was again sentenced to receive the rod, but in obedience to his father's instructions, he left Eton. This is modern birch—young men of eighteen, nineteen, and even twenty years of age, flogged supra dorsum nudum by the head-master of the school, who, from his position, must be a man of great learning and eminence, moving, of course, in the best society, and yet he is subjected to a custom to the level of a drummer in the army. We leave it to Mr Thackeray to class this modern
ableness along with that other one which he so well
describes in his 'Four Georges'—the lace-bedecked
courtier walking backward, like a crab, before a
certain great lady at the opening of the Crystal
Palace.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PHANTOM HORSE.

I HAVE encountered dangers—not a few—but they
were the ordinary perils of flood and field, and I
understood them. I have had one limb broken, and
its fellow bored with an ounce of lead. I have swum
from a sinking ship, and have fallen upon the battle-
field. I have looked at the muzzles of a hundred
muskets aimed at any person, at less than thirty yards'
distance, and felt the certainty of death; though the
volley was fired, and I still live. Well, you will no
doubt acknowledge these to be perils. Do not mistake
me; I am not boasting of having encountered them;
I met them with more or less courage—some of them
with fear; but if the fears inspired by all were com-
ined into one emotion of terror, it would not equal in
intensity that which I experienced at the moment I
pulled up my horse upon the prairie.

I have never been given to superstition; perhaps
my religion is not strong enough for that; but at that
moment I could not help yielding to a full belief in the
supernatural. There was no natural cause—I could
think of none—that would account for the mysterious
disappearance of the horse. I had often sneered at
the credulous sailor and his phantom ship; had I
lived to look upon a phenomenon equally strange yet
true—a phantom horse?

The hunters and trappers had indeed investeed the
white steed with this character; their stories recurred
to my memory at the moment. I had used to smile
at the simple credulity of the narrators. I was now
prepared to believe them. They were true!

Or was I dreaming? Was it not all a dream? The
search for the white steed—the surround—the chase—
the long, long gallop?

For some moments I actually fancied that such
might be the case; but soon my consciousness became
clear again: I was in the saddle, and my panting,
smoking steed was under me. That was real and
positive. I remembered all the incidents of the chase.
They, too, were real of a certainty; the white steed
had been there; he was gone. The trappers spoke the
truth. The horse was a phantom!

Oppressed with this thought, which had almost
become a conviction, I sat in my saddle, bent and
silent, my eyes turned upon the earth, but their gaze
fixed upon vacuity. The lazo had dropped from my
fingers, and the bridle reins trailed untouched over the
withers of my horse.

My belief in the supernatural was of short duration;
how long I know not, for during its continuance I
remained in a state of bewilderment. My senses at
length returned. My eyes had fallen upon a fresh hoof-
print on the turf, directly in front of me. I know it
was that made by the white steed, and this awoke me
to a process of reasoning. Had the horse been a
phantom, he would not have made a track? I had
never heard of the track of a ghost; though a horse-
ghost might be different from the common kind!

My reflections on this head ended in the determina-
tion to follow the trail as far as it led; of course to
the point where the steed must have mounted into the
air, or evaporated—the scene of his apotheosis.

With this resolve, I gathered my reins, and rode
forward upon the trail, keeping my eyes fixed upon the
hoof-prints. The line was direct, and I had ridden
nearly two hundred yards, when my horse came to a
sudden stop. I looked out forward to discover the
cause of his halting; with that glance, vanished my
new-born superstitions.

At the distance of some thirty paces, a dark line
was seen upon the prairie, running transversely to
the course I was following. It appeared to be a
narrow crack in the plain; but on spurring nearer,
it proved to be a fissure of considerable width—
one of those formations known throughout Spanish
America as barrancas. The earth yawned, as though
rent by an earthquake; but water had evidently
something to do with its formation. It was of
nearly equal width at top and bottom, and its bed was
covered with a debris of rocks rounded by attrition.
Its sides were perfectly vertical, and the stratification,
even to the surface-turf, exactly corresponded—thus
rendering it invisible at the distances of but a few paces
from its brink. It appeared to shallow to the right, and
do not doubt ended not far off in that direction.
Towards the left, on the contrary, I could see that it
became deeper and wider. At the point where I had
reached it, its bottom was nearly twenty feet from the
surface of the prairie.

Of course, the disappearance of the white steed was
no longer a mystery. He had made a fearful leap—
nearly twenty feet sheer! There was the torn turf on
the brink of the chasm, and the displacement of the
loose stones, where he had bounded into its bed. He
had gone to the left—down the barranca. The
abrasion of his hoofs was visible upon the rocks.

I looked down the defile; he was not to be seen. The
barranca turned off at an angle at no great distance.
He had already passed round the angle, and was out
of sight. It was clear that he had escaped; that to
follow would be of no use; and with this reflection I
abandoned all thoughts of carrying the chase further.

After giving way to a pang or two of disappointment,
I began to think of the position in which I had placed
myself. It is true I was now relieved from the feeling
of awe that, but a moment before, had oppressed me;
but my situation was far from being a pleasant one.
I was at least thirty miles from the rancheria, and I
could not tell in what direction it lay. The sun was
setting, and therefore I had the points of the compass;
but I had not the slightest idea whether we had ridden
eastward or westward after leaving the settlements. I
might ride back on my own trail; perhaps I might: it
was a doubtful point. Neither through the timber,
or on the open prairie, had the chafe gone in a direct
line. Moreover, I noticed in many places, as we glided
swiftly along, that the turf was cut up by numerous
hoof-tracks: droves of mustangs had passed over the
ground. It would be no easy matter for me to retrace
the windings of that long gallop.

One thing was evident: it would be useless for me to
make the attempt before morning. There was not half
an hour of sun left, and at night the trail could not be
followed. I had no alternative but to remain where I was until another day broke.

But how remain? I was hungry; still worse, I was choking with thirst. Not a drop of water was near; I had seen none for twenty miles. The long, hot ride had made me thirst to an unusual degree, and my poor horse was in a similar condition. The knowledge that no water was near, added, as it always does, to the agony, and the physical want more difficult to be endured.

I scanned the bottom of the barranca, and tracked it with my eye as far as I could see; it was waterless as the plain itself. The rocks rested upon dry sand and gravel; not a drop of the wished-for element appeared within its bed, although it was evident that at some time a torrent must have swept along its channel.

After some reflection, it occurred to me that by following the barranca downwedge, I might find water; at least, this was the most likely direction in which to search for it. I rode forward, therefore, directing my horse along the edge of the chasm. The fissure deepened as I advanced, until, at the distance of a mile from where I first struck it, the gulch yawned full fifty feet into the plain, the sides still preserving their vertical steepness!

The sun had now gone down; the twilight promised to be a short one. I dared not traverse that plain in the darkness; I might ride over the precipitous edge of the barranca. Besides, it was not the only one: I saw there were others—smaller ones—the beds of tributary streams in times of rain. These branched off diagonally or at right angles, and were more or less deep and steep.

Night was fast closing over the prairie; I dared not ride further amid these perilous abysses. I must soon come to a halt, without finding water. I should have to spend the long hours without relief. The thought of such a night was fearful.

I was still riding slowly onward, mechanically conducting my horse, when a bright object fell under my eyes, causing me to start in my saddle with an exclamation of joy. It was the gleam of water. I saw it in a westerly direction, the direction in which I was going. It was a small lake, or—in the phraseology of the country—a pond. It was not in the bottom of the ravine, where I had hitherto been looking for water, but up on the high prairie. There was no timber around it, no slope; its shores were without vegetation of any kind, and its surface appeared to correspond with the level of the plain itself.

I rode forward with joyful anticipations, yet not without some anxiety. Was it a mirage? It might be—a ten land I had been deceived by such appearances. But no: it had not the flinty, gauze-like halo that hangs over the mirage. Its outlines were sharply defined by the prairie turf, and the last lingering rays of the sun glanced upon its surface. It was water! Fully assured of this, I rode forward at a more rapid rate.

I had got within about two hundred paces of the spot, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glittering water, when all at once my horse started, and drew back! I looked ahead to discover the cause. The twilight had nearly passed, but in the obscurity I could still distinguish the surface of the prairie. The barranca again frowned before me, running transversely across my path. To my chagrin, I perceived that the chasm had made a sudden turn, and that the pond was on its opposite side!
the enclosure; and the moment after, crowds of them entered the house. There was much struggling and confusion. I battled with such arms as I could lay hold of; several fell upon me; but one—a tall savage, the chief, as I thought—threw his arms around my mistress, and carried her away out of my sight.

I remember not how I got mounted; but I was upon a snow-white steed, with Isolina in his arms. I urged my horse with voice and spur, but, as I thought, for long, long hours in vain. The white steed still kept far in the advance; and I could come no nearer him. I thought the savage had changed his form. He was no longer an Indian chief, but the fiend himself: I saw the horns upon his head; his feet were cloven hoofs! I thought he was luring me to the brink of some foul precipice, and I had no longer the power to stay my horse. Ha! The demon and his phantom horse have gone over the cliff! They have carried her along with them! I must follow—I cannot remain behind. I am on the brink. My steel springs over the chasm. I am falling—falling—falling!

I reach the rocks at length. I am not killed: how strange I am not crushed! But no; I still live. Yet I suffer. Thirst chokes and tortures me; my heart and brain are aching, and my tongue is on fire. The sound of water is in my ears: a torrent rushes by near me. If I could only reach it, I might drink and live: but I cannot move; I am chained to the rocks. I grasp one after another, and endeavour to drag myself along: I partially succeed; but oh, what efforts I make. The labour exhausts my strength. I renew my exertions. I am gaining ground: rock after rock is passed. I have neared the rushing water; I feel its cold spray sprinkling me. I am saved!

After such fashion ran my dream. It was the shadow of a reality, somewhat disorganised; but the most pleasant reality was that which awoke me. I found myself in the process of being sprinkled, not by the spray of a torrent, but by a pelting shower from the clouds! Under other circumstances, this might have been less welcome, but now I hailed it with a shout of joy. The thunder was rolling almost continuously; lightning blazed at short intervals; and I could hear the roar of a torrent passing down the barrance.

To assuage thirst was my first thought; and for this purpose, I stretched out my concave palms, and held my thowid open, thus drinking from the very fountains of the sky. Though the drops fell thick and heavy, the process was too slow, and a better plan suggested itself. I knew that my serva was water-proof: it was one of the best of Parra fabric, and had cost me an hundred silver dollars. This I spread to its full extent, pressing the central parts into a hollow of the prairie. In five minutes' time, I had forgotten what thirst was, and wondered how such a thing should have caused me so much torture!

More drank from the same 'trough,' and betook himself to the grass again. The under side of the blanket was still dry, and the patch of ground which it had sheltered. Along this I stretched myself, drew the serva over me; and after listening a while to the loud lullaby of the thunder, fell fast asleep.

CHAP. XX.

LOST UPON THE PRAIRIE.

I slept sweetly and soundly. I had no dreams, or only such as were light, and forgotten with the return of consciousness.

It was late when I awoke. A bright sun was mounting into the blue and cloudless sky. This orb was already many degrees above the horizon.

Hunger was the father of my first thought. I had eaten nothing since the hour of the preceding day, and then only the light dessert of sweet cakes and chocolate. To one not accustomed to long fasting, a single day without food will give some idea of the pain of hunger; that pain will increase upon a second day, and by the third will have reached its maximum. Upon the fourth and fifth, the body grows weaker, and the brain becomes deranged; the nerves, however, is less acute, and though the suffering is still intense, hunger is never harder to endure than upon the second or third days. Of course, these remarks apply only to those not habituated to long fasting. I have known men who could endure hunger for six days, and feel less pain than others under a fast of twenty-four hours. Indians or prairie-hunters were those men, and fortunately for them that they are endowed with such powers of endurance, often driven as they are into circumstances of the most dire necessity. Truly, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!'

As I have said, my first thought was of something to eat. I rose to my feet, and with my eye swept the prairie in every direction: no object, living or dead, greeted my sight; beast or bird was none; my horse alone met my questing eyes, tied by his trail-ropes. I could not help envying him, as I scanned his well-fitted sides. I thought of the bounty of the Creator in thus providing for his less intelligent creatures—giving them bread for all, and not for some only. Who does not in this recognise the hand of a Providence?

I walked forward to the edge of the barrance, and looked over. It was a grim abyss, over a hundred feet in depth, and about the same in width. Its sides were less precipices at this point. The escarpment rocks had fallen in, and formed a sort of shelving bank, by which a man on foot might have descended into its bed, and climbed out on the opposite side; but it was not passable for a horse. Its cliffs were furrowed and rocks jutted out and hung over; and in the uneven; rocks jutted out and hung over; and in the seams grew cactus plants, bramble, and small trees of dwarf cedar (Juniperus prostrata).

I looked into its channel. I had heard the torrent rolling down in the night. I saw traces of the water among the rocks. A large body must have fallen, and yet not a cupful could now have been lifted from its bed! What remained was fast filtering into the sand, or rising back to the heavens upon the heated atmosphere.

I had brought with me my rifle, in hopes of emptying some living creature; but, after walking for a considerable distance along the edge, I abandoned the search. No trace of bird or quadruped could be found, and I turned and went back to the place where I had slept.

To draw the picket-pin of my horse and saddle him, was the work of a few minutes; this done, I began to bethink me of where I was going. Back to the rancheria, of course! That was the natural reply to such a question; but there was another far less easily answered: How was I to find the way? My design of the previous night—to follow back my own trail—was no longer practicable. The rain had effaced the tracks! I remembered that I had passed over wide stretches of light dusty soil, where the hoof scarcely impressed itself. I remembered that the rain had been of that character known as 'Planet showers,' with large heavy drops, that, in such places, must have blotted out every trace of the trail. To follow the 'back-track' was no longer possible. I had not before thought of this difficulty; and now, that it presented itself to my mind, it was accompanied by a new feeling of dread. I felt that I was lost!
As you sit in your easy-chair, you may fancy that this is a mere bagatelle—a little bewildermend that one may easily escape from who has a good horse between his thighs. It is only to strike boldly out, and it is very like running must in time to arrive somewhere. No doubt, that is your idea; but permit me to inform you that this depends very much upon circumstances. It would indeed be trusting to blind chance. You must be somewhere; and that somewhere might be the very point from which you had started! Do you fancy you can ride ten miles in a direct line over a prairie, without a single object to guide you? Be undecided, then; you cannot!

The best mounted men have perished under such circumstances. It may take days to escape out of a fifty-mile prairie, and days bring death. Hunger and thirst soon gain strength and urgency—the sooner that you know you have not the wherewithal to satisfy the one, nor quench the other. Besides, there is in your very loneliness a feeling of bewildermend, painful to an extreme degree, and from which only the oldest prairie-men are free. Your senses lose half their power, your energy is diminished, and your resolves become weak and vacillating. You feel doubtful at each step as to whether you be following the right path, and are ready at every moment to turn into another. Believe me, it is a fearful thing to be alone and lost upon the prairies!

I felt this keenly enough. I had been on the great plains before, but it was the first time I had the misfortune to wander astray on them, and I was the more terrified that I already hungered to no common degree. There was something singular, too, in the circumstances that had brought me into my present situation. The disappearance of the white steed, although accounted for by perfectly natural causes, had left upon my mind a strange impression. That he should have lured me so far, and then eluded me in such a way! I could not help fancying design in it; and fancying so, I could attribute such design only to a higher intelligence—in fact, to some supernatural cause! I was again on the edge of superstition. My mind began to give way and yield itself to hideous fancies.

I struggled against such thoughts, and succeeded in rousing myself to reflect upon some active measures for my safety. I saw that it was of no use to remain where I was. I took a straight path for a couple of hours at least—the sun was in the sky, and that would guide me—until near the meridian hours. Then I should have to halt, and wait a while; for within latitude, and just at that time of the year, the sun at noon is so near the zenith that a practised astronomer could not tell north from south. I reflected that before noon I might reach the timber, though that would not insure my safety. Even the naked plain is not more bewildering than the openings of the mesquite groves and the chaparral that border it. Among these you may travel for days without getting twenty miles from your starting-point, and they are often as destitute of the means of life as the desert itself!

Such were my reflections as I had saddled and bridled my horse, and stood scanning the plain in order to make up my mind as to the direction I should take.

CHAPTER XL
A PRARIE RE past.

In gazing out, my eye was attracted by some objects. They were animals, but of what species I could not tell. There are times upon the prairies when form and size present the most life-like illusion of the objects so large as a horse; and a raven, sitting upon a swell of the plain, has been mistaken for a buffalo. A peculiar state of the atmosphere is the magnifying cause, and it is only the experience of the sharper of the two. This is a bee that can reduce the magnified proportions and distorted form to their proper size and shape.

The objects I had noticed were full three miles off; they were in the direction of the lake, and of course on the other side of the ridge. They were of several forms—five I counted—moving phantom-like against the rim of the horizon. Something drew my attention from them for a short while—a period of perhaps three or more minutes. When I looked out again, they were no longer to be seen; but by the edge of the pond, at less than five hundred yards' distance, five beautiful creatures were standing, which I knew to be antelopes. They were so close to the pond, that their graceful forms were shadowed in the water, and their erect attitudes told that they had just halted after a run. Their number corresponded with the objects I had seen but the moment before far out upon the prairie. I was convinced they were the same. The distance was nothing: these creatures travel with the speed of a swallow.

The sight of the prong-horns stimulated my hunger. My first thought was how to get near them. Curiosity had brought them to the pond; they had copied my horse and myself afar off, and had galloped up to reconnoitre us. But they still appeared shy and timid, and were evidently not inclined to approach nearer.

The barranca lay between them and me, but I saw that if I could entice them to its brink, they would be within range of my rifle.

Once more staking down my horse, I tried every plan I could think of. I laid myself along the grass upon my back, and kicked my heels in the air, but to no purpose: the game would not move from the water's edge.

Remembering that my serape was of very brilliant colours, I bethought me of another plan which, when adroitly practiced, rarely fails of success. Taking the blanket, I lashed one edge to the ramrod of my rifle, having first passed the latter through the upper swivel of the piece. With the thumb of my left hand I was thus enabled to hold the rammer steady and transverse to the barrel. I now dropped upon my knees, holding the gun shoulder-high, and the gay-coloured serape spread out almost to its full extent, hung to the ground, and formed a complete cover for my person. Before making these arrangements, I had crept to the very edge of the barranca, in order to be as near as possible should the antelopes appear upon the opposite side. Of course every manoeuvre was executed with all the silence and caution I could observe. I was in no reckless humour to frighten off the game. Hunger was my monitor. I knew that not my bread was fast alone, but my life, might be depending on the successful issue of the experiment.

It was not long before I had the gratification of perceiving that my decoy was likely to prove attractive. The prong-horned antelope, like most animals of its kind, has one strongly developed propensity—that of curiosity. Although to a known enemy it is the most timid of creatures, yet in the presence of an object that is new to it, it appears to throw aside its timidity, or rather its curiosity overcomes its sense of fear; and, impelled by the former, it will approach very near to any strange form, and regard it with an air of bewildermend. The prairie-wolf—a creature that surpasses even the fox in cunning—well knows this weakness of the antelope, and often takes advantage of it. The wolf is less fleet than the antelope, and his pursuit of it in a direct manner would be vain; but with the astuto creature, stratagem makes up for the absence of speed. Should a 'band' of antelopes chance to be passing, the prairie-wolf lies down flat upon the grass, clews his body into a round ball, and thus rolls himself over the ground, or goes through a series of contortions, all the while approaching nearer to its victims, until he has them within springing distance!
Usually he is assisted in these manoeuvres by several companions, for the prairie-wolf is social, and hunts in packs.

The square of bright colours soon produced its effect. The five prairie-wolves came trotting around the edge of the lake, halted, gazed upon it a moment, and then dashed off again to a greater distance. Soon, however, they turned and came running back, this time apparently with greater confidence, and a stronger feeling of curiosity. I could hear them uttering their quick 'snorts' as they tossed up their tiny heads and sniffed the air. Fortunately, the wind was in my favour, blowing directly from the game, and towards me; otherwise, they would have 'winded' me, and discovered the cheat, for they both know and fear the scent of the human hunter.

The band consisted of a young buck and four females—his wives; the nucleus, no doubt, of a much larger establishment in prospect—for the antelope is polygamous, and some of the older males have an exclusive following. I knew the back by his greater size and forking horns, which the does want. He appeared to direct the actions of the others, as they all stood in a line behind him, following and imitating his motions.

At the second approach, they came within a hundred yards of me. My rifle was equal to this range, and I prepared to fire. The leader was nearest me, and him I selected as the victim. Taking sight, I pulled trigger. As soon as the smoke cleared off, I had the satisfaction of seeing the buck down upon the prairie, in the act of giving his last kick. To my surprise, none of the others had been frightened off by the report, but stood gazing at their fallen leader, apparently bewildered.

I thought of reloading; but I had inadvertently risen to my feet, and so revealed my form to the eyes of the antelopes. This produced an effect which neither the crack of the rifle nor the fall of their comrade had done; and the now terrified animals wheeled about and spoil away like the wind. In less than two minutes, they were beyond the reach of vision.

The next question that arose was how I was to get across the berm. The tempting morsel lay upon the other side, and I therefore set about examining the chasm in order to find a practicable crossing. This I fortunately discovered. On both sides, the cliff was somewhat broken down, and might be scaled, though not without considerable difficulty.

After once more looking to the security of my horse’s trail-ropes, I placed my rifle where I had slept, and set out to cross the berm, taking only my knife. I could have no use for the gun, and it would hinder me in scaling the cliffs. I got to the bottom of the ravine, commenced ascending on the opposite side where it was steeper; but I was assisted by the branches of the trailing cedar that grew among the rocks. I noticed, and with some surprise, that the path must have been used before, either by men or animals.

The soil that lay upon the ledges was ‘puddled’ as by feet, and the rock in some places scratched and discovered. These indications only caused me a momentary reflection. I was too hungry to dwell upon any thought but that of eating.

At length I reached the scarp of the cliff, and climbing out upon the prairie, I soon over the carcass of the prong-horn. My knife was out, and next moment I was busy playing the part of butcher.

You will no doubt fancy that the next thing I did was to go in search to make a fire for the purpose of cooking. I did nothing of the sort; the next thing I did was to eat my breakfast. I ate it rare; and had you been in my situation, deliberate as you are, you would have done the same.

It is true that, after I had satisfied the first cravings of appetite with the tongue of the antelope and a few morsels of steak, I became more fastidious, and thought a little roasting might improve the venison. For this purpose, I was about to return to the berm, in order to gather some wood. The odor which my eyes fell upon that object drove all thoughts of cookery out of my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. The object in question was a large animal, which I at once recognized as a pampas bear, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie.

LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL.*

The ripened fame and acceptance of that extraordinary book, Boswell’s Life of Johnson, gives an interest to the personality of the author, which no one seems to have felt when he was alive. A series of characteristic letters by him, illustrated by biographic particulars, is therefore pretty sure of attracting public attention. At first, we suspected it to be a volume of forgeries; but, on inspection, we find the genuineness of the letters to be beyond doubt. They were addressed, throughout the course of thirty-seven years, to a bosom-friend of the writer, a certain Rev. Mr Temple, living in an obscure Cornish rectory. A most singular revelation of personal character they form—the outpouring of the feelings of a man not without talents, acquirements, and good aspirations, but altogether deficient in prudence, dignity, and suitableness for the world’s ordinary affairs—one who was not much worse in essential respects than most of his neighbours, but who put himself at the feet of them all by his silly forwardness, love of notoriety, and the constant self-composure of a babbling tongue. For the first half of the book, we altogether doubted the use of its publication, beyond the gratification of those curious in literary history; while of the justifiableness of making such an exposé of the personal vices, weaknesses, and domestic circumstances of one who died only sixty years since, and who has left numerous descendants, there seemed to us to be—something more than doubts. But on reaching the end, our conception of the book underwent a change. We then found the life of the man shewing so impressively the futility of all hopes of happiness based on the mere gratification of vanity and sensual appetites, we found the ultra-gaiety of the clever concomitant youth ending in such expressions of pain and sorrow, the natural fruits of a long course of self-deception, that we believed the book might prove to have been well worth publishing.

Boswell occupied a position in society of which we reflect out to the Englishman, knowing, or believing, that he has in general an inadequate conception. He was, by birth and connections, emphatically a gentleman. The eldest son and heir of a landed man occupying the dignified position of a judge, and himself a member of the Scotch bar, he had the fairest prospects in life—might have looked to a great marriage, to entering parliament, to high state employment. We find that, even in his own time, the family estates were £1000 a year. In the ensuing generation, they were probably of considerably more than twice that value, and it seemed but in the fair course of things that a British baronetcy was then conferred on the family. All these advantages Boswell in a great measure forfeited by the literary and social tastes which led him to be the companion of London wit, and enabled him to pen the immortal book which bears his name. Perhaps it were impossible for any Englishman to imagine the eccentricity of Boswell as viewed in reference to the Ayrshire gentry and Edinburgh noblesse de robe amongst whom he sprang into existence, or those Calvinistic doctrines and sober maxims of life which ought in the course of nature to have descended to him.

*Bentley, London, 1857, 8vo, pp. 46th.
The letters to Mr Temple first exhibit Boswell in youth, enthusiastic in study, but doubtful how to direct himself in life; in love with the affections of the heart, which comes to nothing. Already, he haunts the society of such literary men as then dwelt in Edinburgh. Before he was full one-and-twenty years of age, he had dipped into London, and found their congeniality. 'A young fellow,' he says, 'whose happiness was always centered in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas—getting into the Guards, being about court, enjoying the happiness of the beau-monde and the company of men of genius; in short, everything that he could wish—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at—'Will you have some beef? oh fle! oh fle!'—his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study Corpus Juris Civilis, and live in his father's strict family; is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket coursier to a dung-cart, and I'll lay my head he'll either caper and kick most confoundedly, or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse.' We may infer as much as he was disposed to break bounds, and tried to control him with good counsel. 'Honest man!' says Boswell, 'he is now very happy; it is amusing to think how much he has had at heart my pursuing the road of civil life; he is anxious for fear I should fall off from my prudent system, and return to my dissipated, unsettled way of thinking; and, in order to make him easy, he insists on having my solemn promise that I will persist in the scheme on which he is so earnestly bent: he knows my fidelity, and he concludes that my promise will fix me. Indeed, he is much in the right; the only question is, how much I am to promise. I think I may promise thus much: that I shall from this time study propriety of conduct, and to be a man of knowledge and prudence, as far as I can; that I shall make as much improvement as possible while I am abroad, and when I return, shall put on the gown as a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and be upon the footing of a gentleman of business, with a view to my getting into society.' Mrs Temple talks of my setting out soon, but says he will soon write to me fixing my allowance; I imagine, therefore, that I shall go the week after next. I feel no small reluctance at leaving this great metropolis, which I think is the best place in the world to live in. My dear friend, I find that London must be the place where I shall pass a great part of my life, if I wish to pass it with satisfaction. I hope we shall spend many happy years there, when we are both settled as to views of life and habits of living; in the meantime, let me endeavour to acquire steadiness and constant propriety of conduct, without which we never can enjoy what I fondly hope for.' He went to study law in Utrecht, and in 1766, when twenty-six years old, induced the gown of a Scotch advocate. For a time, he seems to have got some business, chiefly through the indirect effect of his father being on the bench. But Edinburgh was an alien scene to him; the time was always the guide of Boswell. With inconsistency in which he is, we fear, far from singular, he explicitly tells his clerical friend of a disgraceful connection he has formed, and in the same letter speaks with complacency of going to chapel, and 'looking up to the Lord of the Universe with a grateful remembrance of the grand and mysterious propagation which Christianity has received in the midst of the same circumstances, but writing from Auchinleck, his father's country-seat, he talks of a respectable marriage. 'What say you to my marrying? I intend, next autumn, to visit Miss Bosville, in Yorkshire; but I fear, my lot being cast in Scotland, that beauty would not be congenial. She is, however, grave and sensible, a young lady in the neighbourhood here who has an estate of her own—between two and three hundred a year—just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighbouring princess, and add her lands to our dominions? I should at once have a very pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place. My father is very fond of her; it would make him perfectly happy: he gives me hints in this way:—'I wish you had her—no bad scheme this; I think, a very good one.' But I will not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time. I will take to myself the advice I wrote to you from Naples, and go to London a while before I marry. I am not yet quite well, but am in as good a way as can be expected. My fair neighbour was a ward of my father's; she sits in our seat at church in Edinburgh; she would take possession here most naturally. This is a superb place; we have the noblest natural beauties, and my father has made most extensive improvements. We look ten miles out upon our own dominions; we have an excellent new house. I am now writing in a library forty feet long. Come to us, my dearest friend; we will live like the most privileged spirits of antiquity.' He could also get drunk in drinking Miss Blair's health, for that was the name of his princess. But that, to be sure, was the fashion of the age. There are many letters containing little besides the details of this love affair. The lady seems to have penetrated the volatile superficial character of her lover. She never could be brought to the point. Tormented with her coquetry, he in one letter congratulates himself on escaping from a coquette, and in the next, has resumed all his former admiration. He thus describes one of their interviews: 'On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? 'No, I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you.' Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.

'Boswell. Do you, indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.'

'Princess. I like Jenny Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.'

'B. Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

'P. No.'

'B. Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?'

'P. I don't know what is possible.'

'(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

'B. I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blain, I love you so much that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?

'P. I really don't know what you should do.'

'B. It is certainly possible that you may love me; and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?'

'P. Yes.'
Circuit, all pressed sore upon his spirit. Reared amongst an intemperate set, he gradually became more and more addicted to liquor—was constantly resolving to abstain—but always relapsing. For a long time, he had hopes of getting a government place; looking to parliamentary influence in Ayrshire as a purchase against the minister; but all ended in disappointment. By some influence with the Earl of Lonsdale, he did obtain the situation of Recorder of Carlisle; but that does not seem to have brought an income, and the connection came to a painful termination, the noble lord and his dependent having a violent quarrel, as thus recorded:—"Upon his seeing me by no means in good-humour, he challenged it roughly, and said: "I suppose you thought I was to bring you into parliament; I never had any such intention." In short, he expressed himself in the most degrading manner, in presence of a low man from Carlisle, and one of his menial servants! The miserable state of low spirits I had, as you too well know, laboured under for some time before, made me almost sink under such unexpected insulting behaviour. He insisted rigorously on my having solicited the office of Recorder of Carlisle; and that I could not, without using him ill, resign the duties of the office. To this, now required of it were fulfilled, and without a sufficient time being given for the election of a successor. Thus was I dragged away, as wretched as a convict; and in my fretfulness, I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury, so that he used such expressions towards me, that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honour sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of ranking my life, had not an explanation taken place. This happened during the first stage. The rest of the journey was barely tolerable: we went to Lancaster on Saturday night, and there I left him to the turmoil of a desperate attempt in electioneering. I proceeded to Carlisle last night, and to-day have been signing orders as to poor rates. I am alone at an inn, in wretched spirits, and ashamed and sunk on account of the disappointment of hopes, which led me to endure such grievances. I deserve all that I suffer.

What a lesson on the sorrows of slavish dependence, as contrasted with honest independent hard work and self-denial!

The letters of the last five years tell us of little but illness and depression of spirits, and contrast to the frivolous gaieties of those written in youth. Boswell sank, to all appearance under the consequences of dissipation, at the too early age of fifty-five (May 1795).

NATURAL HISTORY OF MY POND.
IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Not far from my residence is a little sunny pool—not one of those dirty, green, stagnant ponds which breathe pestilence, but a clear bright pool, with a pure stream of water flowing through it, white in the spring-time with flowers of the water-crowfoot, and in summer, gay with blossoms of the flowering-rush and the purple loosestrife, whilst a few water-lilies float like a group of royal bridesmaids on its surface. My Pond does not extend over quite half an acre of ground; on one side it is bounded by a few stunted willow-trees, which bend their boughs gracefully toward it; while on the other, many of the common plants grow at the margin, and give occasional shelter to a vagrant water-hen. None of these have, however, to my knowledge, become permanent residents in my pool. Though my domain is not extensive, yet it is to me a perfect vivarium, and, in gratitude for the pleasure it has often given to me, I have determined to write the story of its inhabitants; not the occasional rarities, but the well-known familiar faces who may always be met with in the right.
times and seasons. It must be only a very slight
shallow pool, as the fish would he too
long for it, and the small millh must be
so this little memoir must be taken by the reader
rather as an introduction, a card allowing him to call
and make the acquaintance of my friends at his leisure.
For the tise, if you could visit the water-plants; they are verte-
brate animals, quadrupeds, reptiles, fish. Of the fish
there is not, indeed, much to say; it is diflicult to see
much of them, and the only approach to familiarity
between us is when a carp rises to take a crust of
bread thrown upon the water for him. There are
besides, the minnow and the common stickleback; and
a legendary story exists of a pike having been seen
there, but this is not given upon good authority, and
the splash witnessed by my informant was more pro-
ably caused by a water-rat diving from the bank.
Of the fish, the one which to me possesses most interest
is the stickleback, the male becomes such a beush in
spring-time; and, besides this, they have more wit
than fish in general, for the female does not leave her
eggs to the chance mercy of the winds and waves,
but builds a nice compact little nest amongst the
water-plants; and over this the male keeps watch, as
a good and true husband should, and no water-beetle
or dragon-fly larva dare venture within its reach: he
is ever watchful, waiting, lance in hand, to do battle with
all comers.
Great favourites of mine are the newts, both the
larger and smaller species. Gorgeous fellows are the
male newts in green, what they orange breasts
and crested backs; and very amusing are they to
watch. One of these Adonises of My Pond may be
often seen escorting some fair damsel, and shewing
his affection for her. No wonder is it then along his utter-
most to make himself agreeable; and when the nutptial-
time is over, the interest does not cease, for the offspring
also are much to be admired: they are not, like the
vulgar tadpoles, pertaining to the toads and frogs,
but evidently an aristocratic race, adorned with large
feathered branchiae, fringing their necks like those
goodly collars that were worn by our great-great-
great-grandmothers in the glorious days of Good
Queen Bess. Frogs and toads are there also; the
former jump nimbly enough into the pool at my
approach. Poor beings! they seem to have been made
for a physiological show, and their beauty is only
for the onlooker; and may be, for the very good reason,
that it is to be feared that mine are not always safe from this
their usual fate; yet the supply never fails, and in
the spring the pool is ever musical with their lo-
ventures. The first sounds which the ear catches in the evening
are the chittering of warm weather. However unpoetical such an opinion
may be, it is yet true that these tender murmuries of
the frogs are the earliest harbinger of spring; they
are heard long, long before the swallow, before even
the will-bee and the primrose make their appearance;
and the snow-drop is rather the offspring of winter
than the promise of its departure.
But there are higher vertebrates dwelling in My Pool
than frogs and newts; the splash of the water-rat as it
leaps from the bank may be heard frequently; and if
you watch, the furrow on the surface will soon point
him out, only visible, immersed beneath the water,
yet swimming along bravely; or he may be seen, when
he has gained the opposite bank, making his way
stealthily up to his hole. But the name of rat, like
the little gossip of a country-town, sticks to him; and
though he does not deserve it, and the rat of the town
bears little relationship to the rat of the country, yet
it is a name by which he is known, and, in fact, it must be
confessed, he is no favourite of mine. There is another
little animal which ranks especially high in my opinion;
he comes gently down from the bank towards the
evening, when the begins his aquatic habits, and, not
like a great water-beetle; but the glossy hair glis-
tening with air-bubbles will soon detect him, and his
sharp muzzle marks him to be a shrew-mouse. By
keeping perfectly quiet, you may watch his gambols
for a long time—now swimming on the surface, now
diving beneath it, or sporting among the water-weeds.
There is nowhere to be found a more engaging animal
than this little shrew: he is one of the greatest in-
habitants of My Pond, or rather, it should be said, they
are, for there are generally a pair to be seen playing
together. Nor is it, indeed, always play, for the earnest
way in which they push their long snouts amongst the
water-plants shews that there is a purpose in their
movements. No wonder they are favourites of mine,
for they give me much amusement in the calm summer
evenings. The shrew used to participate in the ill-
feeling that appertained to witches, warlocks, and all
lump-nebbit things; and the land species was deemed
the cause of many an evil by our simple ancestors; but
our amphibious friend was probably then unknown.
It is not, however, vertebrate, but articulated or
jointed animals which My Pond yields in the greatest
plenty. It is easy to obtain several species of the
crab-kind, or crustaceans, two or three spiders, very
many insects, and several of the less-organised examples
of the group. Of the crustaceans, the most conspicuous
example is a small shrimp (Gammarus pulex), looking
like a sandhopper. He need scarcely be described
for every one must know him, as he is probably a denizen
of almost every pool in the kingdom. He is active,
and chases about the smaller animals in a relentless manner;
and he may boast, also, of being perhaps the most
important, for the others are much smaller, scarcely exceeding a
pin's-head in size. The commonest of these (Cyclops
quadrimaculatus) is known easily by the two egg-bags which
the female carries by the side of her tail. No wonder
that this species is abundant, for Jurine calculates that
at the end of one year a single female would have
become the progenitor of 4,442,169,120 young! And
this is probably too low an estimate. The young are
produced in a state very unlike the parent, and it is
some days before they assume the adult form, the time
changing with the warmth of the weather and with
the light admitted to them. The specimens found in
My Pond vary much both in colour and size; some are
black, others olive-green, whilst the most frequent are
of a yellowish white. They are very active, and more
defply through the water, being rarely seen with the naked eye. Under a common magnifying-glass, all
their parts can be distinctly noted, and especially the
peculiarity which has gained them their name—the fact
of their having only one eye. There is another species
(Daphnia pulex) rather larger than this, which may be
often seen in swarms among the water-plants, especially
in sunny weather. All of this little being, except
the head, is enclosed within the valves of a delicate shell;
these valves have no hinge, but are open in front, and
simply soldered together along the posterior edge; the
animal possesses, however, some power of opening or
shutting them at will: this is the water-flea, a merry,
harmless little being, having of course no right or title
whatever to the name of flea, except for its activity.
Donovan gives an amusing, though very unfavourable
account of it: he says, 'by numerous filaments which
darts forth, it causes such a motion in the water as
to attract resolutely the insects floating into its
mouth. Thus it exists in a life of rapine and destruction,
enjoyed at the expense of the lives of thousands; and
as the objects of its ravenous disposition are defence-
less, so are they the sport of their conqueror. The few
moments of intermission is spent when they are occupied equally in the spoil, first pressing
them to death, and then tossing them undeveloped
into the fluid. But should a more powerful insect oppose
him, he immediately contracts his tail, and nothing
more than the external covering is open to his an-
tagonist's violence, and he will sooner die ignobly
than offer the least opposition!' There is a curious
provision with regard to the multiplication of this little being: the female lays two kinds of eggs—one in summer, which soon produces young; but the other kind, the applet in the spring. This lies for some time upon the back of the animal like a saddle, and has hence been called the epiliphum; it contains two eggs. These are able to resist the cold of winter, which is fatal to the imperfect animal. This epiliphum floats on the surface of the water, and remains with the two eggs enclosed till next spring, when the young are hatched by the returning warmth of the season. These two kinds of eggs show the preservation even of the most insignificant of beings is abundantly provided for. There is in the pond a far prettier species (Cypris viridis) than either of the two mentioned. Draw a plant of callitrichus to hand, and there will probably be found a specimen of this little crustacean entangled in it. It has a shell very much like that of a bivalve mollusk, of a white colour, with a slight tinge of green, and on this shell are three black stripes. It not only swims with great activity, but runs actively along the leaves of the water-plants, or along the bottom of the pond. The shell differs from that of the water-fleas before described in being open, except in the middle third of the dorsal surface, where there is a true ligamentous hinge and muscles, by which the animal can open or shut the shell at its pleasure. In appearance, it is much more of a very small muscle, but of course can be known at once from any bivalve shell by its movements and by its four legs. There is more than one species of this elegant little shell in My Pond, but the one described is the most frequent, and also the most beautiful. We shall finish the 'first sytte' of our history with it, and commence the next with the spiders.

The only species of spiders which My Pond contains all belong to one genus (Arachnida); they seem like overgrown mites of a reddish-brown colour (Hydrochaeris globulata), and about the size of a sweet-pea seed; but they are rapacious enough, and undergo, in the early stages of their life, some strange metamorphoses. Being then parasitical upon the large water-beetles, they are rather amusing to keep and watch, from the variety and agility of their movements. Their respiration is, like that of insects, by air-tubes, which ramify in the body. Of the ordinary pulmonary or lung-breathing spiders, My Pond has no example.

Next to these come the insects, and of these, firstly, the beetles; and here it is not possible to enumerate one-quarter of the examples of this tribe found in My Pond. Size gives the precedence to the Dytiscus (Dytiscus Marginatus) — large oval beetles, nearly two inches in length of a bronze-black colour, but light-brown on the reversed side. They may be always seen swimming among the water-weeds, urging themselves on by the aid of their powerful hind limbs, which they use as oars. I kept one of these for a long time. During the day, he remained quietly in the water; but at night, he would make excursions round the room, and seemed to have a particular penchant for flying in the faces of those who entered his apartment. He was fed upon wapase, and on these he thrrove well, until one day a specimen not quite dead was put into the vase in which he lived, and he was stung, and died in consequence. Curious beings are the larvae of these water-beetles: they have the legs at the front-part of a long stubby-like body, and the odd, flat, square head is armed with powerful jaws. They swim rapidly along by aid of the tail, and are, like the perfect insect, very voracious in their habits. Besides these larger water-beetles, there are many of lesser size, some extremely like the Dytiscus: these are Cylomobates; and there are several species in the pond. There are many other genera, but apart from all, I allow us to notice the whirligig-beetles (Cypris Nautilus). These are probably familiar to all lovers of angling; indeed, they have gained a classic fame through the mention made of them by old Izaak Walton. On the surface of the pond they are always seen, dressing and cleaning their blue-black coats. They keep up a constant quadrille, making their ball-room out of some quiet little bay in the pool; there is one spot especially, fringed by rushes, and with a slight shelf above it, where they can see the external world, that they seem particularly fond of. It is very pleasant to watch them. They are the Idlest beings in My Pool, the veriest triflers in existence, dancing away all their lives; and yet other beings might more easily be spared from my aquarium than these merry whirligigs.

The dragon-flies, and the species allied to them, must be noticed next to the beetles; and though it must be confessed that they do not live in the water during their adult life, yet they haunt the pond so much that it is perfectly just to class them as denizens of it. The flies themselves must be first described. There is one of a sky-blue colour, with only a few rings of black; its body is scarcely thicker than a large pin, and its wings are of the most delicate gauze (Abrasus porrecta). Surely there is nothing dragon-like in this. The French term them, with far more politeness, petites demoiselles. There is another species (A. minusum) much like this in figure, but with the body of a deep-red colour, a much larger, and in the female, and also the most beautiful. We shall finish the 'first sytte' of our history with it, and commence the next with the spiders.
broad leaves of the plants near, there casts its slough, spreads its wings to the sunshine, and flies off as one of the glorious beings we have been watching. See! this burst of evening sun has brought out one of the flat-bottomed boats we were talking of just now: he has settled for a moment, with outspread wings, on the summit of one of the flag-leaves; now he is off again, darting round the pool; his supper does not 'yet run afoot,' but it is flying somewhere, and has to be earned before he can get it.

We will now turn to the more peaceful ephemerids or day-flies. Poor creatures! their perfect life is but a brief one. There are in the pool more than one species, but the commonest is a large fellow (*Ephemerella culivata*), a bashaw of three tails, and with curiously motled wings. He dances up and down for a few hours in the summer evening, and the next morning you find him with outstretched wings floating on the pool. Has my reader ever been to the Rhine in summer?—he will then know well what an ephemeron is. As soon as evening comes, myriads of a snow-white species of these *wasser-fliegen* haunt you everywhere; incessant swarms pass by you on the streamers, so that you always seem wading through some sort of cloud of flies. They come to your lights in swarms, until literally heaps of them lie dead upon your table; they are in your tea, in your milk; your butter is a dust of them; they are everywhere; turn where you will, you are surrounded by these emblems of the frailty of life. Our ephemeron often dances in merry groups over the water; but swarms like these are unknown. The larvae of these flies are very beautiful; the tufts of branchie, or appendages for breathing, which are arranged down each side, are most elegant in form, and in constant play. They are best met with in the spring-time. Like the dragon-fly, the pupa comes out of the water to undergo its change; but even when the perfect insect appears, it is for about an hour clothed with another tunica, which has to be cast off before it is quite complete.

Nearly allied to these, we have the group of caddis-flies. Their wings are four, covered with hairs instead of being gauze-like and transparent. We shall not fail to find some species on the stumps of the willow-trees. The commonest of the group is a large brown fellow (*Pleggani grando*), with long antennae. We have seen many species on the pool. The larvae are always easy to be found; they construct for themselves cases, made out of fragments of stick and sand, open at both ends. They walk along the bottom of the pond in rather an awkward manner, carrying their houses on their backs, into which they retreat in case of danger. Some of the cases are constructed with great regularity. There are many species inhabiting the pool, but the one mentioned is certainly the commonest.

Look! here is one of the next tribe (*Hydrodromus*) which must fall under our notice. He glides over the surface of the water as quickly in proportion as any six-oared gig in a boat-race; his body is pointed before and behind like a London wherry; and his two middle legs urge him on much as a pair of oars would do. There are more than one species in the pond. Their gambols are very amusing, though there is a degree of awkwardness in the movements of their long legs. Sometimes they attempt a dance, as the whirligig, having not this unknown. Their cases in their movements; sometimes, but rarely, they are provided with wings.

Belonging to the same group, but to a different sub-division, have been more frequently an allusion between the dragon-flies, *Secta glauca*—These always swim upon their backs: they rest on the surface of the water, or rather with their tails at the surface, basking in the sunshine; but let your hand approach, and a stroke of their powerful cars takes them away speedily amongst the water-plants. They are very amusing beings—in the daytime swimming about the pool, in the night, making aerial excursions into the neighbourhood. Nearly allied to these is the brown water-scorpion (*Nepra cinerea*), so called from its anterior pair of feet bearing a very distant resemblance to the mandibles of the real scorpion, to which, it need scarcely be said, it bears no true relationship.

There are some moths even which must be claimed as citizens. If one of the floating pond-weeds be drawn to the banks, we shall not fail to find on it a number of curious shields cut out of the leaf, oval in shape, and looking somewhat like the case of the caddis-fly. These (*Hydrocampa potamogota*), which thus pass their lives in these little tents, come out in July as the pretty moths commonly known by the name of China-marks, from their wings being marked with a curious and beautiful pattern of a brownish-yellow colour. There is another species to be found upon the water-lilies (*H. symphante*); and another, still commoner, which makes a long cylindrical case out of the fronds of the lesser duckweed (*H. leonata*).

The only remaining insects which can be said to be true natives of the pond, are a few two-winged flies, and of these the gnats are the species which have the most right to the privileges of citizenship, since, like the dragon-flies, their early life is passed in the water. There are abundant kinds which haunt the margins: these are only guests; but the gnats live there by far the greatest portion of their lives. It is curious to see the female deposit her eggs: she alights, much like the dragon-fly, carefully and steadily upon the water, and, guiding herself by the hind feet, builds a perfect little canoe of eggs, which floats off upon the surface of the pond; and sometimes a large fleet of these may be seen sailing along together. From these the well-known larva emerges; this breathes by its tail, and therefore is often to be seen head downwards, suspended at the top of the water. The pupae have not legs like those of the dragon-flies, and therefore the change takes place in the pond, the insect emerging from its shell as it floats upon the surface: this requires great caution, and is a period of great danger to the insect, a passing breeze often consigning many to a watery grave. Myriads, however, still exist, and are, it must be confessed, rather troublesome friends, being frequ loneliness too kind in their attentions. With them, the account of my insect acquaintance must be concluded, hoping my reader may be preserved from their attacks, whether as gnats or mosquitoes, until we meet again.

**MATRIMONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.**

Turn now of getting married is practised in many different ways in different parts of the world. This statement, admitting of no dispute, need not be illustrated with examples. I will not detail to a well-informed public, whose ear has been bored, figuratively speaking, with numerous particulars of the same kind, the manner in which the Cingalese and the Chinese, and other unspecified, take wives unto themselves. It is generally known that, among barbarous nations, and occasionally among some that are not barbarous, the marriage-ceremony is but the clenching of a bargain, the arrangement by which certain goods—furniture, marriage-porter &c., are assigned and delivered over to the purchaser. It is also to be gathered from the pages of history, that the same ceremony, performed between royal personages, has in action, and between nations that individuals, a gege, not so much d'amour et d'amié; that the daughter of a royal house has been sent as a peace-offering to a dangerous neighbour, and that the fair hostage has received the title of queen with the name of a wife, her position being less fitly represented
by the golden circlet on the finger, than by that on the head. Will it not be subjects on which, as a moralist, I conceive that the less said the better. Nor will it be considered that the art of getting married, as practised in our own country, requires much elucidation. Much learned disquisitions and refined jokes have been brought to bear upon that question. I refrain from venturing on a topic which has been elaborately treated of in various works in three volumes. But the art is now practised elsewhere in a manner so entirely distinct from former experience, that it seems to claim a little attention. The method in question has lately come into use in America, and is intimately connected with the discovery of photography. There is an illustrated periodical published in New York, called the Ledger of Romance, which allot a portion of its space to what is called "Marital Correspondence." Under this head, ladies and gentlemen who desire to enter into the bonds of wedlock, insert descriptions of themselves and of the paragon they are in search of. Occasionally a portrait is sent—usually a photograph—which is encumbered above the description. Sometimes a name is given, but more commonly an initial, the address being confined to the editor, who "mails" all letters, sent by way of reply, to the respective parties. It may be said that this is only a variety of the matrimonial agency said to exist in Paris, and not entirely unknown in our own country. There is, however, this important distinction between the two—that whereas in France the negotiation is conducted with some degree of privacy, and is known only to the persons interested, or supposed to be so, in America the candidate publishes his offer to the world at large. It is not very difficult to imagine how the system is found to operate. Celebres, who goes little into society, or whose tastes are fastidious, takes up this valuable paper, says at breakfast, and straightway his eye falls upon that pink of perfection which he has sought for in vain. The hand, with its piece of buttered cake, is stayed on its way to his mouth, he bends eagerly over the description, his coffee perhaps grows cold, but no matter—he thinks she would suit him! Presently he draws up an account of his own advantages, and forwards it to the editor. Perhaps a photograph goes with it; but engraved portraits do not admit of being highly coloured, while those of the pen do: usually, therefore, he prefers the latter. The rest is darkness and silence. The imagination of the initiated reader must supply the dénouement. In the observation of scientific phenomena, we note effects the causes of which are frequently concealed, but in this experimental philosophy of matrimony, the causes lie on the surface, while the effects are left to conjecture. The "gentlemen's department" of this correspondence is likely to be the more amusing to the general reader, shewing as it does the several candidates to be possessed of every merit, except perhaps that of modesty. If we may take the various statements au pied de la lettre, we shall be surprised to find men of all ranks and very different ages coming forward to find wives. In the number which I hold in my hand, one column is appropriately headed by a military officer, whose portrait represents him in full costume, and who is introduced by the editor with the following flourish of trumpets: ‘Col. T. B. M.—e has called at our sanctuary with one of Brady's best photographs of himself, and begs that we will present this announcement to the fair readers of our paper as a candidate for matrimony. We know the colonel intimately, and can say, that although a few hairs of iron-gray are sprinkled among his raven locks, they are, yet by exposure among the glades of Florida, and the well-fought fields of Mexico, where he distinguished himself by his valour, and are not own there by years, for he is but thirty. He holds a commission in the U.S. army, and his family is one of the oldest in the country. His youthful escapades are pretty generally known among his acquaintances, and hence he is looked upon with some distrust. But we know him to be the very soul of honour, and have advised him thus publicly to confess the error of his past ways, and throw himself upon our fair readers' mercy, in the full confidence that some bright eye may be captivated by his manly beauty, and love and marry him.’

The reason given for the colonel's public appeal is rather novel, and it may be doubted whether the fair readers of the paper would be disposed to extend their pity to a man who is in such bad odour with the ladies who know him, as to be compelled to seek a wife among those who don't. Next appears the portrait of a gentleman whose hair has been singularly well curled by the artist, and who introduces himself in rhyme:

To all fair ladies who may view this page, A gentleman of six-and-twenty years of age Politey begs to make his wishes known. He would not live—or rather be— If his form and features let the portrait tell, On these his modesty forbids him dwell. He needs a lady with a pretty face, A modest fortune, and a winning grace, A temper suited to an honest mind, Which to her slightest wish shall be inclined. A mercenary wretch he may be branded, But his best wishes are to be most caudal; She must have money; though indeed at present He fears no poverty, still 'tis not pleasant To dream or think a day of want may come To the young lady whom he leadeth home. And yet to prove no sordid ends combine To make him pen the seeming selfish line, He hereby covenants, agrees, engages To settle on herself and the sweet pledges Of her affection, all that she may own, And asks for his love but her heart alone.

GUSTAVUS EDWARDS.

The ladies will hardly fail to appreciate the charming air of candour, which, like a transparent varnish, shines over this announcement. To dread that a day of want may come to the young lady whom he leadeth home—what could be more amiable, more considerate?

The next correspondent describes himself as a merchant doing a successful business, and alludes to his affairs by asking, 'what a paltry 3000 dollars a year can be to the great house of A——& Brothers Co.' (the lady he is addressing being in possession of that sum). Then we have an author who candidly says that 'his fortune may be best expressed by an indefinite number of ciphers, with the unit at the left' (meaning the right probably). If, however, he spends his money, he works for more, and has enough to afford a wife every comfort. Many of these applications appear to be unavailing; nobody comes to be married, nobody comes to be wood. Others are more fortunate, and I observe one case in which a candidate receives more than one reply. A certain Mr George Hubbard, who describes himself as a widower, and whose portrait represents a pleasant-looking man of middle age, says he would be glad to marry again. Next week, two ladies send their portraits and compliments to him, which are duly presented in the journal. The contrast between the fair rivals is very striking. The first, with the signature of a 'Strong-minded Woman,' describes herself in these terms: 'I am possessed of little sentiment, and do not believe in love in a cottage, and think pork and beans are more necessary to human existence than moonlight rambles or serenades. I am unable to boast of numerous
conquers over the gentlemen, but assure you I am
some in making pumpkin-pies. I do not understand
the glorious art of painting, but my whitewashing will
surpass competition. My modesty will not allow a
description of my personal appearance, but I will say
that I have neither red nor freckles. Wishing
my various accomplishments may suffice, I beg you
will address STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

The second writes in a strain so simple and sincere,
that anywhere out of print I should call it charming:
"Mr Hubbard—I notice in the Ledger a picture of
yourself; it pleases me exceedingly. I would
be happy to open a correspondence with you.
My age is twenty-two, I don't know how you
would be pleased with me, but I truly wish you might,
for I feel a deep interest in your picture. I should
be happy to write further particulars.—Affectionately
yours,
JENNIE WIGGS.

The portrait which accompanies this letter gives a
very favourable representation of the writer, but it
produced no effect. The ladies may be interested to
know that the pumpkin-pie carried the day, and that
next week Mr Hubbard wrote a long reply to the
Strong-minded Woman, in which he congratulated her
self on his good-fortune in having attracted her notice.

The question which the ladies like must always be of
depth interest to a large majority of the other sex.
That question—the difficulties of which have hardly
been diminished by the imaginative powers of writers
of fiction—is to some extent elucidated in this corre-
spondence. If confidence may be placed in the
evidence, it appears that prospective husbands are not
required to have money; wit is seldom wanted, and
good looks can scarcely be said to be at a premium.
An amiable disposition is indispensable, and so is
your creed; you are a good family very desirable; a manly
and honourable nature much in request. Those qualities
are required which, in America as here, are comprised in
the emphatic word gentleman. Tobacco is in general
objected to; but cigars, if required, are tolerated.
Surely the age of chivalry is indeed gone, when a lady
is compelled to endure the 'weeds' on taking a husband,
as commonly as to wear them on losing him.

The gentlemen are much more fastidious; one and
all of them want something very nearly angelic. They
usually take credit to themselves for magnanimously
relishing some one attribute of perfection. Books
on female education condemn the pursuit of surface
accomplishments in preference to the more solid
acquirements which are really valuable to the mistress
of a house. As a writer of the Ledger says, however, that
the latter are attractive rather to persons of the age of
Mr Hubbard, than to younger men.

One young lady, of the interesting name of Lola,
appears to have advertised herself in a sheet we have
not seen, and to have met with very considerable
success; the editor informing her that he had mailed
four letters to her this week, keeping back the rest
because the writers neglected to pay the postage.
Lola exposed her portrait to public competition, and
here is in one case the result.

DEAR SIR—Last week, while perusing your Ledger of
Romance for August 2, my attention was attracted to
a very beautiful picture of Miss Lola C—1 of Spring-
field, Mass. Her picture strikes me exceedingly, and
should like very much to cultivate her acquaintance
with a view of matrimony. I am a young man twenty-
two years old, and most exemplary character; my
figure is good, five feet nine inches in height, hair and
eyes are black. I am considered handsome by most of
the young ladies. I am of good family, and have a
good profession. With respect to matrimony, I have
always considered it the only thing necessary to com-
plete a man's happiness on this earth, and would most
readily with her enter that state of bliss.—Yours with
kind regard,

DANIEL RAYMOND, Chicopee.

Another gentleman of the same age is also taken
with Lola's picture, and would be happy to make her
acquaintance with a view to matrimony; but he adds
—"or the acquaintance of any other young lady. His
chief object is to find a congenial companion for a tour
in Europe.
All this may be amusing to read about—and I
hope it is—but in practice it wears a very different
aspect. It will not do to judge the manners of a
distant though kindred people by our own standard
of unconquerable reserve; but the custom of wearing
one's heart not on one's sleeve, but out in the open
paper, can hardly be regarded in a very favourable
light. The purity and delicacy which encircle with
a glorious halo the head of young womanhood, seem
somewhat imperiled by this unwise and imprudent
practice, than a public auction. Even the fortunate man
who in personal qualifications outshines his competitors,
cannot reflect with much satisfaction on the fact, that
she who sits by his side has been the subject of public
advertisement. If Celebs cannot find courage to pay his
addresses to a lady in the ordinary way, it would surely
be better that he should pay his court like Window
Walter, without the door, than through the newsmann.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA MADE EASY.

This difficulty an emigrant from Europe finds is
not in getting to America. The middle-passage has
no horrors for him; but no sooner does his foot touch
the soil of republican freedom, than his progress is
arrested, and if he should have the good fortune to reach
his destination at all, it is not till loss of time, money,
and peace of mind has left him half frantic and half a
beggar. We are now of course alluding specially to the
more ignorant class of emigrants, and to the system
of private swindling of which they are the victims;
though all classes find more or less difficulty and delay
in reaching the part of the continent they are bound
for: we are alluding to what the Toronto Colonist
calls 'the monstrous villainies practised upon emi-
grants at New York, New Orleans, and other ports—
villainies which have hitherto baffled all the ingenuities
and all the energies of the many humane societies
which have sprung up in New York and other places
to protect the unsuspecting and friendless emigrant.
This great evil, however, from present appear-
ances, seems about to cease; for the acute mind
of Mr S. P. Bidder, the general manager of the Grand
Junction Railway of Canada, has seen that the malignant
influence it would exercise against that noble work,
and against the tide of emigration to British America.
He has devised a plan of through-booking in the great
seaports of Europe, by which the emigrant, or traveller,
will take his ticket at once to the place of his ultimate
destination on the American continent, and will thus
avoid the risk of being fleeced or trepanned in the
port where he arrives. 'Agreements have already
been made by Mr Bidder, with all the leading railways
of the United States, by which passengers, whether
emigrants or otherwise, will be passed to any part of
Northern and Western America upon tickets issued
to them in Europe. Thus, passengers who purchase
through-tickets from the agents of the Grand Trunk
Railway at Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Bremen, and
Hamburg, as well as at Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow,
Aberdeen, Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Galway, or any other
port which trades with Boston, Portland, Quebec, or
Montreal, will be conveyed to any point in Canada to
which a railway runs, or to any place in the United
States where a leading railway has a station, without
the trouble of making even an inquiry, or the delay
of a single unnecessary moment. Each passenger will
be supplied with a ticket—authenticated by the
signature of a duly authorised chief-officer of the Grand Trunk Company—a map of his route, and even a timetable, which, while he will be secured against all imposture, vexations, and delays after he lands, will tell him almost the very hour at which he will arrive at his destination.

There can be no doubt that this extensive project is one of the greatest utility, and that, if properly carried out, it will have important effects upon the emigration from Europe to America. The Toronto paper, however, looks specially to the Canadian share of the benefit, and not, we think, without cause.

‘We need hardly point out the advantage to Canada of the best class of emigrants being conveyed upon its railways, and in view of its splendid soil and settlements. Even supposing that a large number will have made up their minds to go to the far west, many—and these the most wealthy and valuable—will determine to settle where comfort and civilization mark the people, and the soil and climate unexceptional. It need hardly be said that the whole face of Upper Canada is one wide advertisement of such characteristics. The farmhouses, the fences, the stock, the villages, the churches and school-houses, the horses and carriages, and the dresses and well-to-do appearance of the Canadian agriculturists, speak at every turn, in favour of their country to every man who desires a comfortable residence for himself and a future home for his children. So that, apart from the emigrants who may come with the direct intention of settling in Canada, we are sure to get many who, not understanding America, or probably with mistaken notions of the British provinces, may have determined to settle elsewhere. The through-ticket system will, in short, allow Canada to advertise herself; and she wanted no better advertisements at the London and Paris Exhibitions, and will require none better to the intending settlers of North America.’

Sir Casack Roney, the secretary of the Grand Trunk Company, is co-operating with Mr Bidder in the European part of the arrangements; and when all is ready, in addition to his present duties, he will retain the superintendence of the through-booking system. If judiciously carried out, as we doubt not it will be, the best results will follow for all parties. The benefit will not be confined to Canada. By the system of railways now in full operation, emigrants can be carried direct from Quebec, or from Portland in Maine, to the banks of the St Clair in the extreme west of Canada, and thence pursuasion railway routes through Michigan to Wisconsin, and other attractive places of settlement in the north-western regions of the United States. In short, in a day or two after landing on American soil, and with no kind of trouble, the emigrant will find himself at his new home. Such a prodigious convenience, rob emigration of its terrors, and must set hundreds of timid families wandering. As the notices of this through-ticket system will probably excite inquiry, we recommend that the authorised places for procuring tickets should be made well known by advertisements.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

Our wrongs were countless as the sands
Of that dead soil wherein we stood:
With thongs they bound our plighted hands,
They scourged us—even to blood;
They smote our first-born midst his play,
They secked and secked far and wide.
I looked upon his mother’s face:
’Twas blank as is a starless night
When the round moon has left her place,
And there is no more light;
And cold upon her blighted cheek
Lay the strong grief she might not speak.

I said: ‘In yonder dreary swamp
Afar shall we two hide our way?’
Then first her eye with tears grew damp,
She said: ‘My love, we’ll go;
For thy lost sake, my child, my child,
We’ll go and madden in the wild!’
We had no home from which to part,
As through the blooming rose we stole;
Our home was in each other’s heart,
And in the God-sent soul
Which dared the wrath of man to brave,
Though groaning in a tortured slave.
The long night-shadows veiled our flight
As, breathless, we pursued our way;
But dreadful as the white mans’s sight,
So dreadful was the day:
If God’s best light our path revealed,
Too well we knew our doom was sealed.
And daylight broke: the hunt was up;
We caught their shouts upon the gale;
And we must drain the bitter cup
If once our limbs should fail:
Delirium in our every tread,
For life—for death, on—on we sped.
The swamp was gained; and, crouching low,
We dared to breathe the poisoned air,
Behind us, stretched a waste of wo;
Before, the wild beast’s lair;
Yet paused we now, or shrank we back,
The Cuban dogs were on our track!
Beyond, upon the thickets verge,
A lake of stagnant waters lay;
We plunge; our fainting limbs we urge;
We cleave the watery way.
Less than the white man did we dread
The alligator’s slimy led,
A strange relief our bosoms crossed:
The terrors of pursuit were past;
In the dank ooze the trail was lost,
And we were safe at last—
Safe!—midst the horrors of the brake,
The mockeson and the rattlesnake!
I had no fears; the bitter flood
Of wo had drowned each life-born care;
And one beside me breathed, who stood
Between me and despair;
Though that keen anguish which she bore,
Had passed not, still pass never-more.
It seems to bear a spell whichholds
The fiercer monsters from their prey:
The serpent with his coiling folds
Will shrink and glide away;
Her eye each deadlier reptile charms,
And I lie safe within her arms.
And we are free!—free! God in heaven
Who caused that word to sound so sweet,
Save those to desperation driven
Beneath the white man’s feet;
Who makes, to mar Thy glorious plan,
An outcast of his brother-man!

‘A TILT AT MR GOSSE.’

Mr P H. Gosse does us the honour to write in reference to an article in our number for October 11, 1856, in which some particulars of an anecdote of the killing of a crocodile, given in his Naturalist’s Sojourn in Jamaica, are called in question. We do not think it necessary to print Mr Gosse’s letter or the documents he transmits to us, but content ourselves with remarking, that he has adduced what seems fair evidence of the correctness of the principal facts reported in his narrative.
MY NIGHT IN THE HOUSE.
A man with a wife and eleven children farming some of his own land, with a little house-property to look after, besides being guardian of the poor, parish vestryman, and perpetual chairman of the Anti-county-rate Movement, has quite enough on his hands to keep him at home. But my country—or rather my country—called me, and with the spirit of an old Roman, I resigned myself to my duty.

It happened in this wise. The supply of gas to our town had been for many years a disgraceful monopoly in the hands of the old company, as it was called. Last year some patriotic citizens, of whom, without vanity, I may say I was one, projected a new association for the purpose of providing Trixbridge with the means of illumination. Everything was done properly and in order. We issued prospectuses, held board meetings, allotted shares, and presented a bill to parliament for the 'Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company.' Of course, our bill was opposed tooth and nail by the old monopolising company. When the time came for parliament to decide upon the controversy, I was invited to bear testimony on our side of the question. As the new company intended to buy some of my land, and rent some of my houses for their works, I was naturally well qualified to speak of the excellence of their plans and the inestimable advantages which the bill would confer upon Trixbridge. There was another point. Mr Aspinall, the buff member for our borough, was suspected of favouring the old company. Now when he came down for his election, the honourable member—he was really an honourable—and myself were on the most friendly terms. So attached, indeed, had he shown himself to me, and so domestically delighted with the society of Mrs Burtonshaw and our family altogether, that I had not only voted for him myself, but had contrived to secure him the votes of two sons, three nephews, one brother-in-law, and half-a-dozen electors with whom I happened to be connected in business. Our board, therefore, thought that if I were on the spot, and put the matter in a proper light to the honourable member, he might be induced to help us forward with our bill.

Thus it was that, after much solicitation, for the good of my country, I came up to London. There I stayed some weeks, passing much time in the committee-room of the House of Commons, but also omitting to visit every place which was mentioned to me as worth seeing in or near the metropolis. My various adventures upon these tours of inspection are far too numerous to be here related. On the whole, I found the time pass very pleasantly, even though away from my home and Mrs Burtonshaw. Everybody was exceedingly polite. My accommodations were excellent, and, what I had not expected, the estables and drinkables supplied by the London hotel-keepers, really not amiss. About their cost, I am not able to speak, as the company paid the bill; but I never heard of any complaint on that score.

As for the other bill, the expectations of the board were completely realised. The Honourable Mr Aspinall, after a little conversation with me, showed himself really enthusiastic on behalf of our project. 'The Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company was,' he said, 'a magnificent example of the benefits resulting from the great principle of association, and the whole scheme justified the character of England as the greatest commercial country in the world.' His admiration went further than mere words. He helped us famously with our bill in the committee, and made a fine speech about us in the House upon the second reading,' of which I was sorry to find, next day, that the stupid chatter going on in the House all the time prevented the reporters from hearing a single word.

In spite of this, however, we got our bill; and this glorious triumph was the occasion of my passing a 'night in the House' such as I shall never forget.

It was on the evening when the 'bill'—of course I mean the Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company's Bill—finally passed the House of Commons. Our excellent member had got me a seat in the Speaker's Gallery; he came and sat beside me there, and pointed out the celebrities of the House. I saw the premier, Lord John, Mr Dizzy, and other people, ministerial and oppositional, whose names I already knew. Besides these, I was lucky enough to see Lord Octavius Fitzhugh, our county representative, and his colleague, Mr Wire Cartridge, whose presence on this occasion was the more important, seeing that they so rarely attend the House. For half an hour and more I sat still, trying to hear what was said amidst the gabble going on upon all sides, and the noise made by members coming, going, and circulating like ants in a hillock, though not quite so silently, and possibly without doing so much work. Presently a member, whose face I knew—it was our other representative—stood up near the Speaker, flourishing a paper in his hand.

'That's our bill,' said Mr Aspinall—'to be "read a third time."'

I listened with all my ears, but could not even catch the title; all I heard were the words 'do pass.' But my companion, who knew the ways of the place, rose with a satisfied air and said:

'So that's all right, and now we can go to dinner.'
To celebrate our anticipated success, Messrs. Pouncey and Co., our parliamentary agents, had invited the whole bachelors' party to a dinner. The troops of directors, witnesses, solicitors; every one, in short, connected with the bill and the company—to a grand spread. Whether the cost figured in their account, I never heard, but believe not, at all events in an identical shape. But this was no concern of mine. The viands were excellent, and so was the wines. We did ample justice to both. The dinner came off in one of the handsome members' refreshment-rooms in the new palace of legislation. All the appointments, even to the plates and dishes, had "House of Commons," written in the black-letter which Mr. Barry is so fond of, stamped upon them. The massive silver forks and spoons were thus marked, and bore, besides, the gridiron—or portculis, as Mr. Aspinall called it—the arms of the city of Westminster. This made them, he told us, national property; and any thief who carried off a single spoon would be guilty of high treason, and punished like Colonel Blood, who stole the king's crown some hundred years ago.

We had a jolly dinner, but broke up early, as everybody but myself seemed to have business to do. The House, we learned, had got into a debate, which promised to be long. As we left the dining-room, Mr. Aspinall politely proposed to show me some of the curiosities of the edifice, which I was most anxious to see. Barry's palace is nearly as big as a town; and one might go to the lobby, or the committee-room, or another, else that has been called one for a year together, without guessing at a tenth part of the vast size and contents of the pile. So we went on, and up, and round, and down again, through a series of halls, ante-chambers, galleries, and winding staircases that seemed endless and countless. I saw a great deal of painting, and a great deal more carving, and heard a number of curious stories about both from my guide, who was exceedingly affable, and seemed to know everything. Yet I cannot say I remember much of what passed. The truth is, that between the cork-screw staircases and the blazing gas, and seeing so many things at once, my head grew quite dizzy, until I scarcely knew where I was. It was quite a relief to me when, as we were passing down another long corridor, a sharp rattle of bells broke upon us, apparently from all sides at once, and kept ringing away in volleys with extraordinary perseverence.

"By Jove," said Mr. Aspinall, "there's the division-bell! I must rush off, or they will have locked the doors. Wait here for me, and I'll come and fetch you when it is over. A thousand pardons."

With this brief apology, he made a dash at a small door, leading, I suppose, by some short-cut, into the House, and disappeared. I sat down on a bench in a windowed recess, and felt glad of the opportunity to rest a little and clear the cobwebs from my brain. How long I sat there, I don't know; it seemed only a few minutes, but I fancy I fell asleep. When consciousness returned, it was still some time before I could recollect precisely where I was, or how I came there. The gallery seemed to stretch an almost infinite distance right and left. The lights were burning dim, and a pale gleam was thrown across at intervals from the sky outside, for the night was clear and moonlight. I felt shivering and a little frightened. Perhaps, I thought, I had no business there. My guide was gone, and if caught trespassing, what account could I give of myself? Yet I did not know which way to turn for an outlet.

Thus, then, I saw some dark figures in the distance coming down the gallery. They carried lanterns, and one of them had what looked like a huge black snake coiled up under his arm. As I learned afterwards, they were gentlemen carrying iron-bound doors, which were placed every night close at hand to the water-plugs distributed over every part of the building. It was the precaution regularly adopted to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe as that which occurred in 1834.

As the men passed, I shrank up in my recess, and thought it lucky they went by without seeing me. After they were out of sight, I made a desperate effort to escape from the questionable position, and tried at the door through which, as I believed, my friend the member had previously passed. The door opened to my hand, but was the wrong one. I went through nevertheless, and found myself in a lofty and handsome room, quite filled with the moonlight that streamed through an expansive casement opposite the entrance. I walked to the window, and saw that it overlooked the Thames. The moon was high and bright. I could distinguish the bridge on the left, where the repairs were still going on, and the gray towers of Lambeth Palace on the other side of the river. All at once it flashed across me that I had been in the room before. It was a committee-room—the very one where we fought our bill so often, or else a facsimile. Now I knew where I was.

Before I had time to act on this knowledge, however, a step approached the door. I heard the handle tried, but no one entered. Then came the sharp click of a lock. Some vigilant watcher had found the door fastened, and the small knowledge I had of the place was too frightened to call out at the moment; but in a minute afterwards went and tried the door myself. It was too true—I was locked in. What made the case worse, it was Friday night. The narrow was the legislative holiday. Not a soul was likely to come near the place until committee-time on Monday. Here, then, I thought, am I shut up, starving for forty hours, and, when released, may be arrested for a burglar.

The prospect was not reassuring. I went to the window again, but there was no escape that way. The casement was high up, and fastened besides. Far below, I saw the brown bolt of mud left by the tide, which was at ebb, and a tier of barges lying aground in it. But no human being was visible, nor, if shouted for help, could I have made myself heard at that distance. I did not like the look of things at all.

Coming back into the room, I sat down in the chairman's well-padded seat before the committee-table, and fell into the way of keeping myself busy. The thought then passed across me, that perhaps there were other doors to the place, some one of which might be unfastened. I got up and groped round the wall, particularly in the shady corner where the light fell. Before long, I found what I sought. A door there was—a handle—it turned in my grasp—the means of exit were clear. The door, I concluded, led to one of those privileged entrances marked "Private: for members only." However, I was too glad to escape to stand on punctilios. I passed out into a sort of ante-chamber leading into a lobby, and thence into a short corridor almost dark, but I managed to find my way to the end which opened upon a well-staircase. Far down a single gaslight was burning, which threw its rays up the shaft. The place grim and lonesome enough; but I was fairly in for it, so down I went.

Down, and still downwards, the well-staircase led me. I reached and passed the gaslight; the place grew gloomier as I sunk further below its influence; yet I went on hoping to get at last into the central hall, or at any rate to find myself somewhere whence I could emerge from the trap. At last I reached a ponderous iron-bound door, which I pushed boldly open, and went through. Now, thinks I, we must have reached terra firma.

A few steps more showed my mistake. I stood on the brink of another flight of stairs, leading down to some vast and black hole, where the moonlight could not reach. Coming I knew not whence nor how, served partially
to reveal the extent and profundity of the cavern, into which I peered with a shudder. From its depths a chill, damp vapour floated heavily up. I scarcely ventured more than a glimpse into the yawning chasm before me, but drew back hastily to regain the upper air.

At this moment the door above me closed with a thundering clang! The sound reverberated in a long subterranean rotunda through the vault, and seemed to last itself at last in infinite space. At that moment, however, escape was uppermost in my thoughts, and I felt my way to the door, and was horrified to discover that it had shut close, and remained fastened by its own massive weight. There was no handle or key in the inside: its smooth surface presented nothing for the grasp.

After a while, I left off trying to open it, and ceased shouting for help. By that time, I had got more accustomed to the gloom, and looking below, saw that there was light enough there to make a sort of darkness visible. Escape by the way I had entered was clearly impossible; so I descended the few steps still left, which landed me at the bottom. I found myself apparently in the very centre of a vast and incontinuable cavern. The staircase, down which I had come, was built within a massive dwarf pillar that rose from the floor to the ceiling. In front, a long row of similar pillars stretched in endless succession; to right and left other avenues, also flanked by columns of dark stone, extended as far as the eye could reach. Behind me, as I passed round the shaft through which I had descended, the series was still prolonged with no visible termination. Starting out, here and there, from the pillars, were tongues of gas flame, which flickered in the night-wind, and threw a ghastly sepulchral light over the vault. These lights seemed to burn without human interposition. They had evidently burnt through night and day, through session and recess, ever since the edifice was erected. Their presence seemed rather to increase than diminish the intense feeling of solitude, of supernatural gloom and vastness, which weighed upon me as I paced around.

Then it flashed upon my mind that I must have got to the basement storey of the palace of legislation, of which I had heard so many legends. The subterranean area, I knew, contained the vaults beneath St Stephen's Chapel, which were the scene of Guy Fawkes's conspiracy; but they now comprised much more. There were tales concerning the place in modern days—how that men had lost their way in its incontinensible recesses, and left nothing but skeletal tombs in the midst of a felony's disappearance, and recognised only by the marks inside their boots. The very notion threw me into a cold perspiration, and I sunk back on the steps, down which I had just come, to recover breath and presence of mind.

Sitting there was not the way to escape, as I presently betook myself. I started up, determined upon prosecuting an eager and methodical voyage of discovery. Surely there must be some means of exit from the huge dungeon which might be found by searching. I blessed the authorities who maintained the gaslights, dim though they were, in every part of the cave: if it had been completely dark, I was lost indeed.

I walked down the stone avenues and round the huge columns; they seemed innumerable and incontinuable. The roof was arched between the pillars, and on every side were carvings of Gothic design, but roughly and imperfectly executed. It seemed like an embryo creation of the sculptures which had arrived at such refined and masterly perfection; but the huge columns with their vast diameters looked portentously massive from the want of height. I had heard often of the 'pillars of the constitution,' but never saw such grandeur and loneliness, as seemed as if I had been buried in this cavern for twenty years. What next restored me to full consciousness was the breath of fresh air, bringing with it a dull murmur of winds and rain. I saw the roof, stretching away on every side into such vast expanse, oppressed me with its weight; it seemed constantly about to fall on my head. I stood still more than once, with an awful sensation, as if the constitution were on the point of tumbling down over me.

While these ideas passed through my bewildered brain, I was traversing through and round a monstrous succession of pillars. In several of them were doors, some of which proved to be vaults; others were broken upon winding flights of steps, like that which I had descended into this world underground. Up, then, I went, with a dogged sort of persistence, turn after turn, grooping in the dark and twisting round and round, to find myself invariably stopped at length by another door which I could not pass. I went up so many stairs, and they were all so like one another, that at last I grew quite puzzled. I remembered hearing that there were ninety-six staircases in the palace of Westminster; but it seemed to me at the time that I must have tried at least a hundred and fifty.

The next I attempted gave me a glimpse of hope, lost through my own folly. I got up without obstacle much higher than before, cheered by a light half-way. There was a door as usual, but luckily open. I passed on and up again, and reached a narrow corridor leading evidently to some inhabited district of the place. Before me, as I turned a corner, there suddenly flashed the apparition of a huge fire burning brightly in a wide grate. This formed the background of the picture. Nearer were shelves displaying a goodly array of crockery, and dressers glistening with plate. I was in the kitchen of the House. Before I had time to think, an approaching footsteps struck on my ear. At that moment I felt so like a thief, that I fancied I should be taken for one. Recollections of the stories told us at dinner about Colonel Blood and the crown jewels came into my mind with a sort of thrill. In a panic, I turned and fled down the steps, like one escaping from a guilty conscience, and it was not until I had gone some distance among the turnings and windings of the pillars, that I recovered from my fright; then, indeed, I repented my absurd alarm, and sought to regain my way to the kitchen, but found I had lost the clue. I went round and round a hundred columns, and groped up many stairs, but could not discover the one I was looking for. Wearing at last with these perpetual clamourings, I threw myself upon a stone bench, and, as I fancied, I woke up shivering, hungry, desperate, and frightened. My nervous system was shaken by my sufferings in gloom and solitude. I longed, and yet dreaded, to hear a voice or meet with a fellow-dissembler. In such a state of trepidation I wandered on again; presently I came upon a singular scene, which did not tend to reassure me. The floor of the vault opened into a huge circular chasm, whence arose in grim and fantastic outline, the shapes of wheels, and bars, and cylinders, glimmering in the dim light with most spectral aspect. Looking aloft, I saw the roof also pierced with a circular opening, in which was a vast apparatus of vanes, like a colossal smoke-jack, or wind-mill turned horizontally. On one side was another congeries of mechanism, which I recognised as a steam-engine. But everything was still, and dusty, and rusty. It looked as if unused for years, and passing rapidly into the ghostly state of existence. The concern was, as I afterwards learned, the old 'ventilator' of the House of Commons, long since abolished as a nuisance.

From this point I again roamed on, without guide or purpose, I cannot say how far or how long; my brain had got into a dreamy condition, and the only impression remaining was one of such desolation and loneliness, as seemed as if I had been buried in this cavern for twenty years. What next restored me to full consciousness was the breath of fresh air, bringing with it a dull murmur of winds and rain. I saw the roof, stretching away on every side into such vast expanse, and saw a patch of sky bright with moonlight.
I had reached the river-end of the subterranean vaults. Above me was a small grating, opening upon the outer world; some loose heaps of broken stone and brick lay piled against the wall. I climbed up, and grasping the bars, placed my face close against them, inhaling with inexpressible delight the warm and balmy air from the river. The scene was the same which I had gazed upon some hours before from the committee-room; but I viewed it now from below. The moon by this time had fallen and the water risen; the Thames was now brimful between its banks; heavy barges were floating and ‘wabbling’ about at their moorings. The moonbeams brought out into strong relief the Lambeth Palace towers and riverside buildings on the other side, and drew a pathway of light across the dancing waters, almost up to my grating. For some minutes I clung desperately to the bars, and gazed out like one just emerging from the tomb.

Again I was disturbed and frightened by steps and voices. Two men approached with measured tread; I knew they were policemen, and my terror returned. I fell away from the grating, and in reaching the ground, knocked over a rumbling pile of stones from the heap. The policemen were startled as well as myself at the noise, and came up to the grating hourly shrouding their customary challenges to trespassers. I slunk close to the wall below the range of the bull’s-eye lantern. As they passed the light along the grating, the shadows of the box was thrown into colossal relief upon the pillar opposite, and trooped past like a file of black giants in solemn procession.

‘There’s nothing there, Simmons,’ said one of the men at last; ‘it must have been the ghost of Guy Fawkes. He haunts the old cellar still, they say.’

‘More likely,’ replied his companion, ‘it was some rats out of the sewer. I’ll speak to the clerk of the works to have the holes trapped again.’

‘Why, there’s plenty of rats up above in the House, let alone those in the sewer,’ rejoined the first speaker.

The men laughed, and walked away; when they had passed out of hearing, I got up to renew my efforts at extrication. The brief glimpse I had obtained of the free world had inspired an irrepressible longing for air and liberty.

At length I was cheered by prospects of success. I came to a region of the cavern where several arches were built up with wooden partitions, forming what looked like store-rooms or offices. Here and there were windows, through which I could see big piles of paper. I found a door or two, but they were locked. Around were sundry packing-cases, a dismounted printing-press, and other signs of human frequention. At any rate, I was in the neighbourhood of my fellow-creatures.

After a little more wandering, I came to another doorway and flight of steps. I had been up a hundred without avail; but this time the symptoms were more encouraging: the stairs were wood instead of stone, and lighted from above. I ascended, with a desperate resolve to escape; the time was past for fearing detection; let the worst happen, people are not sent to the Tower in these days.

It was all right. I reached the top without obstruction. Then came a long vaulted corridor, and at the end a double swing-door with glass panels, protected by a fretted grille of brass-work. Through this door, as I opened it, there came a gush of hot air, which, loaded with gas and breath as it was, seemed to make the delightful breeze I had ever inhaled.

On passing through, I found myself in a vast and lofty hall, so brilliant with lights, that for the moment I was dazzled. I saw only a single figure, quaintly dressed, and with his side, who shouted in sonorous tones as I entered: ‘Who goes home!’

The words thrilled through me. For hours I had been doubting whether I should ever see my home again! By an irresistible impulse I rushed forward and caught him by the arm: ‘I will,’ I said; ‘for God’s sake, take me home!’

The man looked scared, as well he might. But at this moment there was a person headed by a solemn-looking personage in flowing robes and full-bottomed wig, marching on with all the attributes of grave authority and respect. I recognised the dignified functionary whom I had seen early in the evening occupying the chair of the House. Behind him came an irregular throng of members. It was Mr. Speaker. The House was just up, and the invitation to which I had responded so unexpectedly, was only that unobtrusive formula, derived from times when a guard of representatives was sometimes necessary to convey the Speaker safely to his home.

My appearance caused a momentary pause. It was no doubt sufficiently singular. Covered with dust and cobwebs, my dress soiled, my hat battered, my hair dishevelled, with the haggard hang-dog look derived from my long anxiety and subterranean wanderings. I must have looked anything but the respectable character I have always tried to maintain. Mr. Speaker laughed distinctly; the man with the sword caught my eye, and had no ideas of himself. It was Aspinall, my member for Truro. He released me from a very awkward scrape; and a few words from me explained all necessary particulars.

‘And so you were just roaming in darkness and cold for these six hours in the regions below?’ he said at last; ‘but come along, ‘tis hardly two o’clock yet. A brush and cold water will put you to rights; and, god, we’ll make a night of it yet!’

I know that we did not get home till morning, and that the next few hours were spent far more pleasantly than the last half-dozen had been. But nothing occurred either then or since to efface the recollection of the sufferings and sensations I had experienced during My Night in the House.

Glimpses of Affairs in America.

The Kansas-Nebraska Affair.

It will be recollected that on the occasion of constituting the state of Missouri, in 1820, there was a compromise among parties to the effect that, in all the territory which had been ceded by France north of 36° 30’, the state of Missouri excepted, slavery should be for ever prohibited; and the act which admitted the state to the Union bore a clause of this kind. Here was a law setting the question so far, one would think. Events proved that this was not so certain. Missouri having edged itself in as a slave state, there the affair rested; and when, in 1856, a slice of fresh free territory was added to this slave state, the compromise-clause does not appear to have been agitated. It was reserved for Mr. Pierce’s first congress to be troubled with the resurrection of a measure which the bulk of the members—and Pierce to boot—had probably begun to hope was past being brought to life. On the 15th of December 1855, a bill was submitted to the senate to organise the territory of Nebraska; and on this occasion the unhappy compromise rises from the dead. Let us look at our maps, and see where lies the region which was to provoke one of the severest contests that has ever occurred in or out of congress.

Nebraska was the name at first given to a large
tract of country, having on the east Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and stretching from 36° 30' or thereabouts, to 49° from the line of the states. Its western limit was New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Washington. The more eastern portion of this vast territory, was fertilised by the rivers Platte, Kaw or Kansas, and other tributaries of the Missouri, and its only occupant the Indian tribes of the plains. The rich lands on the borders of the rivers, and beyond them the rolling and flowery prairies, were, however, becoming too attractive to be much longer exempted from the ever-operating law of Anglo-American migration. The federal government had begun to cause regular explorations west of Missouri, about 1838, but on so imperfect a scale, that fresh and much more extensive investigations were ordered in 1842; the commander of the scientific explorers on this occasion being Lieutenant John Charles Fremont. The history of this journey of discovery to the shores of the Pacific is full of romantic incident, and as affording accurate accounts of that great western wilderness which will shortly afford a home for millions of civilised men, is deserving of more notice than it has generally obtained in Europe. Fremont, the "pathfinder," was eminently successful in his explorations through the obscure passes of the Rocky Mountains. On one of the topmost peaks of this lofty range, upwards of 12,000 feet above sea-level, he gallantly waved in triumph the national flag, where, as he says, 'never flag waved before.'

The discoveries of Fremont opened the way for settlements, but none, except in an irregular manner, could take place till the territory was organised and surveyed; and these final measures were pushed on by Missourians and others personally acquainted with the capabilities of the unappropriated lands. Among the parties who urged forward the bill for organising the territory, there could hardly fail to be a consciousness that, as Nebraska lay directly north of 36° 30', it was exempted from the contamination of slavery, in virtue of the compromise. But, then, was this compromise of abridging effect—was it a compromise at all? All admitted, what was undeniable, that there was a statute which regulated the slave trade; that all lands north of the line 36° 30' should be consecrated to freedom. This awkward difficulty was got rid of by declaring that the act was unconstitutional, an interference with the rights of squatters, and a violation of their personal freedom. As for there having been a compromise, was where it seen in any valid obligation? It was only a fand tradition, no binding effect whatsoever. There may have been some mutual concessions among the states when the Missouri bill was passed, more than thirty years ago; but what had the present generation to do with the parliamentary stratagems of a past age? Besides, the compromise measures of 1850 affirmed and rest upon the proposition, 'that all questions pertaining to slavery in the territories, and the new states to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, by their appropriate representatives, to be chosen by them for that purpose.'

According to this view of the subject, the Missouri compromise of 1820 was over-ridden by Clay's omnibus measure of 1850, which was said to obliterate the line 36° 30' from the map. Neither branch of congress unanimously adopted so sweeping a doctrine. The progress of the bill, which speedily assumed the form of organising two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, was opposed at every step. Again, exportation was useless. The bill passed both branches of the legislature in May 1854, the senate, as customary on similar questions, being swelled to a phalanx of 49 men. What was accordingly framed for organising Kansas and Nebraska as separate territories, with the whole apparatus of local government and legislation; and giving to the inhabitants the right to introduce or reject slavery, on the true squatter-sovereignty principle. The two territories, being now fairly established, that kind of rush of settlers ensues which has been previously pictured. In their choice, Nebraska appears to have been passed over in favour of Kansas, which, lying to the south, on the parallel 36° 30', immediately adjoining Missouri, drew crowds towards it; and, as is well known, became the object of a keen and disorderly competition between the southern slaveholding party and the free-sellers of the north. There was little time to spare. In the old world, kingdoms and principalities have taken centuries to mature. The greater number, after a thousand years of social organisation, have not yet acquired so much as the capacity to keep order at a public meeting, let alone the power of self-government. Even the British monarchy, with all its appliances, seems to be unable to ripen its ordinary run of colonies under a period of some years—indeed, several of the more elderly of these communities are now, after long tutelage, only beginning to walk alone. The United States contrived to arrive at this maturity in a few weeks or months. Kansas was organised on the 30th of May 1854, and on the 25th November following, it was to send a delegate to represent it in congress. In the short interval between period, cities, towns, and voting-places were to be established; though, as the materials of architecture were principally deals and canvas, this feast was perhaps no great stretch of genius.

Previously to its organisation, Kansas had become a hopeful field of labour to several missionaries connected with one of the divisions of the Methodist body, which is known to have done good service in carrying a knowledge of religion into remote quarters of the Union. Among those who had set up their tabernacle in Kansas, was a somewhat renowned personage, the Rev. Tom Johnson, who is described as ultra coarse and presuming—a violent pro-slavery partisan, and a ready tool of those planters in Missouri who had an eye to the fertile plains of the territory. This worthy, whose head-quarters were at a place called the Shawnee Mission, a short way from the frontier, held slaves long before the organisation of Kansas—a circumstance which helped materially in the plan of introducing and holding slaves on a large scale. Of the Rev. Tom's clerical accomplishments, we possess no record. All we know is, that, located in a hulking brick-building at the Shawnee Mission, he was a loud-voiced man among those who charged themselves with enlightening the Shawnees, Delawares, Kaws, Sac, Foxes, and other tribes of Indians; some of whom, as our authority states, already possessed an 'eminence degree the marks of whisky civilisation.' * We do not learn that Tom kept a barrel to aid him in his labours; but that is of no consequence. There were barrels at hand, and they were doing their usual horrid work on the unhappy Indians—a doomed race. The bill opening the territory to white immigration, provided that the natives should not be illegally deprived of their reserves; but no arrangement, however humane, short of the annihilation of whisky, could sustain them in their possessions, and, unless removed, they were evidently destined to become beggars and plague to society. A number, wise enough to lay by their lands on reasonable terms, were transferred to localities at a suitable distance, where they remain till a fresh wave of white immigration overtakes them.

As the aborigines, half demoralised, gloomily clear out, the whites pour in; land-offices are opened; 'claims' begin to dot the face of the country; and the
cluster of ugly buildings at Shawnee Mission, becomes a rallying-point for the settlers. We are to view Kansas in this transition state in July 1854, when the contest between pro-slavery and anti-slavery emigrants comes distinctly into notice. According to the account of the pro-slavery Missourians, they were stung by newspaper reports that great bands of New Englanders would soon be on their way to introduce free institutions into Kansas. About this time, several joint-stock concerns were formed in the free states for this avowed purpose. One of them, called the New-England Emigrant Aid Company, with a capital stock of 5,000,000 dollars, was legalized by an act of incorporation from the legislature of Massachusetts.

The plan proposed by the company was this: Agents were to buy lands in Kansas, and sell them in lots to immigrants, until the territory was organized as a free state; then, all funds being realized, and a dividend declared, the agents were to select a fresh field of operations in order to organize another free state. In short, it was a grand device to give free institutions to all the new territories, one after the other; and if unsuccessful, there could have been little doubt of its success. These projects alarmed the Missourians—at least such is their statement; it is, however, quite as clear that the pro-slavery men were, from the first, equally on the alert; and we are to conclude that both parties had some time previously determined to run a race for the territory. The committee of congress which afterwards investigated the matter, states in its report, that ‘within a few days after the organic law was passed, and as soon as its passage could be known on the border, leaders of the Citizens of Missouri crossed into the territory, held squatter meetings, and then returned to their homes. Among the resolutions are the following: That we will afford protection to no abolitionist as a settler of this territory; that we recognize the institution of slavery as already existing in this territory, and advise slaveholders to introduce their property as early as possible. Then, early in July, a meeting of an association, having the same object in view, takes place at Westport, and resolves that it will hold itself in readiness to remove any and all emigrants who go into Kansas under the auspices of the Northern Emigrant Aid Society. Thus, two opposite parties were distinctly pitted against each other. Had the Missourians confined themselves to the peaceful settlement of planters and slaves, no fault could be found with them; but when they espoused the cause of Kansas, however much, on moral grounds, we might have lamented their aggressions. But the pro-slavery men went a step beyond their constitutional rights. Not contenting themselves with a peaceful emigration of the peaceful African, they resolved, as we have seen, to gain their ends by violence. One excuse for their outrages is, that in giving a charter of incorporation to the New-England Emigrant Aid Company, the legislature of Massachusetts committed a trespass on the constitution; because no state is warranted in doing anything which will operate on the institutions of another state. For anything we can tell, this may have been an indiscriminate and federally unlawful act; but, if such were the case, there was surely legal redress before the supreme courts of the Union. Nothing, in a word, can justify the Missourians in having armed themselves to oppose the settlement of the northern emigrants; and for this they stand condemned in the estimation of all right-thinking persons in Europe and America.

A number of quietly disposed emigrants had began to spread themselves on the banks of the Kaw, when they heard that they were to be attacked. They were composed, but not frightened, and stood their ground. It seems to be a characteristic of many of the states certain nicknames, by which they are generally known. The natives of Illinois are called Suckers; those of Indiana, Hoosiers; and the Missourians receive the unpleasant name of Pukes. Well, the story ran in Kansas that the Pukes were coming, and soon a squad of them did make their appearance. Phillips, whose work presents the only intelligible narrative of the Kansas troubles that has fallen in our way, gives a graphic account of the Pukes, or border ruffians. They are of several kinds. Those of the unadulterated type, are decided characters. ‘Most of them,’ he says, ‘have been over the plains several times; if they have not been over the plains, the probability is, they have served through the war in Mexico, or seen a deal of trouble in Texas,’ or at least run up and down the Missouri river often enough to catch imitative inspiration from the cat-fish aristocracy. I have often wondered where all the hard customers on the Missouri frontier come from. They seem to have congregated here by some law of gravity unexplainable. Perhaps the easy exercise of judicial authority in frontier countries may explain their fancy for them. Amongst these worthies, a man is estimated by the amount of whisky he can drink; and if he is so indiscreet as to admit he ‘drinks no liquor,’ he is set down as a dangerous character, and shunned accordingly. Imagine a fellow, tall, thin, but athletic, as if he had been foraged, faced, with a dirty flannel shirt, red, or blue, or green, a pair of common-place, but dark-coloured pants, tucked into an uncertain altitude by a leather belt, in which a dirty handkerchief is stuck rather ostentationistily, an eye slightly whiskly red, and teeth the colour of a walnut. Such is your border ruffian of the lowest type. His body might be of a compound of guata-percha, Johnnysteel, and tobacco-stalk, as hard as his spirit, the refined part, old Bourbon, ‘double rectified;’ but there is every shade of the border ruffian. Your judicial ruffian, for instance, is a gentleman; that is, as much of a gentleman as he can be without transgressing on his more purely legitimate character of border ruffian. As ‘occasional imbiber’ is not a sin, his character at home is irreproachable; and when he goes abroad into the territory, for instance, he does not commit any act of outrage, or vote himself, but after ‘aiding and comforting’ those who do, returns, feeling every inch a gentleman. Then there are your less conservative gentlemen, for whom perhaps it may be said, as so many fine things are not so nice in distinctions, and, so far from objecting, rather like to take a hand themselves; but they dress like gentlemen, and are so after a fashion. Between these and the first class there is a wide shade and variety; but it takes the whole of them to make an effective brigade; and then it is not perfect without a barrel of whisky. The two gentlemen classes of ruffians they received, as we have seen, to gain their ends by violence. One excuse for their outrages is, that in giving a charter of incorporation to the New-England Emigrant Aid Company, the legislature of Massachusetts committed a trespass on the constitution; because no state is warranted in doing anything which will operate on the institutions of another state. For anything we can tell, this may have been an indiscriminate and federally unlawful act; but, if such were the case, there was surely legal redress before the supreme courts of the Union. Nothing, in a word, can justify the Missourians in having armed themselves to oppose the settlement of the northern emigrants; and for this they stand condemned in the estimation of all right-thinking persons in Europe and America.

The two principal officers appointed by the president to initiate the territorial government were A. H. Reeder, as governor, and S. D. Lecompte, as chief-justice. Reeder was evidently not the man for the situation. He arrived in October, and the election of a delegate to congress took place, as has been said, on the 29th of November. At this election, Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, was returned; but the majority in his favour was swelled by 1729 illegal votes, given by the inhabitants of the state from Missouri—another act totally unjustifiable, and the immediate effect of which was to further excite the people of the northern states, induce acts of
retaliation, and exasperate the actual settlers against their neighbours in Missouri.

Dire events followed, but we must leave an account of them to a future number.

W. C.

AT THE HOTEL DESSIN.

What will you walk with me about the town, And then go to mine inn and dine?

'To the Hotel Dessin,' said I, putting the book in my pocket.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hotel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the Sentimental Journey all the way from St Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a fracé, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the court-yard of 'mine inn.'

An aristocratic-looking waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronisingly, and said in the blandest tone:

'What is it that monsieur desires?'

'A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?'

'Why, no table d'hôte at the Hotel Dessin,' replied the waiter languidly; 'our visitors are served in the apartments.'

'Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember.'

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential—yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

'Marie, conduct monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, bring me a glass of absinthe and water.'

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed the next little feet of Marie up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps—STERNE'S ROOM.

'Stay, mademoiselle!' I exclaimed; 'can I have this one?'

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. 'Certainly,' she said, unlocking the door. 'The chamber is at monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are these English! Comment! is monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me.'

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty insenstual sort of way with the corner of her little apron, hoped that monsieur would ring if he required anything, and tripped gaily out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fireplace. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during his visit to Calais—too affectionately to judge by the cracks and stains of it. The clock rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with that expression of keen penetration which characterises every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

'And now, garçon,' said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed—'and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?'

'Upon my honour, monsieur,' replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

'But how can you be certain after three-quarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?'

'The event, monsieur,' said the waiter, 'has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement.'

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

'What wine does monsieur desire for his dessert?'

I hesitated. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said port or champagne; but his sublimity abashed me. I ordered a bottle of Johannisberger.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbena and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the jalousies, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea-air.

'And so,' said I, complacently peeling my peaches, 'this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where—? But who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the Sentimental Journey were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket. Now, this is really delightful! Yorick—and I poured out a glass of the amber Johannisberger, and addressed myself to the portrait over the fireplace—Yorick, your health!'

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the desobligeante. I was decidedly in a soliloquising mood.

'Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey,' said I, 'there's nothing I should have preferred to the desobligeante. No doubt, there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet, I should just like to make the inquiry. Yorick, your health again, and let me tell you, air, that it's not every man who, fifty years after his decease, gets toasted in wine at seventeen francs the bottle!'

There was a tap at my door.

'A thousand pardons,' observed the waiter, looking in. 'Monsieur is alone?'

'Go to the mischief!' said I savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

'There are two gentlemen here, monsieur—two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment.'

'An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen,' I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the Sentimental Journey.

'Am I honoured with monsieur's permission to shew them up?'

I was forced to say yes—not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his...
shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy and tender, wild and energetic. I have since heard them compared to 'the rolling of a sea with darkened lustre,' and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stopped before his friend, and stood looking up at the portrait. The other bowed and apologised to me in a few brief hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

'I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?'

'The oddity of the address pleased me.

'I cannot say that I have waited for amusement,' I replied smiling, 'since the Sentimental Journey has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?'

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy-chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture, while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a dignified air of countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

'I do not admire the Sentimental Journey,' said he in the easy-chair. 'It is poor sickly stuff, and the oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to Tristram Shandy. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectionation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dabbled with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his effects, his clap-trap, and his false whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undeveloped by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better said, that treasuring force with which a child touches a hot tea-tumb—only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with his enemy, at a time when, I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious.'

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

'You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking,' he said in harsh quick tones; and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of wine and of virtuous too, and practise one or the other according to the temptation of the moment: a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are indeed contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature.

A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in doing what he ought not to do. The reader who looks for a perfect man, who should be without a fault, a mixture of noble and humble, a husband without anger, a master of none, and with all the embroidery of art, cloth it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure. In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up incidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching, the most humanising, the most philosophical of moral stories.'

'And a compliment to it at the same time,' retorted the metaphysician. 'Come, you are severe to day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness, contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!'

'Who pitied even the devil!' said the philosopher, extending his hand indolently for the bottle of Johannishberger which I had just pushed towards him.

'Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!' exclaimed his friend. 'Why, this I will say, that Shakespeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of Le Fève: it is perhaps the finest in the English language. I cannot conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne 'a dull fellow.' The author of the Vicar should have known more about the characteristics of the French writers.'

'You mean Rabelais,' said the philosopher; 'and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment.'

'I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais,' I rejoined. 'I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school—of the Balzac, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century. Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on.

'It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this Frenchman is most remarkable. I find, for instance, when I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and contemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage—the same indulgence in double entendres—the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mangling of smiles and tears. Compare, for instance, Tristram Shandy and L'Amour de l'Amour. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again, let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy. Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckler, deduces an admirable analysis of the French national character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative feuilletonistes the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enliven it with all the embroidery of art, cloth it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure. In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up incidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching, the most humanising, the most philosophical of moral stories.'
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Thus, in his gaiety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutiae and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveller to discern. "If the French have a fault, Monsieur de Comto," he says in the chapters on the passport, "it is that they are too serious."

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveller," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally flattering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as in his conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes "quite chopped."

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it staves one in the face everywhere. You can't go into one of their theatres without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the gallery."

This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakespeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilization and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion with you, Wordsworth and I, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the Sonnets lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I cannot describe to you, exclaimed aloud: 'That is true fame!'"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and to pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titan dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshipped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is he who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakespeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present.'"

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher, emptying the last glass of my Johannisberger; 'but one which—'

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy—"I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed—and here he glanced regretfully towards the empty bottle and the comfortable fauteuil—to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighbourhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavour to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild seashore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome heartily. I am but a hermit in a cottage, however, and cannot promise to give you such vintages as this!"

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-Englishman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good-fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantel-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve.

"Come, Hazlitt," he said, "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed—"is it possible that—that your friend is—"

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a sonorous comic gesture—"William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the dreadful reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

Endeavoured to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of The Visit of the Gods?"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said gaily:

'Never, believe me, Appearance, Immortals, Never alone!'

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind.
them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintance-
ship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in
Stern's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

A NEW BRIGADE.

What are we to do with our ticket-of-leave men?
To hang them, or reform them? That is the ques-
tion that might with propriety occupy the attention of
some modern Hamlet; whether 'tis nobler in the mind
to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—in
the shape of hardships and life-preservers—or to
take arms against a sea of troubles—namely, burglary,
garotting, and murder, and, by opposing, end them.

One party indignantly asserts, that having been
taken prisoners in the act of making war on society,
they are entitled to no quarter, and should be as
bog up without mercy; the other mildly argues, that
they should be let out on parole, and the honour that is
proverbially known to exist among thieves, taken as
a moral guarantee for their better behaviour. The
former would treat them as vermin, and crush them
with a strong hand once and for ever; the latter
would train them up to useful occupations, as the
industrious few were taught to go in harness and
draw cart wheels.

Neither plan meets with my approbation. I may
occasionally, when speaking of these pests of society,
exclaim in a mild ejaculatory tone: 'Hang 'em!'
but I am not by any means an advocate for their whole-
sale extermination. Neither do I overflow with the
milk of human kindness to such a ridiculous extent as
to say: 'Let them go free, and trust to human nature
and the laws.' I hold that while in prison to prevent them falling into their evil courses again.
I believe that the greater part of them can no more
keep from throbbing than a cat can keep from cream.
They have served their apprenticeship to crime,
and can get their livelihood in no other way. They recur
as naturally to their profession on getting out of prison,
as a doctor would to his, supposing that the practice of
physic were made an indelible offence, which in
some instances it certainly should be. No, no; hang-
ing and reformation are not to be thought of: one is
impracticable—the other impossible. Transportation
I am equally averse to. I have a plan of my own
that settles the question at once. I am the Gépides
of the nineteenth century, that has solved this great
political enigma. With one stroke, as it were, of my
feathered sword do I over the Gordion-knot of modern
civilisation. Thus—Use them.

Collect all the ticket-of-leave men now at large into
one body, and, instead of allowing them to exercise
their ingenuity on ourselves, let them devote their
acknowledged skill and talents to the molestation of
our enemies. They are formidable enough in twos
and threes, as we know to our cost; but what a
troubling engine of destruction should be possessed
if all the licensed ruffians now prowling about England
were concentrated into one large force! It would be
an infernal machine, scattering devastation among all
those that had the ill-luck to be opposed to it. On
a campaign, the services of such a body would be
invulnerable. What short work a gang of London
housebreakers would make of Soestdorp, and
what a magnificent burglary it would have been!
How silently and effectually a company of garotters
would clear away a chain of advanced outposts! A
scent, with a pitch-pot on his mouth would be
as helpless as a turtle on his back, and common
made by a body of men armed with sponges full of
chloroform, would be perfectly irresistible. Only
imagine the annoyance that would be caused to an
enemy by a select band of experienced thieves.
They would literally steal into his camp, and carry
everything they could lay their hands on. It is
evident that an army deprived of their cooking-
utensils, must surrender at discretion.

But it is impossible, in my limited space, to enum-
erate the manifold advantages of such a plan. It is
a noble idea. It occurred to me while reading the naval
and military intelligence contained in the columns of
the Times. It appears that a number of ticket-of-
leave men have enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and
that the monotony of barracks-life at Woolwich is
occasionally relieved by the daring exploits of these
prison-heroes. It is not likely that the artillery is
the only regiment thus honoured. Doubtless, large
numbers are distributed throughout the whole army.
This, in my opinion, is a mistake that should at once
be remedied. Artists skilled in the use of skeleton-
keys and jennies will find a Minié-rifle but an
awkward implement; and the hodging and platoon exercise will fail to be appreciated by
hands accustomed to the more delicate manipulations
required for picking pockets.

Now, to let my plan fully develop itself. Let
these ingenious warriors be taken from a sphere where
their talents are not properly estimated—some of the
poor fellows have even been flogged at Woolwich—and
formed into a separate service. This force, into which
all the ticket-of-leave men now following their pro-
fessional avocations in London and the provinces should
be draughted, might be organised like the regular
army, and called the Black Brigades, of Black Ar
again, could be subdivided into regiments of Riflemen,
of various classes and denominations. Thus, we might
have the Royal Rifles, the Smashers, the Dirty Half-
hundred, the Roughs; and so on. As in the regular
army, there is a company of grenadiers and light infantry
attached to each regiment, so, in the irregulars, every
corps might possess its garotters and light-fingered
company. National regiments might easily be formed,
such as the Irish Black-guards, or the Command
Stranglers; others might be called after the places
where they were raised, for instance, the Notting Hill
Burglars, the Petticoat Lane Pickpockets, etc. In the
line, regiments occasionally bear the name of some
distinguished soldier: the 334 is the Duke of Wellington's
Regiment; the 18th is Prince Albert's Own Light
Infantry: in the Black-guard Brigade, Jack Sheppard
and other celebrities in the Newgate calendar might
be similarly honoured. Instead of Sappers and Miners,
a body of Pickers and Stealers could be formed; and
any members of the Brigade who have been convicted
of receiving stolen goods, might with propriety be
converted into Fencibles. A corps of marines would,
of course, comprise all those whose offence has been
mutiny, piracy, and crimes committed on board ship.
The days of highwaymen are unfortunately gone by,
or a body of cavalry might have been attached to
the force, and called the Mounted Riflemen, or Dick
Turpin's Own Light Dragoons. The civil depart-
ment of the service can be administered by members of
the swell mob; while the duties of orderly-room clerks,
and the office-work generally, will naturally fall to
the share of fraudulent bankers and dishonest officials
of every description.

The uniform of the Brigade might consist of the
elegant gray-cloth suit and muffin-cap peculiar to the
inmates of our hulks and dock-yards; and, as another
mark of distinction the men might be permitted to
wear the recherche style of coiffure fashionable in
the various prisons and houses of correction throughout
the kingdom. Instead of such devices as lions, tigers,
and white horses of Hanover, common in the regular
service, each corps of the brigade might wear, as a regi-
mental badge, a magpie, fox, vulture, or other dishonest
and rapacious animal; and such mottoes as 'Tout
on animo. Toujours arrière. Humain nihil alienum,
Malo fedori quam mori,' would be both classical and
appropriate. If colours were permitted, those of the
Petticoat Lane regiment might consist of a pair of handsome silk pocket-handkerchiefs. At parades and inspections, such combinations of the small book 'shews as in the line, would be expected to produce his ticket-of-leave. Every branch of the service would of course be armed in the way best suited for the display of its peculiar characteristics; thus, the 64th would clearly be provided with the customary handkerchief and life-preserver; and the battalion of Burglars with crowbars, files, and the various other implements necessary for their particular vocation. Chloriform would be served out to those who have been in the habit of stumping their victim before proceeding to business; but the Rifles, and Tickeys, and Stealers would be naturally expected to find their own arms. The Brigade might be encamped upon Bagshot Heath, which, from old associations, is eminently fitted for the purpose. Should any giblets still remain in that renowned locality, so much the better; they will be pleasing mementoes of departed heroes, who, had they lived in these days, would have done honour to the force which I hope shortly to see incorporated.

I have merely given the outline of the magnificent design; the details can be arranged hereafter. Like all great reforms, the plan will doubtless have its opponents; but I feel convinced mine is the only practical alternative to the present state of affairs. If we are tired of being knocked on the head in our parks, chucked in our streets, murdered in our houses, and robbed everywhere, the remedy is in our own hands—all we have to do is to organise the Black-guard Brigade.

[There are some little matters in this jun d'esprit not altogether to the taste of the Journal; but we may perhaps take our revenge upon our eccentric friend by treating more gravely at another time the position of the unfortunates he makes the butt of his humour.—Ed.]

NATURAL HISTORY OF MY POND.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

The next creature we must notice is a blood-sucker upon a larger scale, though he operates for the common good; and although no one is proud of his acquaintance, there are few of us who have not at time profited by his kind offices. This friend is the leech ( Hirudo medicinalis ). He is common in the pond, is fat, and a handsome looking fellow: his back is olive-green, with long red stripes, and his under-surface is yellow, thickly spotted with black. If he is rather a hungry being, and too fond of crying ' Give, give,' he still works for well, and not for woe. All honour, therefore, to the leech; he is under my special protection. Not so, however, the less organised beings which are nearly allied to him; they are scummen, and are the cause of more mischief than we perhaps know. The commonest of these Pianarie, for so we must term them—(their specific name is unknown to me)—is a small black species, abundant on the leaves of the water-lily, apparently a vegetable feeder, and always herding together in great numbers. But there is another kind, far more elegant, though not quite so plentiful; much larger; of an oval instead of a linear form, and with a beautifully crested margin. It is of a white colour, delicately shaded with gray. This may often be drawn to shore with the water-plants. These are beings to be regarded with suspicion: the metamorphoses they undergo are strange, and as yet imperfectly understood; and if they are innocent, yet their first-cousins, the Distomata, can be proved to be guilty enough, causing the disease in sheep known by the name of the rot: a disease which sometimes attacks man also. There is another being in My Pond whose character is no whit better—a long thread-like worm ( Gordius aquaticus ), often several inches long, curiously coiled up, yet not thicker than a match; he is in his perfect state; he means mischief, and is, depend upon it, only an evil spirit in disguise.

The only remaining articulate animals to be mentioned are the pretty little tubes which we must make their acquaintance we must call in the aid of the microscope. The little group are, however, quite worth the trouble. The curious wheels with which their mouths are furnished have gained them their name, Rotifera. These wheels are often to be seen in full action; the cilia or fringe of minute lashes on them being at such a time in constant motion. The little being then fixes itself firmly to some small stalk or leaf of an aquatic plant, and by the aid of the current so set up, its food is procured. Below this wheel-apparatus is a powerful armament of teeth, arranged so as to look like a cross. The commonest of these is called Rotifer vulgaris; but there are many kinds in the pond. They are, for the most part, just visible to the naked eye, but cannot be seen properly without the microscope. The play of the wheels is most curious, and well worthy of notice. At the will of the animal, however, the wheels can be withdrawn, and the little being can crawl along, first fixing the hinder extremity, then bending its body into a semicircle of the day; then placing the fore part on the bottom, and turning the head in any direction it chooses, whereupon the wheels are then retracted, and the creature proceeds on its way.

This little being is the last to be mentioned of the articulate, though its curious apparatus of wheels makes it not the least interesting.

From the jointed or articulate animals, we pass to the mollusks; and of these, by far the most numerous section in the pond are those which resemble the snail in shape and structure. They have a distinct head, and a large foot on the lower surface of the body, by which they walk along the plants on whose leaves they feed. They are water-snails, and there are several species; there is one with the whorls arranged in a perfectly flat coil, like a 'Catherine's wheel,' and from this it has its name, planorba. Of this genus there are two or three species on the pond, as indeed there are also of the next group, or true water-snails, where the spiral is, as it were, drawn out, so as to form a cone. Of these mollusks, one is an inch in length, of a brown colour, and very pointed at the apex ( Lymanea stagnalis ); it is abundant on the leaves of the pond-weed. There is also a lesser species ( L. pereger ), about the size of a shoe button, which is rather found along the banks and amongst the water-grasses, which fringe the pool; both, however, are plentiful. If these are examined, it will be seen that they all breathe by a large sac, just as the snail does, serving them for a lung; they breathe, therefore, through the agency of the air. There is, however, another shell in My Pond, of a less conical form, and wider in proportion to its length, with an indistinct spiral band winding round the shell. This species ( Palastra viviparum ) breathes through the means of the oxygen dissolved in the water, as many creatures previously examined by us have also done; the breathing is therefore by branches—that is, a row of comb-like gills, over which the water plays.

Unfortunately, the pond does not contain any of the polype-like mollusks or Bryozoa, as they are termed—that is to my knowledge—and no bivalve shells, so that the stock of this class in my preserve is very small.

Of radiated beings, which gain their name from the star-like form in which their parts are usually arranged—the starfish being the most familiar example—there is only one species in the pond ( Hydra vulgaris ), the pretty little green fresh-water polype. This is not rare upon the submerged stems of the water-plants. It is that amone on a very small scale, with long tentacles, and with a much simpler structure, for it is all stomach.
Eight arms surround the mouth, and these arms are used to seize upon creatures larger even than the polype itself. It is very bold, and does not much seem to care what it attacks; and perhaps it has such power of surprising accidents, that it may brave many dangers with impunity. Cut it in two, you only multiply it; turn it inside out like the finger of a glove, and the animal feels no difference—the skin serves for stomach, and the stomach for skin. It walks nimbly along as the rotifers were previously described to do, and may often be seen with numerous young budding forth from the side, each with its tentacles ready; so that it then presents the spectacle of one animal with many mouths, and all searching for food, all eager for prey.

The hydra, though small, is extremely rapacious, and seizes very eagerly all things coming within its grasp: even a brother-hydra is sometimes caught and devoured; but he has the privilege of free entry, and escapes undigested from his apparently perilous abode. The poor water-flea is not so fortunate; he is a frequent prey. There is some power resident in the arms of the hydra by which it can destroy its victim. Once in its fatal grasp, there is no escape; and it has been stated by Trembley, that even a young minnow will sometimes be thus caught and devoured by this walking stomach.

And now, last of all, we come to those earliest forms of life grouped together under the name of animalcules or Protozoa, many of which are almost daily making their way from the animal into the vegetable kingdom. My poor little favourite, the volvox, which rolled about under the microscope in such a regular and marvellous manner, is now degraded into a plant. The pretty Diatomaceae, with their elegantly sculptured skeletons of flint, are also looked upon as vegetables. The most beautiful of those left to me are those living bells, set like flowers upon long stalks, which twist and writhe about with every passing current. These Vorticelle, as they are called, are lovely objects under a low power of the microscope, and may be seen with the naked eye, looking like mildew on the stem of one of the water-plants. Sometimes, as we watch them, a bell-shaped head escapes from its stalk, and swims, by means of its cilia, actively about through the water. Perhaps my pretty little animalcule (Acetabula sol) is only one of the stages in the development of this vorticelle; but this is yet unproven. There are also to be found that proteus of animalcules whose shape is never altered, now ciliated, now not ciliated, now in the form of an arm, and now another (Amoeba proteus); there are also plentifully the flask-shaped Eucelis, and of course hundreds of infusorial animalcules. There is indeed almost sure to be of interest surrounding every decaying fragment of leaf, and in every portion of mud brought from the bottom of the water.

Now we have gone together through the various groups of animal life found in a pond not larger than an ordinary mill-pond; and indeed there are few mill-ponds in the kingdom which would not supply every one of the creatures mentioned, except, perhaps, the water-shrew, which is, however, more frequent than is often thought: my, more than this, all the invertebrate portion can be kept in one of the bowls used for gold-fish, and will make a very pretty vivarium on a small scale. The plants that should be taken are the Vallisneria spiralis, which, though not an English plant, can always be readily procured; the callitriche; or, better still, if it grows in the neighbourhood, the water-violet, Houtonia polystis, and a few fronds of the pretty Lemma triseta, the iry-leaved duck-weed. For the living beings, I would recommend the common stickleback, two or three at a time; also the water-beetles, especially those of the genus Colymbetes; some of the larve of the dragon-fly; the water-scorpion also, and the Notonecta before mentioned; plenty of the crustaceous animals described here, which will serve not only for amusement, but also for use, as they will supply the larger beings with food; and in addition to these, one or two species of the larger smalls, of which the genus Planorbus or Paludina is to be preferred, and some of the smaller kinds of Lymnaea, L. stagnalis being rather too voracious for so small an aquarium; then, though last, not least in importance, the Hydra virida; and the experimenter will find more amusement in so small a compass than he could have deemed possible before the trial. One word also of caution: every one making such a collection should avoid the Vorticelle, for they attack themselves to weakly animals, and cause them to die at all events more quickly than they otherwise would have done. To an inhabitant of London, the additional information may be given, that an afternoon's excursion to Hampstead Heath would supply him with all the species here mentioned.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.—CHASED BY A 'GRIZZLY'.

The bear was one of the largest of his kind; but it was not his size that impressed me with fear, so much as the knowledge of his fierce nature. It was not the first time I had encountered the grizzly bear; and I knew his habits well. I was rather surprised at seeing the Ursus ferus in that region. The range of this species is more to the west, among the defiles of the Rocky Mountains; but individuals occasionally wander as far east as the meridian of the Mississippi. The one before me was of a yellowish-red colour, with legs and feet nearly black; but colour is no characteristic among these animals, scarcely two of them being alike in this respect. I was familiar with the form and aspect, and could not be mistaken; I recognised the long shaggy pelage, the straight front, and broad facial disk, which distinguishes this species from the Ursus americanus. The yellow eyes, the huge teeth, but half concealed by the lips, and, above all, the long-curving claws—the most prominent marks of the species, as they are his most formidable means of attack—were all identified.

When my eyes first rested upon this monster, he was just emerging out of the barrancas at the very spot where I had climbed up myself. It was his tracks, then, I had observed one portion of its long march; and I wished to have a closer view of this object of microscopic interest. It was the moment for a hasty start. For some moments he remained in his upright attitude, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, and playing them about after the manner of monkeys. In fact, as he stood fronting me, he looked not unlike a gigantic ape.

When I say that I was terrified by the presence of this unwelcome intruder, I speak no more than truth. Had I been on horseback—on the back of Mero—I should have regarded the creature no more than the snail that crawled upon the grass. The grizzly bear is too slow to overtake a horse; but I was on foot, and well knew that the animal could outrun me, however swift I deemed myself.

To suppose that he would not attack me would have been to suppose an improbability. I did not count upon such a thing; I knew too well the disposition of the enemy that approached. I knew that in nine cases out of ten the grizzly bear is the assailant—that no animal in America will willingly risk a contest with him; and I am sure that the lion of Africa would wear his laurels after an encounter with this fierce quadruped.

Man himself shuns such an encounter, unless
mounted upon the friendly horse; and even then, where the ground is not clear and open, the prudent trapper always gives 'old Ephraim'—the prairie sorrel of the grizzly—a wide berth, and rides on without molesting him. The white hunter reckons a grizzly bear equal in prowess to two Indians; while the Indian accounts the destruction of one of these animals a great feat in his life's history. Among Indian braves, a scalp of bear's claws is a badge of honour, since these adornments can be worn only by the man who has himself killed the animals from which they are taken.

On the other hand, the grizzly bear fears no adversary; he assails the largest animals on sight. The elk, the moose, the bison, or wild-horse, if caught, is instantly killed. With a blow of his paw, he can lay open the flesh, as if it had been gashed with an axe; and he can drag the body of a full-grown buffalo to any distance. He rushes upon man, whether mounted or on foot; and a dozen hunters have retreated before his furious assault. A dozen bullets—say, nearly twice that number—have been fired into the body of a grizzly bear without killing him; and only a shot through the brain or the heart will prove instantaneous with such tenacity of life and sanguinary fierceness of disposition, no wonder the grizzly bear is a dreaded creature. Were he possessed of the fleetness of the lion or tiger, he would be a more terrible assailant than either; and it is not too much to say that his haunts would be unapproachable by man. He is slow, however, compared with the horse; and there is another circumstance scarcely less favourable to those who pass through his haunts—he is not a tree-climber. Indeed, he does not affect the forest; but there is usually some timber in the neighbourhood of his haunts; and many a life has been saved by his intended victim having taken refuge in a tree.

I was well acquainted with these points in the natural history of this animal, and you may fancy the feelings I experienced at finding myself in the presence of one of the largest and fiercest upon the naked plain, alone, dismasted, almost unarmed! There was not a bush where I could hide myself, not a tree into which I might climb. There was no means of escape, and almost none of defence; the knife was the only weapon I had with me; my rifle I had left upon the other side of the barranca, and to reach it was out of the question. Even could I have got to the path that led down the hill, it would have been madness to attempt crossing there; although not a tree-climber, the grizzly bear, by means of his great claws, could have scaled the cliff more expeditiously than I. I should have been caught before I could have reached the bottom of the ravine, had I made the attempt.

The bear was directly in the path. It would have been literally running 'into his arms' to have gone that way. These reflections occupy minutes of your time to read; I thought them in less than moments. A single glance around showed me the utter helplessness of my situation; I saw there was no alternative but a desperate conflict—a conflict with the knife! Despair, that for a moment had unscrewed, now had the effect of choking me; and, fronting my fierce foe, I stood ready to receive him.

I had heard of hunters having conquered and killed the grizzly bear with no other weapon than a knife, but after a terrible and a terrific struggle—after many wounds and sore loss of blood. I had read in the book of a naturalist, that 'a man might end a struggle with a bear in a few instants, if one hand be sufficiently at liberty to grasp the throat of the animal with the thumb and fingers externally, just at the root of the tongue, as a slight degree of compression there will generally suffice to produce a spasm of the glottis, that will soon suffocate the bear beyond the power of offering resistance or doing injury.' Beautiful theory! Sagacious naturalist! How would you like to try the experiment? Have you ever heard of birds being caught by the application of 'salt to the tail?' The theory is as correct as yours, and I am certain the practice of it would not be more difficult!

But I digress among these after-thoughts. I had no time to reflect upon 'compressions of the tongue' or 'spasms of the glottis.' My antagonist soon finished his reconnaissance of me, and, dropping upon all fours, he uttered a loud roar, and rushed towards me with open mouth. I had resolved to await his attack; but as he came nearer, and I beheld his great gaunt form, his glistening teeth, and his senna-coloured eyes flashing like fire, I changed my design; a new thought came suddenly across my mind; I turned and fled.

The thought that prompted me to adopt this course was, that the bear might be attracted by the carcass of the antelope, and pause over it—perhaps long enough to give me a start, or enable me to escape altogether. If not, my situation could be no worse than it then was.

Alas! my hope was short-lived. On reaching the antelope, the fierce monster made no halt. I glanced back; he was already past it, and closing rapidly upon my heels.

I am a swift runner—one of the swiftest. Many a school-day triumph can I remember; but what was my speed against such a competitor! I was only running myself out of breath. I should be less prepared for the desperate conflict that must soon come off; better to turn, and at once face the foe!

I had half resolved—half turned, in fact—when an object flashed before my eyes that dazzled them. Inadvertently, I had run in the direction of the pond; and I was now upon its shore. It was the sun glimmering from the water that dazzled me. The surface was calm as a mirror.

A new idea—a sort of half-hope—rushed instantaneously into my mind. It was the straw to the drowning man. The fierce brute was close behind me; another instant, and we must have grappled. Not yet, not yet, thought I. I should fight him in the water— In the deep water; that might give me an advantage. Perhaps, then, the contest would be more equal; perhaps I might escape by diving!

I sprang into the pond without a moment of hesitation. The water was cold; I had been used to it; it would make for the centre; the spray rose round me; the pond deepened as I advanced; I was soon up to the waist.

I glanced around with anxious heart; the bear was standing upon the edge. To my surprise and joy, I saw that he had halted, and seemed disinclined to follow me.

I say, to my surprise I saw this, for I knew that water has no terrors for the grizzly bear; I knew that he could swim; I had seen many of his kind crossing deep lakes and rapid rivers. What, then, hindered him from following me?

I could not guess, nor, indeed, did I try to guess, at the moment; I thought of nothing but getting further from the shore, and waded on till I had arrived near the centre of the lake and stood neck-deep in the water. I could go no further without swimming, and therefore came to a stand, with my face turned towards my pursuer.

I watched his every movement. He had risen once more upon his hind-quarters, and stood looking after me, but still apparently without any intention of taking to water.

After regarding me for some time, he fell back upon all-fours, and commenced running round the border of the pond, as if searching for a place to enter.

There were not over two hundred paces between us,
for the pond was only twice that in diameter. He could soon have returned; but he felt so disposed, but for some reason or other, he seemed disinclined to a 'swim.' For a full half-hour he kept running back and forwards along the shore.

Besides the apprehension in which his presence held me, my situation was far from comfortable. Although there was a warm sun overhead, the water was as cold as ice, and my teeth began to chatter like castanets. I knew not how long the scene was to last. I well knew the vengeful disposition of the grizzly bear, and the untiring pertinacity with which he follows any one who may have roused his resentment. Fortunately, I had neither wounded nor molested him, and I was in hopes that my innocence in this respect might save me from a very protracted siege. I had no other hope of being rescued from my perilous situation.

He appeared to have made up his mind to wait until I should come out; though once or twice I thought he was about to swim towards me; for he halted upon the very edge, craned his head over the water, oscillating the forepart of his body, as if going to plunge in. After manoeuvring in this way for some seconds, he turned his side, and continued to pace along the bank.

What he thought of our relative situations, I cannot tell. As the position of a spectator, I would have regarded the tableau as comic in the extreme. Up to my neck in the middle of the pond, with only my head appearing above the water, I must have presented a ludicrous spectacle; and now that I think of it, I cannot help smiling at the figure I must have cut in the eyes of the bear. I did not laugh at it then; I was too badly frightened for that. There was laughter in me at the hour.

For a long while—full half-an-hour, I should judge—the bear remained near the edge of the pond. Now and again, he made short excursions out into the prairie; but always returned soon, and regarded me afresh, as though determined not to lose sight of me for any length of time. I was in hopes that he might stray round to the other side of the pond, and give me the chance of making a rush for the ravine; but no; he continued on that side where he had first appeared, as though he suspected my design.

I began to despair. I shivered. The pond must have been a spring, so chill were its waters. I shivered, but kept my place; I dared not move out of it. I even feared to agitate the water around me, lest by so doing I might excite my fierce enemy, and tempt his onset. I shivered, but stood still.

My patience was at length rewarded. The bear, making one of his short tours into the prairie, espied the carcass of the antelope. I saw that he had halted over the animal, gazed at it, and then moved on, not telling what, if anything, for my eyes were below the level of the plain. Presently, his head was raised again, and in his jaws were the remains of the prong-horn. To my joy, I now perceived that he was dragging it towards the ravine, and in another minute he had disappeared with it behind the cliff.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TOUGHEST STRUGGLE OF MY LIFE.

I swam a few strokes, and then wading gently and without noise, I stood upon the sandy shore. With shivering frame and dripping garments, I stood, uncertain what course to pursue. I was upon the opposite side of the lake—I meant opposite to where I had entered it. I had chosen that side intentionally; lest the bear should suddenly return. He might deposit the carcass in his lair, and come back to look after it. It is a habit of these animals, when not pressed by immediate hunger, to bury their food or store it in their caves. Even the eating of the antelope would have been an affair of only a few minutes' time.

The bear might still return, more fierce that he had tasted blood. I was filled with irresolution. Should I fly off to the plain beyond the reach of pursuit? I should have to return again for my horse and rifle. To take to the prairie on foot would be like going to sea without a boat; but, even had I been sure of reaching the settlements in safety without my horse, I could not think of such a thing. I loved my Moro too well to leave him behind me: I would have risked life itself rather than part with that noble creature. No; the idea of deserting him was not entertained for a moment.

But how was I to join him? The only path by which I could cross the barranca, had just been taken by the bear. He was no doubt still upon it, in the bottom of the ravine. To attempt passing over, would be to bring myself once more under the eyes of the fierce brute; and I should certainly become his victim.

Another idea suggested itself—to go up the barranca, and find another crossing, or else head it altogether, and come down upon the opposite side. That was clearly the best plan.

I was about starting forward to execute it, when, to my dismay, I again beheld the bear; this time, not upon the same side with myself, but upon the opposite one, where Moro was. I instantly ran up to him, climbing out of the ravine, and, when I first saw him, was dragging his huge body over the escarpment of the cliff. In a moment, he stood erect upon the open plain.

I was filled with a new consternation; I saw too surely that he was about to attack the horse!

The latter had already observed the bear's approach, and seemed to be fully aware of his danger. He had stamped him at the distance of about four hundred yards from the barranca, and upon a lazo of about twenty in length. At sight of the bear, he had run out to the end of his trial-ropes, and was snorting and plunging with affright.

This new dilemma arrested me, and I stood with anxious feelings to watch the result. I had no hope of being able to yield the slightest aid to my poor horse—at least none occurred to me at the moment.

The bear made directly towards him, and my heart throbbed wildly as I beheld the fierce brute almost within clawing distance. The horse sprang round, however, and galloped upon a circle of which the lazo was the radius. I knew, from the hard jerks he had already given to the rope, that there was no chance of its yielding and freeing his legs. No, it was a raw-hide lazo of the toughest thong. I knew its power, and I remembered how firmly I had driven home the picket-pin. This I had now cause to regret. Oh, what would I have given to have been able to draw the blade of my knife across that rope! I continued to watch the struggle with a painful feeling of suspense. The horse still kept out of reach by galloping round the circumference of the circle, while the bear made his attacks by crossing its chords, or running in circles of lesser diameter. The whole scene bore a resemblance to an act at the Hippodrome, Moro being the steed, and the bear the part of the ring-master!

Once or twice, the rope circling round, and quite taut, caught upon the legs of the bear, and, after carrying him along with it for some distance, it dashed him over upon his back. This seemed to add to his rage, as, after rising each time, he ran after the horse with redoubled fury. I could have been amused at the singular spectacle, but that my mind was too painfully agitated about the result.

The scene continued for some minutes without much change in the relative position of the actors. I began to hope that the brute might be half disabled, and that finding the horse too nimble for him, would give over his attempts, particularly as I had noticed the latter
administer several kicks that might have discomfited any other assailant; but these only rendered the bear more savage and vengeful.

Just at this time the scene assumed a new phase, likely to bring about the dissolution. The rope had once more pressed against the bear; but this time, instead of trying to avoid it, he seized it in his teeth and paws. I thought at first he was going to cut it, and this was exactly what I wished for; but no—to my consternation I saw that he was crawling along it by constantly renewing his hold, and thus gradually and surely drawing nearer to his victim! The horse now screamed with terror!

I could bear the sight no longer. I remembered that I had left my rifle near the edge of the barranca, and some distance from the horse; I remembered, too, that after shooting the antelope, I had carefully reloaded it. I ran forward to the cliff, and dashed madly down its face; I climbed the opposite steep, and clutching the gun, rushed towards the scene of strife.

I was still in time; the bear had not yet reached his victim, though now within less than six feet of him.

I advanced within ten paces, and fired. As though my shot had cut the thong, it gave way at the moment, and the horse with a wild neigh sprang off into the prairie!

I had hit the bear, as I afterwards ascertained, but not in a vital part, and my bullet had no more effect upon him than if it had been a drop of snipe-shot. It was the strength of despair that had broken the rope, and set free the steed.

It was my turn now, for the bear, as soon as he perceived that the horse had escaped him, turned and sprang upon me, uttering, as he did so, a loud cry. I had no choice but fight. I had no time to reload. I struck the brute once with my clubbed rifle, and flinging the gun away, grasped the reader knife. With the strong keen blade—the knife was a bowie—I struck out before me; but the next moment, I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh; one paw was gripped over my hips, another rested on my shoulder, while the white teeth gleamed before my eyes. My knife-arm was free; I had watched this when grappling, and with all the energy of despair, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist. I sought for the heart at every stab.

We rolled together to the ground, over and over again. The red blood covered us both. I saw it welling from the lips of the fierce monster, and I rejoiced to think that my knife reached his vitals. I was wild—a mad—wasting my all in the effort to win a victory. I felt for a human foe.

Over and over the ground in the fierce struggle of life and death. Again I feel the terrible claws, the tearing teeth; again goes my blade up to the hilt. Gracious powers! how many lives has he? Will he never yield to the red steel? See the blood!—rivers of blood—the prairie is red—we roll in blood. I am sick at the sight—sick—I faint—

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD COMRADES.

I fancied myself in a future world, battling with some fearful demon. No; those forms I see around me are of the earth. Yet the earth.

My wounds pain me. Some one is binding them up. His hand is rude; but the tender expression of his eye tells me that his heart is kind. Who is he? Where am I? Am I still upon the wide prairie; I see that clearly enough. Where is my terrible antagonist? I remember our fierce fight—everything that occurred; but—

I thought he had killed me!

I certainly was dead. But no; it cannot have been.

I still live! I see above me the blue sky—around me the green plain. Near me are forms—the forms of men, and yonder I see horses!

Into whose hands have I fallen? Whoever they be, they are friends; they must have rescued me from the gripes of the monster. But how? No one was in sight; how could they have arrived in time? I would ask, but have not strength.

The men are still bending over me. I observe one with large beard and brown bushy whiskers. There is another face, old and thin, and tanned to a copper colour. My eyes wander from one to the other; some distant recollections stir within me. Those faces—Now I see them but dimly—I see them no longer.

I had fainted, and was again insensible. Once more I became conscious, and this time felt stronger: I could better understand what was passing around me. I observed that the sun was going down; but a buffalo robe, suspended upon two upright saplings, guarded his rays from the spot where I lay. My escort was under me, and my head rested in my saddle, over which another robe had been laid. I lay upon my side, and the position gave me a commanding view of all that was passing. A fire was burning near, by which were two persons, one seated, the other standing; my eyes passed from one to the other, scanning each in turn.

The younger stood leaning on his rifle, looking into the fire. 'He was the type of a "mountain man," a trapper. He was full six feet in his moccasins, and of a build that suggested the idea of strength and Saxon ancestry. His arms were like young oaks; and his hand grasping the muzzle of his gun, appeared large, fleshless, and muscular. His cheek was broad and firm, and was partially covered with a bushy whisker, that met over the chin; while a beard of the same colour—dull brown—fringed the lips. The eye was gray, or bluish gray, small, well-set, and rarely wandering. The hair was light brown; and the complexion of the face, which had evidently once been blonde, was now as dark as that of a half-breed. Sun-tan had produced this metamorphosis. The countenance was prepossessing; it might have been once handsome. Its expression was bold, but good-humoured, and bespoke a kind and generous nature.

The dress of this individual was the well-known costume of his class—a hunting-shirt of dressed deer-skin, smoked to the softness of a glove; leggings reaching to the hips, and fringed down to the knees; moccasins of true Indian make, soled with buffalo hide (pattécue). The hunting-shirt was belted around the waist, but open above, so as to leave the throat and part of the breast uncovered; but over the breast could be seen the under-shirt, of finer material—the dressed skin of the young antelope, or the fawn of the fallow-deer. A short cape, part of the hunting-shirt, hung gracefully over the shoulders, ending in deep fringe cut out of the buckskin itself. A similar fringe embellished the draping of the skirt. On the head was a racoon-cap—the face of the animal over the front, while the barred tail, like a plume, fell drooping over the left shoulder.

The accoutrements were a bullet-pouch, made from the undressed skin of a tiger-cat, ornamented with the head of the beautiful summer-duck. This hung under the right arm, suspended by a shoulder-strap; and attached, in a similar manner, was a huge crescent-shaped horn, upon which was carved a many a strange souvenir. His arms consisted of a knife and pistol—both stuck in the waist-belt—and a long rifle, so straight that the line of the barrel seemed scarcely to deflect from that of the butt.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

But little attention had been paid to ornament in either his dress, arms, or regiment; and yet there was a gracefulness in the haug of his tunic-like shirt, a style in the fringing and bead-embroidery, and an air of jauntness in the set of the 'coon-skin cap, that shewed the wearer was not altogether unmindful of his personal appearance. A small pouch or case, ornamented with stained porceaine quilts, hung down upon his breast. This was the pipe-holder—not doubt a gage d'amour from some dark-eyed, dark-skinned dame, like himself a denizen of the wilderness.

His companion was very different in appearance; unlike him—in almost every respect unlike anybody I had ever seen.

The whole appearance of this individual was odd and striking. He was seated on the opposite side of the fire, with his face partially turned towards me, and his head sunk down between a pair of long lank thighs. He looked more like the stump of a tree dressed in dirt-coloured buckskin than a human being; and had his arms not been in motion, he might have been mistaken for such an object. Both his arms and jaws were moving; the latter engaged in polishing a rib of meat which he had had roasted over the coals.

His dress—if dress it could be called—was simple as it was savage. It consisted of what might have once been a hunting-shirt, but which now looked more like a leathern bag with the bottom ripped open, and sleeves sewed into the sides. It was of a dirty-brown colour, wrinkled at the hollow of the arms, patched round the armpits, and greasy all over; it was fairly "called" with dirt; there was no attempt at either ornament or fringe. There had been a cape, but this had evidently been drawn up from time to time, for patches and other uses, until scarcely a vestige of it remained. The leggings and mocassins were on a pair with the shirt, and seemed to have been manufactured out of the same hide. They, too, were dirt-brown, patched, wrinkled, and greasy. They did not meet each other, but left a piece of ankle bare, and that also was dirt-brown like the buckskin. There was no under-shirt, vest, or other garment to be seen, with the exception of a close-fitting cap, which had once been a catiskin; but the hair was all worn off, leaving a greasy, leathery-looking surface, that corresponded well with the other parts of the dress. Cap, shirt, leggings, and mocassins, looked as if they had never been stripped off since the day they were first tried on, and that might have been many a year ago. The shirt was open, displaying the naked breast and throat, and these, as well as the face, hands, and ankles, had been tanned by the sun and smoked by the fire to the hue of rusty copper. The whole man, clothes and all, looked as if he had been smoked on purpose.

His face bespoke a man of sixty, or thereabout; his features were sharp, and somewhat aquiline; and the small eyes were dark, quick, and piercing. His hair was black, and cut short; his complexion had been naturally brunetted, though there was nothing of the Frenchman or Spaniard in his physiognomy. He was more likely of the black-Saxon breed.

As I looked at this man, I saw that there was a strangeness about him, independently of the oddness of his attire. There was something peculiar about his head—something sensning.

What was it that was wanting? It was his ears! There is something awful in a man without his ears. It suggests some horrid drama—some terrible scene of cruel vengeance: it suggests the idea of crime committed and punishment inflicted.

I might have had such horrid imaginations, but that I chanced to know why those ears were wanting. I remembered the man who was sitting before me!

It seemed a dream, or, rather, the re-enactment of an old scene. Years before, I had seen that individual, and for the first time, in a situation very similar. My eyes first rested upon him, seated as he was now, over a fire, resting on his elbow, and still talking. The attitude was the same; the tint ensemble in no respect different. There was the same greasy catiskin-cap, the same scant leggins, the same brown buckskin covering over the lanky frame. Perhaps neither shirt nor leggins had been taken off since I last saw them. They appeared no dirtier, however; that was not possible. Nor was it possible, having once looked upon the wearer, ever to forget him. I remembered him at a glance—Reuben Rawlings, or 'Old Rube,' as he was more commonly called, one of the most celebrated of trappers. The younger man was 'Bill Garey,' another celebrity of the same profession, and old Rube's partner and constant companion.

My heart gladdened at the sight of these old acquaintances. I now knew I was with friends.

I was about to call out to them, when my eye wandering beyond, rested upon the group of horses, and what I saw startled me from my recumbent position. There was Rube's old, blind, bare-ribbed, high-boned, long-eared mare-mustang. Her lank grizzled body, naked tail, and mulish look, I remembered well. There, too, was the large powerful horse of Garey, and there was my own steed Moro picketed by himself. This was a joyful surprise to me, as he had galloped off after his escape from the bear, and I had felt anxious about recovering him; but it was not the sight of Moro that caused me to start with astonishment; it was to see another well-remembered animal—another horse. Was I mistaken? Was it an illusion? Were my eyes or my fancy again mocking me? No! It was a reality. There was the noble form, the graceful and symmetrical outlines, the smooth cost of silver white, the flowing tail, the upright jetty ears—all were before my eyes. It was he. It was the white steed of the prairies!

MORTALITY.

'And we shall be changed.'

Ye dainty mosses, ichness gray, Laid check on cheek in tender fold, Each with a soft smile by day Returning to the mould; Brown leaves, that with aerial grace Slip from the branch like birds a-wing, Each leaving in the appointed place Its bud of future spring;

If we, God's sentient creatures, knew But half your faith in our decay, We should not trouble as we do When He calls clay to clay;

But with an equal patience sweet, We should put off this mortal gear, In whatsoever new form is meet, Content to reappear;

Knowing each germ of life He gives Must have in Him its source and rise; Being that of His being lives May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow, Ye mosses green, and ichness fair, Go to your graves, as I will go, For God is also there.

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE
TOO FINE.

Refinement is a very good thing to a certain extent, but it ought not to be carried too far. Human nature we know to be a mixture: besides those intellectual and emotional parts which we cultivate and refine upon, it includes certain animal elements adapted for the rude physical circumstances in which it exists, and serving, indeed, as a needful basis for all the other constituents. In our refining processes, we run a risk of carrying this rough and hardly constituent out of its proper relations; thereby injuring it, making it sickly and silly, and so undermining the whole fabric. I say, then, we should not refine too much.

Let us take a grave analytic view of that pleasant creature of the civilised world—a lady. She lives chiefly in a well-furnished house. When she goes abroad, it is in a carriage. She walks little, she has no sort of work that gives exercise to the muscles; the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit her face too roughly. She is consequently a white, soft, slim creature, strikingly different from an average peasant-woman, or a domestic female servant. This elegant being, moreover, insists upon imposing various restraints and obstructions upon her person, with a view to reducing it to a certain ideal which has been conventionally approved of; thus sacrificing to an arbitrary principle of refinement, the healthy play of certain organs essential to the general wellbeing of the system. The consequence is, that she is unfitted for some of the most important functions imposed on her by destiny, breaks down under them, is perhaps cut short in her career, but more probably undergoes a life-long penance of what is called delicate health, useless for any good end in life, and a source of trouble and vexation to all connected with her. I trace all this—and every physiologist will bear me out in the conclusion—to over-refinement upon the material part of our nature. A thing formed roughly to bear a part in a rough process has been taken out of its element, and kept there till its constitutional force was lost. It sinks, of course, under the first shock it encounters. One must pity the unfortunate creature, as she is in a great measure the victim of ignorance and a false system; but I often feel how much condignity is also due to those relatives who have the interesting invalid to take care of, and how much better it would be for herself and others if she had kept nearer the appointed level of human nature, and so escaped a well-known class of evils.

When that sweetly engaging creature, a babe, falls into the keeping of a happy pair, how well it would be for both parties if the parents would rightly consider what it is! Do, my dear friends, remember that it is only human. Angel as it seems, it is only a little animal—an animal with some fine potentialities dormant within it—but in the meantime, simply, frankly, and honestly, a little animal. Now, as such, it has a sphere of being, and calls for being kept in harmony with certain conditions round about it. It has a rough, hardy part to play, and rough, hardy organs to play it with. Let it remain rough and hardy to a fair extent, and so maintain its natural ability to play its appointed part. I believe it would be better for it to be a cottage-child, reared on pattagoo, and tumbling from morn to eve on a village-green, than a nurse-tended, pampered denizen of a palace, only allowed to take the air at stated hours in a perambulator, or in a brief dull walk. The problem is the simplest imaginable. Keep the creature in all respects on the level of human nature—the healthful average between the physical and the mental parts of our being—and all will be well. Make it too fine, and you lay for it the foundation of unnumbered dangers.

The great bulk of the men who are engaged in the professions and in the higher fields of mercantile life, are little aware of the dangers of their course. Called on to exercise the intellect chiefly, confined to the study and the counting-room, the physical part of their being gets but a restricted play. It has often occurred to me, in conversing with a studious friend, or an assiduous man of business, to ask whether he ever fully considered that there are such things going on in the world as the digging of ditches, the felling of trees, and the holding of ploughs. If they look abroad, they will see that such things are done—that certain men have the strength to do them, and that certain useful ends are thus attained. It appears, in short, that rough labour, vigorous muscular powers, and consequent good to the commonwealth, are all of them coherent parts of the scheme of Providence. Now, there may be individuals better adapted for hard work than others, or it may be convenient to assign the specially hard work to certain persons, while others undertake softer and more refined tasks. But there are no specific differences in human beings to adapt one to one kind of task, and another to another; there are no beings wholly muscle, wholly brain. There is but one constitution for all, each example of which involves some proportion of every feature common to the rest. The men whose rôle it is, then, to use the intellect chiefly, have also a muscular system of some degree of force—not well fitted, perhaps, for ditch-digging, but still a muscular system forming an
essential part of their constitution, and requiring to be kept in harmony with the parts of the external world to which it is adapted. They must see to make some use of this clumsy and clogging machine, as they sometimes feel the body to be; otherwise they will have to lay their account with sundry hurtful consequences. If they have no real labour for their arms and their limbs, whereby a useful end may be served, they would do well to take up with some amateur kind, however purposeless. If they dislike digging a garden, let them take to bowling or cricket. Let them at least take rides or walks. Field-sports unfortunately involve an element of inhumanity; yet even field-sports are better than no sports at all. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of fine gentlemen to get away from their dulcet city-life to a Highland moor or the banks of a Lapland river, there to go through a course of practice attended by most of the hardships of the peasant’s lot; but I regard this aptness as in truth the voice of nature proclaiming that man has a physical system which needs exercise, in order that we may be wholly well and happy.

It was perhaps an internal voice of this kind which prompted some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century to propound the startling dogma, that the life of the savage was the only natural and right life. This is certainly not; but it is an idea which, nevertheless, points to some obscure form of truth. The matter, as I apprehend it, is simply this: The rudcr material part of our nature is not changed or extinguished by civilization. It continues, it is natural, to exist, and to prefer its claims for a suitable exercise and gratification; and these claims must be complied with, if we would maintain the whole fabric in equilibrio and in health.

There is a similar philosophy regarding our mental nature. It embraces a wonderful variety of powers, sentiments, and tendencies, applicable to an equally wonderful variety of circumstances and necessities, many of which are homely and inelastic, while others are the opposite. The mind of man, in short, has rough work appointed for it in this world, as well as fine; and it has been constituted accordingly, just as the body was formed for bawing trees as well as the carving of ivory-boxes. When we go too far in mental refinement, there arises a class of evils analogous to those which befall the too delicately treated person. Not merely do we become acutely sensitive to trifling vexations, and unfit to stand the serious shocks which from time to time occur to the most happily placed people, but we grow in selfishness. Everything which does not yield an immediate return of pleasure, is felt to be a bore—a peculiar word, the use of which may be considered as perhaps the best exponent of this system of over-refinement in a portion of society. Coarsing to relish simple pleasures, we get few real ones at all. Disdaining simple worth and mediocre attainments, we narrow the social circle in which we may be useful. Surely this our last estate is worse than the first. At the same time, it has never been found that over-refinement subdues any of the irregular passions of the human breast; it only gives them new directions, or teaches how they may be masked. Let us not be too eager to lay bare the moral interior of the man of extreme refinement. On the other hand, is it not universally found in the ordinary world, that there may be a perfect simplicity of life, making as near an approach to innocence as our nature is susceptible of, where refinement has not been carried beyond a medium degree?

I beg, my friends, that these few imperfect observations will not be considered as a declaration of war against refinement. I am a friend, not an enemy, to refinement, and delight to see men and women improving, and to see the taste and the refinement of their manners, when it is done to really good issues. Only let us take care not to carry the process beyond a healthy point, for then we come in contact with evils worse than those we seek to avoid.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A QUEER CONVERSATION.

The surprise, with the exertion I had made in raising myself, overcame me, and I fell back in a swoon. It was but a momentary dizziness, and in a short while I was again conscious. Meanwhile, the two men had approached, and having applied something cold to my temples, stood near me conversing: I heard every word.

"Durn the weemen!" (I recognised Rube's voice); "thurr allers a gittin a fellar into some scrape. Hyur's a putty pickie to be in, an all through a gurl. Durn the weemen! see I!"

"We-ell," drawlingly responded Garey, 'pre-haps he loves the gal. They see she's mighty hansom. Love's a strong feelin, Rube.'

Although I had my eyes partially open, I could not see Rube, as he was standing behind the suspected robe; but a gurgling, clucking sound—somewhat like that made in pouring a bottle—reached my ears, and told me what effect Garey's remark had produced upon his companion.

"Cuss me, Bill! the latter at length rejoined—"cuss me! of you ain't as durned a fool as the young fellar himself! Love's a strong feelin! Ho, ho, ho!—ho, hoo! Wal, I guess it must a be to make sich doddered fools o' rasonable men. As yit, it ain't fooled this child, I reck'n.'

"You never knewd what love wurr, old hoss?"

"Thurr yur off o' the trail, Bill-ee. I did onceet—yis; onceet I wurr in love, plum to the toe-nails. But thurr wurr a gurl to git sweet on. Yo-es, thet she wurr, an no mistake!"

This speech ended in a sigh that sounded like the blowing of a buffalo.

"Who wurr the gurl?" inquired Garey after a pause.

"White, or Injun?"

"Injun!" exclaimed Rube, in a contemptuous tone—"no; I reck'n not, boyee. I don't say thet, for a wife, an Injun ain't as jolly as a white man, an more con
voyient she are to git shet of when yur tired o' her. I've hed a good grit o' squaws in my time—hef a dozen maybe, an maybe more. This I kno say, an no holdin, neither, that I never sold a squaw yet for a plug o' baccal less than I gin for her; an on most o' em I made a clur profit. Thurfur, Billiee, I don't object to an Injun fur a wife: but wives is one thing, an sweethearts is diffrent, when it comes to thurr. Now the gurl I'm a-talking bout wurr my sweethearth.

"She wurr a white gal, then?"

"Are alleyblaster white? She wurr white as the bleached skull o' a buffler; an soch bar! Twur as red as the brush o' a kitfox. Eyes too! Ah, Billiee, boy, them wurr eyes to squint out o'! They wurr as big as a buck's, an as soft as smocht fawn-skin. I never seed a pair o' eyes like hor!'"

"What wurr her name?"

"Her name wurr Char'ty, an as near as I kno remember twurr Holmes—Char'ty Holmes. Ye-es, thurr wurr the name. Twurr upon Big-duck crick in the Tennessee bottom, the place whurr this child chawed his fust hoe-cake. Let me see—it ur now more's thirty year ago. I fist met the gurl at a candy-pul

lin; an I recollect well we wurr put to eat taffy agin one another. We ate till our lips met; an then the kissin—thet wurr kissin, boyee. Char'ty's lips wurr sweeter than the candy! We met onceagin at their corn-shuckin, an the next time they asked us an thurr's whurr the bness wurr done. I seed Char'ty's
ankles as she wre a-trapping out the blankets, as white an smooth as peeled poplar. After thet turn, all up wi' Reuben Rawlings. I approached the gurl 'taint no more ado; an, I sez, 'Chary,' sez I, 'I freeze to you,' an sez she; 'Reuben, I cottons to you.' So I immediatley made up to the ole squire—that ur Squire Holmes—an axed him for his darter. Durn the ole squirke! he refused to gin her to me!

'Jest then, thur kum a pedlar from Kinnetcut, all kivered wi' fine broadcloth. He made love to Chary; an wud yur believe it, Bill! the gurl married him! Cuss the weemen! thur all alike.

'I met the pedlar shortly arter, an gin him seh a larrup as laid him up for a month; but I hed tcl out for it, an I then tuk to the plains. I never seed Chary arterward, but I heerd o' her once from a feller I kum acrost on the Massoury. She wur a splendid critic; an if she ur still livin, she must hev a good grit o' young uns by this, for the feller said she'd hed twins shortly arter she wur married, with har an eyes jest like herself! Wal, thur's no kalkalatin on weemen, any how. Jest see what this young fellur's got by tryin to save 'em. Wag!

'Up to this moment I took no part in the conversation, nor had I indicated to either of the trappers that I was aware of their presence. Everything was enveloped in mystery. The presence of the white steeds had sufficiently excited me, and not less than of my old acquaintances, Rube and Garey. The whole scene was a puzzle; I was now equally at a loss to account for their being acquainted with the cause that had brought me there. That they were so, was evident from their conversation. Where could they have procured their information on this head? Neither of them had been at the rancheria, nor in the army anywhere; certainly not, else I should have heard of them. Indeed, either of them would have made himself known to me, as a strong friendship had formerly existed between us.

'But they alone could give me an explanation, and, without further conjecture, I turned to them.

' 'Rube! Garey!' I said, holding out my hands.

' 'Hillo! yur a-comin too, young fellur! Thet's right; but thar now—lay still a bit—don't worry yourself; yer'll be stronger by morn.'

'Take a sup o' this,' said the other, with an air of rude kindness, at the same time holding out a small glass, which I applied to my lips. It was aqua-rante of El Paso, better known among the mountain-men as Pass-whisky. The immediate effect of this strong, but not bad spirit, was to strengthen my nerves, and render me able to encounter the inevitable. I see you recollects us, capt'n,' said Garey, apparently pleased at the recognition.

'I wid, old comrades—well do I remember you.'

'We ain't forgot you neither. Rube an I often talked about ye. We many a time wondered what hed become o' you. We heerd, of course, that you hed gone back to the settlements, an that you hed come into gobs o' property, an hed to change yer name to git it—'

'Durn the name!' interrupted Rube. 'I'd change mine any day for a plug o' Jeemes River baccas; thar wud it沙特.'

'No, capt'n,' continued the younger trapper, without heeding Rube's interruption, 'we hedn't forgot you, neither of us.'

'That we hedn't!' added Rube emphatically; 'forgot ye—forgot the young fellur as tuk ole Rube for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo! How Bill hyr dur did larf when I gin him the account o' that bisiness in the hove. Bill, boy, I never see you larf so in all my life. Ole Rube tuk for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo!

'And the old trapper went off into a fit of laughing that occupied nearly a minute. At the end of it, he continued:

'Thet wur a keworious bit o' dodgin—wa'n't it, young fellur? You saved my ole karkidge thet time, an I ain't a-gwine to forget it; no, this child ain't.

'Think you have repaid me; you have rescued me from the bear?'

'From one bar prechaps we did, but from t'other grizzly you rescued yerself; an, young fellur, you must a fit a putty consid'able bout afore the vamint knocked under. The way you hev gin him the bowie ur a caution to snakes, I reck'n.'

'What? were there two bears?'

'Look thur! thur's a kubble, ain't thar?'

'The trapper pointed in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the carcasses of two bears lay upon the ground, both skinned, and partially cut up.!

'I fought with only one.'

'An thet wurr enuf at a time, an a leetle more, I reck'n. Tain't many as lives to wag thur jaws arter a stan-up tusle wi' a grizzly. Wagh! I how you must have fit, to a rubbed out thet bar!'

'I killed the bear, then?'

'Thet you sartently did, young fellur. When Bill an me kum on the ground, the bar wur as dead as pickled pork. We thort yur case wa'n't any better. Thar you la-yuggin the bar, an the bar a-huggin yorr, as of both on yurr hed gone to sleep in a sort o' friendly way, like the babbies in the wood. But thar was sufficient yur yurr claret a kiverin the paws for yurr round. Thar wur as much blood in you as wud a gin a leech his breakfast.'

'The other bear?'

'She kum arterwards out o' the gully. Bill, he wurr gone to look arter the white hoss. I wur sittin by yorr, jest hyur, when I seed the vamint's snout pokin up. I knowd it wur the she-bar a-comin to see where ol' Eph had strayed to. So I tuk up Tarroutez, an pinned the critic in the eye, an thet wur the end o' her tramin.

'Now, lookee hyer, young fellur! I ain't no doctor, neeather's Bill, but I knows enough about woundz to be sartint thet you must lay still, an stop talkin. Yur mighty bad scratched, I tell ye, but yurr not dangerous, only yorr've got no blood in yurr body, an you must wait till it gathers agin. Take another suck out o' the gourd. Thar now, come, Bille! I leave 'im alone. Le's go an hev a fresh tooth-full o' bar-meat.'

'And so saying, the leathery figure moved off in the direction of the fire, followed by his youngest companion.

'Although I was anxious to have a further explanation about the other points that puzzled me—about the steed, the trappers' own presence, and the fact of my wild hunt, and its antecedents—I knew it would be useless to question Old Rube any further after what he had said; I was compelled, therefore, to follow his advice, and remain quiet.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

VOWS OF VENGEANCE.

I soon fall asleep again, and this time slept long and profoundly. It was after nightfall, in fact, near midnight, when I awoke. The air had grown chilly, but I found I had not been neglected; my serape was wrapped closely around me, and with a buffalo-robe, had sufficiently protected me from the cold while I slept. On awaking, I felt much better and stronger. I looked around for my companions. The fire had gone out—no doubt intentionally extinguished, lest its glare amid the darkness might attract the eye of some roving Indian. The night was a clear one, though moonless, but the heaven was spangled with its sparkling worlds, and the starlight enabled me to make out the forms of the two trappers and the group of browsing horses. Of the former, one only was asleep; the other sat up right, keeping guard over the camp. He was motionless.
as a statue; but the small spark gleaming like a glowworm from the bowl of his tobacco-pipe, gave token of his wakefulness. Dim as the light was, I could distinguish this to be that of the earless trapper. It was Carey who was sleeping.

I could have wished it otherwise. I was anxious to have some conversation with the younger of my companions; I was longing for an explanation, and I should have preferred addressing myself to Carey. My anxiety would not allow me to wait, and I turned towards Rube. He sat near me, and I spoke in a low tone, so as not to awake the sleeper.

"How came you to find me?"

"By follerin yur trail."

"Oh, you followed me then? From the settlements?"

"Not so far. Bill an me war camped in the chaparal, an spied you a gallupin arter the white hoss, as ef all the devils war arter you. I knowd yur at a glimp; so d'd Bill. See 1: "Bill, thet ur the young fellar as tuk me for a grizzly up thur in the mountains," an the reckoleckshun o' the sark'mstance set me a larfin till my ole ribs ached. "I'd the same," sez Bill. An jes then, we met a Mexikin who had been yer guide, gallupin about in search o' yyou. He giv us a story 'bout some gurl that hezd sent you to catch the white hoss; some saynycora with a drostroted long name. "Durn the weesmen!" sez 1 to Bill. Didn't I, Bill?"

To this interesting interrogatory, Carey, who was but half asleep, gave an assenting grunt.

"Wal," continued Rube, "sein thur wur a pettynoot in the case; I see to Bill, sez 1: "Thet young fellar ain't a-gwine to pull up tilley he grups the hoss, or the hoss gits clur off." Now, I knowd you wur well mounted, but I knowd you wur arter the fastest critter on all these paraisas; so I see to Bill, sez 1: "Billee, thur boun for a long gallup." See Bill: "Thet ur sartin. Wal! Bill an me tuk the idée in our heads, that you most git lost, for we seed the white hoss wur a makin for the big paraisa. It ain't the biggest paraisa in creashun, but it ur one of the wust to git strayed on. Yur greenhorns wur all gone back, so Bill an me catched up our critters, an as soon as we kud saddle'um, put arter yyou. When we kuned out in the paraisa, we seed no signs o' yyou, 'ceptin yur trail. Thet we follered up; but it wur night long afore we got halve way hyur, an wur obleged to halt till sunup."

"In the mornin, the trail wur nutty blind, on account o' the rain; an it tuk us a good spell afore we reached the gully. "Thur," sez Bill, "the hoss hes jumped in an hyur's the trail o' the young fellar leslin down the bank. Wal, war ju tuk a cast at the critter, an when we seed yur own hoss a good ways off on the paraisa, 'bout waddle or bridge. We rid strait for him, an when we got closer, we seed somethin on the ground, right under the hoss's nose. Thet somethin turned out to be yurself an the grizzly, lyin in grups, as quiet as a kuppie o' sleepin 'possums. Yur hoss wur a squealin like a bag o' wild-cats, an at fast Bill an me thot yyou had gone under. But upon a closer view, we seed you wur only a faintin, while the bar wur as dead as a buck. Of course we set about doctrin you, to fetch you roun agin."

"But the steed? the white steed?"

"Bill hyur grupped him in the gully. A little further down it's stopped up wi' big rocks. We knowed that we'd been by afore. We knowed the hoss kudn't a got over the rocks, an Bill went arter an foun him, on a ledge whur he hed clumb out o' reech o' the flood; an then he lazood the critter, an fetched 'im up hyur. Now, young fellar, you hev the hull story."

"An the hoss," added Carey, rising from his recumbent position, "he's yourn, capt'n. Ef you hadn't rid him down, I couldn't a roped him so easy. He's yourn, of yu'll accept him."

"Thanks, thanks! not for the gift alone, but I may thank you for my life. But for you, I might never have left this spot. Thanks! old comrades, thanks!"

Every point was now cleared up. There was mystery no longer, though, from an expression which Carey had dropped, I still desired a word with him in private.

On further inquiry, I learned that the trappers were on their way to take part in the campaign. Some barbarous treatment they had experienced from Mexican soldiers at a frontier post, had rendered both of them inveterate foes to Mexico; and Rube declared he would never be contented until he had 'plugged a score of the yellor-hided vamints.' The breaking out of the war gave them the opportunity they desired, and they were now on their way, from a distant part of prairie-land, to take a hand in it.

The vehemence of their hostility towards the Mexicans somewhat surprised me—as I know it was a recent feeling with them, and I inquired more particularly into the nature of the ill-treatment they had received. They answered me by giving a detailed account of the affair. It had occurred at one of the Mexican frontier towns, where, upon a slight pretext, the trappers had been arrested and flogged, by order of the commanding officer of the post.

"Yes—" said Rube, the words hissing angrily through his teeth; "yes,—flogged!—a mendicant flogged by a cursed monkey of a Mexikin! Ne'er a mind! Ne'er a mind! By the 'tarnal!—an when I say that, I swear it—this niggur don't leave Mexico til he has rubbed out a sorer for every lash they gin him—as that's twenty!"

"Hyur's another, old hoss!" cried Carey, with equal earnestness of manner—"hyur's another that swan the same oath!"

"Yes, Billee, boy! I guess we'll count some in a skrimmage. Thur's two a-ready! lookee thur, young fellar!"

As Rube said this, he held his rifle close to my eye, pointing with his finger to a particular part of the stock. I saw two small notches freshly cut in the wood. I knew well enough what these notches meant; they were a registry of the deaths of two Mexicans, who had fallen by the hand or bullet of the trapper. They had not been the only victims of that unerring and deadly weapon. On the same piece of wood-rump I could see long and smaller scars, diverging from each other, only differing a little in shape. I knew something of the signification of these horrible hieroglyphics; I knew they were the history of a life fearfully spent—a life of red realities.

The sight was far from pleasant. I turned my eyes away, and remained silent.

"Mark me, young fellar!" continued Rube, who noticed that I was not gratified by the inspection; "don't mistake Bill Carey an me for wild beasts; we ain't that quite: we've been mighty riled, I reck'n; but f'r all that we ain't a-gwine to take revenge on weemen an chilidren, as Injuns do. No—weemen as childern don't count, nor men neyther, unless thur sorgers. We've no spite agin the poor slaves o' Mexico. They never did me nor Bill harm. We've been on a skurry, along wi' the Yutawu, down from the Del Nort settlements. Thur's whur I made them two nickes; but nether Bill or me laid a finger on the weemen an this childer. In hyur bekase the Injuns did, that we left 'em. We're jest kum from thar. We want fair fight among Christyun whites; that's why we're hyur. Now, young fellar!

I was glad to hear Rube talk in this manner, and I so signified to him. Indignant as the old trapper was, with all his savageness, all his reckless indifference to ordinary emotions, I knew there was still a touch of humanity in his breast. Indeed, on more than one occasion, I had witnessed singular displays.
of fine feeling on the part of Rube. Circumstance as he was, he is not to be judged by the laws of civilized life.

'Your intention, then, is to join some corps of rangers, is it not?' I asked after a pause.

'I shed like it,' replied Garey: 'I shed like to join your company, capt'n; but Rube hyur won't consent to it.'

'No!' exclaimed the other with emphasis; 'I'll jine no kumpty. Thi niggrs fights on his own hook. Yur see, young fellur, Ihev been all my life a free mountaineer, an don't understand sojerin, no how. I mouht make some mistake, or I mouht like some o' the reglashuns; thurfur I prefers fightin after my own fashion. Bill an me kin take care o' ourselves, I reck'n. Kin we, Bill?—eh, boyce?'

'I guess so, old hoss,' replied Garey mildly; 'but for all that, Rube, I think it would be better to go at it in a regular way—particularly as the capt'n hyur would make the sojerin part as easy as possible. Wuhn't yur, capt'n?'

'The discipline of my corps is not very severe. We are Rangers, and our duties are different from those of regular soldiers'—

'It ur no use,' interrupted Rube; 'I must fight as I've aliers fit, free to kum an free to go whar I please. I won't take myself. I boun in the hyur, an I'mn desin the hyur. But by binding yourself,' suggested I, 'you draw pay and rations; whereas—'

'Durn pay an rashuns!' exclaimed the old trapper, striking the butt of his rifle upon the prairie.

'Durn pay an rashuns! Young fellur, I fights for revenge!'

This was said in an energetic and conclusive manner, and I urged my advice no further.

'Look hyur, cap!' continued the speaker in a more subdued tone. 'Though I ain't a-gwine to jine yur fellurs, yet thurr ur a favor I wud axle from yur; an' thurr is, to let me an Bill keep by you, or foller whar-iver you lead. I don't want to spunge for rashuns; we'll git thurr of thurr's a head o' game in Mexiko, an' thurr ain't, why we kin eat a Mexikin. Can't we, Bill?—eh, boyce?'

Garey knew this was one of Rube's jokes, and laughingly assented; adding at the same time, that he would prefer eating any other sort of a varmint.

'Ne'er a mind!' continued Rube; 'we ain't a-gwine to starve. So, young fellur, if you agrees to our goin on them terrars, you'll have a koppel o' rifles near you that's not—there—won't they.'

'Enough! You shall go and come as you please. I shall be glad to have you near me, without binding you to any term of service.'

'Hooray!—that's the sort for us! Kum, Billee—gie's another suck cut o' yeur gourd. Hyur's success to the Stars and Stripes! Hooray for Texas!'"
we could not otherwise than travel in a straight path. It was an ingenious contrivance, but it was not the first time I had been witness to the ‘instincts’ of my trapper-friends, and therefore I was not astonished.

When the black tufts were well-nigh hidden from view, a similar pair—the materials for which had been brought along—were erected, and these insured our direction for another stretch of a mile; then fresh saplings were planted, and so on, till we had passed over some six miles of the plain.

We now came in sight of timber right ahead of us, and apparently about five miles distant. Towards this we directed our course.

We reached the timber about noon, and found it to consist of black-jack and post-oak groves, with mezquite and wild-china trees interspersed, and here and there some taller trees of the honey-locust (Gleditsia triacanthos).

It was not a close forest, but a succession of groves, with openings between—avenues and grassy glades. There were many pleasant spots, and, faint with the ride, I would fain have chosen one of them for a resting-place; but there was no water, and without water we could not halt. A short distance further, and we should reach a stream—a small arroyo, an affluent of the Grande. So promised my companions, and we rode onward.

After passing a mile or so through the timber-openings, we came out on the edge of a prairie of considerable extent. It was full three miles in diameter, and differed altogether from the plain we had left behind us. It was of the kind known in hunter phraseology as a ‘weed-prairie’—that is, instead of having a grassy turf, its surface was covered with a thick growth of flowering-plants, as helianthus, malva, reta, rhabdos, ribes, and other tall annuals standing side by side, and frequently laced together by wild- pea vines and various species of convolvulus. Such a flower-prairie was the one now before us, but not a flower was in sight; they had all bloomed, faded, and fallen, perhaps unseen by human eyes, and the withered stalks, burned by a hot sun, looked brown and forbidding. They cracked and broke at the slightest touch, shelling their seed-pods like rain upon the loose earth. The sound of striking across this prairie, we skirted around its edge, and at no great distance, arrived on the banks of the arroyo which ran along one side.

We had made but a short march; but my companions were fearful that the night might bring on fog to prevent our proposed to encamp there for the night, and finish our journey on the following day. Though I felt strong enough to go on, I made no objection to the proposal; and our horses were at once unsaddled and picketed near the banks of the arroyo.

The stream ran through a little bottom-valley covered with a sward of grass, and upon this we staked our steeds; but a better place offered for our camp upon the higher ground; and we chose a spot under the shade of a large locust-tree, upon the edge of the great wilderness of weeds. To this place we carried our saddles, bridles, and blankets, and having collected a quantity of dead branches, kindled our camp-fire.

We had already quenched our thirst at the stream, but, although we were all three hungry enough, the dried flesh of the grizzly bear proved but a poor repast. The rivulet looked promising for fish. Garay carried both hooks and line in his ‘possible sack,’ and I proposed the angle.

The young trapper soon baited his hooks; and he and I, repairing to the stream, cast our lines, sat down, and waited for a nibble.

Fishing was not to Rube’s taste. For a few minutes he stood watching us, but evidently with little interest; either in the sport, or what it might produce. Rube was not a fish-eater.

‘Durn your fish!’ exclaimed he at length: ‘I’d rather have a hunk o’ deer-meat than all the fish in Texas. I’ll jest see of I kin scare up somethin; the place looks likely for deer— it do.’

So saying, the old trapper shouldered his long rifle, and stalking away, the big dog was soon out of sight.

Garay and I continued bobbing with but indifferent success. We had succeeded in drawing out a couple of cat-fish, not the most palatable of the finny tribe, when the crack of Rube’s rifle sounded in our ears.

It seemed to come from the weed-prairie, and we both ran up on the high bank to ascertain what success had attended the shot. Sure enough, Rube was out in the prairie, nearly half a mile distant from the camp. His head and shoulders were just visible above the tall stalks of the helianthus; and we could see, by his stooping at intervals, that he was bending over some game he had killed, skinning or cutting it up. The game we could not see, on account of the interposed stalks of the weeds.

‘A deer, I reck’s,’ remarked Garay. ‘Bundler don’t often o’ late years stray so far to the author, though I’ve killed some on the Grande, higher up.’

Without other remark passing between us, we descended to the arroyo, and continued our fishing. We took it for granted that Rube did not require any aid, or he would have signaled to us. He would soon return with his game to the camp.

We had just discovered that silver-fish (a species of Rigodon) were plentiful in the streams and this attracted us back. We were desirous of taking some of them for our dinner, knowing them to be excellent eating, and far superior to the despised ‘cat.’

Having changed our lines for a small pieces of gold-lace, which my uniform furnished, we succeeded in pulling several of these beautiful creatures out of the water; and were congratulating another upon the delicious broth we should have, when our concentration was suddenly interrupted by a crackling noise, that caused both of us to turn our faces towards the prairie. The sight that met our eyes prompted us to spring simultaneously to our feet. Our horses already reared upon their lizes—neighing with affright—and the wild screams of Rube’s mustang mare were loud and continuous. There was no mystery about the cause; that was obvious at a glance. The wind had blown some sparks on the dry flower-stalks.

The prairie was on fire!

Though startled at the first sight of the conflagration, for ourselves, we had no fear. The escarpment on which we stood was a sward of short buffalo-grass; it was not likely to catch fire, and even if it did, we could easily escape from it. There is not much danger in a burning prairie where the grass is light and short; one can dash through the line of flame with no further injury than the singeing of his hair, or a little suffocation from smoke; but upon a plain covered with rank and thick vegetation, the case is very different. We therefore felt no apprehension for ourselves, but we did for our companion; his situation filled us with alarm.

Was he still where we had last seen him? This was the first question we asked one another. If so, then his peril was great indeed; escape would be almost hopeless! We had observed him a full half mile out among the weeds. He was on foot too. To have attempted a retreat towards the opposite side of the prairie, would have been folly: it was three miles off. Even on horseback, the flames would have overtaken him! Mounted, or on foot, he could not have got out of the way through those tall stalks—laced as they were by pea-vines and other trailing plants—whose tough tangle would have hindered the progress of the strongest horse.

To have returned to the near side would be his only chance; but that would be in the very face of
the fire, and, unless he had started long before the flames broke out, it was evident that his retreat in that direction would be cut off. As already stated, the weeds were as dry as tinder; and the flames, impelled by gusts of wind, at intervals shot out their red tongues, licking up the withered stalks, coiling like serpents around them, and consuming them almost instantaneously.

Filled with forebodings, my companion and I rushed in the direction of the prairie.

When first noticed by us, the fire had extended but a few yards on each side of the locust-tree we had chosen for our camp. We were not opposite this point at the moment, having gone a little way down the arroyo; we ran, therefore, not towards the camp, but for the nearest point of high ground, in order to discover the situation of our friend. On reaching the high ground, about two hundred yards from the locust, we saw to our astonishment that the fire had already spread, and was now burning forward to the spot where we had climbed up! We had only a moment to glance outward, when the confusion, hissing and crackling as it passed, fell upon us like a wailing, and with its wave of flame shut off our view of the prairie.

But that glance had shown us all, and filled our hearts with sorrow and dismay; it revealed the situation of the trapper—not longer a situation of peril, but, as we supposed, of certain death! He was still in the place where we had last seen him; he had evidently made no attempt to escape from it. Perhaps the knowledge that such an attempt must have failed, had hindered him from making it. The reflection that he might as well die where he stood, as be leapt up by the flames in the act of fleeing from them, had bound him to the spot!

Oh! it was a dread sight to see that old man, hardened sinner that he was, about to be snatched into eternity! I remember his wild look, as the red flame, rolling between us, shut him from our sight! We had seen him but for a single instant: his head and shoulders were alone visible above the tall weeds. He made no sign either with voice or arm; but I fancied that even at that distance I could read his glance of despair.

Was there no hope? Could no exertion be made to rescue him? Could he do nothing for himself?

Was there no chance of his being able to clear a circle round him, and burn off a space before the line of fire could come up? Such a ruse has often availed, but he—the only man that he did not like the service of Russia—that he would be glad to throw off the white uniform he wore—that he was perhaps a Pole, or one of the many fragmentary parts that willingly or unwillingly compose that mighty empire.

The whole green space was dotted over, and in the background thronged, with more splendid and varied uniforms, and many of the finest figures that could be seen were set off by more gorgeous equipments. None struck me as having the same expression as the officer who stood before the troops—an expression hard to describe, otherwise than that of distaste to the life he led. But a bell sounded; this officer took off his helmet, turned round, and accidentally cast his eye on me. I met that blue eye direct, and almost exclaimed aloud: 'The emperor! the tsar himself!'

What is there in an eye accustomed to power that makes itself felt? There were far more dashing uniforms, far more commanding figures present, but there was no eye that, when it looked full at occupied the same space, conveyed the same sense of power.

A gentleman who joined us, said he had not seen the czar for eighteen months, and would scarcely have known him, so much was the change in his appearance altered. The ruler of such an empire, and of such a one, too, when engaged in a miserable war,
must have known enough in these eighteen months to make his brow with care, and his countenance with dissatisfaction. On turning round, and uncovering his head, as I have said, the Emperor Alexander II. walked with helmet in hand to a gawking little tent, in which an altar was placed, and from which now issued the exquisite voices of the priests and choir singing the appropriate service for a festival, which, like most Russian ones, was half religious, half military. He stood there while it lasted. Of the officers outside, I saw a few, a very few, bless themselves, and bow at stated times; but the generality paid no sort of attention to what was going on. The soldiers crossed themselves, and bowed their heads occasionally, and the movement, when made simultaneously, had a curious effect.

As soon as the service was over, and while the choir still sang, a green and gold covered priest, with long hair streaming to his waist behind, and long beard flowing down before, came half flying from the tent, so quickly did he move along, followed by his obedient master, the tzar of All the Russians. The priest bore in one hand a basin of holy water, and carried the aspere—i must use a French term, not knowing the English one—in the other. He dipped this sort of brush in the water, and flung it in the tzar's face. They stood this remarkably well, in only one or two instances winking the eyes as the water was jerked at them; their imperial master witnessing their behaviour as he walked on the line with the priest.

The whole was to us a novel and a remarkable scene: the sun shining full on the glittering helmets, which were held in an even line; the wild-looking priest, with his un-European air; and the mechanical-looking tzar, who seemed to inspect this performance of the blessing of the soldiers.

After it was over, the emperor very kindly walked down the group—a very small one—of spectators, in order to shew himself, or give them the opportunity of getting a military salute in return for their salutations. They drew back as he passed, but did not make any other demonstration of respect. For our parts, we bowed, as we do in England, very deeply, which obtained us not only a salute, but another cast from that lordly eye, which somehow sinks straight into the mind, and is not forgotten. What must have been such a one from that true type of an autocrat, the Emperor Nicholas, if that of the mild, benevolent-tempered Alexander is felt! It was not imagination that caused me to trace in that countenance the expression of a mind or disposition that would have naturally found its congenial sphere in other employments, or another sphere than these the duties of a position prescribed. I did not know whose countenance it was that thus expounded, and I was told afterwards that it had greatly changed since the time when the Emperor Nicholas I. left to his son such a heritage of care as the crown of Russia must be to a thoughtful mind or a benevolent heart. After the troops were blessed, they were feasted in the palace court, and we went away. A day or two after, I began to think my physiological science had been at fault.

Harry and I were walking in the park, and admiring a splendidly perfect white Newfoundland dog, and an equally pretty, in its degree, white Italian greyhound. An officer and lady approached; he wore the loose gray overcoat now prescribed to officers as well as soldiers, and a round red cloth cap, like what is called a smoking-cap, on his head; in his hand he held a half-consumed cigar. At all events, and very plain straw bonnet, by no means of a fashionable shape, since it did not merely cover the back of her head, leaned on his arm. They were chatting and laughing together. A附近 couple one could not see. The white Newfoundland dog, with its tail like an immense ostrich plume, attracted more of my notice: it was only in the act of passing that I met once more the full blue eye, and felt again whose it was, but felt it differently, for the face no longer seemed to say: 'Pity, as well as fear me.' Harry, who was a little behind, drew up and said: 'That lady smiled at me, and I never saw her before.'

'Do you not know who she is?'

'Not in the least.'

'That lady is the Empress of Russia—the tzarina.'

A lengthened O! and then a look of profound thought on Harry's face, followed the information. Could that careless, happy-looking man be the same we had seen so shortly before? It was the same; and in the different aspect perhaps a clue to the native character of the individual might be found. When I related this to a lady afterwards, she accounted for the former expression I had noticed by remarking that it was on that day he had received the new British minister, Lord Wodehouse, who had come to St Petersburgh on the conclusion of the war.

But surely this reception was more likely to remove than to increase the frown of care and dissatisfaction from the imperial brow.

The grounds of Tzaritsa-Selo, though artificial, as everything here is, afford a delightful escape from St Petersburgh. There is more than a chance of losing one's self, too, in them, an accident which can by no manner of means happen to you in that straight, clear, and conveniently built capital. An artistic gentleman, with something of an Irish mind, having the organ of disorder instead of that of order in his head, told me he could not enjoy Tzaritsa because not a leaf was allowed to fall on the ground, and all the walks were swept and roswpft all day long. Notwithstanding that this is a fact, I did enjoy it; although, having thoughtlessly carried in my hand a little broken flower, I found it excite the attention of two royal keepers, who gazed upon it most suspiciously.

In the evening, we took as our guide through the extensive and labyrinthine grounds a little serving-maid, whose cheerful, smiling face, and friendly, sociable manner had not the least affinity to our English notion of the Russian servile white slave, and indeed, although the Russian notion of its subjects is a sort of serious caricature. Gaiety is not a natural attribute of the Russian character, nor of the Russian countenance; on the contrary, even when one could trace in the expression of the Russian peasants, who alone may now be considered as purely Russian, a something of gravity, or rather melancholy, which is generally indicative of feeling, although they are perhaps peculiarly exempt from that characteristic.

We found a band playing upon the terrace beside the palace, and a great many persons of all ranks walking there—the low and the high together. To this spot our Russian maid was most partial; but our object being a ramble through trees, and an escape from human beings, we contrived to draw her away from the promenade, although to her evident perplexity, as she seemed to think we must be acting under some misapprehension. It is surprising, however, how quickly intelligent these peasants are, and with how much comparative ease they will comprehend what might puzzle a higher order of English intellect. The only really stupid servant I met in Russia was a Pole; but even this Pole, I recollect, was surprised in dulness by a Greek lad in a plain shawl and very plain straw bonnet, by no means of a fashionable shape, since it did not merely cover the back of his head, leaned on his arm. They were chatting and laughing together.

Tzaritsa-Selo is perfectly free from care, and, it appears, favourite summer palace of the tzares. The great Peter was its founder, and indulged here also in his
favourite fancy of tree-planting: the avenues of plane-trees are said to have been planted by his own hand. Everything Russian is, however, doomed to be at one time either destroyed by fire, and so, though added to and adorned by Elizabeth and Catherine, the palace was re-edified by Alexander I., who re-dedicated the monuments which Catherine II. had erected to her favourite. To this end, the sum of 100,000 rubles (1510) a year. They say that the bare expense of keeping the walls and gardens in the beautiful order in which they are constantly preserved, amounts to 160,000 rubles annually. It is consoling to know, that the old and invalid soldiers, whose only other portion would be beggary, after twenty-five years of compulsory and unpaid-for service, are the labourers and care-takers employed in this expensive work.

I thought our artist, having a taste for elegant disorder, rather exaggerated the reputed neatness of these grounds, and almost fabulous exactitude of their keepers. But it is true that the walls, trees, and water are just as much the objects of care as the rooms and furniture of the most precise Dutch house can be. No leaf dare rest on the ground, if it has the audacity to alight there; a withering flower must not sild its petals over its mother-earth; the poet dare not say to the last rose of summer in the garden of the tzar:

Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves over the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

Such an act would not be justified by any poetic licence at Tzaroko-Selo.

When we consider that the walls which are thus kept without speck or spot appearing, cleaned, brushed, it might be said dusted, from morning to night, would occupy a length of about 150 volts if united in one line, it will give us some notion of Russian order and discipline. There is a staff of, I believe, 600 men employed in this work. The grounds are most agreeably diversified, and open pretty views from time to time; lying among the Daderoff Hills, they have the advantage, rare in Russia, of an elevated site. The edifices in them are fantastic; but where all is, or must be, artificial, a fantastic aspect is desirable. The interior of the palace is one scene of eastern splendour and singular variety. The amber chamber is the most famous: the vast quantity of amber with which the walls are covered was presented by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Catherine II.

We entered the Hermitage, which was re-edifying, the walls being gilded and painted elaborately; it is meant as a sort of family retreat with the privileged guests of the imperial court, like the long celebrated one of Catherine II. at St. Petersburg: here also is the apparatus for placing and removing the royal meals without the appearance of servants, in the manner which so much delighted Peter I., but which is now used in large public institutions in his country.

The grounds are adorned with Chinese and other buildings, and a lake, on which are pleasure-boats for the amusement and nautical edification of the little dukes. There is also a model-farm at the extremity of the grounds, but we did not reach it. Our maidens greeted us trying to make us comprehend a long speech, and the fact that I did not understand her becoming at last indisputable, she proceeded to a mode of explanation equally incomprehensible. She picked up a small piec of stone, and showed it to me, pointing at the same time in an opposite direction to that in which we were going. I imagined that the pebble, in her opinion, possessed some efficacy, and I took care to let her see that I put it safely into my pocket; whereupon she laughed, and said: "No, no!" and taking up another, touched it with her finger, and pointed in the same direction, throwing it away. We turned, and walked in that direction, and came to the stone fountain—a poetic one. It is called the Fountain of the Broken Pitcher, and is a poem in itself. There is the young girl mourning over her pitcher, which lies broken at her feet, with the water of the fountain pouring through its broken-off neck. It is fortunately not of plaster, and therefore this figure is one of the few things of the kind which do not look miserably dilapidated in this climate.

It was to show me that there was a stone fountain to be seen, our guide had so symbolised her meaning. The water is an exquisite treat after the horrors of the Neva; and I remember some traveller having related that, in his time, the young daughters of Nicholas I. used to come here in the early morning, attended by a domestic carrying a glass, in order to drink from this fountain a draught perhaps as beneficial as those mineral ones which other lands produce.

It may be that these then young princesses have since thought of the young girl weeping at the stone Fountain of the Broken Pitcher. So how many, whose young hopes would have drawn long and deeply from this earth's fount, has the pitcher appeared to be broken precisely when it was filled!

A STRANGE FAMILY.

O dickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor ought so good but strained from that fair use
Revels from true birth, stambling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Within the infant kind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted slays all sensers with the heart.

Romeo and Juliet.

There was once a time when every one who paid attention to the forms of vegetable life which cover hill and dale with such profusion, acted solely under the belief that each plant contained a remedy for some particular disease. Although we can now afford to smile at the strange properties which these old herbalists consequently attributed to plants entirely underserving of the honour: although we do not believe with Gerard that when the vessel is to fight with the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue against his might,' or that 'rosemary giveth speech unto them that are possessed of the dumb palsy,' yet it is not the less true that there are groups of plants distinguished by powers as wonderful as the fables of the twilight of scientific knowledge. Some of these remind us of the awful phenomenon occasionally revealed to us in history, of a family pre-eminent in crime and cruelty, whose career is one dark story of lust and murder, and whose name survives in the hatred and abhorrence of posterity. Others, again, the friends and benefactors of mankind, have satisfied the hunger or quenched the thirst of grateful nations through all time. It is, however, to a family that comes under both these classes—one that at the same time is prolific in poisons, and supplies part of the daily food of millions—that we would at present direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the wonders of creation. And we doubt whether any division of the vegetable world could be selected which would be found more replete with interest.
Science has given to a well-defined class the name of *Solanaceae*, or nightshade-worts, from the solanum or nightshade, one of its members; and it states, as a general characteristic, the energy of the narcotic principle residing in the juices of the roots, leaves, and fruits, though of course subject to modifications in each species. The only representatives of the *Solanaceae* native to England, are poisonous in a fatal degree; but as they present no peculiarities in the mode of operation, it will be sufficiently simple to name them as useful to the student in giving him an idea of the characteristics of the whole order.

We find in our hedges and woods two nightshades (*Solanum*), one with purple, and the other with white flowers—the deadly nightshade or dawle (*Atropa Belladonna*), with dark purple bell-shaped flowers and shining black berries; and the henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*), with large blossoms of a dusky yellow, exquisitely pencilled with purple lines.

The first plant, however, over which we would wish to linger is one of the atropas, which has been rendered celebrated by the strange superstitions of which it is the subject. We allude to the mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*). This flower is indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean; it presents to our view a tuft of dark shining leaves a foot long, and a flower of a dull white, veined delicately with violet, succeeded by a round ruddy fruit of a pleasant odour. But the remarkable part of the mandrake lies under ground. The root, which is often four or five feet long, is of a reddish colour, and, as it usually divides half-way down into two or three branches, sometimes assumes a singular likeness to the human body. The fruit of the plant was supposed to be useful in cases of barrenness. Allusion is made to this in the story of Jacob; and the same idea still prevails in Greece. In the middle ages, this vegetable mimicry of the human form gave rise to singular superstitions, no doubt increased by the highly coloured narratives of pilgrims and crusaders. By these accounts, a kind of animal life is attributed to the mandrake; shrieks of pain were elicited from it by violence; madness fell upon any who heard those weird cries; and certain death awaited the man bold enough to pull it by the roots. It was also pretended by the quacks who sold the roots, that they were charms against all mischief; and to enhance their value, they declared that they grew only under gibbets from the flesh of the criminals which fell thence to the ground. Shakespeare has availed himself with his wonted skill of some of these wild fancies:

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

And again:
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curt, as harsh, as horrible to hear.

It is but justice, however, to the Elizabethan age to state, that Dr Turner wrote at some length to expose these errors, and stated that he had himself dug up roots without receiving harm or hearing any noises. Modern science recognises the mandrake as a dangerously narcotic plant; which is, however, useful as an anodyne, when administered with care by an experienced hand. The fruit is said to be exhilarating, and to be a favourite food of the Arabs.

When we consider the next plant to which we shall devote any space, we shall be struck by the wonderful provision of the all-wise Creator for the sustenance of those dependent upon his bounty. Whoever looks curiously at the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*), and remarks its dark leaves, its dull liruid flowers, and its fist-sized tuber, recalling to his mind the wild nightshade of our hedges, would at once pronounce that the herb was dangerous, and certainly unfit for food. His judgment would not deceive him, as the plant is really highly poisonous; and it is only under a modified form that a portion of it becomes so valuable as food as almost to rival the produce of the cereals. It is very generally supposed that the tuber, which we eat, is a deposit of fecula or nourishing matter in the fibres of the root; this, however, is a mistake, as it really is an underground branch in a changed and swollen state. We shall be convinced of this when we consider that the so-called eyes of the potato are true buds, which, when the tuber being buried in the earth, in favourable conditions of warmth and moisture, are developed into branches; and this, indeed, is the familiar way in which the gardener propagates the plant. This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the mountains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in neither will it thrive, as in both it is and will not be in the right position, and flourishes only when about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Nor is the potato the only member of this class that appears upon our table; although we can only name a few condiments and excellents of less importance. Such are the capsicum, which furnishes a piquant fruit familiar to us in the form of Cayenne-pepper; the tomato or love-apple (*Lycopersicum*); the bell pepper (*Capsicum annuum*), associated for ever with the imperishable memory of Mr Pickwick and the great marriage case; the egg-apple (*Solanum melongena*), the long purple fruit of which is daily seen in the markets of Paris, and forms a favourite dish of the Anglo-Indian.

Very different, however, from these tempting aids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom (*Solanum Sedum*), so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favourite of the poets grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea; it has a rough, divided leaves, handsome purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is bitter to a Mr. Bate at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterwards decays into the dry, ash-like substance which disappoints the expectant traveller.

We shall notice only one more member of this interesting family, the history of which furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary instances of the imitative faculty in man ever exhibited. Without entering into the vexed question of the effects of tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) upon the habits and manners of an age, we may observe, that its adoption as an indulgence was in direct violation of the usual law of progress. The habit of smoking its leaves, instead of having first prevailed among civilised nations, and so extended to the more barbarous, has, on the contrary, been borrowed from the actual savage, and from thence ascended to the most exalted ranks of the most refined society. Great doubt rests upon its native country; but it is certain that the Americans first applied it in the way so well known now: they themselves called the plant petos and soti, but Europeans have adopted the name from their clay-pipes (to-bacco). It is a popular superstition that Sir W. Raleigh first introduced it into England; but Camden gives the fruit to a Mr. Lane, while others contend for the claims of Sir F. Drake. It is well known what opposition it met with at the hands of governments, and how, nevertheless, in an incredibly short time it spread over the whole world.

This is but a glance at a truly strange vegetable
family; but to many of our readers it may be a suggestive one, and to many more it will recall the quaint but fine verses of Cowley:

If we could open and bend our eye,
Well, like Moses, should espy,
Even in a bush, the radiant Deity.

PROMINENT PUPPETS.

The mention of popular puppets will no doubt conjure up in all minds the image of a certain hook-nosed and crook-backed gentleman, who beats his wife, and kills his children, and everybody else who comes in his way, for the amusement of our street-population, and whose misdeeds are laughed at, not reprobed, probably because in the end he makes away with the very spirit of evil himself. But though friend Punch has ever played a prominent part among popular puppets, and has, indeed, in our country become nearly the sole representative of the race, it is not our intention to treat of any individual puppet, however great a favourite, but of the fortunes of the tribe in general.

Although, in a previous article on the subject of puppets, we have maintained that the history of these wooden actors presents three phases—the hieratic, the aristocratic, and the popular—it must not be supposed that these have been regularly successive; on the contrary, the various phases have imperceptibly melted into each other, and most probably modern Europe the popular character of puppets was never at any period entirely absorbed in the ecclesiastical; and the fairs, and villages, and public streets of the middle ages have had their humble and profane puppet-shows descended in direct line from those of the ancients, and entirely distinct from the ecclesiastical exhibitions mentioned in our previous article. However, eschewing all deep antiquarian research on the subject, we shall rest contented with taking up their history at a later period, when mysteries and miracle-plays, as a general rule expelled from the churches, were taken up by various brotherhoods; and the motion-man, with his theatre on his back, and his wooden actors in a bag, traversed the country from one end to the other, representing in every parish, at all seasons, and at a very small cost, the subjects performed by the living actors, at stated seasons, and in large cities only; and also reproducing in miniature the pageants and May-games which at certain periods of the year formed the delight of the people.

Through these latter—in which the heroes of the popular ballads always played a conspicuous part—Robin Hood, Maid Marion, Little John, and all the personages belonging to that cycle, were introduced on the puppet-stage in England; as also the giants Gog and Magog, and the hobby-horses, which, in spite of the people's affection for them, were suppressed towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth as 'dannable relics of paganism,' and the Moorish, or Morrice-dancers, as the popular pronunciation would have it, who from the earliest times performed in the pageants, and who took so firm a hold on the popular taste, that Hawkins tells us, in his history of music, that but very shortly previous to the period at which he was writing, a Moor, dancing a saraband, was an obligatory personage in every puppet-show. It was probably out of deference for this taste that Punch and Judy danced a saraband in the ark, in the puppet-show of the Creation, followed by the Deluge, mentioned in the Tatler, as having been considered very instructive for young people; for puppets have never been afraid of anachronisms, and ever since his appearance in the country, Mr Punch has indeed mixed himself up with every event of antediluvian as well as postdiluvian history, thus showing his own belief in the very ancient origin ascribed to him by the learned. When, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the acting brotherhoods began to intermix their miracle-plays, which were the precursors of the historic dramas, with morals, which may in like manner be said to have been the forerunners of modern comedy, the puppet-players at once adopted the innovation—no difficult matter for them, who, with the conjuring powers of a knife and a piece of stick, could at any given moment swell the number of their troop to any amount required; and thus Perverse Doctrine, Pride, Gluttony, Vanity, Humility, and Piety, and all the other vices and virtues, which were personified and played their parts in the moralities, had their antetypes in the puppet-shows—public opinion singing out, in anticipation of friend Punch, the Old Vice, or Old Iniquity, a standing character in the moralities, as its prime favourite. Again, when about a century later, the great revolution in dramatic literature took place, which substituted for the moralities, masks and interludes, until then in fashion, tragedy and comedy under their modern form, the repertory of the motions, as puppet-shows were then still called, underwent the changes of the day, without, however, entirely abandoning their ancient favourites. In the new genre, also, the wooden actors seem to have approved themselves no mean rivals of the living ones; for various writings of this and subsequent periods contain bitter complaints against the puppet-players, for poaching in the preserves of the legitimate drama, even the stately muse of tragedy being made to stalk their mimic stage. But let it not be supposed that at this period puppets were still exclusively houseless vagrants, strolling from village to village, and from fair to fair, without a local habitation of their own, and giving their performances in the open air. Far from it. They were now installed in permanent theatres, not only in the most populous localities of the city of London, but in many provincial towns. The puppet-theatres of Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street were in high repute during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and those of Elyham and Brentford were so renowned, that they drew crowds of visitors even from the capital; while on the other side, grave provincials came up to London more especially to visit the puppet-shows. These last were indeed so generally accounted one of the most agreeable recreations of the gentry, that Phantastes, in Ben Jonson's comedy of Cynthia's Revels, mentions them as among the greatest pleasures a woman in any condition of life could desire to enjoy. Even as late as 1712, Arbuthnot includes the love of puppet-shows among the characteristic traits of the Londoners; and a writer in No. 377 of the Spectator bears similar testimony to the prevalent taste, when, in making a list of places where people are likely to come by a violent death, and enumerating the acres that have occurred there, he mentions 'Lyssander smothered to death at a puppet-show.'

The puppet-shows referred to in this latter case, were no doubt those of a certain Mr Powell, who, having attained a great reputation at Bath, had removed to London, and established a theatre in Covent Garden, where Punch and Judy, in company with Mr Faustus, according to the Tatler, threw into the shade the new Italian opera in the Haymarket, and drew away the most fashionable part of its audience—Mr Punch in particular proving, in the eyes of London, a most dangerous rival to the Italian singer Nicolini. Alas! poor Punch! how is he fallen from
his high estate! What fashionable belle ever casts a
glance at him now, when his shrill tones announce his
presence at the curb, his pupitre is generally composed of raggedurchinas and idle
nursemaids, though now and then a witty statesman
or a humorous man of letters may stop and enjoy a
laugh against all German custom.

The exact date of Punch's arrival in England is
probably difficult to ascertain, as the learned differ
on the subject, some saying that he came in with William
Orange by way of the Hague, others maintaining
that he arrived here long before, direct from Italy.
All events, Italian puppets were already known
in England under Henry VII.; and Chalmers, in his
account of the early English stage, quotes a letter from
the privy council of 14th July 1573, addressed to the
lord mayor of London, authorising him to allow some
Italians to exhibit their 'strange motions' in the city.
In the beginning of the seventeenth century, French
puppets also were established in London. Indeed,
there seems in those days to have been as great an
interchange among nations of these wooden artists, as
there is in the present day of their living prototypes,
for English puppets visited France, and Germany was
at one time not only inundated with English, French,
Italian, and even Dutch and Spanish actors, but the
foreign puppets fold not or wake of these, to their
great detriment of the wooden performers of indigen-
ous growth, of which there had always been a goodly
supply. Italy, the native land, it may be said, of
modern puppetry, in the early part of the eighteenth
century, already, all the literati—as such are they called—of Spain were
Italians, and so likewise were the scenocitta, or the
itinerant puppet-show men of Portugal are called;
retaining in this name a smack of their ecclesiastical
origin, which is further evinced in the monkish
dress they almost invariably use there as well as in
Spain. Italian exhibitors of puppets have even been
met with in Siberia and among the Cossacks of the
Don. So great, however, has ever been the affinity
between the spirits of puppets and that of the nations
among whom they have taken up their abode, that the
foreign nationality of their exhibitors has never pre-
vented puppet-shows from being thoroughly national
wherever they have appeared. Thus, we find that at
the period we have alluded to in Spain, as well as
subsequently, when all Spanish cities also had their
regularly established puppet-theatres, the subjects
represented were thoroughly Spanish and Pulcinella,
though naturalised under the name and title of Don Cristoval Pulcinella, was thrown
completely into the shade by the personages borrowed
from the popular ballads of Spain, such as Moorish
and Christian knights, giants and sorcerers, hermits
and saints, the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, and
the truly national bull-fights. Even when treating
classical subjects, it seems that Spanish puppets knew
how to infuse into them the national spirit. A French
traveller in Spain in 1808, tells of having been present
at Valencia at a puppet representation of the death of
Seneca, who having been a native of Cordova, had a
right to appear on so national a theatre. In the
puppet-show, as in history, the famous philosopher
was represented as being put to death by order of
Nero, by having the veins of his arms opened while
in a warm bath. The streams of blood which were made
to flow from his arms by means of red ribbons, are
said to have given universal satisfaction; but who
most delighted the pious subjects of his most Catholic
majesty, was to see the heathen philosopher carried
up to heaven in the midst of fireworks, and to hear
him pronounce there a recantation of his pagan errors
and a declaration of Christian faith in the orthodox
form.

In like manner, in German puppetry adapted them-
selves to the metaphysical and cosmopolitan tendencies
of the national mind at the time; and in the theatre history of Germany has been so pecu-
lir and so important, that it merits more than the
passing notice we should here be able to give it; and
therefore we shall allot to that once the chief
France. Need we say that France, the home of light-
hearted gaiety, wit, and parody, excelled at all times
in puppet-shows; for the progress made in this, as
in all other arts, is in proportion to the encourage-
ment given, and the appreciation met with. Toward
the close of the sixteenth century, Paris had already
its permanently established puppet-theatres; and in
1649, Polichinelle—who, by the by, a French author-
ity declares, is not an offshoot of the Italian race
of that name, but a native of the country, in fact,
nothing less than a modified type of the popular
Biarritz, the galliard Henri IV.—in 1649, we say,
Polichinelle had already attained to a degree of
popularity that caused his name to be adopted by
writers of political pamphlets against Cardinal
Mazarin, and authorised them to place in his mouth
such a vaunt as this: 'I may maintain, without
vanity, Messire Jules, that I have always been more
welcome to the people, and in higher consideration
with them, than your Eminence.' And when my
own ears heard them say: "Let us go and see
Polichinelle;" but who has ever heard any of the
people say: "Let us go and see Mazarin!"

Brioché, the famous player and puppet-
showman, mentioned in a previous article, and master
of this very popular Polichinelle, is the first exhibitor
of puppets in France whose name has been handed
down to posterity. No doubt he was worthy of this
distinction, for it seems that it was the witty sayings
prompted by him that gained for his wooden depen-
dent such great popularity. The public favour was,
however, for a long time divided between Brioché's
monkey Fagotin and Polichinelle: but Fagotin ultim-
ately fell in a duel with a certain M. Cyrano de
Bergerac, who mistook the disguised monkey for a
lackey making a face at him, and against whom
Fagotin valiantly drew his sword when attacked—a
fact that made him even more renowned in death
than he had been in life. No doubt, Fagotin had many
successors; for up to late in the eighteenth century a
monkey was as necessary an appendage to a puppet-
show as a dog is in the present day; but with
the exception of one, belonging to a certain Nobel,
which has been celebrated in both the French and
German histories, we know of none that has rivalled
the fame of Brioché's Fagotin. After Brioché's death, the direc-
tion of his puppet-theatre devolved upon his son,
who maintained his high reputation in spite of the
numerous competitors which arose in course of time;
and among which, not the least formidable was
the so-called Theatre of the Pigmies, opened in the
Marais du Temple in 1675. These pigmies—who from
the puppet point of view ought rather to have been
called brobdignag—were, according to the programe
of their director, La Griffe, 'what has never been
seen before: human figures, four feet high, richly
dressed, in very great numbers, who perform on a vast
theatre pieces in five acts, interspersed with music,
ballets, flying-machines, and changes of scenery, and
who declaim, walk, and gesticulate like living persons,
without being held suspended.' But though La Griffe
took good care not to call his performances operas,
the said to have been quite successful; but however
much he might appeal to the wooden qualities
of his actors, they were nevertheless legally adjudged
to have trespassed on the privileges of the regular
opera, and sentenced to heavy fines.
The greatest triumphs achieved by Parisian puppets
were won between the years 1701 and 1793, during
great part of which period they furnished parodies of all the productions of the French Opera, the Italian Theatre, the Théâtre Français, and the Opéra Comique, very often giving evidence in these of great literary acumen, and delicate yet telling irony; while they carried on a constant war with the entrepreneurs of those establishments, who, jealous of their success, sought to place all kinds of difficulties in their way. The repertory of the puppet-theatres was not, however, limited even to the wide field of parody which the regular theatres opened to them: they drew within their witty sphere every event, political or social, that occurred the public for the time being, and counted among their literary contributors Le Sage and other distinguished wits and literati of the day. But though allowed a liberty of speech far beyond any tolerated in living actors, puppets in France seem at last to have been placed under the same censorship that weighed upon the legitimate drama; and to this may perhaps be attributed the degeneracy which began to manifest itself in the puppet-shows at the commencement of the last half of the eighteenth century, when wit, parody, and satire were superseded by mere mechanical surprises and pièces à grand spectacle. The taste of the public seems to have kept pace with this degeneracy; for the number of puppet-theatres in Paris went on augmenting up to the close of the century, and in 1793, large puppets, under the name of Pantagonians, and which were also exhibited in London, again made their appearance. Among the transformations for which these puppets were more especially famous, we have seen one mentioned in which the different limbs were gradually detached, and transformed into so many clients—a trick which we have no doubt would be frequently repeated off the stage, were not the secret lost. These same Pantagonians performed in the Théâtre de la République a grand pantomime, entitled Les Metamorphoses de Marlborough. What these were, we do not know, but they may have been ugly enough.

Puppets outlived the storms of the Revolution in France, but not without bearing their share in its vicissitudes; for we learn from one of Camille Desmoulins' papers in Le Vieux Cordelier, that Polichinelle was exiled during the Reign of Terror—a fact that makes us fear that he had been giving himself aristocratic airs. Indeed, how can it be wondered at that he should, when we consider the high patronage which he and his fellows had enjoyed for centuries in France. In the present day, however, the puppets of France are reduced, like their compeers in England, to seek the suffrages of the sovereign people; and we hear of them to-day in as flourishing a state as they were at former periods in France, England, or Germany, and France at various periods, was in a great measure owing to the persecution, and, in the case of England, the actual interdict under which the regular drama and its coteries laboured at those periods; and that as soon as the latter were relieved from the heavy burdens and strong prejudices that militated against them, puppets sunk into comparative insignificance.

In Italy, however, whether owing to its being the indigenous soil of modern puppets, or to the fact that an arbitrary censorship still weighs upon the regular theatres there, puppets are to this day in as flourishing a condition as they ever were at former periods in France, England, or Germany. Not a city but has one or more puppet-theatres, visited by all classes of society, and where you are not only enlivened by the wit and humour which have fled from the more regular establishments, but where the lovers of opera and ballet may feast their ears upon the master-works of Rossini, Thelone, and Verdi, to-day in as flourishing an age as Taglioni and Rosati, whose pirouettes and entrechats surpass anything ever accomplished by human legs; and who, when bouquets are showered upon them, put their little hands upon their hearts, and bow themselves out as gracefully as any of their flesh-and-blood rivals.

TALK UNDER THE STUARTS.

MONSIEUR GABRIEL DEGUERES, of Saumur, 'teacher of the French tongue in the most illustrious and most famous university of Oxford,' published, in the year 1639, a hand-book of travel-talk for the benefit of Mr Hyde, Mr Hampden, or any other gentleman who might meditate performing the grand tour. It consists of a series of dialogues, written not without a certain quaint humour, and containing much information as to the manners and customs of the day. It is on this account we select portions of the talk that have no special reference to the grand tour. The title of the book is Dialogi Gallico-Inglesi-Latinis, and it is dedicated to the Prince of Wales. A few years afterwards, it may have formed the pocket-companion of that 'sacred twig of the most holy tree that has ever flourished in this happy isle,' as he is styled by the author, who little foresaw how useful a knowledge of the French tongue would prove to the 'sacred twig,' in the event of his being destined to become with the happy isle's hereditary foe.

In the first dialogue, we are introduced to a scholar, his land lord, and a teacher of the French tongue.

The scholar commences: 'I desire much—I am very desirous. I have a great mind to learn to speak French, English, Spanish, Italian, High-Dutch, Greek, Hebrew.' Not that he is likely to be such a helenus linguatus, but the opportunity is a good one for teaching names.

The landlord informs the teacher that 'an outlandish gentleman' wishes to see him. The professor visits the 'scholler,' and they come to terms at once.

Scholar. What do you take a moneth?

Master. Ten shillings a moneth.

'S How many times a week will you teach me?'

'Once a day.'

'S How long will you tarry with me?'

'An hour at a time.'

'S What time of the day will you come? I would gladly bestow the morning upon my more serious studies.'

'I will come, then, after supper.'

'I think that time somewhat unseasonable.'

Certainly any scholar of the present day would say so, but our meal-times have altered as much as tutors' charges.

The sixth dialogue is headed: 'Complements between him that invites and him that is invited before they sit at the table. The entertaining of one at table, and the complements they do use in it.'

The 'complements' consist in refusing to take the place of honour till the host exclaims: 'Sir, the dinner is spoilyed, the meat grows cold; sit down, I pray you, for we doe the company wrong.' Then come deprecations of the dinner on the part of the giver, and the opposite on the part of the receiver; and we next observe that Englishmen were in the habit of asking for a cushion to sit upon, as appears by the explanation of the host: 'I doe wonder very much that you English gentlemen can not sit without a cushion, and, nevertheless, run poste upon saddles as hard as iron.' The English gentleman explains, that on horseback they are taking exercise, but on the chair they are sitting still, and so are afraid of catching cold. In the Hand-book of Travel-talk for 1656, there is no mention made of chair-cushions. Englishmen have grown harshly, and learned to despise upon wooden seats.

Here is something curious about knives:

'Have you no knife?'

'I have forgot mine at home.'
'I doo renounce unto that gentility, for one losses many good bits for want of a knife.'

'Sweet heart, friend, can you lend me a knife? I will give it you back againe when I have done with it.'

'Here is one at your service, but it doth not cut very well, and it is not very cleane.'

'It is good enough, I thank you.'

'The conversation then turns upon carving.'

'I am a poore carver.'

'Its your modestie that makes you say so: we know you Frenchmen excell in that art .... In England, we leave that to women, if they be in the company; for as they sit in the upper end, so doe we give them the honour to let them the paines to cut, and serve the meates; which is the cause that it is a rare thing to finde men which can cut and carve foule.'

'That is very true in families, but you have no women in your colledges, which keep you from learning to carve.'

'There needs no great cunning to carve a penie part, or a penie-halfe-penie part. As for Piatto his men, they are as seldome seen there as the eclipse of the moone.'

'The carving commences, and calls forth the following remarks:

'Fie, fie, you must not tare the meat so with your hands, and touch it with your fingers. Take that little fork, and touch nothing at all with your fingers, or at least touch but the bit which you will eat, for you might offend and distast the others in handling the meat so slovingly.'

'It is not good to use so much ceremonie among schollers.'

'I do confesse it: but it is good to use himselfe betimes to polite, to handsomense and neatnesse.'

'Next comes a specimen of the conversation of the day:

'I cannot take my meales as a dumb beast, which does nothing but chew and swallow downe without saying a single word.'

'Would you have the beasts to speak?'

'It is good for a Carthusian, or for an hermit that is shut up to say nothing when he dines. I would have my tongue to play as well as my teeth.'

'Does it not work well enough when it tasteth the meats?'

'I do not mean it so. This harre is drier than a story. I think that the good is one of those which did awake the watch of the Capitollum, when as our Gauls went neare to take it; for it is harder than wood.'

'Peradventure it is that which was in the arke of Noah.'

'The tide of learning is stopped by a last lesson in good-manners:

'Dip the crust in the sauce, the gravye.'

'You have a good cook; but he has not spared for pepper; for it is so extremely peppered that it burns my tongue.'

'After eating follows drinking. Manner of drinking one to another: the sorts of wine. . . . Talks ordinarilie used in drinking, and in taverns,' &c.

'Come on; fill me some wine quickly .... This glasse is not cleane .... Rub it with water and salt, that it may be cleare and cleane .... Oh, sir! what doe you do? You have not drunked all. You must empty the glasse. Turne it adowne, that I may see if there be anything left .... So they drinke in the palatinate, that there is not a drop left with which a fly might quench its thirst.'

'To whom have you drunked?'

'I have drunked to that gentleman.'

'Who has seene you drunked? You must drinke one againe.'

'The French freedom is to be condemned in this, for it giveth every one leave to drink as he thinketh good, at his discretion.'

'To whom shall we drinke now?'

'Let us drinke to this gentleman, his mistresses health.'

'Let us rather drinke to yours, for mine does not deserve that one should drink to her.'

'Why? Are you out of her favour?'

'No; but it is for some other reason.'

'You will not confess. Come on, sir, to her that possesses this gentleman's heart. To that faire Angel of Love, and that miracle of Beauty. To the most eminent over all those that are of the female kind.'

'Sir, you give her titles undeserved by her.'

'On the contrary, they are far below her merit: the admiration whereof must teach me some new language, to praise it according to its worth; or else, I must be content to reverence it with an humble silence, having no language able to express it.' And so forth.

'Next comes some information about wines:

'Will you drink a cuppe of sack. Vous plaist il de boire un coup de vin d'Espange; in the Latin, pocium vini Hispanici .... It tasteth wonderous well. It is a cup of dainty wine. We drinke none so good in tavernes.'

'It is because they spoyle it. They doe sophisticate it, and mingle it in tavernes. Goe, and draw a pinte of Muscaden.'

'Halfe a pinte will be enough; or a quartern of a pinte, all with the same.'

'What say you? We must drinke, carouse, like Templars, like sponges. . . . I am almost drunkes. I thinkes that you will foaxe; I begin to see double.'

'It is because that glasse is made of the mettall of which are made the spectacles that multiply every thing.'

'You must need lead me home by the armes, as a young bride.' So ends the dinner.

'Shall we rise from the table?'

'We must drink the cup of charity, as they say.'

'Sir, you forget to put up your knife. If it please you, I will teach you a way that you shall never faile to put it up. You must alwayes drink a cup after you have put it up, and so you shall never forget to put it up.'

'Sir, please you to take a pipe of tobacco?'

'Fie, what doe you speak to me of? I wonder much that you will take that stinking smak, that poisoned weed.'

'Ah, sir, you are much deceived. ... It is the most sovereign and physical heurb in the world.'

'Having acquired the French tongue, the scholar sets out on his travels. Crossing the Channel was a service of danger then.'

'The whirle-winds, tempests, and storms are very dangerous. The pyrates and robbers upon the sea are no lesse dangerous,' he is told. Nothing daunted, he proceeds to strike a bargain with a skipper.

'What shall I give you to carry me over into France?'

'Half a pistoll—10s.'

'It is too much; I will give you foure francs—8s.'

'Sir, I will not carry you over under a hundred sols, or five francs, an angell, or 10s.'

'Well, then, I will give you what you ask me.'

'Provide yourself with victuals before you goe upon the sea.'

'The going over is not long, as I believe?'

'It is but of halfe a day, if you goe from Dover to Calais; or of one day and of a night if you goe to take land, to aboard at Deeps.'

'The ship sails and becomes becalmed. The sea is very calm; still wee doe not goe forward. We should need to have some rowers; but we have no oares, and we know not how to row.'

'I feare, lest after this calmenesse of the sea, wee have some sea stormes, which may cast us upon some rock, or upon some sandie banck, and so our shippe may suffer shipwrick.'
After a while we find the travellers approaching the land, where they are carried ashore on the backs of the boatmen.

'Is it true you do not carry us to land in your boat?'

'It is the custom.'

'I see well that this is a plot to get money. What must you have?'

'A card escu a man.'

'Half is enough, or five sous.'

Arriving at the hotel, they are greeted with, 'Gentlemen, will you be pleased to come this way? Excuse me if I go for you; it is to show you the way,' on which the traveller makes a memorandum in his pocket-book: 'Servants are very courteous in this country.' He changes his money, and receives information as to the value of French coins. 'There is a denier, which is not worth half of one of your farthings; a double, which is worth two deniers; a liard, which is worth a double, and a denier. There be now but few liards in one pence. A Carolus is worth 10 deniers; a sol, 12 deniers; 5 French sols make even 6 English pence. . . . A golden crown is worth ten shillings; we call them also crownes at the Sunne. A pistol is worth on shillings, &c. I think that this pistol is not good: where is the touchstone? Rubbe it a little upon your hayre, or upon your shoes, and if it be red, it is a signe that it is naughty.' The traveller inquires about the condition of French horses. 'Good Lord, how leane they be! Your starve them. There is neither hay in the rack, nor oats in the manger. They will not be able to carry us three steps of the way.' Experience confirms his opinion. 'My armes are bruised, lamed, with the very beating of my horse. Hee will not goe neither for rod nor spur. Fatigue sends him early to bed.'

'Here you, is there nobody but I that lieth in this chamber?'

'There is a very honest gentleman that is to lie in it.'

'Doe you know him very well?'

'Not very well.'

'How doe you know, then, that he is an honest man?'

'He looketh like one.'

'Intreat him to come to bed quickly,' &c. 'I have not slept well to-night. The fleas have tormentted me so extremely, that I could by no means sleep.'

At Rouen he goes to Paris. 'I doe intend to stay two or three weeks in Paris, to see the town, and the kings court; then I will goe to Orleans, for it is better and cheaper living there. From Orleans I will goe down by water in a boat as far as Saumur. And by the way, I will goe to the castles and the townes of Blois, Amboise, Tours.'

At Saumur he takes up his quarters, and is charged ten French crownes a monteth, three pound for diet, chamber, and washing.' He expresseth: 'It is much — it is fifteen shillings a week. We are very well in Oxford for nine or tenne shillings a week.'

'That may be true: but you must consider that we pay here a great deal more taxes than they doe in England. Moreover, you drink alwaies wine here at your meales, whereas in Englands they give you but beere.'

During his stay at Saumur, the tourist probably perfects himself in the language, for we hear no more of his travels. He learns all that is necessary for a gentleman now. We find him at one time acquiring the art of 'dancing the cinque pase; of making a leg after the fashion to dance with the musick,' and inquiring the reproof of his dancing-master: 'Stand upright in your body, and when you dance, stretch not so your breeches out.' At one time he is fencing, or having his beard cut with a pick-devant, shave all the hairs to the skin, and leave but a little spriggle, &c. 'Now I can as well go as can be cut well enough, but only here is a hair that goes over the other.'

At length he departs. And it were well if every English traveller of the present day deserved to be thus apostrophised by his host: 'Sir, I thank you most humbly. Truly we have reason to remember you in your absence, for you have carried yourselfe so honestly towards us, that we should be injurious to your name if we should not honour it with a perpetuall remembrance.'

**COPYING BY LIGHT.**

We have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper; and spread a solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 30 grains of bichromate of potassa, and 3 ounces of water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth phial will do as well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow colour; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient; for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see — what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, or with the blind drawn down, a very clear negative yellow picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a dram to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantly a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the original picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and vice versa. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desirable, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its face to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by this arrangement. These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gum-water over the surface. So much for the process, and low for the cost. 50 grains of sulphate of copper, and 30 of bichromate of potassa — the first solution — have hardly an appreciable pecuniary value, and indeed the chemist you deal with will not think of charging anything for so small a quantity of these substances; yet this solution will
be sufficient to take more than 200 copies. The second solution—half a dram of nitrate of silver—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—next to nothing at all. We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one: it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face, while the piece of glass laid upon its back will keep open the book, and allow access to the light.

II. Another process.—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a negative picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one, and this is effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

III. Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper.—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out, but the back of the passe-partout merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the passe-partout may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the passe-partout may be removed from the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a dram of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary sized portrait.

GLOSS FOR A HORSE’S COAT.

Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good one, but was always annoyed about his coat; it was more like a lot of bristles than a horse’s smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get wouldn’t do it no good.” My friend, who is a great horse-bredder and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat out of my hand, betting me a basket of wine that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks; and he was right, for I lost my wine—all but three bottles, which I drank myself—but got in return a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat for my horse, which I would not change for a dozen baskets, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible. If you think your readers would profit by it, you may publish the suggestion in that valuable Spirit of yours.—American paper.

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

PARTING FOR AUSTRALIA.

Here, sitting by the fire,
I aspire, love, I aspire—
Not to that ‘other world’ of your fond dreams,
But one as high and higher,
Compared to which your real, unreal seems.

Together as to-night,
In the light, love, in the light
Of our completed joy we see no shade;
And from our hope’s reached height
All things are possible and level made.

So do we sit and view
Clear as true, love, clear as true,
That wondrous valley over southern seas,
Where in a country new
Your hands make for me a sweet nest of ease.

Where I, your poor tired bird—
(Nothing stirred? Love, nothing stirred?)
May fold her wings and be no more distressed:
And troubles may be heard
Like outside winds at night, which deepen rest.

Where in green pastures wide
We ‘ll abide, love, we ‘ll abide,
And keep content our patriarchal flocks;
See leaping at our side
Our little brown-faced shepherds of the rocks.

Ah, tale that’s easy told!—
(I hold my hand, love, tighter hold.)
What if this face of mine—you think it fair—
If it should never grow old?
Nor matron cap cover this maiden hair?

What if this silver ring
(Loose it clings, love, yet does cling)
Shall never be changed for any other?—nay,
This very hand I fling
About your neck, should—Hush! To-day’s to-day;

To-morrow is—ah, Whose—
You’ll not lose, love, you’ll not lose
This hand I gave, if never a wife’s hand
For tender household use,
Led by yours fearless into a far, far land.

Kiss me, and do not grieve:
I believe, love, I believe
That He who holds the measure of our days,
And did thus strangely weave
Our opposite lives together—to His praise!

He never will divide
Us so wide, love, us so wide:
But will, whatever chances, safely shew
That those in Him allied
In life or death are nearer than they know.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'How old is Mr Thackeray?' 'Who won the Derby in 1850?' 'What is a flats in bankruptcy?' 'When did the Tipton Slater fight his first mill, and who with?' 'Was Sir Robert Peel the premier ever a cotton-spinner, or was it his father, the first Sir Robert?' 'When did Mr Macready leave the stage?' 'In what year was Greenacre hanged?' 'Who could sing highest, Madame Catalani or Jenny Lind?' 'Is Mr Disraeli, or was he ever, a Jew?'

We have pondered much on these questions, contained in the Weekly Luminary, and read by fifty or a hundred thousand of the shopkeepers and workpeople of London. Did these questions ever reach the sanctum of the editor, there to be read, ruminated over, investigated, and answered? If really sent, did they arise out of bets, or from a curiosity thirsting for all kinds of useful and useless knowledge? We have a theory that the truth comprises a portion of all these suppositions; but the reader will, perchance, not be sorry to accompany us in a ramble among the journals, to see how far, and under how many varieties of aspect, these odd questions and answers, notes and queries, present themselves; and we leave him quite at liberty to form his own judgment on the matter.

In the old days of the Spectator and Tatler, there can be no sort of doubt that 'Lebia' and 'Will Hopeless,' and 'Monimia' and 'Sophonia,' were brain-products of the Addisonians and Steeles; and that the pretended letters from these correspondents were simply pegs whereon to hang pleasant essays. The great value of those essays, apart from the delightful English in which they are written, consists in the picture they present of the state of society in the days of Anne and George I. In our own day, reading has penetrated to a lower stratum in society, though still not low enough; and we have no sort of doubt that, whether the 'answers' belong to actual 'questions' or not, there are tens of thousands of persons who would be glad of an opportunity for solving knotty doubts through the medium of the newspapers. The desultory and accidental accumulation of knowledge—new, or true, or both, or neither—by persons too much engaged with the bread-and-butter question to devote regular hours to study—plays no small part in forming the minds of those around us; and the weekly 'answers' thus become important, even if the querist be no more corporeal than Mrs Harris herself. We say 'weekly,' for it is the weeklies that mostly do this work. There are one or two crotchety almanacs that give algebraical and geometrical problems in each number, to be answered by ingenious correspondents twelve months afterwards; but these lie quite out of our path. Nor do the majestic quarterly come under notice: they scorn such small tactics as question and answer, being addressed to readers of education and high tone of taste and thought. The monthlies, too, though neither so few nor so 'far between' as the quarterlies, come pretty nearly under the same category in this matter. As for the dailies, who could expect queries and answers in papers so overwhelmed with business? Every issue is in itself a bundle of new facts, ready to be eagerly devoured by the world; and the editors have neither time nor space, inclination nor necessity, for grooping into small answers on small subjects. Many of the weeklies, too, keep equally aloof. Some, of small circulation and high price, reach the hands of readers who would not care for such food; while a few others, of large circulation and low price, such as the reader has now before him, are almost wholly filled with matter original and paid for, and apportioned by the editor in conformity with a pre-arranged system, neither needing nor admitting the question-and-answer machinery.

Exceptions thus made, there remain a large number of weekly periodicals in London, and doubtless in other places, addicted to the fashion now under notice. The knowledge-box of Mr Editor is aided by the brains of other persons, brainless barristers included; and even if the questions be not really sent—well, no matter; the wisdom of the answer is just as good. Who knows but that many a blue bag in Westminster Hall, filled with nothing but flatulence, could, if it had the gift of speech, tell of its master earning a crust by answering legal questions in weekly newspapers, or by fashioning answers to imaginary questions? The journals devoted to special subjects—law, medicine, war, religion, music, theatricals, the fine arts, commerce, racing, hunting, the ring (not cannibal)—have, as a matter of course, or are supposed by the readers to have, in their editorial sanctum, the wherewithal to solve problems on those specialties. We must except from any companionship with this large group of journals that delight of all bookworms, Notes and Queries, with its pages crammed full of facts for which we might hopefully search elsewhere, and authenticated in so many cases by the real names of the writers.

Let us summon into court one week's budget, and look at it; and let us begin with a journal devoted to military and naval affairs. A question appears to have been asked touching the privileges of the much-favoured military staff, for Mr Editor says: 'There is nothing unusual in the medical officer's requiring the staff and their families to attend at his quarters; if
they are incapable of doing so, of course it is the surgeon's duty to attend on them.' The great head-question is thus treated: 'A general officer can of course order the head to be taken off; the moustache is allowed by regulation.' *Cold Without and Damp Within* receives the following response to a complaint about camp-arrangements: 'Yes; you are not the only sufferer at the Colonel camp; the drainage is bad, or there would not be so many pools of water surrounding you.' A poor lieutenant, who finds it a tight matter to live like a gentleman on his pay, illustrates a query and a complaint by what he doubtless regards as satire steeped in poetry:

>'Your services are very great,
Of them I'll take a note;
But can you serve the ministry?
Pray, have you got a vote?
An extra shilling still you ask,
But surely you should know
A Whig ne'er gave away a thing
Without a quid pro quo.'

Here is a journal devoted to the civil service. It tells a real or seeming correspondent—'The essential thing in applying to a minister or patron, is to know what to ask for—what place is meant or likely to become vacant. Unless you can specify the berth you ask for, you will facts hazy, unassured that your name has been put on the list of applicants, and there will be the end of it.' Nothing more likely, we would add. A man of humble mind, having the lowest office in the customs department in his thoughts, is told: 'The candidate for a tide-waitership must be under twenty-five years of age; the examination prescribed is—writing from dictation, arithmetical in the first four rules, with the different weights and measures.' Next turns up a legal journal, in which the questions and answers are not on those matters of law which a lawyer may be supposed to know by heart, but on such professional points as the following: 'How can an attorney become a notary-public; what fees are there, and to whom payable?' Turn next we to a medical journal, where not only are there queries affecting diplomacy, medical colleges, hospital lectures, surgical cures, pharmaceutical preparations, and medical apparatus; but practitioners seek to increase their knowledge by asking questions of each other. Thus one medical man writes: 'Would any of your readers have the kindness to inform me where I can find an account of Rotent ulcer, or what are the important distinctions between it and Erysipelas?' I have cited only at present, which, so far as I can tell from the description I have consulted, appears to be one of rotent.' Very likely he will get an answer next week in the same journal.

Next, our eye lights upon a journal connected with mining affairs, and with the whereabouts of lodes, seams, veins, beds, strata, cross-courses, adits, and shafts. Mr Editor throws cold water on a querist who consults him about coal and collieries in Canada. Another correspondent is informed that 'The relations between landowners and mining-companies differ in different counties; that in Cornwall the ground is leased generally for twenty-one years; and that the rent paid is a royalty or percentage, varying from one-twentieth to one-eighth of all the produce raised.' Another journal, a luminary on railway matters, anxious to show that railways are the great fact of the age, encourages or invents all kinds of queries thereon, and allows correspondent A to answer correspondent B thus: 'As an instance of the value of railways, I have had on the Riviera an average of potatoes up a hundred miles from the country at a cost of conveyance, including delivery at my door near London, of 1s. 9d.; by which, at about half-price, I have obtained better potatoes than I can get in London.' A third among these useful, practical, commercial, manufacturing journals, draws out the following bit of boiler-wisdom: 'I have seen a boiler kept very clean by arranging a mud-collector in the form of a very large inverted funnel at the end furthest from the furnace, the funnel having a blow-off pipe at the bottom.' The religious journals are not without their queries and answers, pertaining to matters consistent with the characters of the several works. Sometimes the *odium theologicum* peeps out, in the form of a query intended to poke fun at, or imply censure upon, a rival sect. Thus, a correspondent tells Mr Editor that, being at the house of a Conference friend, he found that smoking was in full operation, and that a barrel tobacco-box bore the inscription, 'Conference Smoking Mixture.' Whereupon he asks: 'Can any of your readers throw light on this little Conference stranger? I thought it might perhaps be a sort of indulgence which that august body had thought fit to bestow on candidates for the ministry, who, prior to being admitted, have to adjure the use of tobacco: a sort of privileged exempted weed, intended for the use only of those in the ministry.' The editor, in all human probability, would not be disinclined to find or make an answer to this real or sham query, containing the usual amount of sarcasm on those who do not belong to 'our party.'

The sporting newspapers are especially rich in this kind of unpaid-for information. So much is there of a living interest in the minds of sporting-men—horse-racing, steepie-chasing, hunting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, prize-fighting, yachting, boat-racing, cricket, bowls, wrestling, equestrian, penthiavism, fishing, jumping, billiards, bagatelle, chess, draughts, backgammon, whist—games and sports indoors and out, with money-gambling and without—that they are, or these newspapers assume that they are, ever desirous of obtaining trustworthy information, especially on the laws or rules by which each sport is governed. The editor is always supposed to be 'up' in every part of his subject. Here, in the example now before us, a querist is told that 'Whenever the sire or dam of a fighting-dog may be, no man for that purpose can, with any approach to certainty, count upon the game or punishing qualities of the whelp.' Another is informed, 'A horse may have twisted forelegs, fleshy feet, thrusts or corns, may be fretful and awkward in his slow pace—and yet be a brilliant hunter and a winner of the country.' Were these really queries, by real querists?

But of all these answers to correspondents, the most ample, curious, and important are those found in the *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* at present, which, so far as I can understand, are given to us by correspondents from among the middle and working classes. There are several of these, the sale of which ranges from 50,000 to 150,000 copies per week. All the coffee-shops, eating-houses, and public-houses in London—for it is of London and its journals we chiefly speak—take in one or more of these journals; and as a newspaper of large size can now be purchased for twopence, copies in great number find their way to the homes of tradesmen and working-men. Small shopkeepers as well as working-men greatly relish the bits of information given in these papers under the heading 'Answers to Correspondents.' Whether there are really any such correspondents, and how many if any, and if none, how much a column the author is paid for his answers, are secrets buried in the tremendous breast of the editor. At anyrate, if no queries are put, they might be put, and they justified the answers hypothetically if not bond fide. Let the reader look over our shoulder at the following curious medley: 'Eischel's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe was a failure.' Another: 'The bayonet takes its name from Bayonne, where it was invented.' All these appear as if answers to direct questions. In the next example, a correspondent and Mr Editor agree in taking to task a distinguished
writer for a *lapus* in composition: "Is the following correct in its grammatical construction? " Before Magguy could open the door, Mr Pancks, opening it from without, stood without a hat, with his bare head and hands, and, with both eyes wide open, and all but a paper in his hand, and the name of Dottit over her shoulder." To which query Mr Editor replies, that Charles Dickens is at fault; the proper construction being, 'looking over her shoulder at Dottit and Little Dorrit.' The matter of fact then appears: "Brighton chain-pter is 1184 feet long." Then a bit of commerce: "The amount of bills of exchange in circulation at one time, in the ordinary state of public credit, is L140,000,000." Then a confession of editorial ignorance on a matter pertaining to balloon novelties: "We cannot name any person who would be likely to speculate in a balloon-steering apparatus."

Here follows a sensible reply to a supposed question on which publishers—more shame to them—are not seldom on a blunder-track: "Bi-monthly strictly means every two months, but the phrase is frequently used for fortnightly. And now we encounter a piece of information, professedly an answer to a question put by some Paterfamilias anxious for the economical education of his children: "Take up your quarters near Tonbridge Wells. There are free grammars schools there, with sixteen exhibitions of L100 each to the universities, two of L75, one of L20, and six of L18. All boys are considered founders' whose parents or guardians live within ten miles of Tonbridge." By a startling jump, without any preparation whatever, we come to the very delicate subject of a lady's age: "Madame Vestris was fifty-nine years of age at the time of her death." Snobs are more prone to follow the footsteps of the Facruits or Nibette, or perhaps the Rachels or Ristori, is told: "You must work hard, and serve an apprenticeship in the provinces, to be capable of keeping a good position on the London stage."

So curious and practically serviceable are many of the answers given, whether to real questions or not, that an industrious compiler has lately brought into a compact volume several thousand such, from a dozen or more of the London periodicals, based on a principle of selection in which the useful rather than the merely entertaining is studied. Especially is the collection rich in legal lore, matters relating to debts, bills, notes, contracts, apprentices, and so forth. The questions and answers relating to these are not the least curious, nor, it must be added, the least instructive, as the dwarf or the dwarf of thoughts or troubles in which the welfare of women has a share. "How can a wife, deserted by her husband, enforce claim for support?" "Is not a wife, who refuses to return to her husband, punishable as a vagrant?" "Has a wife, who deserts her husband, any right to her children or to her husband's property?" "When is a wife's evidence against her husband admissible?" "Can the wife of a convict marry?" "If a husband deserts his wife, and she remains ignorant of his whereabouts for seven years, can she legally marry again?" It must in justice be stated, that the queries relating to husbands are nearly as numerous as those affecting wives.

The most amusing, unquestionably, of these communications bear relation to the tender passion and its important affairs. Some of the journals, of small price and large circulation, profess to give ready admission to queries and expressions of sentiment from maidens and maidens, on love, courtship, marriage, flirtation, bridal etiquette, and the like, and as readily give answers or advice. *Clara* is informed: "We think your correspondent has been acting very imprudently. A lady should not think too much of herself; she seldom gains much in esteem or admiration by taking the initiative in love-affairs. It may please the fancy of a man for a day or two to be courted by a pretty woman; but cool reflection will in due time suggest that she may possibly be as charming to some other favoured swain as to himself." *Eveline de Courcy* (these supposititious young damsels mightly affect fine names) is told that she 'must just follow her own feelings; we cannot prescribe rules for the treatment of other persons' acquaintances. If you want to get thoroughly rid of them, cut them; if you want to keep them at a distance, be cool to them: they will understand you.' Who 'they' are, is a mystery known only to Clara and the editor. *Edwin* is advised: 'Don't be too hasty; you know not what changes may take place in your mind and circumstances within a year or two. Make no long engagements with young ladies; neither they nor you are to be trusted.' Edwin is probably not yet quite eighteen. Was it love, or delicate sensibility, or Byronic moodiness, or sublimity in an all-round collar—was the querist a lady or a gentleman, to draw forth the following editorial response?—"We have passed through many a dream of thought, like our correspondent, and found comfort and sorrow mixed up in all. Life is a compound of the bitter and the sweet, and the one seems necessary to correct the tendencies of the other. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the Tree of Life." Which profound aphorism we will leave to work its due results on the mind of the reader.

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**Glimpses of Affairs in America.**

**The Struggle in Kansas.**

"True election of a delegate to congress, from the territory of Kansas, in November last." So far as follows, as has been said, by dire events. The free settlers were indignant at the unauthorised voting of pro-slavery men from Missouri, and the Missourians endeavoured by acts of outrage to intimidate and expel the settlers. Violence, however, had not yet attained its climax. The great struggle was to take place on the 30th of March 1855, when the inhabitants were to choose a legislature. Preparatory to this event, Governor Reeder caused a census to be taken of the population, which was found to consist of 8501 souls. This number included the unenfranchised part of the community, 243 slaves and 151 free negroes; those entitled to vote amounting to 2905.

As the great day approached, parties of Missourians entered the territory, and planted themselves at every polling-place, with the avowed design of voting for candidates who would make Kansas a slave state. As many as 5000 of these desperadoes, equipped with arms, and bringing tents and provisions, took up their ground, resolved to maintain a gross fraud by representing themselves as actual inhabitants of the territory. As there is not usually any register of voters in the States, where elections are often a kind of scramble—the very sheriffs, on such occasions, lending themselves to party purposes—it is not difficult for bands of resolute individuals to carry everything as they please. Even in the city of New York, at the last election, as is stated by the local press, parties of rowdies floated from polling-place to polling-place, and cast votes at them all, in order to return their favourite candidate. How much more easily could such infamous proceedings go on in the wilderness of Kansas?

Well, the election takes place. Notwithstanding threats of personal violence, on sworn, courtesied setting forth; freely forward; but of what avail against the host of intruders? On examination, it was found that the number of legal voters was 1310, and of illegal voters, 2975, being about 2685 more than there were inhabitants in Kansas. It was the duty of the governor to receive the returns, and grant certificates to enable members to assume office, Reeder, after, as
is alleged, investigating each case, set aside the election in seven disputed districts, thus creating two vacancies in the council and nine in the house of representatives. He issued a certificate, besides, to one member of council and one member of the house, not the individuals whom the judges of the election had returned. To all the remainder, consisting of eleven councilmen, and seven representatives, he granted certificates. On his ordering a new election to be held on the 24th of May for filling up the vacancies, the pro-slavery party broke into a storm of indignation. They declared that no special election was valid under the organic law; they resolved to disown the authority of the present one, and vowed vengeance against Reeder and all who adhered to him. Without waiting for the new election, the governor, in April, issued his proclamation, summoning the legislature to meet at Pawnee City—a congregers of tents and deals about a hundred miles from the frontier—on the 2d of July.

At the May election, there was little disturbance, and the free-soilers had almost everything their own way; the result being the return of a number of new members, to whom the governor granted certificates. There were now, as we may say, double returns, some apparently valid, others the reverse. No proceedings, however, were founded on this point till the assembling of the two houses, when, on the third day of the session, a committee was appointed respecting dip and null elections. Not to go into tiresome minutiae, the result of the inquiry was, to deprive of his seat one of the members whom the governor had certified in March, and to turn out six members certified under the old election in May—the effect of the whole being to restore affairs to nearly that position in which they had been placed by the outrageous intrusion of the Missourians in March. Reeder, it may be presumed, had now an opportunity of repudiating a legislature so vitiated by its own act, but, as previously hinted, though a man of good intentions, he was scarcely fitted for controlling the wild democracy over whom he was called to rule. One of the earliest projects started in the house of representatives was the removal of the seat of legislature to Shawnee Mission, near the borders of Missouri; and a bill to this effect was sent to the governor, who, on the 6th of July, returned it with a message declining to sanction the proposed change. His reason was, that the legislature had transcended its authority in adopting the resolution. In making this communication, he distinctly recognised the council and house of representatives as constituting the legislature of the territory of Kansas. As may be supposed, the legislature paid no attention to the governor's objections, and accordingly removed, on the 16th of July, to a school-house at Shawnee Mission. Still, the governor by messages respecting bills continued to recognise the authority of the legislature, although at the same time, on the 21st of July, he declared that, by the act of removal, the two houses were dissolved, and henceforth he suspended all intercourse with them. We are conscious that these are dry details, but being gathered chirily from a report of congress respecting the struggle in Kansas, and freed from party exaggerations, they throw a useful light over what has become a question of deep interest connected with the progress of slavery. Up to the point we have reached, the Missouri intruders were clearly in the wrong; the denunciations in their newspapers and speeches at the public meetings were atrocious—language which we could not possibly transfer to these pages. But unfortunately, Reeder, in whose hands was the destiny of Kansas, compromised the cause. His recognition of the corrupt legislature the 21st of July, was a grave blunder; for in a legal point of view (as we humbly assume), no subsequent repudiation of that body could deprive it of an authority he had already acknowledged. The false position taken by Reeder was greedily seized hold of by his antagonists, who, as an explanation of his conduct, alleged that his preference for Pawnee arose from the fact of his having town-lots to dispose of in that quarter. Whatever truth may be in the scandal circulated on the occasion, there can be no doubt, if we are to believe Phillips, that Shawnee was seven or eight times more agitated than Pawnee. 'At the Mission, the legislature were at home; that is, they were nearly so. It was only one mile from the Missouri line, and four miles from Westport. Hacks left the Mission every evening, on the adjournment, taking the members to Westport, and brought them back in the morning. And such splendid junketings and racketings these fellows had!' A due supply of whisky was brought in bottles and jugs, each morning, in order to keep the legislature in spirits during the long summer days.'

Having set to work, the Bogus legislature, as this body is usually designated, speedily produced a code of laws connected with 'slave property,' such as the world has not seen for many a day. The following are a few of the penalties: To any person concerned in raising an insurrection among slaves, or free coloured persons—death. To any person who shall entice, decoy, or carry away any slave from the territory—death, or imprisonment for ten years with hard labour. To any person who shall entice or persuade a slave to escape from his master—imprisonment for ten years with hard labour. To any person resisting an officer who attempts to arrest an escaped slave—imprisonment with hard labour for two years. The following sections are too good to abridge:

'If any person print, write, introduce into, or circulate, or cause to be brought into, written, printed, or circulated, or shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing into, printing, publishing, or circulaitng within this territory, any book, paper, pamphlet, or circular containing any statements, arguments, opinions, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or innuendo calculated to produce a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among the slaves of the territory, or to induce such slaves to escape from the service of their masters, or to resist their authority, he shall be guilty of felony, and be punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term not less than five years. If any person shall publish, write, print, or circulate in this territory any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular, containing any denial of the rights of persons to hold slaves in this territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term of not less than two years. No person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this act.'

This extraordinary code was submitted by J. H. Stringfellow as Speaker of the house, and Thomas Johnson (the Rev. Tom), President of the council.

The bills passed by the Bogus legislature being, as a matter of form, submitted to Reeder for his sanction, he transmitted a message in reply, stating that his opinion remained unchanged respecting the illegality of that body, but that independently of this fact, he had received official intimation that his functions as governor were to be terminated. The latter part of this reply was probably anticipated; for the legislature had memorialised the president to remove the governor from office; nor can we feel any surprise at his dismissal. Will it be credited—his message just
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allded to (August 10) was still addressed 'To the honourable the members of the House of representatives of the territory of Kansas,'—an acknowledgment of their authority at variance with his repeated declarations, and greatly calculated to complicate the whole question. Amidst these difficulties, the Bogus legislature obtained an opinion from Judge Lecompte, to the effect, that the bills passed would receive the force of law without the signature of the governor, and so they appear to have actually come into operation.

Reeder, who now withdrew into private life, was replaced by Governor Shannon, who was declared to be 'sound on the goose'—that is, in favour of slavery in the territory—and who, in general character, was no improvement on his predecessor. Indignant at being subjected to laws which they believed to rest on no proper authority, and exposed to personal sufferings from the Missourians, the citizens of Kansas spent the summer of 1855 in a state of extreme agitation. The proper means for redress lay in a calm appeal to congress. They did memorialise that body on the subject of their grievances; and ultimately a committee inquired into and reported on the subject at voluminous length. Without, however, waiting for the action of the supreme authority, the citizens of Kansas held mass-meetings denunciatory of their oppressors, and went the extreme length of appointing a governor, C. Robinson, to 'occupy the executive chair' of the new state of Kansas. Under this official took place an entirely new organisation of the territory—alleged by the parties concerned to be exactly in terms of the constitution, but considered by the supreme government to be unconstitutional. But the people in the several districts elected delegates, with perfect seriousness, to constitute a convention, or rival body to the Bogus legislature; and on the meeting of the assembly on the 19th of September at Topeka, a message was delivered from 'Governor Robinson,' which would have done no discredit to the president of the United States.

Looking at the acts and resolutions of the Topeka convention, it was decidedly the better legislature of the two. Considering the nature of its materials, and the circumstances calling it into existence, one cannot but feel amazed at the general good order in which it set aside the whole proceedings of the Bogus assembly, drew up a constitution, organised committees on education and other affairs, and appointed an executive for the territory. And an American, however, can do justice to its character. 'This constitutional convention,' says Phillips, 'was by far the most respectable body of men in point of talent, that was convened in Kansas; indeed, it would have compared favourably with legislative bodies anywhere. Talent, and the weak vanity which apes it, were there; true virtue, and a more plastic school of morality; patriotism, and number-one-ism; outside influence, and a lobby; sober, staid, business habits, brandy, temperance, whisky, prayers by the chaplain, profanity, and oyster-suppers. It lacked none of the great essentials. Taken all in all, it was an honourable body, with the usual sprinkling of skilful politicians, who knew how to indoctrinate an infant community with the principles of party maneuvering. There were now two rival parliaments in Kansas, each thundering forth laws; but of what use are all the laws in the world, if there is nobody to execute them? Even in despotic countries, it is the people who control the people. The Bogus parliament of Kansas was an exotic, the governor an exotic, and the judges and sheriffs exotics: the people repudiated the whole concern, and defied them. There being, properly speaking, neither law nor government, and outrages being of daily occurrence, the settlers got up secret military organisations, the chief of the 'Legion'—a kind of Vehingerich, holding mysterious meetings, and the members of which recognised each other by peculiar signs. To counteract these movements, and aid the Bogus legislature, the pro-slavery men held what they called a 'Law and Order Convention' at Leavenworth on the 14th of November; and of this professedly auxiliary of the constituted authorities, Governor Shannon was appointed president. From this period may be dated the condition of anarchy in Kansas. At all points, there was open defiance between the two parties. Of the fights, slaughters, burnings of houses, destruction and stealing of property, and personal outrages of every kind, we are fortunately spared from giving any account, as ample details of the atrocities committed by the border ruffians have been made widely known, and more particularly as that greatest atrocity of all, the burning and sack of the city of Lawrence, in May 1856, must be fresh in every one's recollection. By Mrs Robinson, wife of Governor Robinson, who was carried away a prisoner, a circumstantial and graphic account of the troubles in Kansas has been given to the world.

In July 1856, the Topeka convention was brought to a termination by order of Colonel Sumner, at the head of a troop of dragoons, despatched by the supreme government to suppress the insurrections in the territory. With the interruption of the state convention, the seizure of some prisoners, and the occupancy of Kansas by the federal forces, the territory was substantially handed over to the Missourians. How far the president was justified in a military intervention, has been matter of much angry discussion; his proceedings in this respect, while ostensibly designed to keep the peace, had the effect of vindicating the conduct of the Missourian intruders, and leaving the actual settlers helpless. The subject, it will be recollected, brought congress to a dead-lock at the end of August 1856, when an appropriation for the army required to be voted. On this occasion, the members of the House of Representatives from the free states had in their power to stop the supplies, and thus withdraw the army from Kansas. This grand chance of historical renown was not grasped by a mere majority of 101 to 98, the vote for appropriation was ultimately carried—21 members from free states swelling the majority.

Under Governor Geary, Kansas has lately been tranquil, and things may be said to be mending. But the laws of the Bogus legislature, which impose and bolster up slavery, remain in force, and whether they will be abolished by local or federal authority, is uncertain. Practically, Kansas is a slave territory, and will to all appearance be a slave state. Some New York newspapers, we observe, are recommending free-state emigrants to proceed to the territory, which presents cheap and fertile lands for settlement; and, considering the mighty stake at issue, we are not surprised that fresh attempts should be made to pour in an independent class of settlers. He would ill understand the nature of the struggle in Kansas, who supposed it to relate solely to the freedom of that territory. No doubt, that was the great and proximate object; but when we say that by making Kansas free, slavery would be checked in its north-western flank, and receive a severe blow throughout its whole system, the character of that desperate life-and-death struggle, which we have faintly portrayed, will perhaps better understood. That the Americans, to whom this is no local squabble, but a thing of national concern, will sit down quietly with matters as they are, we cannot believe. Indeed, their reputation as a people may be said to be too deeply rooted on the result of the question; and we are hardly going beyond the truth in saying, that the world waits with

THE FIRST RAGGED SCHOOL

Turn Scotch pique themselves a little on having taken this first step in the movement, and have good reason for the self-gratulation. No doubt, so far as the British Isles are concerned, the first of these institutions originated in the north; but few of us are perhaps aware that, in the little town of Weimar, "wher," as Professor Blackie hath it, "fair Peace her bloodless victories tells," such an institution flourished seven-and-thirty years ago.

The life of Frederick Perthes, which has been lately translated, has presented an English public a picture of German life—a picture of a good man's mind, and of domestic happiness such as has been seldom seen; and among the various subjects of interest treated of in his writings, public and private, secular and theological, the chapter on the first Ragged School and its founder is one of the most attractive. One thing very notable is, that John Falk, to whom the honour is due of having been the first in this good work, was not a man of any great intellectual power—a large heart, a disinterested, warm, unselfish nature, united with complete devotion to the one object, insured success; though in his literary undertakings he had previously been a butt for the ridicule of his learned countrymen. Falk was a native of West Prussia, and had come to reside in Weimar, when his compulsion was excited by the number of children left destitute by the battles of Jena, Lützen, and Leipzig, which had left them fatherless, and who now wandered, like wild beasts of the forest, in the neighbourhood of those scenes of horror. These young savages were the wreck of Napoleon's armies—dark-eyed boys from southern France and sunny Italy, besides an multitude from all the tribes of Germany. Of these, Falk collected more than 300, and took them into his own house, and resolved to devote his life to the task of reclaiming them, and giving them the blessings of education and an honest calling. To do so, besides his own devotion and energy, large funds were necessary; and part of his unpopularity may well be ascribed, not only to his eccentricities, his riding his hobby very hard, but to his being a bold and aspiring beggar—a bore, in short—the burden of his song being always 'give, give.' Having himself given his soul and body to the work of saving souls, he could not understand any one being lukewarm in such a cause, or stinting either their labour or their substance. Falk wisely said, speaking of the abuses of the time, 'nor will matters be mended so long as men regard preaching and the hearing of preaching as a Christian act, whereas Christian action is itself the true sermon.' He acted up to this principle, and night and day gave himself to the work. He had much to disappoint, but still more to encourage him, and was determined never to see difficulties. When his house was sold by the proprietor, he naturally found no one very willing to receive him and his 300 children into another; he therefore resolved to build, and to do the whole by the hands of his children; 'so that,' as he said, 'every tile in the roof, every nail in the walls, every lock on the doors, every chair and every table in the rooms, shall be a witness to their industry.'

To any one familiar with our Ragged Schools, the following description, given by Perthes, of the first Ragged School, which he visited in 1832, is very significant: 'About fifty pupils were there, all the pupils, with the help of the desert unmistakably imprinted on their foreheads. In the expression of many, however, there were traces of a new life; and Falk says it is a real pleasure to see how the claws and the shaggy tufts gradually fall off.'

Falk's work and life-labour was crowned with great success. No doubt, many of his protégés returned to their wild ways, still a much larger number grew up sober and industrious citizens; and many a thriving artisan, in his happy and peaceful home, blessed the memory of his benefactor, who had taught him the first lessons of rectitude and self-respect. Also that has taken place of which he was himself so confident—the idea which possessed him has spread throughout Christian Europe; and though the name of the whigmalee Falk is seldom heard, the desire of his heart is accomplished. Wherever there is want and misery, there also there is a door open for the children of the destitute to learn the great lesson how to live for this world and for the next. And in our days, Ragged Schools have noble lords for their managers, and dainty ladies for their patrons.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE

CHAPTER XXVII—BEEF ROASTED ALIVE.

Doomed beyond doubt—doomed to quick, awful, and certain death was theearliesttrapper. In five minutes more he must perish. The wall of flame, moving faster than charging cavalry, would soon envelop him, and surer than the carbine's volley or the keen sabre-cut was the death borne forward by that hissing, crackling cohort of fire. Here and there, tall jetis, shooting suddenly upward, stalked far in advance of the main line—fiery giants, with red arms stretched forth, as if eager to grasp their victim. Already their hot breath was upon him; another minute, and he must perish!

In a sort of stupor we stood, Garey and I, watching theadvance of the flames. Neither of us uttered a word: painful emotions prevented speech. Both our hearts were beating audibly. Mine was bitterly
wring; but I knew that of my companion was enduring no less a scene of anguish. I glanced upward to his face: his eyes were fixed, and looked steadfastly in one direction—as though it would pierce the sheet of flame, that rolled further and farther from where we stood, and nearer to the fatal spot. The expression of that eye was fearful to behold; it was a look of concentrated agony. A single tear had escaped from it, and was rolling down the rude weather-bronzed cheek, little used to such bedewing. The broad breast was heaving in short quick spasms, and it was evident the man was struggling with his breath. He was listening through all this intensity of gaze—listening for the death-shriek of his old comrade—his bosom-friend.

Not long was the suspense; though there was no shriek, no cry of human voice, to indicate the crisis. If any arose, it was not heard by us. It could not have been; it would have been drowned amid the roar of the flames, and the cracking of the hollow culms, whose pent-up gases, set free by the fire, sounded like the continuous rolling of musketry. No death-cry fell upon our ears; but, for all that, we were satisfied that the drama had reached its dénouement: the unfortunate trapper was roasted alive!

Already the flames had passed over the spot where we had last seen him—far beyond—heaving the ground charred and black behind them. Though the smoke hindered our view of the plain, we knew that the climax had passed: the hapless victim had succumbed; and it remained only to look for his bones among the smouldering ashes.

Up to this moment, Garey had stood in a fixed attitude, silent and rigid as a statue. It was not hope that had held him thus spell-bound; he had entertained no such feeling from the first: it was rather a paralysis produced by despair. Now that the crisis was over, and he felt certain that his comrade had perished, his muscles, so long held in tension, suddenly relaxed—his arms fell loosely to his sides—the tears chased each other over his cheeks—his head reclined forward, and in a hoarse, husky voice he exclaimed:

‘Oh! he’s rubbed out, rubbed out! We’ve seed the last o’ poor Old Rube!’

My sorrow, though perhaps not so keen as that of my companion, was nevertheless sufficiently painful. I knew the earnest trapper well—had been his associate under strange circumstances—amid scenes of danger that draw men’s hearts more closely together than any phrases of flattery or compliment. More than once had I seen him tried in the hour of peril; and I knew that, notwithstanding the wildness and eccentricity of his character—of his crimes, I might add—his heart, ill directed by early education, ill guided by after-association, was still rife with many virtues. Many proofs of this could I recall; and I confess that a feeling skin to friendship had grown up between myself and this singular man.

Between Garey and Rube the ties were still stronger. Long and inerparable companionship—years of participation in a life of hardships and peril—like thoughts and habits—though perhaps dispositions, age, and characters were a good deal unlike—all had combined to unite the two in a firm bond of friendship. To use their own expressive phrase, they ‘fesor’ to each other. No wonder then that the look, with which the young trapper regarded that black plain, was one of indescribable anguish.

To my mournful speech, I made no reply. What could I have said? I could not offer consolation. I was weeping as well as he: my silence was but an assent to his sad soliloquy.

After a moment he continued, his voice still tremulous with sorrow: ‘Come, comrade! It is no use our cryin’ like a kappau o’ squaw.’ With his large finger he dashed the tears aside, as if ashamed of having shed them. ‘It are all over now. Let’s look after his bones—that is, if there’s anythin’ left o’ em—and gie ‘em Christyan burial. Come!’

We caught our horses, and mounting, rode off over the burnt ground. The hoofs of the animals tossed up the smouldering ashes, the hot red cinders causing them to prance. The smoke pained our eyes, and prevented us from seeing far ahead; but we guided ourselves, as well as we could, towards the point where we had last seen the trapper, and where we expected to find his remains.

On nearing the spot, our eyes fell upon a dark mass that lay upon the plain: it was much larger than the body of a man. We could not make out what it was, until within a few feet of it, and even then it was difficult to recognise it as the carcasses of a buffalo—though such in reality it was. It was the game which the trapper had killed. It rested as it had fallen—as these animals usually fall—upon the breast, with legs widely spread, and humped shoulders upward. We could perceive that the unfortunate man had nearly finished skinning it—for the hide, parted along the spine, had been removed from the back and sides, and with the fleshly side turned outward, was hanging to the ground, so as to conceal the lower half of the carcasses. The whole surface was burnt to the colour of charcoal.

But where were the remains of the hunter? They were nowhere to be seen near the spot. The smoke had cleared away sufficiently to enable us to observe the ground for several hundred yards around us. An object of small dimensions could have been distinguished upon the bare surface; but none was seen. Yes! a mass lay beside the carcasses, which drew our attention for a moment; but on riding up to it we perceived that it was the stomach and intestines of the buffalo, black and half broiled.

Where were the bones of Rube? Had he run away from the spot, and perished elsewhere?

We glanced towards the fire still raging on the distant plain. But no; it was not probable he had gone thence. By the last look we had obtained of him, it did not appear that he was making any effort to escape, and he could scarcely have gone a hundred yards before the flames swept over the spot. But then? Were his bones entirely consumed—calcined—reduced to ashes? The lean, withered, and dried-up body of the old mountain-man favoured such a supposition; and we began seriously to entertain it—for in no other way could we account for the total absence of all remains!

For some moments we sat in our saddles under the influence of strange emotions, but without exchanging a word. We scanned the black surface round and round. The smoke no longer hindered our view of the ground. In the weed-prairies there is no grassy turf; and the dry herbaceous stems of the annuals had burned out, with the rapidity of blazing flax, so that nothing now remained to cause a smoke. The fire was red or dead in an instant. We could see clear enough all that lay over the ground, but nothing like the remains of a human being!

‘No’, said Garey, with a long-drawn sigh. ‘Poor Old Rube! The cursed thing has burned him to ashes—all bones an’! Thur ain’t as much o’em left as ‘ud fill a tabacco-pipe!’

‘What! thur ain’t!’ replied a voice that caused both of us to start in our saddles, as if it had been he that addressed us—‘thur ain’t!’ repeated the voice, as though it came out of the ground beneath our feet. ‘Thur’s enough o’ Ole Rube left to fill the stunnuk o’ this hyur buffer; an by the
jumpin Geosophast, a tight fit is we! Waghi I'm nigh sufficated! Gin' yur claws, Bill, an pull me out o' this hyur trap!

To our astonishment the pendent hide of the buffalo was raised by an invisible hand; and underneath appeared a protruding piece of the huge carcaas, the unmistakable physiognomy of the earless trapper!

There was something so ludicrous in the apparition, that the sight of it, combined with the joyful reaction of our feelings, sent both Garey and myself into convulsions of laughter. The young trapper lay back in the saddle to give freer play to his lungs; and his loud cackinations, varied at intervals by savage yells, caused our horses to dance about as if they dreaded an onslaught of Indians!

At first, I could detect a significant smile at the angles formed by Rube's thin lips; but this disappeared as the laughter continued too long for his patience.

'Cuss yur larrin!' cried he at length. 'Rum, Billee, boy! Lay holt hyur, an' gi me a help, or I must wriggle out o' meself. The burned hole ain't ez big ez twur when I kep in. Dun it, man, make haste! I'm better'n half-baked!'

Garey now leaped from his horse, and taking hold of his comrade by the 'claws,' drew him out of his singular hiding-place. But the appearance of the old trapper, as he stood erect—red, reeking, and greasy—was so supremely ludicrous, that both Garey and I were forced into a fresh fit of laughter, which lasted for several minutes.

Rube, once released from his uncomfortable situation, paid not the slightest attention to our mirth; but stooping down, drew out his long rifle—from where he had secured it under the hanging skin—and after having examined the piece, to see that no harm had come to it, he laid it gently across the horns of the bull. Then taking the 'bowie' from his belt, quietly proceeded with the skinning of the buffalo, as if nothing had happened to interrupt the operation.

Meanwhile Garey and I had laughed ourselves hoarse, and, moreover, were brimful of curiosity to know the particulars of Rube's adventure. For some time he fought shy of our queries, and pretended to be 'miffed' at being eaten up in this manner in全区; but in the meantime we welcomed him to life again. It was all pretense, however, as Garey well knew; and the latter having thrust into his comrade's hand the gourd, still containing a small drop of aguardiente, conciliatory words and a little more coaxing, he descended to give us the details of his curious escapade. Thus ran his narration:

'EE wur both o' yur mighty green to think that after fightin grizzly bear for nigh forty yorn on these hyur pariahs, I war a gwine to be rubbed out by a spunk o' fire like theet. Precheaps twur nat'rul enough for the young fellur hyur to take me for a greenhorn, soin as he oncek tuk me for a grizzly. He, he, he—hoo, hoo, hoo! I say it wur, an ur nat'rul enough for him to a thort so; but you mout a know better—you, Bill Garey, soin as ce ochter know me.

'Wuh!' continued Rube, after another 'suck' at the gourd, 'when I seed the weeds afre, I knowd it warnt no use makin tracks. Precheaps if I'd a spied the thing when the breeze fast broke out, I mout a run for it, an' mout a red bed time; but I war busy skinin this hyur beest wi' my head clast down to the karkide, an thurfor didn't see nuthin till I heern the cracklin, an in course thur the ghost o' a chance to git clar ther. I seed that at the fast gump.

'I ain't a gwine to say I warnt skeart; I wur skeart, an bad skeart too. I thort for a spell, I wur boun to go under. Jest then I sot my eyes upon the bufler. I hed got the mout bout bulter stater, I ce see; an the I'd wi' kim inter my head, I mout crawl somehow under, an pull the hide over me. I tried thet plan fast; but I kudnt git kivered to my satisfaction, an I gin it up. A better idea then kim uppermost, an that war to clur out the anymal's inside, an that cocked. I reck'n I warnt long in cuttin out a wheen o' the bufler's ribs, an tearin out the guts; an I warnt long nether in quizin my karkide, feet forward, through the hole. I hednt need to a ben long; it wur a close shave an' a tight fit, it wur. Jest as I hed got my head 'bout half through, the breezo kim swizzlin round, an nearly singed the ears o' us. Ha, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!' Garey and I joined in the laugh, at what we both knew to be one of Old Rube's favourite jokes; but Rube himself chuckled so long, that we became impatient to hear the end of his adventure.

'Well!' interrupted Garey, 'concern your old skin? What next?'

'Wang!' continued the trapper, 'the way that breezo did krun war a caution to snakes. It roared an screeched, an yowled an hissed, an the weeds crackled like a million o' wagon-whips! I wur like to be spificated wi' the smoke, but I contriv to pull down the flap o' hide, an' then gin me some relief, though I wur well-nigh choked afore I got the thing fixed. So thur I lay till I heern you fellars palaverin about a bacee-pipe, an thurfor I knowd the hul thing war over. Wagh!'

And with this exclamation Rube ended his narration, and once more betook himself to the butchering of the already half-roasted buffalo.

Garey and I lent a hand; and having cut out the lump-ribs and other tibbits, we returned to the camp.

With what broiled hydons, roast ribs, tongue, and marrow-bones, we had reason for that night to be dissatisfied with the hospitality of the prairies.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MEAL.

After a breakfast of buffalo-flesh, seasoned with splendid appetites, and washed down by a cup of cold water from the arroyo, we 'saddled up,' and headed for a high butte, just visible over the plain. My companions knew the landmark well. It lay directly in our route. We should pass near its base, and a ride of ten miles further would bring us to the end of our journey; and thousands of cattle were out of sight of the rancheria. From the roof of the alcalde's house, I had frequently noticed it. In clear weather only was it visible, outlined against the horizon, in a north-west direction directly west of the stage-route.

Struck with the singularity of this prairie-mound, I had projected a visit to it; but circumstances had prevented me from carrying out my intention. I was now to have the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with it.

I have called it singular. Most isolated hills are conical, dome-shaped, or ridge-like; this one differed from the usual configuration—hence its singularity. It presented the appearance of a huge box set upon the prairie, not unlike that rare formation, the 'coffe,' which crowns the summit of the mountain Piferote. Its sides in the distance appeared perfectly vertical, and its top horizontal as the plain on which it rested.

As we drew nearer, I could perceive by the dark parapat-like band along its crest that it was covered with a growth of timber. This was the more readily observed from contrast with the perpendicular sides, which were almost of a snowy whiteness, on account of the gypsum, chalk, or milky quartz of which the rock was composed. The most peculiar feature of the mound was perhaps its apparently regular form—a perfect parallelipipedon. But it was striking in other respects. Its sides glistened fantastically under the rays of the sun, as the 'liver' of a buffalo waded with windows of glass. This, however, was easily accounted for; and I knew that the sparkling effect was produced by plates of mica or selenite that entered into the
composition of the rock. I had seen whole mountains that presented a similar appearance. More than one such exists in the great American Sahas, in whose glittering cliffs, viewed from afar, may be found the origin of that wild chimera, the mountain of gold.

Although neither a mountain of gold nor silver, the mound in question was an object of rare interest. A very enchanted castle did it appear, and it was difficult to assign its formation to nature alone. Human agency, one could not help fancying, must have had something to do in piling up a structure so regular and compact. But he who has travelled over much of the earth's surface will have met with many 'freaks' of nature, exhibiting like appearance of design, in her world of inorganic matter. It was, in fact, one of those formations of which many are met with in the plateau-land of America, known in Spanish phraseology as mesas. This name is given to them in allusion to the flat table-like tops, which distinguish them from other elevated summits. Sometimes one of these mesas is found hundreds of miles from any similar eminence; more frequently a number of them stand near each other, like truncated cones—the summits of all being on the same level, and often covered with a vegetation differing materially from that of the surrounding plains. In general it was affirmed that these table-tops are the ancient level of the plains themselves; and that all around, and intervening between them, has either sunk or submitted to the degradation of water. It is a vaguer explanation, and scarcely satisfies the speculative mind. The mesas of Mexico is still a geological puzzle.

As we approached this singular object, I could not help regarding it with as much curiosity as I had seen mesa heights before—in the 'naiveuse terre,' upon the Missouri, in the Navajo country west of the Rocky Mountains, and along the edges of the 'Llano Estacado,' which of itself is a vast mesa. The mound before us was peculiar, from its very regular form, and thesparkling sheen of its cliffs. Its complete isolation, moreover, added to the effect—for no other eminence appeared in sight. The low hills that bordered the Rio Grande could barely be distinguished in the distance.

On getting nearer to it, its character became somewhat altered; the square box-like form appeared less regular, and it was then perceived that the parallelopipedon was not perfect. Slight ledges could be traced traversing the face of its cliffs, and here and there the massive ledges were thrust out to the eye. Nature, after all, had not been so exact in her architecture. Yet, with every deduction, it was a singular structure to look upon, not the least so that its summit was inaccessible to human foot. A precipice fifty yards sheer frontal outward on all sides; no one had ever scaled this precipice—so alleged my companions, who were well acquainted with the locality.

We had approached within less than a mile of its base; our conversation had dropped—at least so far as I was concerned; my thoughts were occupied with the mound, and my eyes wandered over its outlines. I was endeavouring to make out the character of the vegetation which seemed to flourish luxuriantly on its summit. The dark foliage was evidently that of some species of acicular trees, perhaps the common red cedar (Juniperus Virginiana); but there were others of lighter hue—in all likelihood pines, the pines with edible cones, peculiar to this region. I noticed, also, growing upon the very edge of the cliff, succas and slocos, whose radiating blades, stretching out, curved gracefully over the white rock. Forms of cactus, too, were apparent, and several plants of the great phytophyta rose high above the cliff, like gigantic candelabra, strange objects in such a situation.

My companions seemed to have no eyes for these rare vegetable beauties; I could hear them at intervals engaged in conversation; but the subject had no reference to the scene, and I paid little attention to what they were saying.

All at once I was startled by the voice of Garey, giving utterance to the emphatic announcement:

'Indians—who?'

The interrogation escaped my lips. It was half involuntary, and needed no reply. Garey's glance guided me; and, following its direction, I observed a string of horsemen just debouching from behind the mesa, and spurring forward upon the plain.

Both my companions had drawn bridle, and halted. I followed their example; and all three of us sat in our saddles, scanning this sudden apparition of mounted men. A dozen had now cleared themselves from behind the mesa, and were riding towards us.

We were yet nearly a mile from them; and at that distance it is difficult to distinguish a white man from an Indian—I should rather say impossible. Even at half the distance, the oldest prairie-men are sometimes puzzled. The garments are often not very dissimilar, and sun-bone and dust confound the complexes. Although Garey, at first sight of them, had pronounced the horsemen to be Indians—the most probable supposition under the circumstances—was but a random conjecture, and for some time we remained in doubt. 'If they're Indians,' suggested Garey, 'they're Comanches.'

'An if there Kimancho,' added Bube, with ominous emphasis, 'we've got to fight. If thir Kimancho, thar on the war-trail, an thar'll be mischief in 'em. Wagh! Look to yur flints an primin!'

Bube's counsel was instantly followed. Necessity quickened our precautions. All of us well knew that, should the approaching horsemen turn out to be Comanches, we had no alternative but flight.

This warlike nation occupies the whole western area of Texas, ranging from the Rio Grande on the south, to the Arkansas on the north. They are to-day, with their kindred tribes, the most powerful Indian alliance on the continent. They affect the ownership of all prairie-land, styling themselves its 'lords,' though their sovereignty towards the north is successfully disputed by the Pawnees, Sioux, Blackfeet, and others as warlike as they. From countless times, they have been the friends of the Texan settler; and a detailed account of their forays and pillaging expeditions would fill a score of volumes. But from these they have not gone back unscathed. In recent years, they have outnumbered the assaults, and the rifle of the border-ranger has done its work of vengeance. In Mexico they have found less resolute defenders of the hearth and home; and upon the north-eastern provinces of that unhappy country, the Comanches have been for the last half-century in the habit of making an annual foray of war and plunder. In fact, this has become the better part of their subsistence, as they usually return from their rieving expeditions laden with spoil, and carrying with them vast droves of horses, mules, horned cattle, and captive women. For a short time, these dusky freebooters were at peace with the Anglo-American colonists of Texas. It was but a temporary amnestie, brought about by Houston; but Lamar's administration, of a less pacific character, succeeded in the relations between them. If they differed in this, they were enemies without parley, and to kill the other was the first thought of each. The tex taliun was the custom of the hour.

If the rumour could possibly have been augmented, an incident had just transpired calculated to have that effect. A band of Comanche warriors had offered their
services to the commander-in-chief of the American army! They held the following language:

"Let us fight on your side. We have no quarrel with you. You are warriors: we know it, and respect you. We fight against the cowardly Mexicans, who robbed us of our country. We fight for Mexico!"

These words, uttered along the whole northern frontier of Mexico, are full of strange import.

The American commander prudently declined the Comanche alliance; and the result was the bitter triangular war in which, as already noticed, we were now engaged.

If, then, the approaching horsemen were Indians of the Comanche tribe, Rube's forecast was correct; we had 'got to fight.'

With this understanding, we lost no time in putting ourselves in an attitude of defence. Hastily dismounting, and sheltering our bodies behind those of our horses, we awaited the approach of the band.

CHAPTER XXX.

GUERRILLEROS.

The manoeuvre had occupied only a few seconds of time, and the horsemen were yet distant. They had thrown themselves into a formation, and were riding 'by twos!'

This movement took us by surprise. The tactics were not Indian: Comanches never march in double file. The horsemen could not be Indians. Who, then?

A sudden hope crossed my mind, that it might be a party of my own people, out in search of me. By twos, our fingers and our halter, our Order of March. But no; the long lances and streaming pennons at once dissipated the hope: there was not a lance in the American army. They could not be 'rangers.'

Comanches on the war-trail would have been armed with the lance, but clearly they were not Comanches.

"Vagh!" exclaimed Rube, after cursing them intently. "Ef ther Injuns, I'm a nigger! Ef ther Injuns, they've got beards an sombreras, an ther ain't Injun sign nohow. No!" he added, raising his voice, "ther a gang o' yelver-bellied Mexikins! ther's what they ur.

All three of us had arrived simultaneously at the same conviction. The horsemen were Mexicans.

It was no great source of rejoicing to know this; and we felt deeply the change in our defensive attitude. We well knew that a band of Mexicans, armed as these were, could not be other than a hostile party, and bitter too in their hostility. For several weeks past, the petite guerre had been waged with dire vengeance. The neutral ground had been the scene of reprisals, and terrible retaliations. On one side, wagon-trains had been attacked and captured, harmless teamsters murdered, or mutilated whilst still alive. I saw one with his arms cut off by the elbow, joints, his heart taken out, and thrust between his teeth! He was dead; but another whom I saw still lived, with the cross deeply gashed upon his breast, upon his brow, on the sole of his feet, and the palms of his hands—a horrid spectacle to look upon!

On the other side, ranchos were razacked and ruined, villages given to the flames, and men on mere suspicion shot down upon the spot or hanged upon the nearest tree! Such a character had the war assumed; and under these circumstances, we knew that the approaching horsemen were our deadly foes.

Beyond a doubt, it was either a scouting-party of Mexican lancers, a guerrilla, or a band of robbers.

During the war, the two last were nearly synony-
momized; the first not unfrequently partook of the character of both.

One thing that puzzled us—what could any of the three be doing in that quarter? The neutral ground—

the scene of guerrilla operations—lay between the two armies; and we were now far remote from it; in fact, altogether away from the settlements. What could have brought lancers, guerrilleros, or robbers, out upon the plains? There was no lone in that quarter for any of these gentry—not either an American force to be attacked, nor a traveller to be plundered! My own
troop was the out-picket in this direction, and it was full ten miles off. The only thing likely to be met with near the mesa was a war-party of Comanches, and we knew the Mexicans well enough to be convinced that, whether soldiers or freebooters, they were not in search of that.

Such reflections, made in double-quick time, occurred to us as we scanned the advancing troop.

Up to this moment, they had ridden directly towards us, and were now nearly in a line between us and the mesa. On getting within about half a mile of our position, they turned sharply toward the west, and rode as if to make round to our rear! This manoeuvre of course placed us upon their flank; and now, outlining against the sky, we could distinctly trace their forms and note their habiliments and armour. Nearly all wore broad-brimmed sombreros, with jacket, sash, and calzoneros. They carried lances, lances, and lances, or escopettes. We could distinguish sabres and machetes

—the universal weapon of the Mexican ranchero. They could not be drilled troops. Their costumes, as well as a certain irregularity in their manoeuvring, forbade this supposition. Their lances, moreover, were borne in all sorts of ways—some crouched, some resting in the stirrup and held correctly, while others were carried over the shoulder. The last was a characteristic of a trooper of regulars. They were either guerrilleros or true saltadores.

After riding nearly a half-circle round—still keeping at the same distance—the troop suddenly made front towards us, and halted.

We had been puzzled by their going round; we could not divine their object in so doing. It could not be to cut off our retreat. The timber in the back direction was miles off. Had it been near enough, we should certainly have retreated to it long before; but we knew it was too distant. Rube and his old mare would have been overtaken by our well-mounted enemies, long ere we could have gained the woods; we knew this, and therefore did not think of making the attempt. On the other side was the mesa, which, and beyond, lying by its late movement, it was open to our defensive advantages; but it was but a half-mile off, and perhaps, by making a dash, we might have reached it; but not a tree grew near it—except those on its summit—and its rocky wall apparently offered no advantage to us, any more than the open plain. The enemy seemed to be aware of this, else they would not have ridden round, and thus left the way clear.

Until the moment of their halt, therefore, we re-
mained ignorant of their motive in moving to our rear; then it was explained. Their object was evident to all of us: they had halted between us and the sun.

It was a cunning manoeuvre, worthy of a war-party of Indians, and told us we had no common enemy to deal with. By approaching us from that direction, they would have a decided advantage: our aim would be spoiled by the sun—now low down upon the horizon, and gleaming right in our eyes. My companions were wroth at the trick that had been thus played so adroitly; though we could not have hindered it even if forewarned.

We were allowed but little time to reflect upon the matter; we saw by the movements of the horsemen that they were preparing to charge. One who appeared to be the leader, mounted upon a large, large, and dark chestnut, the rest, addressing them. He rode along the line speaking in a loud tone, and gesticulating
violently; he was answered with vives, which we could plainly hear. Every moment, we looked to see them gallop forward.

We knew there was no alternative but flight or surrender, though not one of us entertained an idea of the latter; for myself, I should as soon have thought of turning my pistol to my own head. My uniform, tattooed as it was, would not easily reveal my character to the enemy; and, if captured, I knew I should be hung, or perhaps, in the absence of trees, shot down upon the spot. My comrades had reasons for knowing that their shrill would be equally short: neither thought for a moment of tamely yielding.

'No!' emphatically pronounced Rube, 'this child don't giv in, till he's rubbed out, he don't! Tarnation odds too! he added, looking toward the troop: 'twelve agin three o' us. Durn the odds! I've got c'ler o' wuss scrapes than 't looks yit, and so' ye know, Bill Garey—hain't we, boysy? Durn the odds! let'em kum on!' 'Ay,' responded Garey, without the slightest show of excitement, 'they'd better not come too near without tellin that business. I see one saddle that I'll emp'y the minnit they pass you yonder.' And the speaker indicated a bunch of the artemisia plant that grew some two hundred paces off in the direction of the horsemen. The reckless talk of the old trapper, with the contracted cool bearing of his younger companion, had fixed my nerves fully. At the first sight of so many adversaries, I was not without some misgivings—in fact, I felt fear. Such odds against us—four to one—was fair cause for apprehension. But it was not my first fight against large odds, both Indian and Mexican; and on that account, I regarded it the less seriously.

Notwithstanding the superiority of our enemy in numbers, I knew we were not so unequal. Unless shot down by the first volley of their carbines and escopettes, each of our three rifles was sure of its man. I had confidence in my own weapon, and a still more perfect reliance on those of my comrades. They were men that never missed—men who never fired a random shot—never drew trigger till their aim was sure. I felt certain, therefore, that should the horsemen charge upon us, only nine of the twelve would ever come within pistol-shot, and for that distance we were well prepared. I carried in my belt a six-chamber revolver, one of Colt's best; Garey had another—a present I had made him some years before—and Rube was armed with a pair of stout single barrels, like enough to do good service.

'Yon' one! our bowies to fall back upon!' cried Garey triumphantly, as we finished a hasty survey of our arms.

As yet the enemy did not advance; notwithstanding their vives and ejaculations, they appeared to hesitate about charging. Their leader, and another—a lieutenant, perhaps—were still seen riding along their line, as if animating them by further speech, and giving them orders how to act.

Meanwhile, we had not been idle; we had formed square to receive the charge! You may smile, but such was in reality the case. We had formed square—with our horses! There were four of them, for the wild horse counted one. Garey, who rode like a Comanche, had broken him at our last camp, and he was now perfectly tractable. The shake of a lasso rendered him docile as a lamb. The four were tied head to head, and croup to croup, and each formed one side of the square. They could not have broken it even under a charge of cavalry; briefly said, we were untied but not set loose, before that formation could be destroyed!

Within stood we, fronting our foes—the large horse of Garey forming our barricade—our heads and feet almost visible to the enemy.

Thus did we await their onset.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PARLEY.

Another chorus of vives announced that the guerrillas chief had finished his oration, and that the attack was about to be made. We saw him, with one or two others, advance in front of the line, and head towards us, evidently intending to lead the charge.

'Now! I muttered Rube, in a sharp quick tone, 'guns ready, boys! no waste shots, if y'hear? Lead counts hyr—dit do. See! By the jumpin Geehoso-phant, thu a gwine to ride right down! Let 'em kum on, and be ——! Thu's one o' em won't git this fur—I must say two—I must say three. I'd do. Durn the glint o' them sun! Billee!' he continued, addressing Garey, 'ee'l shoot fast; yur gun's furrest carry. Plug the big un on the clay-bank hoss. This child's for No. 2 on the gray mustang. An, young felier! ee'll jest pick off the niggar on the roan. I know yur wild-cat to the bone, but keep yur eye skinned an yur нares steady, d' y'hear?'

'Yes, yes!' I hurriedly answered, though at the time steadiness of nerves was easier promised than practised. My heart was beating in quick pulsations at the near prospect of the terrible drama about to be enacted.

At this moment the 'Forward!' fell upon our ears, and with the wild notes of the bugle came the words:

'Andera! ande! Dias y Guadalupe!'

In an instant, the troop was in motion, and pressed forward, galloping to the charge.

They had not made many stretches before their line became broken, several of the swiftest or most courageous forging ahead of the others.

'The three f'most!' cried Rube, in the same sharp tone—'the three f'most! Thet'l fetch 'em up wi' a round turn, or this child's mistaken. Now, boyees! mind yur eyes! Steady! Stix—stix—stix—'

All at once, Rube's muttered cautions, slowly drawn out, were changed to an exclamation that betokened surprise, followed by a long low whistle of the same import: The cause was clear. The guerrilleros had got within three hundred yards of us, still going at a gallop, but we could perceive that their pace slackened as they advanced; already it was more of an amble, than the forward dash of an earnest charge. It was evident they had no stomach for the business—now that they were near enough to see the shining barrels and black hollow tubes of our levelled rifles.

Garey was waiting till the foremost should pass the artemisia-bush; for by that he had long since calculated the point-blank range of his rifle. Another moment, and its crack would have been heard; but the horseman, as if warned by instinct, seemed to divine the exact limits of danger. Before reaching the bush, his heart failed him, and in a wavering, irresolute manner, he drew bridle, and halted! The others, nothing loath, followed his example, until the whole troop had pulled up within less than three hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns.

'Courted, by ——!' shouted Rube with a derisive laugh. "Hullo!' continued he, raising his voice still louder, and addressing the halted line: 'what do ye want anyhow?'

Whether Rube's comical interrogatory was understood or not, it elicited a reply:

'Amigos! somos amigos!' ('We are friends!') shouted back the leader of the band.

'Friends, be durned!' exclaimed the trapper, who knew enough of Spanish to understand the significance of amigos. 'Nice friends you! Wag! D' yur think to bamboozle us that away? Keep yur distance now!'' continued he, raising his rifle in a threatening manner, as a movement was perceptible among the
horsemens. 'Keep yur distance, or, by the tarnald airship, I'll plug the fast o' ye tete rides within reach.' Durn such friends as you!'

The leader now conversed in a low tone with his lieutenant. Some new design seemed to have been devised between them—and after a while, the former again addressed us; speaking as before in Spanish:

'We are friends!' said he: 'we mean you no harm. To prove it, I will order my men to fall back upon the prairie, while my lieutenant, unarmed, will meet one of you on the neutral ground. Surely, you can have no objection to that?'

'And why such an arrangement?' inquired Garey, who spoke Spanish fluently. 'We want nothing of you. What do you want from us, with all this durn'd fuss?'

'I have business with you,' replied the Mexican; 'and you, sir, in particular. I have something to say to you I don't wish others to hear.'

As he said this, the speaker turned his head, and nodded significantly towards his own following. He was candid with them at least.

This unexpected dialogue took all three of us by surprise. What could the man want with Garey? The latter knew nothing of him—had never, as he declared, 'set eyes on the niggar before; ' although at such a distance—with the sun in his face, and the Mexican's sombrero slouched as it was—Garey might be mistaken. It might be some one whom he had met, though he could not recall him to mind.

After a short consultation, we agreed that Garey should accept the proposal. No evil could result from it—none that we could think of. Garey could easily get back, before any attack could be made upon him, and Rube and I should still be ready to protect him with our pieces. If they meditated treachery, we could not perceive the advantage they were to gain from the proceedings.

The 'parley' therefore was accepted, and the conditions arranged with due caution on our part. The horsemens—with the exception of the leader and his lieutenant—were to ride back to the distance of half a mile; the leader was to remain where he was; and half-way between him and us, Garey and the lieutenant were to meet, both of them on foot and unarmed.

At an order from their chief, the guerrilleros fell back. The lieutenant dismounted, laid his lance along the ground, unbuckled his sabre, drew the pistols from his belt, and placing them beside the lance, advanced towards the appointed spot.

Garey had likewise disarmed himself; and leaving his weapons in charge of Rube and myself, stepped forth to meet the Mexican. In another minute, the two stood face to face, and the 'parley' began.

It was of short duration. The speaking, which appeared to be principally done by the Mexican, was carried on in a low tone; and Rube and I saw that he pointed frequently in our direction, as if we were the subject of his discourse! We observed that his harangue was suddenly interrupted by Garey, who, turning round at the same instant, cried out to us in English:

'Hillo, Rube! what do ye think the skunk wants?

'How shed I know?' replied Rube. 'What do 'e want?'

'Why, he wants—'-Garey's voice rose louder with indignation—he wants us to give up the ranger-captain; and, sez, if we do, you if we can so free Hs, has, has!—' and the young trumpeter ended his announcement with a scornful laugh.

Simultaneous with Garey's laugh, I could hear Rube utter a low whistle, and the words 'that's how the stick floats'; and, then raising his voice, he called out:

'An what answer here you gin him, Billee?'

'I hasn't answered him yet,' was the prompt reply; 'but hyar's the answer!'

I saw Garey's arm raised, with his huge flat clenched; I saw it descend like a trip-hammer upon the face of the Mexican, who with the blow fell heavily to the earth!

WHY DO I WEAR A HAT?

I am a reasonable man, and I wish to know—quite out of course it may be, and without having an appointment, but nevertheless I wish to know—' Why I wear a hat?' Having years ago decided in my own mind that I do not wear it for its utility, certainly not for its beauty, and emphatically not from choice, I simply wish to discover, if possible, why it is worn. Why am I, a respectable citizen, a devoted husband, a disinterested adviser, and a kind friend—as the world will discover, when it is too late, from my tombstone—why am I condemned during life to this severe penal servitude, and deprived even of the ameliorating condition—in which light I should look upon a wide-awake—of a ticket-of-leave? A ticket-of-leave! Why, if in the mistaken supposition that I am beyond the immediate influence of Printing-house Square, I perambulate the streets of a continental city in any head-tire less excruciating than this, the Times dedicates its leading columns to a denunciation of the atrocity; whilst if, similarly attired, I attempt the streets of our own metropolis, the derisive vulgarity of misguided youth unweariedly pursues me. Why, I ask, on the authority of an independent elector, and one having a stake in the country, why is this?—What is a hat? Apart from its being the gross caricature of an inverted flower-pot, and the most perfect conception of ugliness possible, it is possessed of some subtle and mysterious quality, of which I am unhappily ignorant, but which to the educated eye presents it as an object of beauty and symmetry? Is it—as the universal symbol of the nineteenth century would almost persuade me—in any way connected with the steam-engine, or the printing-press, or trial by jury, or habeas corpus, or parliamentary reform, or, in fact, the British constitution? Is the wearing of it insisted upon, under the severest penalties, by any particular act of parliament, and, though I know it not, one of the most material constituents of our national prosperity?

Influenced by the prevailing weakness of the age, I should be more reconciled to it could I discover any precedent for the custom, or that it had the sanction of antiquity to recommend it; but I cannot. My ancestors, however preposterous they may have been in the fashion of their boots, however capricious in the cut of their trunk-hose and doublets, or however eccentric in their conceptions of petticoats, never wear, that I can discover, guilty of wearing anything so monstrous as a modern hat. Even my remote ancestors, the ancient Britons, though particular to a fault in the illustration of their stomachs, and somewhat savage, I must confess, in many respects, were never so lost to everything human as this. I am not even aware that any of our national statues are accommodated with this article of costume.

In the days subsequent to those of my illuminated ancestors, I find that although hats were worn, they were generally of a fanciful and picturesque construction, as witness what Scudé, in the year 1655 says on the subject: 'Sometimes,' he says, 'they use the charge on the crown, peaking up like the spine or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crown of their beds, some mores, some less, as please the phantasties of their inconstant muslins. Otherwise be flat and broude on the crowne, like the battlements of
a house. Another sort have rounde crownes, sometimes with one kind of bande, sometimes with another; now white, black, now white, now redde, now green, now yellow, now this, now that, never content with one colour or fashion two daies on end. And as the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuff whereof their hatters are made divers also; for some are silke, some of velum, some of taffietie, some of sarret, some of wool, and, which is most curious, some of certaine kindes of fine haires; these they call bever hatters, of xx., xxx., or xi. sh. price.

Now, so strong are my individual feelings upon the subject, that I conscientiously declare I would rather wear a sarret hat a quarter of a yard high, with a yellow riband round it, as my respectable progenitors, on the authority of Stubbs, did 200 years ago, than be attired in the glossiest, lightest, most flexible, and best ventilated gossamer of the present day; and this although I commenced this paper by stating—and I stick to it—that I am a reasonable man! My great-grandfather, who flourished 150 years ago, wore a three-cornered cocked-hat, and looked like a gentleman. If he were to meet the present writer staggering under a head-dress of this period, he would kick him—and very properly—for disgracing the family: as the custom was in his day, he would probably swear at him.

But putting my immediate ancestors out of the question, can we for a moment imagine anything heroic, anything noble or worthy of historical record, to be associated with the modern Spitalfields to Kensington? What would be the fate, for example, of our ideal portrait of the Great Napoleon, as he stands with folded arms on a rocky promontory of his island-prison, gazing over the great Atlantic wave, to where—the theatre of all his glory, the centre of all his fading hopes—"La Belle France," lies far away, and lost to him, in the distance? What would become of this portrait, I say, were a modern hat substituted for the immortal chapeau of that immortal man? Simply and fatally, that, by virtue of the change, we should recognise in the person of the great commander, a possible Smith, a probable Brown, a hypothetical Jones, a supposititious Robinson, brooding, it might be, over the flatness of cotton, or the tightness of the money-market.

Let the most enthusiastic admirer of Cromwell once put himself upon the head of that remarkable man, and he becomes a huge, fat, vulgar, frothy brewer instantly. So deeply am I impressed with the terrible effects arising from this article of dress, that I fear the great man of former times, the head of the immortal Shakespeare himself, would not be proof against so vile a covering—so terrible a leveller is a hat.

That the fact of its existence would have altered the current of history in the case of the tyrant Gessler, so that the toxophilic proficieny of William Tell would have been known only to his friends, I have little doubt, so utterly absurd would it have been to anticipate obedience to a—hat!

If it be true that no man can be a hero to his valet, how infinitely more certain is it that no man can be a hero in a hat. But I feel that it is quite impossible to furnish even the most concise epitome of my hatred to hats within the limits of a column. If I ever do—and I confess I sometimes do—yea, for the faculty of authorship, it is primarily that I may devote three volumes of the most brilliant writing to a denunciation of this most atrocious slavery, so that my name may go down to posterity—in conjunction with that of Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe—as one of the greatest reformers of my age.

Pending the publication of this—I may say prophetically—celebrated work, I will, for present purposes, call upon all true-hearted Britons to labour, to maintain, and never, never, never will be slaves, to shake off this vile yoke, and assert their native dignity—in night-caps, if necessary—or, as the only alternative, to furnish me with a satisfactory reason why I wear a hat.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The first month of the new year has been marked by a fair amount of activity: publishers of good books say they 'mustn't complain;' philosophers are all but unanimous in thinking they have made a good start; and artists are worked up to different degrees of enthusiasm by the exhibition—at last—of some of Turner's pictures in Marlborough House, and by the fact, that government is building a gallery to receive the valuable collection of paintings offered to the nation by Mr Shepphands. This gallery forms part of the erections in which the Department of Science and Art is now lodged at South Kensington, with space enough for museums and offices, and all the appliances needful for its national task—art-education. While in these respects the department is acknowledged to be effective, opinions are very much at variance as to its locality—one party declares it to be too far west; another maintains that fifty years hence it will be central. At anyrate, it is too far west at present to be used as a means of study and reference by working-people, most of whom dwell in the east, and would naturally be unwilling to lose half their day in the walk from Spitalfields to Kensington. Meanwhile the tendency to migrate westward appears to grow stronger. The Royal Society are busy removing their library from the Strand to Burlington House; a commission is considering the question as to site for a new National Gallery; and everything foretold that the east will be left still further behind than at present.

The Privy Council of Education are about to establish a museum in the same quarter for educational purposes. It will comprise the several objects and materials exhibited by the Society of Arts in St Martin's Hall in 1854, with plans and models of schools, of fittings and apparatus, desks, seats, books, &c, &c. This is a most praiseworthy project, and we hope it will be properly appreciated and resorted to by those engaged in the work of education in all parts of the kingdom. We would make a satory information from Woolwich as to what can be done by real study and honest examinations: the officers of engineers who obtained their commissions by passing their examination successfully and looked coldly at first as interlopers, and regarded as 'persons,' have proved themselves remarkably apt and able in their duties, and in their persevering endeavours to master all the details. Some have already suggested improvements in engineering appliances; and there seems good reason to believe, that henceforth officers thoroughly acquainted with their profession will be the rule, and not the exception.—And attention has been called to the fact, that in knowledge of another sort—namely, of living Eastern languages—England is more backward than she ought to be; and measures are to be taken to insure that our military and civil officers, from Constantinople to Canton, shall be able to confer with the natives without the medium—too often a fatal one—of an interpreter. In the present state of affairs in Persia and China, this question becomes of much importance.

A proposal has been made which promises well for another sort of education: to establish Industrial Schools, each of which shall comprise a 'training family'—girls to be entered and instructed, during good-behaviour, in all that appertains to domestic economy and household duties. Will it not be a surprise if we have troops of young women skilled in the neglected accomplishments of true-hearted Britons, labouring, and never, never will be slaves, to shake off this
The Society of Arts announce that their Ninth Exhibition of Inventions will open on the 23d of March; another opportunity for the usefully ingenious to demonstrate their capabilities. Among the papers read at the evening meetings of the society, one on the Natural Resources of British Honduras by the colonial Chief-Justice Temple, made known many new particulars concerning the colony as to climate and productions, from which we gather that scarcity of mahogany is not to be feared for a long time to come.

Talking about Honduras reminds us of a new yam, as it is called, which has been sent from Mexico to the Académie at Paris. It is of prodigious size—2 metres 51 centimetres long, 89 centimetres circumference, and weighs 86 kilogrammes. Some of the academicians say it is rather a rhizome than a root; not a yam, but a hitherto undetermined vegetable, perhaps a Dioscorea—a question to be settled by botanists. In Mexico, as we are informed, it is not at all uncommon for the roots to grow to a length of four metres. They are a palatable article of food, notwithstanding their size.

Mr Palliser's project for exploring the Saskatchewan and the passes of the Rocky Mountains, is recommended by the Geographical Society. If we are to purge our towns and counties of roupes and desperadoes by transporting them to Vancouver's Island, a project which seems to be the most recent of America to the north-west becomes a desideratum. And among the subjects brought forward at recent meetings of the Society are—the desirability of constructing a railway from the north-west coast to Hudson's Bay—a scheme for an exploration of the Orinoco, and on the progress of the North Australian exploring expedition. The last published volume of the Society's Journal contains numerous interesting papers: Marsham, On the Sources of the Purus; Cadell, On the Navigation of the Murray; Bollaert, On Coal in Chile, &c. And as regards Africa, Dr Livingstone's discoveries are to be followed up, and another expedition is to be sent to penetrate the interior up the Quorra and Tchaddd. Apropos of Dr Livingstone: Edinburgh acknowledges his merits by conferring on him the freedom of the city; Glasgow has offered this honour; and in London a testimonial, set on foot by an animated public meeting at the Mansion-house, is growing into a solid subscription. In a testimonial so well deserved, all classes should happily unite.

The Hakluyt Society are continuing their useful publications, chiefly of early voyages and travels never before published, reprints of old editions; and in this volume a work of working history as valuable, is brought within reach of the scientific reader. Russia at the Close of the Sixteenth Century is the title of the last; and among volumes forthcoming we find, India in the Fifteenth Century, and, translated by Admiral Smyth, The Travels of Girolamo Benzoni, in America, in 1542-55. A subscription of a guinea a year entitles the members to all the works published.—Notice has at times been taken of specimens of graphic or hieroglyphic writing brought from Mexico, of a date subsequent to the Spanish conquest: Mr Squier has read a paper thereupon before the Royal Society of Literature, in which he shows that these specimens are writings prepared by the earliest Spanish missionaries to impart a knowledge of the Christian faith to the Mexicans.—And while on the subject of books, we may mention here a work in two volumes, published at Paris by M. E. Bonnemère—Histoire des Paysans, in which the author, tracing the history of the peasantry, shows how the growth of political liberty has gradually ameliorated their condition, and how certain remarkable epochs form, as it were, a measure of their advance. The period embraced is from 1200 to 1850; but in the introduction, the history is carried back to the fifteenth year before the present era.

Since the publication of Professor J. D. Forbes's theory of the phenomena of glaciers, a notion had prevailed that the question was settled; but Mears Tyndall and Huxley, in a paper read before the Royal Society, illustrated by ingenious experiments, make it evident that there is much to be said on the question from another point of view. Demurring to the viscous theory of glaciers motions, they show that the same effects are producible by another and a different cause—a mechanical one. The operation of this is favoured by a certain plasticity of the ice, by reason of which it takes readily new forms under great pressure, as was demonstrated by experiment. A sphere of ice was compressed into a perfect lens; a small flat slab into a half-circle; and from a hemispherical mass, a complete basin was produced—all retaining their shape solid enough to be freely handled, till they melted away in the warmth of the room. Dr Tyndall was led to the views, here sketched in merest outline, by his researches into the origin of slaty cleavage; and having confirmed them by a visit to the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, he has, conjointly with Mr Huxley, submitted them to the judgment of scientific men in the way above mentioned, and by a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution.

A paper 'On Some of the Products of the Destructive Distillation of Boghead Coal,' by Mr Williams of Glasgow, read also before the Geological Society, is interesting as affording another instance of the advantages derived by industry from refined science. The products in the present case are numerous, and such as will become valuable for arts, tannins, tannin-bark, benzole, paraffine, &c. After the reading of the paper, the president of the Chemical Society mentioned, as an example of the progress made in researches of the kind under notice, that aniline—a compound of the benzole-series—which a short time since could only be obtained in what was considered a large quantity—a few ounces at a time—is now obtained at the rate of thirty-five gallons a day, and used in the dyeing of silk. New applications of benzole are also discovered, some of them available in domestic economy. It is preferable, as we hear, to turpentine for cleansing silk and woolen from spots of grease.

We noticed in a recent Month, improvements in the manufacture of sugar on the great beet-root farms in Picardy, and we now call attention to the operations carried on at Messrs Drey & Co.'s beet-root farm at Farningham, near Dartford, Kent. Large quantities of the root are grown, subjected to distillation, and afterwards used to fatten sheep and cattle. To three-quarters of a ton of beet 170 gallons of sugar are obtained by machinery in an hour, 300 gallons of wort prepared by maceration of beets to start with, are poured on, a quart of sulphuric acid is added, and at the end of twenty-four hours, the slices are ready for distillation. Placed in iron cylinders divided into compartments, each compartment is drawn upon successively, so that there is a continuous flow of spirit until the end of the process. The spirit is said to resemble small-still whisky; and under proper treatment, becomes what is called a neutral spirit, useful for many industrial purposes. So much success has attended the manufacture of beet-root spirit in the district around St Quentin and Valenciennes, that 17,000 bullocks and 146,000 sheep are now fattened annually, where the number used to be 11,000 of the one and 70,000 of the other; and more corn is grown because of the increased supply of manure. It remains to be seen whether the like prosperity will attend the endeavours in Kent.

There is talk of a limited liability company to work Dr Normandy's patent process for distilling fresh aerated water from sea-water; to be applied, we presume, in places where natural fresh water is not to be had. The efficiency of the process was tested as
Heligoland, as government had an apparatus fixed to supply the German Legion when camped on the islet.—A communication addressed to the Académie at Paris shews oxygenated water to have a remarkable curative effect in cases of cholera; fact said to be confirmed by the evidence that absence of ozone from the atmosphere is a cause of cholera. The oxygenated water makes up the deficiency.—Messrs Schroeder and Kisch make it apparent that meat may be kept fresh for a long time in filtered air. The filtration is effected by very simple means,—namely, panels of cotton wadding to the safe or closet in which the meat is hung. Would not this method of delaying putrefaction come within the conditions prescribed by the Society of Arts in their last prize-list? Butchers' meat has risen to so extremely high a price in Paris, that there has been some talk of the imperial government undertaking to sell preserved fresh meat at a reasonable rate.

The inquiry for fibrous and oil-producing plants for manufacturing purposes continues: Chief-justice Temple says we are as yet very imperfectly acquainted with the oleaginous products of Honduras, and Dr Boyle repeats his testimony in favour of India as a new oil-field among these. This leads us to notice an improvement in the flax-trade—Macbride's scratching-machine—which cleans more than 500,000 of fibre in ten hours, and when driven to the utmost, will turn out 300,000 of the same space of time. Compared with hand-labour, there is a gain of more than half in favour of the machine—at least, so say the initiated.—The United States government is sending express to different places within the tropics to collect cuttings of sugar-cane, to renew the exhausted stocks in the southern states.—A bronze halfpenny, the first coinage in that metal, has just been struck for circulation in Nova Scotia.—Austria is about to send out her first naval exploring expedition round the world: Dr Scherzer of Vienna to be chief naturalist.—Clifford's plan of lowering boats from ships under-way, or steamers at full speed, continues to bear the severest tests; as shewn by a recent trial, in presence of the port-admiral and other authorities, at Portsmouth, it is equally available with a light skill or a heavy boat. It is a mechanical contrivance which every ship-owner should at once adopt.

An American invention, patented by Mr Reader, has been submitted to the Admiralty and the leading seamen. It is a Time Compass, which he describes as 'a combination of a universal dial and chronometer, constructed to take any horizontal bearing in any latitude, at any hour of the day. It is intended to be carried in the pocket, and can be made to work to furnish the spherical trigonometry—and to supply the place of the magnetic needle.' To describe the instrument without a diagram, would not be easy; in few words, it has a brass ring, a dial and compass working on gimbals; and wire standards which throw a shadow. 'For taking a horizontal bearing in any latitude,' says Mr Reader, 'let the hour be what it may, it is only necessary to bring the hand, with its two upright standards, to the true apparent time: the instrument then being turned till the hand points to the sun, gives the course. This hand is provided with a lens fixed in the centre, which takes the place of the gnomon of the universal dial, and is carried round by the observation of the altitude of the sun. Once in twenty-four hours—the focus from which being thrown on the equatorial circle, gives the true time.' The instrument will also shew the apparent time—the altitude and latitude—the course and speed made good, and may be used by night when the moon is visible or the planets—and by proper adjustment, the figures 12 and 12 on the dial may be made to stand true north and south, and thus shew the error or variation of the compass-needle. Although these particulars will be best understood by mariners, we are glad to assist in making generally known an instrument which is likely to be of real use in navigation. It has been tried in the Collina line of mail-steamer and on board other vessels with favourable results.

M. Porro, whose name we have more than once mentioned in connection with physical science, has invented a telescope which is as compact and portable as an eye-glass, and is found to be admirably adapted for cavalry officers and others who have to reconnoitre the distance from horseback. It consists of three prisms, of which one forms the object-glass, the second the eye-piece, and the third gives the image its true position. The cost is somewhat high, 150 francs, which is occasioned by the fact, that if the prisms are out of plane by ever so small an amount, they have to be rejected.—Dr Bagon, thinking it of importance that more should be known of what goes on in the upper strata of the atmosphere, has exhibited to the Royal Dublin Society an instrument which he calls a nepheloscope for measuring the movement of the highest clouds.—A patent has been taken out to render wood fire-proof: the process is to steep the planks in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, and subject them afterwards. The Davenport Steel Manufacturing Company have patented a method for converting wrought iron into cast steel.—A remarkable discovery of iron ore has been made at Seend, Wiltshire, near the border of the New Forest. It is a ferruginous sandstone, containing in some instances fifty per cent. of iron. Already, about 5000 tons have been dug out, and sent to Wales to be smelted.

Mr Mayall's new method of throwing photographic pictures, noticed some time ago, appears now to be improved to as near perfection as may well be. The glare of a metallic plate is objectionable in photography, and paper, though free from glare, is also objectionable from its absorption of the middle tints, owing to its fibrous nature. By a combination of sulphate of barytes with albumen, Mr Mayall produces a substance resembling ivory, which gives the surface required, and capability of finish. On this, middle tints and distances come out in perfection, and a portrait can be made ready in a couple of days. The progress made in photography during the past twelve years, is seen to advantage in the Photographic Society's Exhibition now open in Pall Mall.

We may just mention here a case of poisoning in food, the publicity of which calls for some attention. It occurred near Edinburgh in 1856—the great poisoning year—and we see it stated at length in the Edinburgh Medical Journal for May. The case we refer to is that of Mr H. Stephens, and those problems which are so well set forth in the Book of the Form. One day in March, Mr Stephens ate for his dinner a broiled American partridge, which had been purchased from a poulterer. This bird, though called a partridge, resembles a grouse, and is the ruffled grouse of the United States (Bonasia Umbellus). Shortly after dinner, Mr Stephens felt exceedingly uneasy; it seemed as if his whole person was under an oppressive weight. This was followed by loss of sight, and a sensation of intense cold. Then he felt an inclination to vomit, and immediately afterwards dropped almost senseless on the floor. A medical practitioner who was sent for, pronounced Mr Stephens to be poisoned; and to restore action to the feeble system, administered brandy. Some repeated doses of warm water and brandy produced vomiting. Put to bed, Mr Stephens was kept warm by hot-water bottles and other means. Next day, he began to recover, and finally got well. On examination, it was found that the partridge in question, with this imported American bird, was in a poisonous condition. The animal is believed to feed on plants of a deleterious kind; and if kept long, the poison from the food in the crop permeates the flesh.
GREEK, ROMAN, AND NEGRO LONGEVTY.

Zeno is stated to have lived 102 years; Democritus, 104; Pyrrho, 90; Diogenes, 90; Hippocrates, 99; Plato, 82; Isocrates, 98; Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, 107. But for the cup of heremote, and the sword of the Roman soldier, the 70 years of Socrates, and the 75 years of Archimedes, might well have reached the same high class of longevity. The old age of Sophocles, 90 years, is associated with the touching anecdote of his recitation of verses from the Cidipus Colones, in proof of his then

The lofty lyric genius of Findar was not lost to his country until he had reached 84 years. Simondes

wore his elgant laurels to the age of 90. . . . The census is-

stituted by Vespasian furnishes some results as to longevity

singular enough to suggest doubts of the centre accuracy.
The instances given by Pliny are taken exclusively from the

region between the Appenines and the Po; and upon the

record of this census—which he himself calls res confusa—

he enumerates 54 persons who had reached the age of

100, 14 of 110 years, 2 of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135, and

3 of 140 years. In the single town of Valcistium, near

Placentia, he mentions 6 persons of 110, 4 of 120, 1 of 150

years. These round numbers are somewhat suspicious as to the reality of the ages in question; and the whole

statement, derived from a district by no means noted for

its salubrity, is so much in excess of any similar record in

other countries, that we cannot but hesitate in admitting it. . . .

In 1840, when the population of the United States was about 17 millions, of which 2 millions in round

numbers were negroes, there were 718 as the number of

whites above 100; while slaves, the number of those above 100 is registered as 1333, of free negroes, as 647.

In 1855, we find from the census, that 43 persons died in

the United States above 100; the oldest white male at

116, the oldest white female, 109; the oldest negro man, 129, the oldest negro woman, 129, both slaves. From

Professor Tucker's analysis of the American census from 1700

to 1840, published a year ago, we derive the strange result,

if true, that the chances of living above 100 are 13 times as

great among slaves, and 40 times as great in free negroes, as in the white population of the country.—Edin. Review.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

This bridge, which we need hardly say crosses the St

Lawrence a short way above Montreal, will be one of the

grand wonders of the wonders of the world. It was

commenced in July 1854, and is under contract to be

completed in 1860. The total estimated cost was originally

about 7,000,000 dollars; but recently the plans have been

altered, so as to reduce it to a little over 6,000,000 dollars.
The extreme length of the bridge, including the

abutment at each side, will be 7000 feet, or rather more than

a mile and a quarter. There will be twenty-six piers of solid

masonry supporting the iron superstructure of the bridge.
The centre span will be 350 feet, and the other spans each 242 feet wide. The height of the centre of the

bridge is to be 60 feet above the level of the water. The

weight of iron in the tubes will be 8000 tons, and the

contents of the masonry, 30,000,000 cubic feet, when the

whole structure is finished. The famous Britannia Tubular

Suspension Bridge crossing the Menai Strait, and now

one of the curiosities of the world, will scarcely be a

circumstance to it. Including the embankments at each

side, the total length of the bridge from river bank to

river bank will be 10,274 feet, or nearly two miles. The

abutment of the bridge at which the landing from the

steamers was made, is nearly completed. It consists of an

immense mass of masonry, of such apparent strength as to

strike the beholder with the impression that it is capable

of resisting any possible amount of pressure by the heavy

puddles of ice that come down the St Lawrence. Experience

alone, however, can fully test its capabilities in this respect.

Nine piers of the bridge are now completed, but as yet

unconnected by any roadway. They present a plain

surface on the two sides and lower end; the side facing the

current being of a wedge shape, in order to break and

turn aside the blocks of ice, to provide against whose

destructive power has been the greatest engineering difficulty of the enterprise.—Neuspaper Correspondent.

THE ANGELS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,

You lovely and fair are the angels mild;

They have radiant faces more purely bright

Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;

They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,

And eternal flowers in their golden hair.

And their flashing wings which to thee would seem

Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam,

The angels wave so stately and light,

From rosy morn till the dewy night.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,

How softly and light soar the angels mild!

As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,

As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams grow,

As light as the mist in silver wreath ears,

As soft as the bud into blossom unfurles,

As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,

As soft as the lightfall o'er land and o'er sea,

Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,

On pinion of air soar the angels mild!

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,

No more dwell the angels so lovely and mild!

Where the voice of the poor is heard in woe,

There haste the angels with manna to feed;

Where o'er her sick bane the young mother weeps,

Bright angels fly o'er land and o'er sea;

Where the worn and weary faint and woe,

Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,

There swiftly speed, my darling child,

On ministering wing the angels mild!

And wondrest then, my child, the angels view?

That on this earth thou canst not do;

But if holy and pure thou livest here,

A benignant angel will ever be near;

And in that hour when realms of light

Refulgent, dull o'er the dimming sight,

Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,

Expand thy huddling wings so soft!

And lo! in Elysium, my darling child,

Thou wilt be triumphant an angel mild! L. M. L.

RIESEN TUNNEL ROUND TUNNEL.

The moment he tried to idealise, he introduced his principles for the sake of the display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His

painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh

hill, was magnificent and faultless; but all his idealism,

mythology, romance, and composition in general, were

more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason

of all—his great discoveries. He erred in colour; because,

not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he

tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of coloured

accessory, until colour was killed by colour, and the blue

skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely

by themselves, were confused and vulgarised by the blue

dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures.

He erred in refinement, because, not content with the natural

tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealise even

strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became

transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally,

and chiefly, in quantity, because, in his enthusiastic per-

ception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the

narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there

were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many

to reception; he then spoiled his most careful works by the

very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated

the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.

Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough Hall.

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RELIGION, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE IN ITALY.

Once a day so closely resembles another in the general course of existence in the provincial towns of Central and Southern Italy, that it would be difficult, with any regard to truth, to throw much more diversity into the description of twelve months than of twelve hours; the only variation of any importance being connected with the seasons when the Opera is open, for which the majority of the population retain the absorbing attachment that grave thinkers, like the good and enlightened Ganganelli, so far back as a century ago, lamented as the bane of the inhabitants of the Marche. On this, however, as on a variety of other matters, his successors held different opinions down to Clement XIV.; and by their encouragement to the taste for theatrical performances, fostered the levity which that pontiff in his correspondence so much deplores—well content to see the eagerness, the interest, the hopes which in other countries men are taught it is more fitting to bestow on questions of science, politics, and religion, centre among their own subjects on the trilli of a prima donna, or the legs of a bella stilla.

That which, perhaps, out of a hundred other traits, most forcibly attracted my notice, as evincing the most striking contrast to English manners—for he remembered, I never set up for a cosmopolite, but, conscious of my inherent insularities, measure every thing by the gauge of English opinion and English custom—was the complete absence, in their familiar conversation, of all allusion to a topic which, more or less, for better or for worse, is always a predominant one with us.

It was some time before I could assure myself that the silence connected with religion, in all save its most material forms—such as just saying: 'I am going to mass'; or, 'How tiresome! to-morrow is a vigil, and we must eat noire!'—did not arise from reserve at the presence of a heretic; but at length I was convinced that there was no design in this avoidance of themes which, in England, you can scarcely take up a magazine, or a fashionable novel, or pay a morning visit, or go twenty miles in a railway, without encountering. Instead of interweaving their conversation with phrases akin to those which, either from piety, or habit, or, alas! from cant, are so frequently upon the lips of English people, the Italians seemed anxious to put aside whatever tended to awaken such unpleasant considerations as the uncertainty of life or a preparation for eternity; casting all their cares in this last particular—when they considered it worth caring for—upon their priests, with a confidence it was marvellous to witness.

Never, certainly, judging them as a totality, was there a set of people who 'thought less about thinking, or felt less about feeling;' who went through life less troubled with self-questions of what they lived for, or whether they lived well; or who, dissatisfied and listless as they might be in their present condition, manifested less inclination to dwell upon the hopes and prospects of futurity. Yet, although thus opposed to any serious reference to sacred things, they resemble the French in the levity with which they will introduce them on the most unseasonable occasions, without any apparent consciousness of impropriety. Nay, there was thought to be nothing profane in a tabella eienus, which I heard them talking of, as having recently taken place at the house of one of the noble ladies of the society; the subject—a Descent from the Cross, or the Entombment, I know not what—which impersonated from an ancient picture. Suffice it to say, that our Saviour was represented by a remarkably handsome young student from Bologna, whose style of features and long brown hair resembled the type which all painters have more or less followed in their pictures of Christ; and that the Magdalene was the lady of the house, a Fiorentine contessa, whose Rubens-like colouring and billowy golden hair had first suggested her fitness to sustain a part, for which her detractors, of course, added she was also in other respects well qualified.

The sentiments I expressed at this exhibition evidently caused surprise, as, in fact, was invariably the case at the manifestation of any religious tendency on my part. I think I have before mentioned that Protestant amongst these worthy people was but a polite term for Atheist; as in the case of the Marchesa Silvia, when I offered her one of our prayer-books, the superstitious shrunk from being enlightened upon our tenets; while to the unbelieving, they are a matter of profound indifference, respecting which they never dream of asking information. And under these two heads, with but rare exceptions, and a vast and increasing preponderance to the side of infidelity, it is no want of charity to say that the population of the Pontifical States may be classified.

Second only to the avoidance of all serious subjects, that which most struck me was their complete indifference to literature, even in its simplest form. Unknown to them is the veneration we cherish for the popular authors of the day, our familiar reference to their works, our adoption of their sayings. During childhood, they have no story-books to fill their minds with images which, converted into pleasant memories in advancing life, it is like letting sunshine upon the soul to muse over. Their ripening years see them
with the same void; for, however it may be objected
that a nation possessing Dante and Tasso, Felicia and
Alfieri, Monti and Leopardi, should never be taxed
with the barrenness of its literature, I reply that I am
here speaking of the requirements of the generality
of the masses, for whose capacity such authors range
too high. The only attempt to supply this deficiency
which the present time has witnessed, or rather, it
should be said, the jealous surveillance over the press
has permitted, have been half-a-dozen historical novels
from the pens of Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and one
or two others. But as yet the experiment has failed:
you may love the Italians as of a backward child,‘
they do not love their book!’ Reading is looked upon
as inseparable from study; as a monopoly in the hands
of a gifted few; and the most hopeless part of the case
is, that they are not sensible of their deficiency, nor
lament the deprivation! Were scores of what we
consider unexceptionable works for youth, to be spread
before Italian parents and preceptors—tales, travels,
and biographies—they would not bid the rising genera-
tion fall to and read. ‘Let them alone,’ they would
say; ‘the boys must attend to their education: reading
for mere amusement will distract their thoughts.’ As
for girls, the refusal would be still more decided, for
they could be expected to gather only pernicious
notions about society, the world, or independence, or
choosing for themselves in marriage, from the perusal!
I talked this over one day, not long before my
return to Ancona, with the Marchesa Gentilina, who
was sufficiently free from prejudice to listen quietly to
some of my remarks, and sometimes even to acquiesce
in their justice. But on this last point she was not
amenable to my reasoning.

‘It is all very well, curios; in England, I daresay,
it may answer. But your women are of a different
temperament, and society is differently constituted.
As long as parents have the right, as with us, of dis-
posing of their daughters in the manner they think
best suited for their eventual benefit, the less they
learn beforehand of the tender passion, the better.
There are reforms enough wanted amongst our political
abuses, without seeking to introduce innovations into
private life. The whole system must be changed, or
else girls had better be left in their present ignorance
and simplicity.’

‘But, marchesa— This from you, who are such
an advocate of progress?’

‘Cosa vuoiote? I do not think the warm hearts of our
dughters of the south could read as phlegmatically as
Englishwomen those tales in which love and courtship
are ever, must ever, be predominant.’

‘And if they could thereby learn to form a more
exalted idea of what we tax you Italians as regarding
in too common—place a light? If they were led to
look upon marriage less as a worldly transaction than
as a solemn compact, not to be lightly entered into,
but to be lovingly and faithfully observed?’

‘If, if, my dear Utopia! If, instead of all these
fine results, you gave them glimpses of a liberty and
privileges they could never know, and so ended by
making them miserable. Take my own case for
an example. I was sixteen. I had never left the
convent for nine years; I was always dressed in cotton
prints, of the simplest make and description, and thick
leather shoes, with great soles, that cluttered as I
walked along the m pull and old corridors, or ran about
with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the
garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long
constituted our horizon. My pursuits and acquire-
ments had varied but little from what they were when
I entered the convent; and to give you in one word
the summary of the infantile guilelessness in which
the educandae were presumed to exist, I had never seen
the reflection of my own face except by stealth, in a
little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting-
card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in
one of her visits, and that we smuggled through the
grating of the parlatorio concealed between two slices
of cake!

‘I knew this was to go on till a partito was arranged
for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they
had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands;
besides, many men prefer a bride fresh from the ex-
clusion of the convent, and in those days especially, this
was the strict etiquette. I had seen my eldest sister
discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty,
before the welcome space could be found, and I had
no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though
hope, and certain furtive glances at my mirror, kept
encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

‘At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember
it!—I was summoned to the parlatorio, and there, on
the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my
relations: my father and mother, my sister and her
husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so-
flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken
up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my
visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort
of high-crowned hat, with prodigious feathers, as was
the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration
and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice
upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with
them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and
talking in a low tone with my father. My mother, on
her side, was engaged in whispering to the Mother-
Superior, and from her gestures, seemed in a very good
humour; while the rest of the party drew off my
attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had
brought for my Easter present.

‘The next day but one, I was again sent for, and
with downejest eyes, but a bounding heart, presented
myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as
before, in deep conversation with the superior, who, on
my bending to kiss her hand, according to custom,
saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demon-
stration of tenderness.

‘Well, Gentilina,’ said my mother, ‘I suppose you
begin to wish to come out into the world a little!’

‘I know my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her
more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of
her; so I dropped a deep courtesy, and faltered: ‘Si,
signora!’ but I warrant you I understood it all, and
already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more
voluminous than my sister’s!’

‘The Madre Superiore does not give you a bad
character, I am glad to find.’

‘Ah dawero!’ was the commentary upon this, ‘the
contessa has always shewn the happiest dispositions.
At one time, indeed, I hoped, I fancied, that such rare
virtues would have been consecrated to the glory of
our Blessed Lady, and the benefit of our order; but
since the will of Heaven and of her parents call her
from me, I can only pray that in the splendour and
enjoyments that await her, she will not forget her who for nine years filled a mother's place." And at the conclusion of this harrassing, I was again embraced with unspeakable fervour.

"In my impatience to hear more, I scarcely received the marks of affection with my usual humility; while not forgetting that my innings of deportment, I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them on my mother.

"Ha, ha! Gentilina," she said laughing, "I see you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavouring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina; and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a sposo whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you; and—"

"But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions, which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent-walls, suddenly disappeared before me, attainable through that cabalistic word matrimony, was too much for my remaining composure; and clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed: "Mamma mia—mamma mia, is it possible? Am I going to be married? What joy, what happiness!" and then checking my transports, I said earnestly: "Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?"

"I declare to you, signorina, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration; and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the granting on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shrivelled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterwards without a tear!—This sounds very horrible to you, I daresay; she resumed, after a short pause, in which, not without emotion, our conversation had been somewhat disturbed; I saw some painful memories had awakened;—but let me ask you—had my head been filled with notions of fascinating youths, as handsome as my Alessandro when I first received my knuckle-bows at my feet, and saying: "Gentilina, I adore you!"—should I not have added a vast amount of misery to what, Heaven knows, was already in store for me—in resisting a fate which was inevitable, or whose only alternative would have been the cloister? No, no; since our domestic code is thus constituted, and as long as parents retain such arbitrary sway, let girls be left in happy ignorance that they are not so much as a heart to give away! If they are to be married, they will then not dream of any opposition; if, on the contrary, as in the case of my poor sister-in-law, a suitable match has not been attainable, why, they will not, like her, be full of romantic ideas gathered from their books: and so, instead of wearring their family with their blighted hopes, will take the veil, and retire contentedly to a convent, limiting their notions of happiness to standing high in the good graces of the father-confessor, or the preparation of confectionary and cakes."

"If I believed you to the letter, marchessa, you would have me conclude that all the women of the Roman States are, or should, be totally uncultivated."

"Before marriage, I meant, remember that! Afterwards, all is changed. A woman of intelligence soon gets wedded. She has been brought up to prize so highly, and will eagerly seek to instruct her mind. Study will then be her greatest pastime and her greatest safeguard."

I knew she alluded to her own experiences, but I could not forbear pressing the subject: 'And for those who have no refined understanding to cultivate, no desire for steady study, and yet have learned too late they have a heart which they were not taught must be given with their hand—what safeguard is there for those marchese?'

'For Bacco!' she cried, shagging her shoulders, 'that is the husband's affair; nobody else need meddle with it! You see, my dear,' she added, laughing at my dissatisfied air, 'we are a long way off from the state of things you would desire to bring us to; and if you would wish for any reformation in this as well as in any of our other abuses, you must request your friends the English ministers, next time we try to shake them off, not to lure us on by sympathy and approbation, and then abandon us to worse than our former condition.'

Subsequently, I ascertained that the marchese did not advance any more than the opinions generally held by her country-people upon this subject; although there seems a strange inconsistency in persons ever disposed to rail at the defects of their internal policy, upholding these reuseo ideas, alleging in their justification that the impulsive Italian spirit in young men is unsuited to the liberty conceded so early an age to Englishwomen.

A lady I conversed with upon this system, some time afterwards in Ancona, supposed to have had a liberal education, having been brought up in Northern Italy under her mother's roof, told me that, although she did not marry till twenty, she had not previously been allowed to peruse any work of fiction, excepting one after she was betrothed, and that was Paul and Virginia! For which restriction, it may be parenthetically remarked, she fully indemnified herself in the sequel, being of a steady turn, by devouring all the French novels she could lay her hands upon.

Indeed, I could multiply anecdote upon anecdote to corroborate these statements; but I must reserve a little space to speak of the cultivation of the fine arts, which, judging by the limited patronage and still scantier remuneration accorded to their professors, would seem to be considered by many as dangerous, not to say scandalous, as reading to a maidservant is in the hand of life. Of late, however, music enters much more frequently into their programme of education. Though not yet introduced into the native convents, it is taught at the Sacre Cœurs at Loreto, and in many of the noble families, being as yet with more discrimination than in England—the absence of voice or ear being considered insurmountable disqualifications. The art, especially in its vocal department, can boast, even in so remote a corner of Italy, of instructors superior to any procurable in England, except at those rates which some parents conspicuously mention as if to set a higher value on their daughters' acquirements. Blessings on the Italians in this respect, for they have no purse-pride! If you admire a lady's singing—and it is no rarity to hear streams of melody poured from those full rounded throats, as such would electrify a London drawing-room—some member of her family will not immediately inform you that she learned from the first masters at two guineas a lesson; that no expense was spared, and so forth. They do not understand John Bull's delight at framing all he does in rich gilding, and can enjoy the fine singing of their countrywomen notwithstanding that, in Ancona at least, instruction from no mean professor was attainable at two pence (tempence) a lesson.

The music-master who taught my cousins was director of the opers, composed and understood music thoroughly, and devoted himself with a hearty and soul to his profession: to these recommendations he added a
very handsome exterior, great attention to his dress, gentlymannly and respectful bearing, and, nevertheless, gave twelve lessons, of an hour each, for a sum equiva-

tent to ten shillings, and thought himself lucky too, to get pupils at that rate.

The theory of music, does not enjoy the same amount of popularity. In a country, of

which the churches and palaces teem with evidences of the estimation in which it was held scarcely two centuries ago, I saw only one instance, that of

Vonmann’s miniatures, when even, in its humblest branches, it was studied by one of the higher ranks.

It is cast as a reproach upon the modern Italians that they can no longer furnish good painters; but the censure is more applicable to those who do not care to foster the talent so often doomed to languish in the ungenial atmosphere of poverty and neglect.

The young artist, whose only pupils in Ancum were those furnished by my uncle’s family, had studied several years in Rome, Florence, and Venice; had distinguished himself in his academical career; was full of enthusiasm and feeling, and yet so little encourage-

ment did he receive in his native city, that it was difficult for him to earn his bread. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was as poor as any painter ever knew. He had one valuable book; but once a day, besides a cup of coffee at six in the morning, which he procured at a caffè, no fire being lighted so early at his mother’s house; for he lived; and had a servant, hungry and ill, to lend a lean greyhound, with large hollow eyes, and an attempt at an artistic beard. Poor fellow! his story presents so perfect an illustration of a new phase of Italian life, that I must not consider it too discouraging if I conclude this paper with an account of it.

He had known my uncle’s family for years, and considered himself under obligations to them, so that a little of the old Roman patron and client system was kept up in their intercourse; a respectful affection on

his side, and a kindly interest in his welfare on theirs. His knowledge of art was really wonderful. As a boy, he had drawn his first inspirations from Raphael’s frescoes in the Vatican, and worshipped him almost as a divinity; then ascending a step higher in purista principles, he devoted himself to the study of that branch of the Florentine school of which ‘il beate

Angelico da Fiesole’ is the chief; and to hear him descant on his purity of outline and grace of composition,

was in itself a lecture on design. A timely remark on Venice landing us in quite a new circum-

stances into which all votaries of any peculiar style, however excellent in itself, must inevitably fall; on

which, in fact, he was fast verging, as two or three pictures he had in his possession, painted while the impressions of Florence were still predominant, of

ashen-hued saints, with marble-like draperies, abund-

antly testified; and leaving his legitimate admiration for the Beato Angelico unshaken, yet sent him back, at the conclusion of his studies, glowing with rapture for Titian and Paolo Veronese.

From the great works of the former, he had made a number of sketches and spirited copies; while he thought—as what young artist does not think—that he had discovered his peculiar secret of colouring, detailed to us, as he held forth triumphantly upon his flesh-tints and

impasto. In addition to all these artistic disquisitions, he used, while we were taking our lessons, to give us all the political news, or rather the whispers which were Stealthily in circulation, and often repeated that ours was the only house in which it was safe to express an opinion.

Then he would tell us a great deal about the crying evils of his country, much to the purport of what I had already stated; that day by day the idioms of the nobles, the extortion and injustice of the government, and the insolence of the Austrians

who supported it—all being related in beautiful and poetic Italian; for he spoke his own language with great refinement, although he did not spell it correctly.

And yet, notwithstanding these constant discussions and conversations, never was he known to pass the limits of decorum tacitly laid down, never once to venture on the verge of familiarity; years of inter-

course, resumed at intervals since his boyhood, made no difference. He never came to the house but as a

teacher; and at the end of each lesson, he always bowed with the same ceremonious respect, and backed out of the room with the same ‘servo umilissimo’ as

if he had been a mere stranger.

I wish I could detail some of the stories we heard from him—little romances in themselves, and admirably illustrative of the quick feelings and exaggerated sensibility of the Italian temperament, allowed more room for development in the mezzo etto than in the strict etiquette of the nobility. How a young cousin,

becoming desperately in love with a young man she had only seen from an opposite window, pined rapidly away; and on hearing he was already allowed, insisted on taking the veil in a convent of a very strict order: how his own sister, a very beautiful girl, nearly broke

her heart from the cruelty exercised by her mother-in-

law, who tried to some extent to starve her. Given her husband, opened all the letters she received from her

parents, took away all her best clothes, and distributed them among her own daughters—in fact, behaved like a vulgata in all the accoutrements of the term. But nothing interested us so much as his own history, in which he at last made us the recipients of the misery and uncertainty that were destined to be inseparable from his existence. We had observed that for house welfare he

looked more than ordinarily wo-begone, scarcely spoke, and his unbrushed hair stood erect with an air of
distraction it was pitiable to witness. The usual inquiries about England, the lectures upon art, the

peans to Raphael, were all at an end, and our lessons were becoming very stupid, common-place affairs, when, one day, as he was cutting a crayon, he suddenly laid it down, and said falteringly: ‘Signorina, will you excuse my temerity, if, knowing all your benevolent interest in me, I tell you what makes me so ill. I have fallen in love.’

‘Indeed!’ we exclaimed; ‘tell us all about it.’

‘Where is the lady?—how long has it been going on?—when will the sposulizia take place?’

‘Alas!’ he replied, ‘what can I say? I have never spoken to her; it is two years since I first saw her; it was one evening outside the gates: she was with her mother. I beheld that modest ingenuous face, and my fate was decided. Miserable was I born, miserable have I always been, but never so miserable as now.’

‘Wherefore?’ I inquired, with a perplexed ex-

pression.

‘Because I have no means of maintaining her—not even a few hundred dollars of my own: therefore it is of no use attempting to make the acquaintance of her family, or presenting myself as a suitor. Signorina! I have suffered so long, my secret was wearing me to the grave.’

‘But you have an avere—a future, at least,’ said my cousin Lucy, who, under all her sedateness, was rather of an enthusiastic turn.

‘Ah,’ answered he, shaking his head, ‘that is easy to say for you English: we poor Italians have no

future; we never can rise; we are but fools to dream of

it.’

‘Then do you not mean even to try to improve your fortunes, so as one day to be able to marry?’

‘Heaven knows whether I do not try,’ was the rueful response; ‘but the days for art in Italy are gone by. You are witness, ladies, to the patronage addressed to me here. What have I to look back upon
since I established myself in Ancona? One or two
commissions from convevts for the apothecary of some
new saint—a few portraits—at such rare intervals, and
on such hard terms, that I verily believe if I were a
house-painter, I should succeed better than with my
aspirations to be an historical one.'

Yet why despair?' I persisted; 'why not obtain
an introduction to the family of the fair innocents, explain
your views, and if they hold out any hopes of your
ultimately being accepted, you will work away with
redoubled energy. You might go and paint signs in
California.' (That was all the ruse just then.)

'The signorina is laughing at me, I see, but it
would be right according to the idea of a better
better know nothing of me; her peace of mind might
be disturbed. Those friends whom I have consulted,
tell me I ought even to avoid passing her when she is
out walking, or going to look at her at mass. Her
character is evidently so full of sensibility, that it
would be easy to destroy her happiness.'

'How can you be so sure of all this, if you have
never spoken to her?'

'I see it all perfectly in her face,' he answered with
a determined belief in his own powers of observation,
which no ridicule or reasoning could shake. His
message to the family was all we received, and as in
his evidently liked to talk of it, the disclosure having been
once made, we were in future kept fully informed of
all his tortures, fears, and despondency; but fancied
that at some point, locusts, so inoffensive as this, could
not be of long duration. Contrary, however, to what
we anticipated, he became more and more in love; he
looked every day thinner, his hair more wiry, his eyes
blue—'black as the blight of the infernal world,' as he
said; that resolutely, square path that might lead to independence unexplored, he
set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had
betaken himself to whatever honest employment he
might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of
Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist—'for
amongst the Turks,' he naïvely remarks, 'one may do
anything—for far into the interior, amongst men and
manner, quite different from our own, to explore
a mine reported to be of silver, but which, with
my usual ill-luck, turned out of very inferior iron.'

Then encouraged by the pacha's promises, he accompanied
him to Constantinople, where, finding to his cost, he
must put no faith in princes, he turned to his
painting again. But the city was swarming with Italian
refugees, artists among the rest, all contending for the
bare means of subsistence; so, after a few months of
painful struggles, he went back to Africa, and entered
into some trading speculations. Neither in this new
career was he successful. Perhaps he worked with a
sinking heart, for the tidings reached him that the
young girl so faithfully loved was about to be married;
and 'what illumined this announcement, was learning
that the character of her future husband offered but
slender prospects for her happiness.' His little ven-
tures failed; his resources were exhausted; and he was
under the necessity of returning to his native country.

There he found strange reverses had suddenly befallen
her whom he had schooled himself to look upon as
irrevocably lost. Her parents were both dead; the
marriage had been broken off; and from comparative
affluence, she was so reduced, as, jointly with a
widowed sister, to have opened a day-school for little
girls.

'I saw her then,' he goes on, 'under the pressure of
sorrow. I found her in the words of Petrarch, più bella,
ma meno altrera; and yet, even at that moment, she
was so eloquent, so poignant, so much of the
poetess in the humanness, that my cruel destiny were
so touching, so eloquent, so touching, so eloquent,
so eloquent—'

Haughtily flinging it on the ground, the damsel
indignantly said: 'I do not know how to read letters
of this description; and mind of mine increased his admiration, while the repulse
almost broke his heart. He never made any further
attempt to press his suit, but moped and pined away
perceptibly; in fact, he was dying of mortification and
grief—so common an occurrence in this part of Italy,
that they have a distinct name for the affection, and
call it passione.

At this juncture, some friends of his who had
emigrated to Tunis, in the recent troubles of Italy,
were recommended to his joining them there; and urged
on by the representations of all who were interested
in his welfare—his desperate condition sanctioning so
desperate a step as foreign travel was usually looked
upon—encouraged especially by ourselves, with our
restless, enterprising British notions, he embarked in
a small trading- vessel, almost reduced to a skeleton.

Months, nay, years have passed since then, and it
seemed as if all clue to the poor young painter were
completely lost, when, by a strange coincidence,
I received a letter from him at the very moment when
the ink was still wet upon the pape where I had been
relating his ill-starred attachment. I wish I could
transcribe the whole of this letter, I wish it could be
laid tamely before my readers, but the repulsive
picture, so painful, so unpretentious, so unassuming,
that a continuation of his vicissitudes, can furnish
but a very imperfect idea.

After relating the failure of the hopes with which
he had landed at Tunis, he said: 'When I reached the
shore, it was so picturesque, so full of life, so
lovely, so youthful, so raised to heaven, so
overlooking the sea, so remote from the round,
path that might lead to independence unexplored, he
had set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had
betaken himself to whatever honest employment he
might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of
Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist—for
amongst the Turks,' he naïvely remarks, 'one may do
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resort; and the object of his letter was modestly and unpretentiously to request that if I knew any of my country-people intending to winter there, I would recommend him to their notice.

I felt very sad to perceive how he overrated the signorina forestiera's influence, and the extent of her acquaintance; or else in his simplicity imagining that to be English is synonymous with belonging to a vast brutal crowd, giving and demanding the hand of fellowship on every side. I wish it were thus in this instance at least, for the first use I should make of this blissful state of fraternity, was to claim patronage and encouragement for the poor artist, whose history then could soon be pleasantly wound up like orthodox story-books, in these words, 'and so they were married, and lived very happily all the rest of their days.'

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

This is the time, as an eminent Whitechapel individual once observed to me in confidence, 'when vicious indulgence prevails, and everybody puts both hands into his own coat-pockets,' so that one may walk 'on the C side of Regent Street'—he was accustomed to speak of the metropolis in relation to its police distribution—'from morn to eve without getting a chance at snuff-box or pocket-handkerchief.' It is dusky enough for my friend's purposes, too, even at midday, the sun is blood-red, and the atmosphere so heavy, that the smoke can't rise, but forms 'an under roof of sullen grey' all over London. Snow is in the streets inches deep; and the driver of your four-wheeled cab insists in vain that his mare is quite strong enough for the work, and contents himself with a footpace only because she's 'articul.' The pavement is masked with ice, and old gentlemen in quiet squares about Paddington, sally out with red slippers over their shoes, and poles with pikes in them, like superannuated banditti. Upon all sides, in crowded pathways, are heard such ejaculations as these: 'Mercy me!' 'Good gracious!' 'Well, I never!' 'Take care, Marianne!' Stout females for the most part come down in a sitting posture, and are obliged to employ the assistance of the civil force to re-erect them; stout males, who are always expecting it, and whose attention is never distracted by shop-windows, generally manage to fall upon their feet. Great streams of people are always setting from or towards Hyde Park; they throng the paths, and loom across the fog like funeral processions. The sheep that were white last week, are now turned black, the trees are black, and the marble arch is covered by contrast with the snow. At the eastern end of the Serpentine, the poor frozen-out water-fowl are huddled together, as in expectation of attacking cur. Little children who have come to stare, and not to give, are attacked by justly indignant swans, which insist upon getting satisfaction out of their mottled arms; and the military, which is a life-guardman attached to the nurse, is obliged to be called in to their help. A great troop of these horse-soldiers is passing in the distance; and their red plumes and cuirasses, and black chargers, make a fine pageant upon the snow, and a pleasant music in the clear frosty air. This is at nine o'clock; but between seven and eight in the morning, the ice is broken on the south side for the bathers of whom, to-day, there are no less than five—two of them gray-headed Polar bears from the Arctic Ocean, and three younger persons, probably religious fanatics. A few Katras are idly lingering, and a Humane Society's man is standing by with a savage expression of countenance, and a harpoon, as though they were whales.

As the crowd increases, the professional gentlemen who have invested their capital in skates and a chair, increase likewise, and are prepared to let the former out at sixpence per pair per hour—a deposit of five shillings being required as a guarantee for their return. Under the chair is sometimes a bottle of brandy, to be used medicinally in keeping up the courage of the patient; and even after that restorative, he will often insist upon the proprie-

tor's accompanying him a little way upon the ice until he 'feels his legs,' which he accomplishes, to all appearance, by stretching out his arms like a baby, and catching at the air. A skate-lender, with whom I spoke upon the smallness of the deposit, assured me that he had never lost but two pair in a long experience, and those under very peculiar circumstances.

'An gentleman came to me,' said he, 'some few years ago, to have a couple of hours of it, who said he had nothing about him under a five-pound note. He was so perfect a gentleman, so slip-up, so kiddi, that I said: 'Well, I'll trust you.' He was affable and pleasant as could be while I was putting on the irons, but he kept his eye upon him all the time, as though he was expecting somebody he didn't want to see.

'I wish it was Sunday, my man,' says he. 'Why so, sir?' says I. 'Why, because—Here, let me go,' says he; 'hang the strap;' and in a moment he'd pulled me down the bank, and by the way, away from me like a howdah from a bow. A great big chap with a hook nose caught hold of me as I let go, but just missed nabbing the 'other one.' 'I'm a bailiff,' says he, and I want that man.' 'Are you? says I, 'and do you?' says I, 'for I ain't fond of that sort nohow.' 'Taa,' says the gentleman, who had fastened his strap by this time, and came skimming up quite close to us under the bank; 'he's a bailiff, he is, and a very nice bailiff too—ain't you, Solomons? I'm sorry to be obliged to go so much faster than you with these here skates on, and so to be deprived of your valuable company. By bye, Solly;' and off he went again, backwards, for he was a real good skater.

'Let me have a pair,' says the bailiff presently, who was getting awfully riled. 'Certainly,' says I; 'but I should like to see the five shillings first, for your friend has not left a farthing with me.' 'He hasn't got a farthing,' says the bailiff grim enough. 'Now, Mr Halphonso Cavendish 'Oward, let us see who is the fastest;' and off went the Jew after his game at a pace that was a caution to engines. 'Look out!' holler I; 'Look out!' hehoos the people; and the next moment, there they were, hase and greyhound, twisting and turning, and overshooting one another in a manner putty to behold. Moses was the better man on the irons, out and out; and the other, finding his self-beat, stood out for the part marked Dangerous, with the Humane Societies a-holding at him from both sides, and him not caring one icicle. It was sink or swim with the gent, you see, all ways; and the bailiff—that I will say—stuck to him like a man. The ice quivered and cracked whenever they came together; and three times the Jew's hand was upon his collar, and three times he got away; when all of a sudden Mr 'Oward starts off as hard as he can go for the bridge, trusting to his speed to take him over the rotten ice before it had time to give— and he did it too. He came right on to the place in front of the Skating Club yonder, and they do say he was as pale as ashes with the fright; but he got safe away anyhow—like a swallow-like, in their vicinity, and a Humane Society's man is standing by with a savage expression of countenance, and a harpoon, as though they were whales.
'No; he put the steam up, and tried it on too; but there he went in—he did.'

'Bless me!' said I, 'it must have been very hard to have rescued him from such a position?'

'It was hard, I believe you, sir; and the man was drowned—and that's how I lost my second pair of skates.'

Those who bring these implements with them are a still finer sight than the hirees. They sit down in the snow on the other side of the pathways, and occupy themselves for about half an hour in the most miserable manner. Blue-nosed, red-handed, numb, they then hobble into the throng very cautiously, and seizing the most good-natured-looking person's arm, request, as a personal favour, that he will 'see them in.' If this assistance, a steep bank has to be descended, from which the skater must necessarily start rectangularly, at the rate of eleven miles an hour, into the midst of a vortex of people dashing everywhere at twice that velocity. Whenever the ice gives way with one person, it gives way with more; for immediately upon an accident happening, skaters and skillets, and every person who has not ventured upon the ice before, all crowd round the unfortunate object, and embarrass him with gratuitous advice. Some of these go in; and then the Humane Society come, and some of the barrels go in; and ropes, and barrels, and ropes, and barrels, etc., are obliged to be put in requisition to save them. When the breakage is pretty near the bank, the chief danger arises from a man, who starts down the fourteen-foot poles with hooks at the end of them, which hang from the neighbouring trees, and proceed to rescue their fellow-creatures out of four or five feet of water, without paying the least attention to where the hooks may run into him. When a hole is once made, it soon becomes popular as a place to tumble in; some skaters can't stop themselves very easily; others, principally gentlemen in government offices, cannot be convinced that the line they have always been accustomed to take is not the very best one still, and only find out their error when it is too late. Then it is a grand sight to behold the immobile bodies running as hard as they can go, with water spouting from them as from a housesmaid's mop, to the Society's lying-in establishment, for brandy and black bread, the expensive.

The view on either side from the top of the bridge is very singular: the banks are so thronged with walkers that you can't see ground; the drive is as crowded with carriages, the horsemen, and the horse, as the ice, and the surface of the ice is covered with a sort of shifting kaleidoscope of people at full speed—with the exception of a few soldiers, however, and of still fewer of the softer sex in gay attire. These are but a blank lot, and resemble, perhaps, as much as anything—what I found to be the accepted similitude upon the bridge—a heap of spiders in a quart-bottle. I am not sure but that those who slide have the better fun, and, at all events, they seem to enjoy themselves more than the skaters. That long, swift gliding line of theirs, which never ends, comprised of such unequal materials—the steady, stout, old gentleman with muffets, who is caught round the waist and carried on by other people every time; the youth who travels backwards with the same facility as forwards; the unhappy aspirant who will turn round sideways, and is instantly swept from the side of the rink, and the artiste, who skims along upon one leg, and snaps his fingers all the time as though they were castanets—forms a pleasant type, it seems to me, of human life.

But by very far the best of this entertainment, and the one which sent me home delighted beyond all things with the weather and the parks, was this: A cheerful-looking, blue-nosed, old, accomplished, and seasonably companioned by her little foot-page, was sliding as merrily as any: she took but a short, dumply run from the bank, to be sure, and was not the express-engine by any means; but the faithful John was ever behind her, like an affectionate tender; and placing his hands on either side her waist, impelled his mistress to the goal, with safety and celerity, every time. She seemed to me an infinitely more sensible person than the frozen dowagers who were circling round the park in their shut-up carriages, and whose footmen were congealing behind them; but I doubt not, in the opinion of society, that the persevering old lady-sitter was mad.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WORK OF LAW-REFORM.

Law-reform is now, and has been for some time past, the fashion of the day, and a favourite popular theme; for not only do lawyers write and talk about it, but persons also, unfortunately, who are entirely ignorant of the law or its practice. The principles of this latter class of law-reformers, so largely represented both in the press and the House of Commons, are—that law should be done away with altogether; that all the law of the land should be carried in a pocket-volume; and that it should be so plain and simple that a child might expound it. In a word, the question of law-reform is usually taken up either for the purpose of gaining notoriety, or for professional ends, or as a stepping-stone to office.

Law-reform is to be the business of the present session, and, as in the last, much is promised; but let us hope that, unlike the last, the promises may be fulfilled. The reason why so little is done is, that too much is attempted at once, and that there are too many reformers in the House. There is now no party: everybody sets up for himself, and each wishes to have reforms after his own fashion, refusing to give precedence to any other; and thus time is wasted in individual quarrels and struggles for priority, and little or nothing is done.

Since 1852, changes have been incessant, both in law and equity; some good has been accomplished; and technicalities have almost, if not altogether, disappeared. A lawyer may now hope to see the beginning and end of several Chancery suits in the course of his professional career, and the extent of such suits has been considerably diminished. Great reforms have taken place, likewise, in the practice of the courts of law; and in 1864 an equitable jurisdiction was given to that court, although it has not yet been productive of so much good as was expected. In the same year, and by the same act of parliament, it was ordained that a judge, having the consent of the parties concerned, may hear causes without the intervention of a jury; and this greatly expedites business at the sittings for Middlesex, where it is sometimes difficult to get a sufficient number of jurymen. In 1855, the celebrated 'Limited Liability Act' was passed, notwithstanding considerable opposition. The argument against it was stated by a great commercial authority, Mr Edmund Phillips, in a pamphlet on the subject, published last year: 'The injustice of Limited Liability Companies,' says he, 'must be apparent when it is considered that this act will empower a number of individuals to embark in business in opposition to the regular merchant or trader; but that the risk of the stronger body is not nearly so great or vital as the risk of the poorer individual; for if the merchant or trader fail—why, he is more likely to do, in consequence of the reckless trading of the opposite company—he and his family are, by the bankruptcy laws, stripped of every earthly thing which they possess, even to their beds, but if the company fail, its members are not liable to
be called upon to pay one shilling more from their private properties than they have thought proper to embark in the concern; and this, in fact, only the idle money they can afford to lose, and scarcely care for. To extend this Limited Liability Act a little further, would be to declare that no one need pay his debts unless he thinks proper, and which ought to be the rider to the act to be consistent or fair. This Limited Liability Bill sought, therefore, to be called "An Act for the better enabling Adventurers to interfere with and ruin Established Traders, without risk to themselves." On the other hand, it may be said that the individual trader has an immediate control over and supervision of his affairs which the member of a joint-stock company has not. We must express our own feeling, that it would be a great pity if the principle of limited liability, under fair restrictions, should fail, as it certainly contains a bud of high promise for the working-classes of this country, in offering inducements to saving, and counteracting so far the tendency to reckless expenditure on vicious indulgence.

The statute most affecting the mercantile community passed last session, is the mercantile law. Act—that the causes of which provide that bills of exchange must be accepted in writing, and signed by the acceptor or his agent; and that a guarantee no longer requires a consideration for making it to appear in the writing. Alterations are likewise made in the limitations of actions, &c. The chief object of the bill, when brought into parliament, was to abolish the seventeenth section of the statute of frauds, which rendered all contracts for the sale of goods or merchandise above the value of £10 to be in writing, or a part of the goods to be accepted, or a part of the price to be paid, before an action could be brought on the contract. The mercantile world, however, seemed to be afraid that if this clause were repealed, they would be saddled with contracts which were never made. They forgot that the clause would not have prevented them from entering into a written contract when they chose. In Scotland, there is no law requiring such contracts to be in writing; and in England, in practice, by far the greater number of mercantile contracts are merely verbal.

Last session, a bill was brought in by the solicitor-general to abolish those abominations, the ecclesiastical courts, that on account of being so many reformers, each wanting to have the act framed according to his own fancy, it was lost. There is, however, another attempt—the sixteenth, it is said—to be made to accomplish the same object during the present session.

Another good measure last session was the bill for amending the law of divorce. The law of divorce is a disgrace and reproach to the country. As the law now stands, the outraged husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he publicly parades his wife's shame and his own dishonour, and gets the verdict of a jury and damages for the injury. What can be more monstrous than this! Again, the expense of obtaining a divorce is so heavy as to preclude all but the most wealthy from resorting to it. Lord Brougham, in a letter to Lord Radnor, after some severe strictures on the law of divorce, says: 'It would really be a libel upon parliament to suppose that a much longer time can elapse before the law shall be freed from the shamed defect now so generally and so justly complained of.'

A bill is to be brought in during the present session for the purpose of bringing breaches of trust within the criminal law. It is long past the time when the Radnor, after severe strictures on the law of divorce, says: 'It would really be a libel upon parliament to suppose that a much longer time can elapse before the law shall be freed from the shamed defect now so generally and so justly complained of.'

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The effect of sanitary measures, says the registrar, 'are becoming apparent, although they are only partially carried out within limited areas.' From 1846 to the end of 1855, the average of deliveries of 1855 to 1856, it fell to less than 21 in 1900. The conclusion drawn from these figures is decisive.

The state of better health is shown, moreover, in its
consequences: the births in 1856 were beyond the average. The number for the year was 657,704, the highest ever registered in England, and exceeding by 22,581 the number in 1855. One county only, Westmoreland, shews a decrease; the increase in some of the others is attributed to the return of men from the war.

The same influence is observable also in the marriage returns, taken only the summer quarter. In Devonshire and Hampshire, particularly in the districts near Portsmouth, the increase in the number of marriages is considerable. Ships came home from the Black Sea and the Baltic, the crews were paid off, and Jack, having his pockets full of money, and nothing better to do, got married. But apart from the discharge of sailors, the registrar tells us there is an increase of marriages in every division of the kingdom from which he derives his returns. In Kent, the increase was greater than in Lancashire or Yorkshire; in Norfolk, the chief increase was in Norwich; and in nine counties—namely, Sussex, Wiltz, Dorset, Gloucester, Salop, Rutland, Derby, Cheshire, and Northumberland—the number of marriages was less than in the corresponding quarter of 1855.

The number of deaths for the year amounts to 391,369. It was 426,242 in 1855, and 457,905 in 1854—thus shewing a remarkable improvement for 1856. We are better off, notwithstanding all our grumbling. And seeing that in the last quarter there were 157,015 births and 96,221 deaths, there remains a real increase to the population of 61,004; and taking the whole year, the increase was 296,335. To quote the registrar's words: 'The natural increase of population in the United Kingdom was probably at the rate of 1000 a day.' It would seem that nature is in haste to make up the losses occasioned by the war.

Recurring to last quarter, we are told that 39,063 persons emigrated in the three months, whereas 19,211 were English, 13,467 Irish, 2406 Scotch—the remainder 'foreigners,' and undescribed. It is something new to find the Irish outnumbered by the English; and that while 5987 embarked for the United States, 15,198 sailed for Australia. The number of English emigrants for the year 1856 was more than 70,000.

**The War-Trail:**

**Chapter XXXI.—A Dead Shot.**

The unexpected closing of the conference elicited an angry shout from the Mexican horsemen; and, without waiting for orders, they galloped up to their chief. Halting at long-range, they fired their carbines and escopettes; but their bullets cut the grass far in front of us, and one or two that hurtled past, were wide of the mark.

The lieutenant, who had been only stunned, soon recovered his legs, but not his temper. His wrath overbalanced his prudence, else the moment he found his feet, he would have made the best of his way to his horse and comrades. Instead of doing so, he turned full front towards us, raised his arm in the air, shook his clenched hand in a menacing manner, accompanying the action with a torrent of defiant speech. Of what he said, we understood but the concluding phrase, and that was the bitter and blasphemous carajo! that hissed through his teeth with the energetic aspiration of rage and revenge.

That oath was the last word he ever uttered; his parting breath scarcely carried it from his lips, ere he ceased to live. I heard the fierce word, and almost simultaneously, the crack of a rifle, fired close to my ear. I saw the dust puff out from the embroidered Spencer of the Mexican, and directly over his heart; I saw his hand pass rapidly to the spot, and the next moment he fell forward upon his face!

Without a groan, without a struggle, he lay as he had fallen, spread, dead, and motionless upon the prairie!

'Thir, durn yur carajo!' cried a voice at my shoulder; 'ee won't bid me agin, ee skunk—that ee won't!'

I needed no explanation, though I turned involuntarily to the speaker. Of course, it was Rube. His rifle was smoking at the muzzle, and he was proceeding to reload it.

'Wa-hoo—woop!' continued he, uttering his wild war-cry; 'this shortens thar count, I reck'n. Another nick for Targanta! Git me ker for a gun. Wagh! a long pull it wur for the ole weepen; an' the glint in my eyes too! The niggur riled me, or I wdn't a risked it. Hold yur hosses, boys!' he continued in a more earnest tone: 'don't fire till I'm loaded—for yur lives, don't!'  

'All right, Rube!' cried Garcey, who hastily passing under the belly of his horse, had re-entered the square, and once more handled his rifle. 'All right, old boy! Ne'er a fear we'll wait for ye.'

Somewhat to our surprise, Rube was allowed ample time to reload, and our three barrels once more protruded over the shoulders of Garcey's horse. Our animals still held their respective positions. Three of them were too well used to such scenes, to be startled by the detonation of a rifle; and the fourth, fastened as he was, kept his place perforce.

I say, to our surprise, we were allowed time to get into our old vantage-ground; for we had expected an immediate charge from the guerrilla. Vengeance for the death of their comrades would give them courage enough for that; so thought we; but we were mistaken, as their ire only vented itself in fierce yells, violent gestures, and loud cries.

They had clustered around their chief without order or formation. They seemed to pay but slight regard to his authority. Some appeared urging him to lead them on! Some came galloping near, and fired their carbines; others shook their lances in a threatening manner; but one and all were careful to keep outside that perilous circle, whose circumference marked the range of our rifles. They seemed even less inclined for close quarters than ever; the fate of their comrades had awed them.

The dead man lay about half-way between them and us, glittering in his picturesque habiliments. They were weaker by his loss, for not only had he been one of their leaders, but one of their best men. They saw he was dead, though none had dared to approach him. They knew the Texan rifle of old—these spangled heroes; they saw, moreover, that we were armed with revolvers, and the fame of this terrible weapon had been already carried beyond the frontier of the Rio Grande.

Notwithstanding all that, men of our race, under similar circumstances, would have charged with hesitation. So, too, would men of theirs, three centuries ago.

Perhaps in that band was an Alvarado, a Sandoval, a Diaz, or De Soto! only in name. O Cortez! and
you conquistadores! could you behold your degenerate descendants!

And yet not all of them were cowards; some, I dare say, were brave enough, for there are brave men among the Mexicans. A few were evidently willing to make the attack, but they wanted combination—they wanted a leader: he who acted as such appeared to be endowed with more discretion than valor.

Meanwhile, we kept our eyes fixed upon them, listening to their varied cries, and closely watching their movements. In perfect coolness, we regarded them—at least so much can I say for my comrades. Though life or death rested upon the issue, both were as cool at that moment as if they had been only observing the movements of a gang of buffaloes! There was no sign of trepidation—hardly a symptom of excitement visible in the countenance of either. Now and then, a half-muttered ejaculation, a rapid exchange of thought, relating to some fresh movement of the enemy, alone told that both were alive to the peril of the situation.

I cannot affirm that I shared with them this extreme and perfect sang-froid; though upon my nerves, less indifferent to danger, their example had its effect, and inspired me with courage sufficient for the occasion. Besides, I drew confidence from another source. In case of defeat, I had a resource unshared by my companions—perhaps unique amongst by them. Trusting to the matchless speed of my horse, as a last resort, I might possibly escape. I could have ridden off at that moment without fear of being overtaken, but the crude thought was not entertained for an instant.

By my honour, no! I should have accepted death upon the spot rather than desert the brave men who stood by my side. To them I was indebted for my life. 'Twas for me that theirs were now in peril; and from the first moment I had determined to stand by them to the end, and sell my blood at its dearest. In the event of both falling before me, it would then be time to think of flight.

Even this contingency had the effect of strengthening my courage, and at that moment I viewed the vengeful foe with a coolness and freedom from fear that now, in the retrospect, surprises me.

During the interval of inaction that followed, I was cool enough to reflect upon the demand which the guerrilla leader had made—the surrender of my person. Why was I singled out? It seemed as if we were all enemies alike—all Americans or Texans—on Mexican soil, and armed for strife. Why did they want me alone? Was it because I was superior in rank to my companions? How did they know this?—in other words I was a 'ranger captain?' Ha! they must have known it before; they must have come out specially in search of me!

A light flashed suddenly into my mind—a suspicion strong almost as certainty. But for the sun glaring in my eyes, I might have earlier obtained an explanation of the mystery. I drew down the visor of my forage-cap, stretching it to its full extent; I increased the shade with my flattened palms, and from under them strained my eyes upon the leader of the band. Already his voice, while in conversation with Garce, had aroused a faint recollection within me. I had heard that voice only once, but I thought I remembered it. Guided by my suspicion, I now scrutinised more closely the face of the man. Fortunately, it was turned towards me, and despite the dazzling of the sunbeam, despite the slouched sombrero, I recognised the dark features of Rafael IJurra! In that glance I comprehended the situation. He it was who wanted the ranger captain!

There was doubt no longer. My suspicion was a certainty; but with the next throbb of my heart rose another, a thousand times more painful—a suspicion of—

With an effort, I stifled my emotions; a movement was perceptible among the guerrilleros; the moment of action had arrived!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RUNNING-SHOT.

Though our enemy was once more in motion, we no longer anticipated a direct attack; the time for that had passed. The fate of our comrade had evidently checked their ardour, and too much shouting and bravado had cooled, rather than heightened, their enthusiasm. We could tell by their manoeuvring that some new mode of assault had been planned, and was about to be practised.

' Cowardly skunks!' muttered Rube; ' they hasn't the pluck to charge us! Who ever heerd o' fair fight in a Mexikin? Wagh! Thur arter some trick,' he continued, in a more serious tone. ' What do 'ee think it be, Billie?

' I'm thinkin', old boy,' replied Garce, whose keen grey eye had been for some time fixed on the movements of the guerrilla.— ' I'm thinkin' thar a goin' to gallop roun', an' try a shot at us injun fashion.'

'Yur right,' assented Rube; ' they's thar game! Sculp me ef 'tain't! Look yander!—thar they go!'

The horsemen were no longer in line, nor formed in any fashion. In a disorderly group, they exhibited a 'clump' upon the prairie, some standing still, others in motion. As Rube uttered the last words, one of them was seen to shoot out from the main body, spurring his steed into a gallop as he parted from the crowd.

One might have fancied he was about to ride off from the ground: but no; that was not his intention. When he had made half-a-dozen stretches over the plain, he guided his horse into a curve, evidently with the design of riding around us.

As soon as he had gained some score of yards from the troop, a second horseman followed, repeating the manoeuvre; and then another and another, until five of the band, thus deployed, galloped round us in circles. The remaining six kept their ground.

We observed that the five had left their lances behind them, and carried only their carbines.

We were not astonished at this: we divined the intention of our enemies. They were about to practise a range of the horse-Indians, with which all three of us were familiar.

We might have been more apprehensive about the result had it been really Indians who were going to practise the massacre. But in an attack of this kind, the bow, with its many missiles in a minute, is far more dangerous than either carbine or rifle. But the fact that our assailants understood the stratagem, told us we were opposed to men who had seen Indian-fight—no doubt, the pick men of the frontier—and to defend ourselves would require all the courage and cunning we possessed.

It did not surprise us that only a portion of the band galloped out to effect the surround; there was design in that, and we knew it. The five who had been detached were to wheel round us in circles, dash at intervals within range, fire their carbines, kill some of our horses, keep us distracted, and, if possible, draw the fire of our rifles. This purpose effected, the other six—who had already approached as near as was safe for them—would charge forward, empty their guns, and then use their lances with effect.

Of this last weapon my companions had more dread than of all the others carried by our foes. They had reason. They knew that our rifles were empty, the lazo could be used beyond pistol-range; and by such men, with far surer aim than either carbine or escopette!

We were allowed but scant time to entertain these
doubts, fears, and conjectures, or to communicate them
to one another. They passed before us like the light-
ning's flash: the quicker that they were old thoughts—
things familiar from experience. We were conscious
that the stratagem of our enemy had increased the peril
of our situation; but we thought not yet of yielding
to despair.

In an instant we had altered our relative positions.
The three of us no longer fronted in one direction, but
stood back to back—each to guard the third of the
circle before his face. Thus stood we, rifles in hand.

The five horsemen were not slow in the execution of
their manoeuvre. Once or twice they galloped round
us in a wide circle; and then following a spiral curve,
drew nearer and nearer. When within carbine range,
each fired his piece; and, retracting outward upon
the main body, hastily exchanged his empty gun for one
that was loaded, and galloped back as before.

In the first volley, most of their bullets, discharged
at random, had passed over our heads. We heard
them hissing in the air high above us. One, however,
had been better aimed, and struck Rube's mare in the
hip, causing the old mustang to squeal and kick
violently. It did but little damage, though it was an
earnest of what we might expect; and it was with
increasing vexation that we saw the horsemen come
back on their circling career.

You will wonder why we did not return their fire?
Our guns carried as far as theirs. Why did we not
use them, when the horsemen were within range?
Not one of the three of us thought of drawing a
trigger! You will wonder at this? It requires
explanation.

Know, then, that the five men who galloped round
us were five of the best horsemen in the world—no
doubt the picked riders of the band. Not in Arabia,
not in the hippodromes of Paris or London, could they
have found their superiors—perhaps not their equals,
for these men literally lived in the saddle. Each, as he
approached the dangerous circle covered by our rifles,
disappeared behind the body of his horse. A boot and
spur over the hollow of the deep saddle-tree, perhaps
a hand grasping the wither-lock of the horse, were all of
the rider that could be seen. Presently a face might
be observed, suddenly veiled by a puff of smoke from
the carbine, and then ducked instantly out of sight.
Perhaps the barrel of the piece might be noticed
glancing along the horse's counter, while the stream
of fire pouring forth, told that the rider had taken
alight or at least aimed at his steed, the latter all the
while going at full gallop.

During these manouevres, sharp shots as my com-
rades were, and fair marksman as I myself,
there was no instant when we could have hit any one
of the five horsemen. It would have been easier
to have brought down a bird upon the wing. Their
horses we might have killed or crippled, but that
would not have repaid us for the risk of an empty
rifle. We dared not waste a bullet on the horses.
This, then, was our reason for reserving our fire.

Do not fancy from this my proximity of explanation,
that we were so slow in comprehending all this. No,
we understood our situation well enough; we knew
that to discharge our pieces—even though a horse
should fall to every shot—was just what the enemy
desired. That was the main point of our ruse; but
we were too well used to the wiles of Indian warfare
to be beguiled by so shallow an artifice. Words of
cautions passed between us, and we stood to our guns
with as much patience as we could command.

It was tempting enough—provoking, I should rather
say—thius to be fired at, without the chance of returning
it; and my companions, notwithstanding their
habit of fairness, shared my chagrin. Once
more the five horsemen came galloping around
us, and discharged their pieces as before; but this
time with more effect. A bullet struck Garey in the
shoulder, tearing away a patch of his hunting-shirt,
and drawing the blood; while another went whizzing
past the cheek of Old Rube, crossing his catsskin cap!

"Hooray!" shouted the latter, clapping his hand over
the place where the lead had wounded him. "Cheat
enough that war! Cuss me, ef 'tain't carried away
one o' my ears!"

And the old trooper accompanied the remark with a
wail, reckless laugh. The rent of the bullet, and the
blood upon Garey's shoulder, now fell under his eye,
and suddenly changing countenance, he exclaimed:

"By the tarnation! yur hit, Bill? Speak, boyse!"

"It's nothin','" promptly replied Garey—"nothin'; only
a grease. I don't feel it.''

"Yur sure?"

"Sartin sure.''

"By the livin catamount!" exclaimed Rube, in a
serious tone, 'we can't stan this no longer. What's
to be done, Billes? Think, boy!'

"We must make a bust for it,' replied Garey; 'it's
our only chance.'

"Tor no use,' said Rube, with a doubtful shake of
the head. 'The young fellar mout git cull, but for
you 'n me thur's not the shaddy o' a chance. They'd
roaches up wi' the ole mar in the frame o' a tail,
an yur hoss ain't none o' the sloopin. Tor no
use.'

"I tell you it are, Rube,' replied Garey impatiently.

"You mount the white hoss—he's fast enough—an let
the mar slide; or you take mine, an I'll back whitey.
We mayent get clar altogether; but we'll string the
niggers out on the paraiary, an take them one arter
another. It's better than standin by to be shot down,
like buflfer in a penn. What do you think, cap'n?'
added he, addressing himself to me.

Just then an idea had occurred to me. 'Why not
gallop to the cliff? I inquired, looking toward the
meas: they can't surround us there? With our
backs to the rock, and our horses in front of us, we
may defy the racall. We might easily reach it by a
dash!'—

"Scalp me! of the young fellar ain't right,' cried
Rube, interrupting my speech. 'It's the very idea,
plum center!'

"It are!' echoed Garey—"it are! We hain't a second
to lose; they'll be round us again in a squall's jump.
Look yonder!'

This conversation had occupied but a few seconds of
time. It occurred just after the five horsemen the
second time emptied their guns, and galloped back
to exchange them. Before they could return to deliver
a third fire, our determination was taken, and we had
hastily unlone the fastenings of our horses, and were
ready to mount. This we accomplished so quietly,
that it was evident the enemy had not perceived us,
and therefore entertained no suspicion of our design;
hence the road towards the mesa was still perfectly
open to us. In another minute, however, the five
riders would have been circling around us, and that
would have naturally altered our situation.

"Hurry, Rube! cried Garey—"hurry, man, and le's
be off!"

"Keep cool, Billes,' rejoined Rube, who was adjusting
the bridle of Garey's horse. 'Plenty o' time, I tell ye;
they ain't a comin yet. Ho-woo! ole gal!' he con-
tinued, addressing himself to the mare— ho-woo! we
are a gwine to leave you ahint a bit, but I reckn
yul'll turn up agin. They won't eat ye, anyhow; so
don't be a heart about that, ole gal! Now, Billes, I'm
ready.'

It was time, for the riders were again spurring
forward to surround us.

Without waiting to observe further, we all three
leaped simultaneously on horseback; and, plying the
spar deeply, shot off in a direct line for the mesa.
A glance behind showed us the guerrilleros—the whole band coming in full tilt after us, while their cries sounded in our ears. To our satisfaction, we saw we had gained ground upon them—our sudden start having taken them by surprise, and produced in their ranks a momentary hesitation. We had no fear of being able to reach the mesa before they could overtake us.

For my part, I could soon have ridden out of sight altogether; so could Garcey, mounted on the white steed, that, with only a raw-hide halter, was behaving splendidly. It was Garcey’s own horse, a strong but slow brute, that delayed us; he was ridden by Rube; and it was well the chase was not to be a long one, else our pursuers would have easily over-hauled him. Garcey and I kept by his side.

‘Don’t be afeard, Rube!’ shouted Garcey, in a tone of encouragement; ‘we ain’t goin to leave you—we’ll stick together!’

‘Yes,’ added I, in the excitement of the moment, ‘we live or die together!’

‘Hooray, young feller!’ cried Rube, in a burst of wild gratitude—‘hooray for you! I know you the stuff; an’ won’t leave me shine, though I gin you the slip once—when you mistook me for the grizzly. He, he, hoo! But then, you see twur no use o’ my stickin to you—ne’er a bit o’ good. Wagh! them niggras gurn us quitin others. We were riding directly for the middle of the mess, whose cliff, like a vast wall, rose up from the level plain. We headed for its central part, as though we expected some gate to open in the rock and give us shelter!

Shouts of astonishment could be heard mingling with the hoof-strokes. Some of the expressions we heard distinctly. ‘Whither go they?’ ‘Fuego! do they intend to ride up the cliff?’ ‘Carrabanda! van en la trampa!’ (Good! they are going into the trap!)

Shouts of exultation followed, as they saw us thus voluntarily placing ourselves in a position from which retreat appeared impossible.

They had been apprehensive, on our first galloping off, that we might be mounted on swift horses, and meditated escaping by speed; but on discovering that this was not our intention, cries of joyful import were heard; and as we approached the cliff, we saw them deploying behind us, with the design of hemming us in. This was just the moment we had anticipated, and the very thing we wished to do.

We galloped up close to the rocky wall before drawing bridle; then, suddenly flinging ourselves to the ground, we placed our backs to the cliff, drew our horses in front of us, and holding the bridles in our teeth, raised our rifles towards the foe. Once more the three shining tacks were levelled, promising certain death to the first who should approach within range.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
RUBE’S CHARGE.

Our attitude of defence, thus suddenly assumed, produced a quick effect upon our pursuers, who pulled up simultaneously on the prairie. Some who had been foremost, and who fancied they had ridden too near, wheeled round and galloped back.

‘Wagh!’ ejaculated Rube; ‘just look at ’em! they’ve turnd to pas plenty o’ parasins, atween our guns an’ such cowardly karkidders! Wagh!’

We at once perceived the advantage of our new position. We could all three show front wherever the circumstances threatened. There was no longer any danger of their practising the surround. The half-circle behind us was covered by the mesa, and that could not be scaled. We had only to guard the semicircle in front—in fact, less than a semicircle, for we now perceived that the place was engagd, a sort of re-entering angle formed by two oblique faces of the cliff. The walls that flankd it extended three hundred yards on either side, so that no cover commanded our position. For defence, we could not have chosen a better situation; gallop round as they might, the guerrilleros would always find us with our teeth towards them! We saw our advantage at a glance.

Neither were our enemies slow to perceive it, and their exulting shouts changed to exclamations that betokened their disappointment.

Almost as suddenly, their tone again changed, and cries of triumph once more rose along their line.

We looked forth to discover the cause. To our dismay, we perceived a reinforcement just joining them! Five fresh horsemen were riding up, evidently a portion of the band. They appeared to have come from behind the mesa—from the direction of the rancheria—though, as we galloped forward, we had not observed them; the mound concealed them from our view. Notwithstanding this accession to their strength, their courage did not appear to gain by it.

Almost on the instant that their new allies arrived upon the ground, the troop fled off by twos, and deployed across the mouth of the little bay in which we had taken shelter. The movement was soon completed, and six pair of them were now ranged before us at equal distances from each other. The remaining three—Lorra and two others—kept their places directly in front of us. In one of the latter I recognised a Ruffian whom I had frequently noticed at the rancheria. He was a man of large size, and what is rare among Mexicans, red-haired; but I believe he was a Vezcino. He was familiarly known by the sobriquet of El Zorro (the Fox), probably on account of the hue of his hair; and I had heard from good authority—that of the alcalde himself!—that the fellow was neither more nor less than a saltador.

Indeed, El Zorro made little secret of his calling. The brigand of Mexico is usually well known to his countrymen. During his intervals of leisure, he appears in the populous town, walks boldly through the streets, and freely mingles in society. Such was El Zorro, one of the right-hand men of Lorrà. The design of our enemy was now manifest: they had no intention of making an immediate attack upon us; they saw that our retreat was impossible, and they had resolved to hold us in siege, and hunger should force us to surrender.

Their calculation was founded on probability. If their valour was weak, their cunning was strong and subtle.

Rube was now greatly ‘out of sorts.’ When he saw the guerrilleros ‘fixing’ themselves in the manner described, he seemed to regret that we had taken our stand there.

‘We’re hyur!’ he exclaimed peevishly, ‘an how ar we to git clear agin? Scalp me, Bill! ef we hadn’t a bett fit em on the parains, afore we gits weak wi’ hunger. Wagh! I cud eat a grickin now, an a good chunk o’ a one. Ay, smoke away!’ (some of the Mexicans had lighted their cigars, and were coolly puffing at them)—‘smoke away, dun yer! yer yellerskinned skunks! I’ll make some o’ yo smoke afore mornin, or my name ain’t Rube Rawlins. Git’s a bit o’ baccas, Bill; maybe it’ll take the edge off o’ my stomach. Wagh! I feel as hollow about the kidneys as my ole mar.— Geechoskop! See the mar! ’

The emphatic utterance of the last words caused Garcey and myself to look towards the speaker, and then in the direction he had pointed. A shadow came before our eyes, that, spite the depression of their spirits, caused both of us to break into loud laughter.

The ‘ole mar,’ that for many long years had carried Rube over the mountains, was a creature that scarce yielded to himself in peculiarity.
She was a lank, bare-ribbed, high-boned animal, long-eared like all of her race, for she belonged to the race of Rosinate. The long ears caused her to look mulish, and at a distance she might have been mistaken for a mixed breed; but it was not so—she was a true mustang, and, spite of her degenerate look, a pure Andalusian. She seemed to have been, at an earlier period of her life, of that dun yellowish colour known as 'clay bank'—a common hue among Mexican horses; but time and scars had metamorphosed her, and gray hairs predominated, particularly about the head and neck. These parts were covered with a dirty grizzle of mixed colour. She was badly wind-broken, and at stated intervals, of several minutes each, her back, from the spasmodic action of the lungs, heaved up with a jerk, as though she was trying to kick, and couldn’t. Her body was as thin as a rail, and her head habitually carried below the level of her shoulders; but there was something in the twinkle of her solitary eye—for she had but one—that told you she had no intention of giving up for a long time to come. As Rube often alleged, she was gone to the backbone.

Such was the 'ole mare,' and it was to her that our attention was now so suddenly called.

Having parted from her on the prairie, in the wild gallop that followed, we had thought no more of the creation sharing her fate, Garey and myself—what became of her. Rube, however, was far from sharing our indifference as to her fate. He would almost as soon have parted with one of his 'claws' as that same faithful companion, and we had heard him expressing his hopes that no harm would come to her.

Of course, we had concluded that she would either be shot or lanced by one of the guerilleros. It appeared, however, that this was not to be her fate just then. Resolving not to be parted from her master so easily, she had galloped after us. Being slow, she soon fell behind, and for a while was mixed up with the horde of the guerilleros. Of course the men had noticed her, but seeing that she was a worthless brute, had not designed to make a capture of her.

In due time she fell into the rear of the whole troop—but even that did not turn her from her original intention, and at the moment of Rube’s exclamation, she was just breaking through the line of deployment on her way to join him. From the manner in which her nose was lifted as she ran, she appeared to be trailing him by the scent.

Seeing her pass, one of the guerilleros dashed after to capture her; perhaps because there was an old saw with none of Rube’s traps buckled upon it.

Mare, saddle, and all, were scarcely worth the fling of a lasso, and so the man appeared to think; so instead of using his lasso, he rode forward with the intention of seizing the mare by the bridle.

The feat proved not so easy of accomplishment. As the fellow bent down to grasp the rein, the old mare uttered one of her wild squeals, slewed her hind-quarters about, and raising her heels high in air, delivered them right upon the ribs of the Mexican. The heavy ‘thud’ was heard by all of us; and the man swayed from his saddle, fell to the ground—to all appearance badly hurt, and most probably with a pair of broken ribs.

The squeal of the mare was echoed by a shrill laugh from the throat of her delighted master; and not until she had galloped up to him, did he cease to make the rocks ring with his wild cackigrations.

‘Wu-hoo—woop! yer thur, ole gal!’ he shouted as the girl rode behind him. ‘You gin’ im a soak dolloger—you did. Yeep! ole blueskin! yer weelum back! an ye’ve fetched my saddle too! Hooyay! Ain’t she a beauty, Bill? She’s wuth her weight in beaver pelow. Wagh, tail to the ur, ole beewsaw! Run by this away—thur now!’

And the speaker proceeded, after some more apothrophising, to draw the animal closer up to the cliff, placing her body as an additional barricade in front of his own.

Our involuntary mirth was of short duration; it was interrupted by an object that filled our hearts with new apprehension.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

WRITTEN BY UWAROWSKYI OF YAKUTSK, FOR THE NOBLE LORD OTTO NIKOLAJEWITSCH.

[This is a translation from the only written specimen of the Yakut language, which, though spoken throughout a large portion of the Russian dominions, has hitherto remained entirely oral. The above named Uwarowskyi— a bondishke personge—states, in the introduction to his work, that he undertook the task of reducing this, his native tongue, to letters, at the request, and with the assistance, of his patron Nikolajewitsch. The odd mixture of simplicity and shrewdness evidenced therein, throws a curious light upon the modes of life and thought in a region so far removed from European civilization.]

CHAPTER I.

On the left bank of the river Lena, one hundred kis from the town of Yakutsk, and near the Arctic Sea, is, or rather was—for it exists no longer—a place called Shiginsk. Here lived my father, who was commander of the district; and here I was born.

I remember little or nothing of Shiginsk, for my father returned to Yakutsk when I was scarcely five years old. One summer morning, however, I can recall distinctly, when I was almost frightened to death at the sight of a terrible man, who stood at the entrance of the house with a loaded gun in his hand. He had been placed there on guard, lest his companions, by mistake, should take our property. He was, in fact, one of a gang of fourteen or fifteen escaped convicts. They had fled from that part of Ochotok where the sali is prepared, plundering on their way the goods of many merchants; and had gone down the Altai to the Lena, and so come by boats to Shiginsk. Arriving there at night, they found the soldiers and Cossack aslee; so they bound them hand and foot, and made them dead-drunk; after which they put them into the prison, and locked the door; then, dividing themselves into several parties, the marauders proceeded to plunder the whole town.

On the same day, at the time when the milking of the cows begins—between nine and ten o’clock—they all assembled in our house, having finished sacking the place. I remember as well as if it were only yesterday, how these savage men without nostrils, and with blue stains upon their faces—they were branded criminals—stood warming themselves before the fire, the blood of those whom they had murdered yet steaming from them. My father and mother were standing by; they had quickly overcome their terror, like sensible people, only too thankful for their safety so far.

I remember how the robber-captain took me upon his knee, and gave me sweet things as I sat there crying. He was a Georgian by birth, a man of enormous stature; he had all kinds of weapons hanging to his girdle, and wore scarlet leggings ornamented with silver down the seams. He and his band ate an enormous breakfast; and about mid-day, taking their rich booty with them, they sailed away down the Lena.

It is impossible to describe the laments of our neighbours. There were about thirty families in the town; and at night, when they returned from the forest, to which they had fled, they found their houses ransacked—in a word, cleared out from top to bottom.

During the same summer—but I do not remember
how many months later—the soldiers and Cossacks who had come from Yakutsk, overtook the robbers seventy kis from Shigansk, and after a fierce resistance, killed nearly every man of them; but the stolen property was never recovered.

Shigansk is wanting in every beauty and variety which can charm the eye. The character of the country is this: a slip of land between two mountains, surrounded by a wood so thick that a dog would not find room to push his nose into it; besides which, as soon as you have gone about ten steps, you sink up to the knees in soft rotten mould. The following are the only kinds of berries to be found in it: bilberries, black bilberries, red currants, and hips and haws.

The winter lasts for eight months; and during that time, people never take off their warm clothing. Two months are expended between spring and autumn; and thus, out of the whole year, only two months remain for the poor summer. In winter, the snow falls higher than the house-tops; the wind blows fiercely, so that it is impossible to keep upon your feet. The cold freezes your very breath; and during two of the winter months, the eye of man never looks upon the sun.

I must speak the truth, if my will had been consulted in the matter, I would by no means have chosen Shigansk for my birthplace. Its inhabitants are Tungusques, and they number from four to five hundred. These people live by the chase, wailing through the sea of snow round about Shigansk to a distance of more than two hundred kis.

The animals they hunt are the wild reindeer, the black fox, the sable, the chinchilla, the dark-coloured throat, the red fox, white fox, squirrel, ermine, black bear, and white polar bear. Fossil mammoth tusks are likewise eagerly sought by them. No country is without some kind of beauty; you may find it even in Shigansk during the two summer months, when the sun never sets. Nor is any land without its peculiar plenty. Thus, the rivers about Shigansk are swarming with delicious fish: salmon, salmon trout, bleak, sturgeon, sterlet, staci (a kind of salmon), mokusin, omul, salmo lavaretus, and countless more. All these are spoiled and wasted; first, for want of salt, and then through a very usage. The Tungusques dig a hole, about a fathom in depth, near the place where he has taken his fish. He covers the sides of it with bark, and spreads bark also over the bottom. Then he having cleaned and taken out the bones of his fish, he presses them down into the pit, filling it as full as possible. They lie here until they are blue and putrid, and then become a favourite food of the Tungusque. I must confess that, in my childhood, I ate it with great relish, and would eat it even now, if I had any.

On the day of my departure from Shigansk, I took, according to the custom of the time, a bladder full of earth from my birthplace, in order that, when I suffered from the home-sickness, I might mix it with water, and drink it. However, fortunately, I have never felt this disorder, and so have never been obliged to fill my stomach with black earth. From that time until now, I have not once entered Shigansk. God only knows whether I shall ever again see the place of my birth.

Two kis and a half to the north of Yakutsk there is a place called Kiliam. Here my father and mother had built a pretty Russian house, in which they lived before they went to Shigansk. Close to them, but in a separate house, lived my mother's parents. At that time, I had never seen a broad field or an open plain; I had seen only the bright foliage of the water-lily-mock, sprawling over a wider surface than the eye can travel, or growing for miles and miles by the river-side; or else rocks and hills covered from base to summit with thick impenetrable woods. I had never heard the lark's song, or the voice of a singing-bird; I had listened only to the cries of the raven and crow, and now and then to the piping of bull-finchies. The only grass I had ever seen was the scentless reed-grass. You may imagine, therefore, how great was my astonishment when I reached Kiliam. An open meadow, more than a kis in breadth, and several kis in length, met my eyes; the air above me trembled with a green glittering, that was even like the surface of the water. The variety of the flowers, and their great number, gave to the land the appearance of being overspread by a green or yellow garment. Here and there were thick groves of larch and birch. A pure rapid stream flowed through the middle of the meadow, and towards the bright sands of a broad river, bordered with black and precipitous banks. Thick rich meadow-grass grew on the further side of the river, and on this plain the skythes of hundreds of mowers glittered in the sunshine. Horses and cattle without number were grazing on the broad expanse of the meadow, fearing nothing, and wandering about at will. Five or ten mud-plastered Yakut cottages, and some large white shining conical summer yurtes, stood out as if in a picture. The windows of these yurtes, of mica or of glass, shone like jewels in the distance, from a house, which stood boldly out on a considerable elevation above the plain.

No sooner were we settled at Kiliam, than misfortune fell upon us. My father had never known a day's illness until he was in his seventy-second year; then, one day at dinner-time, he fell senseless upon the bench; and before an hour had passed, he gave up his soul to God. My mother's sorrow was beyond all bounds; and indeed it could not well be otherwise, for she had lost the husband with whom she had lived for upwards of forty years in the most perfect harmony. After my father's burial, my mother found herself in very straitened circumstances. There were debts remaining to the amount of 800 or 900 roubles, which was then accounted a large sum. They had lived in Shigansk for nine years, and found on their return to Kiliam but a very small number of the cattle which had been left there; the greater part of them had been lost through the mismanagement of strange hands, and the house had stood empty so long, that it was going to ruin.

The time was approaching when I must manage to get a little learning: for this purpose, it was necessary that we, after what had not been a little in the way there. All these things together troubled my mother greatly; but, nevertheless, they did not draw her attention from business. And now, do not blame me for saying a thing like this in my childhood. She could neither read nor write, and yet she was a woman of considerable talent. She had the most remarkable memory I ever heard of; she remembered everything that had happened from the time she was four years old, and she never forgot a single thing that she had heard from that time until she was seventy. She would tell you without a moment's hesitation, the day on which every festival in the year fell; she knew all about the governors who had lived a hundred years ago; and if she had once calculated the addition or division of ever so large a sum of money, she would tell you the result without a fault. People who had forgotten any circumstance or event, constantly came to her to settle their disputes. She knew the national traditions, fables, songs, and riddles—indeed everything, down to needle-work.

She was a very godly woman: to the day of her death, she had never spoken an untrue word, neither had any hungry man ever left her house without being filled. In consequence, she was a woman of the greatest value, and one who had an unfeigned love of truth. Whoever had deceived her, was ashamed to acknowledge his guilt, and whoever had gratified her
by any good deed or any service, considered himself fortunate from that day.

No one dies with the dead; the living feels with the living. So, after my mother had got over her first grief, she began to put the house in order, and then during the five years in which we lived at Kiliam, she occupied herself in restoring the cattle to their original number.

Our life at Kiliam was a very dull one. During five months in the year, the cold was so great that we could not get out. In the morning, my grandfather taught me to read and write; in the evening, I used to read the Holy Scriptures to my mother, or she would instruct me to love God, to honour the emperor, to care for the poor, to be compassionate, to do no wrong to any man. In short, she endeavoured to train me to that course of action which the word of God says is our duty to follow. And in consequence of my great love to my mother, and of my natural disposition, I listened with reverence to every word she said.

About this time, we became acquainted with many of the inhabitants of Yakutsk, who afterwards loved me as their own child, and whom I loved with my whole heart. It was thus that I learned their language thoroughly and made use of their mode of life and thought. I also listened eagerly to all their tales, songs, riddles, and traditions; went gladly to their festivals, wedding-feasts, and national assemblies, and took part in the games which they celebrate in summer. It was thus I learned to excel in all their sports. I was renowned as a good shot, either with the gun or the Yakut bow, and received much praise for the manner in which I would mount a wild horse, and make it fly like the wind across the broad plain. By certain signs about a horse, I could speak with decision as to its strength, speed, spirit, and temper; and at the very first sight of horned cattle, I could tell their value.

During the summer months, the lakes of this region abound with different kinds of water-fowl; in the woods and forests, hares, black-cock, partridges, and the hazel-hen, are very plentiful.

The geese, ducks, swans, cranes, storks, and different kinds of small birds make so much noise, that in spring when the birds are abroad, and in winter when their young are fledged, and they fly away to warmer lands, it is impossible to get any sleep for them.

I suppose there are few men who have killed so many birds as I have done, and I believe in my eleventh or twelfth year upwards. I had such a love of sport, that a journey of three days without sleep was no exertion, for I never knew what it was to feel weary. In summer, when waiting for sleep, I have often slept on the damp earth, the trunk of a tree for my pillow, and without any extra covering, while the wind blew, and rain and snow were falling. Or when fishing, I have been wading the whole night in cold water on the sands where the nets were set out.

In later years, it has been very useful to me thus to have been early accustomed to exercise and exertion. In this manner, time passed on, but at length it became necessary for us to reside in the town; so my mother had our house at Kiliam taken down, and removed to Yakutsk, where it was again erected in a good position which she herself had chosen.

In my sixteenth year, I obtained a situation as one of the Imperial Corps of Writers in the Upper Court of Yakutsk. A man of the name of N—N— was at the head of this office. He was of low origin, and knew very little of the present style of writing, and yet he was looked upon as indispensable; and whilst he enjoyed such good fortune, he would scarcely give another man a few kopecks for their labour. By his command, we sat daily, and wrote without intermission nine hours, from early morning until mid-day, and eight hours from mid-day until night, making altogether seventeen hours. For this labour, we were paid one or two copper roubles* a month.

After being in this situation for about two years, I became senior clerk or lay-tay; and in the third and fourth years, the direction of six tables was given to me. Besides this, I was, shortly after, appointed private secretary to the governor. About ten persons were appointed to help me in the discharge of all these onerous duties: one-half of them consisted of young children, who were placed under me for instruction; the other half were confirmed drunkards. In consequence of this, there was no end to my work, and I had to labour for twenty hours a day. My salary at this time was five copper roubles a month. The love of my superiors, the esteem of all men, and, above all, my mother's joy, gave me strength; moreover, I had the consciousness that my labour was not in vain.

My mother had buried twelve children, and also her beloved husband, and now she lived but for me. Just as I was thus rejoicing her heart, and at the time when she should have rested from her labour, she was attacked by a terrible and fatal disease, which increased from day to day, and confined her to her bed for two whole years. During all this time, I never allowed any one else to wait upon her, neither did I partake of her medicine and food, moved her in bed from side to side, did everything for her with my own hands, and slept in a chair by her bedside. Very frequently I passed a sleepless night, and then went to the office.

At last her strength began to diminish visibly. I was with her for nine whole days and nights before her death, and during that time I never once left her side, and never closed my eyes in slumber. Her parting words to me during these nine days were many, very many. The night before her death she said: 'Do not stay in the town of Yakutsk; it is full of useless Russians. The Yakuts love you, and will always love you: this will give birth to envy, which, taking root, will grow until you are obliged to defend every word you say, until your freedom is fettered, and you are brought to misery. Sell your house, therefore, and your goods, and go to Russia; there you will see the glorious emperor, and then your fortune will be made. You will be left all alone under the sun; but you know my heart. Do not wander away from the good path; and then, whatever misfortune may befall you, you will be happy. Forget not to help your fellow-men, for all men are of one family, and have one Father in heaven.'

In the morning, I shall bring the sun rising, the priest and call together my relations and friends.'

On the following morning, so soon as the day began to break, I sent for the priest. My mother confessed her sins, received the Lord's Supper, and took leave of all the friends who had by that time assembled at my summons. Then she embraced me, and I felt her cold dying breath on my shoulder. After a few moments, all who were present said, with one voice: 'She is dead!' It was so. As she lay there on her bed, she never looked like a dying person; not one feature of her countenance had changed, and there was no difference between her death and the light sleep of one who is weary. We watched her countenance without the least fear; there was a smile of joy upon it, as if the dear mother were made glad by the sight of a seat prepared for her in that bright region where the great God dwells, and as if the soul that was purged from sin rejoiced to quit the worn-out body. This was the way in which she died.

Good mother! Of all the days that thou didst live here under the sun, not one passed without care; thine was no easy life; thy happiness consisted solely in good
FEVER-POISONS.

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr. R. Patman, surgeon, Biggar.]

After referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds:—It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nestling in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, more virulently than at first, after the lapse of many weeks. But if chiefly adheres to cotton and woollen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A gentled country family lately related to me that a few years ago they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of the domestics became affected with fever of a peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes—as was thought—were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertence, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week, the person who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day. Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus-fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unboxed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr. Parr of Exeter, shewing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Maclean’s "Dictionary of Medicine": “The last plague which infected the town in which we now write,” says Dr. Parr, “arose from a traveller remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. ‘In that corner’ said he, ‘was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.’ He took the pother, broke down the plastering, and found them. The disease was soon disseminated, and extensively fatal.”

The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina; and as they had both become suddenly affected at the very same hour, the previous assertion that both had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But the question arose: Where could they possibly get infection? For they had ever been carefully tended by persons of the most exalted station, in and out of the house. And no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of engaging in religious conversation, sat by her bed, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient—in a word, had quite unconsciously done everything likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which, the night being cold, he wrapped his great-coat firmly around him—thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion—mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid pace. On reaching home, he threw off his great-coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous present a father’s love was unconsciouslybestowing. That this was the mode of communicating the disease was evident by a process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever shews itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought exactly to the time when the incident occurred.

If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one black, and the other white, were, in equal circumstances, and for the same length of time, exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have here something analogous to the well-known law about the absorption of heat. As dark objects absorb heat more powerfully than white ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection, and all kinds of smells. Hence the more immersion of clothes and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they are afterwards very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwellings of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comfort which the whitening-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realise those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of spectres. Dark and cheerless are its favourite dens. The "bleeding gale and the clean hearth-stone,” it seems to shun; but lurks, and lingers in the gloomy hovel, frets on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dirty walls finds those most congenial nestling-places which it cannot find in the plastered, whitewashed, smooth, and shining walls of cleanliness. Its fittest emblem is that mysterious plant of the deadly nightshade, which loves the darkness rather than the light, and luxuriates less abundantly in sunshine than in gloom.

SONNET.

(For Calder Campbell.)

The loved are never lonely: round them still
The air is rife with spiritual essences,
Whose hauntings— as about sweet flowers the bees—
Pay musical obeisance, and faith.
Fond tasks and welcome, though invisible.—
Nor are the loving lonely: like far seas
Where man is not, yet living things the breeze
And pregnant wave inhabit, they have shed
Deep in their hearts, how'er remote from life,
Images of the absent and the dead,
And therefore know not loneliness: Ah! For him who loves not, is not loved— the strife
Of aimless action only his! To pass
O'er Earth, like frivolous words forgotten soon as said!

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THE SPAN OF LIFE.

The fashion is to moralize on the speedy metamorphosis of the mulling and pukey child into the lean and slippered pantaloons. The swift and merciless approach of death, kicking at the door of cottage and palace with impartial foot, and interrupting alike the plans of the governed and the governor, the ignominious and the scholar, is often dwelt upon, with something like affectionate pathos, not unfrequently in a tone of querulous reflection. Mr Growler, a very worthy and practical gentleman, embodies his sentiments somewhat in this fashion: 'Threescore years and ten are equivalent to forty and odd years of self-consciousness, representing my twenty and odd years of activity. When this short period has elapsed, the spring of life has run itself completely down. If native centrifugal energy keep the machine moving yet a little while, it jerks and creaks like a rusty fly-wheel.' A plaintive statistician perchance adds, that the term of life mentioned by the prophet, and adopted by Mr Growler, is considerably over the average derived from the tables of mortality. The poet, with grand parade of metaphor and trope, flourishes of mournful trumpets, and wailing of Aeolian lyres, follow in the wake of the same idea; and so sentimental humanity makes capital of the evanescence of life. It may be worth while to inquire how far this reflection is philosophically correct and practically useful.

Things temporal must ever shrink into nothingness in the presence of things eternal. The solemn voice of religion warns us of the infinite expanses lying beyond finite time, and of the infinitesimal possibilities folded in the breast of the future. Yet we may reasonably question, whether the grave import of this warning would be lessened to contemplative minds though the span of mundane existence were lengthened to five hundred years. Let us imagine such an order of things to exist, and that our friend Mr Growler has reached his grand climacteric of four hundred years, and is engaged in meditation on the fleeting nature of sublunary things. Is it not likely that the decline of life would appear to him precipitous and sudden, and the slopes of memory terribly foreshortened in the mental review? Without much strain upon the fancy, we may suppose that Mefuhelekh in his green old age sometimes mourned over the premature decease of a contemporary cut-off in the flower of youth at the age of fifteen score years, after a lingering illness of rather more than a century. Whatever the given term of human life might be, the boundless margin of darkness lying around it, and the doubtful eventualities of pestilence and disease, would still render needful the illumination and solace of religious faith.

In actual life, we do not find men much impressed with the brief duration of their probable career. The jubilant spirit of youth, and the calm strength of manhood, are tempered by the uncertainty rather than the brevity of existence; and trustfulness so moderates even this sense of uncertainty, that it does not interfere, in healthy minds, with the steady and laborious pursuits of earthly aims, although it is sufficient to furnish food for reflection, and stimulate to a holier purpose. The Supreme Will has thus ordained with beneficent intention, for history teaches us that the assurance or strong probability of untimely dissolution operating on large communities of men, is the reverse of beneficial to their moral and religious nature. The plague of Athens in the classic era, and that which desolated the cities of Europe in the middle ages, afford this lesson. In the pages of Thucydides and Boccaccio, is ample proof that the result of such a feeling is moral disorganisation and reckless despair. The wisdom of faith becomes supplemented by the shallow philosophy—'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' But in a normal state, such a presentiment does not predominate. The child regards life as of vague, indefinite extent; youth is confident of a sufficient career; and the patriarch, reposing on his honours, and receiving the reverence of a new generation, still hopes to add more years to the winter of his age. The uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death, operate, independently of the rapid ebb of time, to teach humility to the human heart.

Strictly speaking, however, life is incommensurable with length of days and the flight of seasons. We do not sail over life's solemn main with the uniform velocity of an astronomical rotation. If the log be thrown over from time to time into the current of life, we shall observe great variation in the number of knots per hour that we make; and in order to determine the space traversed, we must calculate the rate of progress as well as the duration of the voyage. How much of our course do we pass over in half an hour? It may be, we float but lazily upon the sluggish waters; it may be, we bound along before the breeze of passion. Half an hour waiting for the train, half an hour in the society of a brilliant woman, half an hour on the eve of battle, half an hour with a guilty conscience, half an hour with the reward of virtue, half an hour with half a hundred other thoughts, persons, and things, cannot be reckoned as equal elements of what we call our life. We might as well estimate quantity of electricity by the duration of the lightning's flash, or the cubical contents of ocean by the beating of the
surge. Days are but the ripples of the sea of life, and years its long weary swells. The astronomical clock does not mark the epochs of existence, else why should we 'count the grey barbarian less than the Christian child.' The truth is, time is not a correct measure of life than of light, heat, or magnetism. It measures the duration of an external phenomenon with reference to other phenomena also external, but not with reference to subjective feeling. Neither the quantity nor quality of our vitality can be estimated by the lapse of time. Life can only be rightly judged, in quantity, by the succession and number of ideas; in quality and intensity, by their nature and degree. Estimated by this rule, which of them shall we say has lived the most—Milton or Methuselah, Newton or Old Parr, Shakespeare or Jenkins, Alexander von Humboldt or the eldest of the last list of centenarians recorded by the Blankshire Chronicle? A modern writer has remarked on the immense amount of thought that soft pulpy mass we call the brain can secrete before its functions cease. Few of the many folio volumes, double-colummed, and in diamond type, would be filled, were we to note down—why Heaven forbid!—the rank and file of ideas, good strong lusty notions, too, that have passed through the cranium of John Smith for the last twenty years! We wish some savant, of an arithmetical turn, would calculate the number of years which would glide away in a persevering endeavour to catalogue, according to the concise method, the thoughts of an average octogenarian. The letter A of such an inventory would outrival its renowned namesake of the British Museum. All the labours of Hercules would be light as a lady's chat-work, compared with the enormous enterprise. It is the boast of sanitary reformers, and not without justice, that the average duration of human life in this country has been augmented of late years by better air, food, dwellings, and apparel. We may fairly congratulate ourselves on the fact, although the work of amelioration is as yet only half accomplished. The genius of disease, avoiding the light of science, skulks in our lanes and alleys, and, with God's help, shall be ultimately caught in a cul de sac, and restrained with the bounds of His divine authority. We ought to be thankful for what has been achieved; but, at the same time, not disguise from ourselves that the earthly sum of human life is enhanced infinitely more by better mental culture, ready access to hoarded wisdom, rapid and facile interchange of thought, than by the addition of a few uncertain and weary years to the lease of existence. Sanitary improvements supply, as it were, oil to the wheels of life and polish to their centres, or remove obstacles to their free motion, and the wear and tear of the material are thereby diminished; whereas improved culture may be likened to improved machinery. It is the spiritual power-loom by which ideas are fabricated and multiplied with wonderful speed and at inconceivable cost, while a comely and tasteful pattern is woven into the web of life for the remittance of the soul.

'Art is long, and life is fleeting.' True, Mr Poet, and yet what a spacious edifice of art, science, and learning may be raised in this fleeting life! The mantle of his ancestors does not yet hang too loosely on the stalwart limbs of Prince Posterity. Genius in its hot youth is still able to foray beyond the frontiers of actual knowledge, and bring in spoils from the darkness. The vast amount of good or evil that a short-lived, evanescence man can achieve before he passes away, is a continual testimony against grumbling and discontent about the trivial duration of our pilgrimage. Those whose hours are cast away and bear no fruit, will certainly find the term allotted to them brief enough; but if any man labour with a true heart and high purpose, he will generally find, whatever may be his vocation, ample opportunity to accomplish the beneficent ends of his being. Only prodigal and thoughtless servants need be reminded how few are the hours of day that remain to them ere the night comes. If we use a wise economy, thirty years of good energetic action are no mean appanage. There is space enough, Heaven knows, for all industriously 'working in the walls of Time' to build for the indwelling of virtue a temple of good works, or, for its chamber-house, a pyramid of hideous iniquity. What matters it if life be but for a moment, when that moment can contain so much? Why, when a spirit has passed behind the curtain, do we inquire how many years did he wear his mortal coil? Let our question rather be, how much or how little did he live? After all, the heroes of history, thinkers and doers, are not remarkable for longevity. There is no time to waste, but plenty of time to labour, so let every man proceed cheerily on his journey of life, 'without hurry, without rest.'

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—EL ZORRO.

This new object of dread was a large gun, which had been brought upon the ground by one of those lately arrived. In all probability, it belonged to El Zorro, as it was in his hands we first observed it. It appeared to be a long musket, or elephant-gun, such as the 'roers' in use among South African hunters. Whatever sort of weapon it was, we soon found to our annoyance that it pitched an ounce of lead nearly twice as far as any of our rifles, and with sufficient precision to make it probable that, before the sun had set, El Zorro would be able to pick off our horses, and perhaps ourselves, in detail. It would be half an hour before darkness could screen us with its friendly shelter, and he had already commenced practice. His first shot had been fired. The bullet struck the cliff close to my own head, scattering the fragments of gypsum rock about my ears, and then fell, flattened like a Spanish dollar, at my feet.

The report was far louder than that of either carbine or escopette; and an ejaculation from Rube, as he saw the effect of the shot, followed by his usual ominous whistle, told that the old trapper was not disposed to make light of this new piece of ordnance. Neither was Gary. His look testified to what all the rest of us were thinking—which was, that this mode of attack was likely to put us in a more awkward dilemma than we had yet been placed in. El Zorro might shoot us down at his leisure. With our rifles, we could neither answer his fire, nor silence it. Our peril was obvious.

The sapper had delivered his first shot 'off hand,' for we had seen him level the piece. Perhaps it was fortunate for us he had not taken aim over a 'lean;' but fortune from that source was not going to favour us any farther; for we now observed Ljurrn stick two lances obliquely in the ground, so as to cross each other at a proper height, thus forming as perfect a rest as marksmen could have desired.

As soon as the gun was reloaded, El Zorro knelt behind the lances, placed his barrel in the fork, and once more took aim. I felt satisfied he was aiming at me, or my horse. Indeed, the direction of the long dark tube would have told me so, but I saw Ljurrn directing him, and that made me sure of it. I had little fear for myself. I
was sheltered sufficiently, but I trembled for the brave horse that shielded me.

I waited with anxious heart. I saw the blaze of the priming as it puffed upward; the red flame projected from the muzzle, and simultaneously I felt the shock of the heavy bullet striking upon my horse. Splinters of wood flew about my face; they were fragments of the saddle-tree. The ball had passed through the pommel, but my noble steed was untouched! It was a close shot, however—too close to allow of rejoicing, so long as others of the like were to follow.

I was getting as 'riedy' as Rube himself, when, all at once, a significant shout from the old trapper drew my attention from El Zorro and his gun. Rube was on my right, and I saw that he was pointing along the bottom of the cliff to some object in that direction. I could not see what it was, as his horses were in the way; but the next moment I observed him hurrying them along the cliff, at the same time calling to Garey and myself to follow.

I lost no time in putting my horse in motion, and Garey as hastily trotted after.

We had not advanced many paces before we comprehended the strange behaviour of our companion.

Scarcely twenty yards from where we had first halted, a large rock reposed upon the plain. It was a fragment that had fallen from the cliff, and was now lying several feet from its base; it was of such size, and in such a position, that there was ample space behind it to shelter both men and horses—room for us all!

We were only astonished we had not observed it sooner; but this was not the case at all, for its colour corresponded exactly with that of the cliff, and it was difficult, even at twenty yards' distance, to distinguish it from the latter. Besides, our eyes, from the moment of our halting, had been turned in another direction.

We did not stay to give words to our surprise; but hurrying our horses along with us, with joyful exclamations we glided behind the rock.

It was not an echo of our joy, but a cry of disappoint[rated rage, that pealed along the line of the guerrilla. They saw at once that their long guns would no longer avail them, and both Hyman, his marksmen were now seen dancing over the ground like madmen. El Zorro's mutter was at an end.

A more perfect 'harbour of refuge' could not have been found in all prairie-land. As Garey alleged, it 'best tree-timber all hollow!' A little fortress, in fact, in which we might defy even twice the number of our assailants—unless, indeed, they should wax extremely brave, and try us hand to hand.

Our sudden disappearance had created a new sensation in their ranks. From their shouts, we could tell that some of them regarded it with feelings of wonder—perhaps with emotions of a still stronger kind. We could hear the exclamations 'Carrri!' 'Carrambo!' with the phrase 'laos demonios!' passing from mouth to mouth. Indeed, from the position which they occupied, it must have appeared to them that we had gone into the cliff! The separation of the rock from the wall behind it was not perceptible from the plain, else we should have perceived it as we rode forward.

If our enemies knew of this outlying boulder, it was strange they had left the way open to so safe a retreat—strange, since it did not correspond with the cunning they had otherwise given proofs of—and yet stranger they should be ignorant of its existence. Most of them were natives of this frontier, and must have frequently visited the mesa, which was one of the 'lions' of the district. Perhaps they had never troubled their thoughts about it. There is no people who take less interest in the rare features of their beautiful country than the Mexicans. Nature charms them not. A Mexican dwelling with a garden around it is a rarity—a lawn or a shrubbery is never seen; but indeed nature has bounteously supplied them with all these. They dwell amidst scenes of picturesque beauty; they gaze over green savannahs—down into deep barrancas—up to the snow-crowned summits of mighty mountains—without experiencing one emotion of the sublime. A tortured bull, a steel-galved cock, Roman candles, and the Chinese wheel, are to them the sights of superior interest, and furnish them with all their petty emotions. So is it with nations, as with men who have passed the age of their strength, and reached the period of sensibility and second childhood.

But there was another, and perhaps a better, reason why none of our adversaries should be intimate with the locality. As my companions alleged, the spot was a favourite halting-place of the Comanches—they have an eye for the picturesque—but perhaps the existence of a spring that was near had more to do in guiding the preference of these 'lions of the prairies.'

The mesa, therefore, had for years been dangerous ground, and little trodden by the idle curious. Possibly not one of the heroes we saw before us had for years ventured so far out upon the plains.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

If our enemies were awed by our sudden disappearance, it was soon robbed of its mysterious character. Our faces, and the dark barrels of our rifles, visible around the edges of the wall, must have disturbed all ideas of the supernatural. Having hastily disposed of our horses, we had placed ourselves thus—in case of a charge being made—though of this we had no longer any great apprehension; and still less as we watched the movements of our adversaries.

El Zorro continued for some time to fire his big gun—the bullets of which we could dodge as easily as if they had been turnsips hurled at us—and the leaden missiles fell harmlessly at our feet. Seeing this, the salteador at length ceased firing, and with another, rode off in the direction of the settlements, no doubt both with some errand.

One pair of eyes was sufficient to watch the movements of the besiegers. Garey undertook this duty, leaving Rube and myself free to think over some plan of escape.

That we were not to be attacked was now certain. We had the choice, then, of two alternatives—either to keep the position we were in till thirst should force us to surrender, or attack them, and hold a bold coup cut our way through their line. As to the former, we well knew that thirst would soon compel us to yield. Hunger we dreaded not. We had our knives, and before us a plentiful stock of that food on which the prairie wanderer often sustains life. 'Horse-beef' we had all eaten, and could do so again; but for the sister-appetite—thirst—we had made no provision. Our gourd-canteens were empty—had been empty for hours—we were actually pushing for the mesa the enemy first came in sight. We were then athirst; but the excitement of the skirmish, with the play of passion incident thereto, had augmented the appetite, and already were we a prey to its keener pangs. We mumbled as we talked, for each of us was chewing the leaden bullet. Thirst, then, we dreaded even more than our armed enemy.

The other alternative was a desperate one—now more desperate than ever, from the increased number of our foes. To cut our way through them had no other signification than to fight the whole party hand to hand; and we regretted we had not done so when only eleven were opposed to us.

A little reflection, however, convinced us that we were
in a yet better position. We could make the attempt in the darkness. Night would favour us to some extent. Could we succeed by a bold dash in breaking through the enemy’s disposed line, we might escape under the friendly cover of darkness, and the confusion consequent upon the mêlée.

There was probability in this. The boldest was clearly the wisest course we could pursue. Desperate it appeared. One or other of us might fail, but it offered the only hope that any of us might get free, for we knew that to surrender was to be shot—or perhaps worse—tortured.

We had but faint hopes of a rescue; so faint, we scarcely entertained them. I knew that my friends, the rangers, would be in search of me. Wheatley and Holingsworth would not give me up without making an effort for my recovery; but then the search would be made in a different direction—that in which I had gone, and which lay many miles from the route by the mazes. Even had they thought of sending to the mound, the search must have been already made, and the party returned from it. Too long time had elapsed to make any calculation on a chance like this. The hope was not worth holding, and we held it not.

For some time, Rube and I thought in combination, canvassing the details of the plan that had offered. After a while, we stood apart, and each pursued the train of his own thoughts. Weeks of reflection—Isolina’s—were there in that—there could be none—no scheme could have contrived a contingency so remarkable.

Ijrrua might easily have known of the expedition without her agency. Its result he would have learned from the returned vagueros. He had time enough then to collect his band, and set after me. Perhaps she even knew not that he was a leader of guerrilleros? I had heard that his movements were a mystery—that mystery which covers the designs of the adventurer. He had served in the school of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—fit master of deception.

Isolina might be innocent even of the knowledge of his acts.

I re-read Isolina’s letter, weighing every word. Strange epistle, but natural to the spirit that had dictated it. In its pages I could trace no evidence of treason. No; Isolina was loyal—she was true!

CHAPTER XXXVII
ELIZABETH QUACKENBOS.

While these reflections were passing through my mind, I was standing, or rather leaning, with my back against the boulder, and my face towards the wall of the mass. Directly in front of me was a recess or indentation in the cliff, growing like a mouth upward, and deepening as it approached the summit. It was a slight gorge or furrow, evidently formed by the attrition of water, and probably the conduit of the rain that fell upon the table surface of the mound.

Though the cliffs on each side were perfectly vertical, the gorge had a considerable inclination; and the instant my eyes rested upon it, it occurred to me that the precipice at this point could be scaled.

Up to this moment, I had not thought of such a thing; for I had been under the impression—from what my companions had told me—that the summit of the mesa was inaccessible.

Rousing myself to more energetic observation, I scrutinised the cliff from base to summit; and the more I regarded it, the stronger grew my conviction that, without great difficulty, an active climber might reach the top. There were knob-like protruberances on the rock that would serve as footholds, and here and there, small bushes of the trailing cedar hung out from the seams, that would materially assist any one making the ascent.

While scanning these peculiarities, I was startled by observing several abrasions on the face of the rock. These marks appeared quite fresh, and evidently made by some other agency than that of the elements.

After a short examination, I became convinced that they were made by a human foot—the scratches of a strong-soled shoe. Beyond a doubt, the cliff had been scaled!
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

My first impulse was to communicate the discovery to my companions; but I forbore for a while—in order to satisfy myself that the person who had made this daring attempt had actually succeeded in reaching the summit.

Twilight was on, and I could get only an indistinct view of the gorge at its upper part, but I saw enough to convince me that the attempt had been successful.

What bold fellow had ventured this? and with what object? were the questions I naturally asked myself.

Vague recollections were stirring within me; presently they grew more distinct, and all at once I was able to answer both the interrogatories I had put. I knew the man who had climbed that cliff. I only wondered I had not thought of him before!

Among the many odd characters in the piebald band, of which I had the honour to be chief, not the least odd was one who answered to the euphonious name of Elijah Quackenbush. He was a mixture of Yankee and German, originating somewhere in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He had been a schoolmaster among his native hills—had picked up little book-learning; but what rendered him more interesting to me was the fact that he was a botanist. Not a very scientific one, it is true; but in whatever way he worked, he possessed a respectable knowledge of flora and fauna, and evinced an aptitude for the study not inferior to Linnaeus himself. The more surprising was this, that such inclinations are so rare among Americans—but Quackenbush no doubt drew his instincts from his Teutonic ancestry.

If his intellectual disposition was odd, not less so was his physical. His person was tall, crooked, and lanky; and none of those members that should have been counterparts of each other seemed exactly to match. His arms were odd ones—his limbs were unlike; and all four looked as if they had met by accident, and could not agree upon anything. His eyes were no better mated, and never consented to look in the same direction; but with the right one, Elijah Quackenbush could 'sight' a rifle, and drive in a nail at a hundred yards' distance.

From his odd habits, his companions—the rangers—regarded him as hardly 'square'; but this idea was partially derived from seeing him engaged in his botanical researches—an occupation that to them appeared simply absurd. They knew, however, that 'such' was his avocation—could shoot a pint, could pull the sleeve of his vest, and notwithstanding his quiet demeanour, our, had proved himself 'good stuff at the bottom'; and this shielded him from the ridicule he would otherwise have experienced at their hands.

Two years, a year or two; I had been an ardent student of botany. I never saw. No labour rewarded him in the pursuit. No matter how weary'd with drill or other duties, the moment the hours became his own, he would be off in search of rare plants, wandering far from camp, and at times placing himself in situations of extreme danger. Since his arrival on Texan ground, he had devoted much attention to the study of the cactus, and now having reached Mexico, the home of these singular endemics, he might be said to have gone cactus-mad. Every day his researches disclosed to him new forms of cactus or cacti, and it was in connection with one of these that he was now recalled to my memory. I remembered his having told me—for a similarity of tastes frequently brought us into conversation—of his having discovered, a few days before, a new and singular species of mammillaria. He had found it growing upon a prairie mound which he had climbed for the purpose of exploring its botany, adding at the same time that he had observed the species only upon the top of this mound, and nowhere else in the surrounding country.

This mound was our mess. It had been climbed by Elijah Quackenbush!

If he, awkward animal that he was, had been able to scale the height, why could not we?

This was my reflection; and without staying to consider what advantage we should derive from such a proceeding, I communicated the discovery to my companions.

Both appeared delighted; and after a short scrutiny declared the path practicable. Garvey believed he could easily go up; and Rube in his terse way said, that his 'jeants wa'n't so stiff yit;' only a month ago he had 'clomb a wuss-lukin bluff than it.'

But now the reflection occurred, to what purpose should we make the ascent? We could not escape in that way! There was no chance of our being able to descend upon the other side, for there the cliff was impracticable. The behaviour of the guerrillas had given proof of this. Some time before, Ijurra, with another, had gone to the rear of the mound, evidently to reconnoitre it, in hopes of being able to assail us from behind. But they had returned, and their gestures betokened their disappointment.

Why, then, should we ascend, if we could not also descend on the opposite side? True, upon the summit we should be perfectly safe from an attack of the guerrillas, but not from the enemy we now dreaded. Water would not be found on the top of the mesa. It could not better our situation to go there; on the contrary, we should be in a worse 'fix' than ever. So said Garvey. Where we were, we had our horses—a spare one to eat when that became necessary, and the others to aid us in our attempt to escape. Should we climb the cliff, these must be left behind. From the top was less than fifty yards, and our rifles would still cover them from the clutch of our enemies, but to what advantage? Like ourselves, they must in time fall before thirst and hunger.

The gleam of hope died within us, as suddenly as it had sprung up.

It could in no wise serve us to scale the cliff: we were better in our present position; we could hold that so long as thirst would allow us. We could not do more within the granite walls of an impregnable fortress.

This was the conclusion at which Garvey and I had simultaneously arrived.

Rube had not yet expressed himself. The old man was standing with both hands clutching his long rifle, the butt of which rested upon the ground. He held the piece near the muzzle, partially leaning upon it, while he appeared gazing intently into the barrel.

This was one of his 'ways' when endeavouring to unravel a knotty question; and Garvey and I, knowing this peculiarity on the part of the old trapper, remained silent—leaning him to the free development of his 'instincts.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUBE'S PLAN.

For several minutes, Rube preserved his meditative attitude, without uttering a word or making the slightest motion. At length, a low but cheerful whistle escaped his lips, and at the same time his body became erect.

' Eh? what is 't, old boy?' inquired Garvey, who understood the signal, and knew that the whistle denoted some discovery.

Rube's reply was the interrogatory: ' How long's yur trail-r companion, Bill ?'

'IT! are twenty yards— good mizzle,' answered Garvey.

' An yrs, young fellar?'

'About the same length— perhaps a yard or two more.'
'Good!' ejaculated the questioner, with a satisfied look. 'We'll fool them nigger-yellers will we!' eh?'

'Hourry for you, old boy! you've hit on some plan, haven't you?' This was Garey's interrogatory.

'Sartilly, I hez.'

'Let's have it then, kummarade,' said Garey, seeing that Rube had relapsed into silence; 'thar ain't much time to think o' things.'

'Plenty o' time, Billes! Don't be so durned impatient, boy! Thar's goin' o' time. I'll take my ole mar am the young fellar's black hose, thet we'll be out o' this scrape afer sunup. Geehoooshap! how thiu'll cuss when they finds the trap empty. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo!'

And the old sinner continued to laugh for some seconds, as coolly and cheerfully as if no enemy was within a thousand miles of the spot.

Garey and I were shaking with impatience, but we knew that our comrades was in one of their queer moods, and it was no use attempting to push him faster as he was disposed to go.

When his chuckling fit was ended, he assumed a more serious air, and once more appeared to be busy himself with the calculation of some problem. He spoke in soliloquy.

'Twenty yurds o' Bill's,' muttered he, 'an twenty o' the young fellar's, ur forty; an nyan—it ur sixteen yurds—make the hull fifty an six; ye-es, fifty-six precisely. Then thar's the knots to kum off o' thet, though foremost 'em thar's bridges. Wash! thar's rope, plenty, an enough over, to string up half a score o' them yellow-bellies, ef iver I git holton 'em. An won't I? Wa-g!'

During this arithmetical process, Rube, instead of gazing any longer into the barrel of his rifle, had kept his eyes wandering up and down the cliff. Before he had ceased talking, both Garey and myself had divined his plan, but we refrained from telling him so. To have anticipated the old tractor in his disclosures would have been a mortal offence.

We waited for him to make it known.

'Now, boys!' said he at length, 'byrur's how we'll git thr. Fust an' o'must, we'll crawp up yander, soon's it git dark enough to kiver us. Secon, we'll tait our trall-ropes along wi' us. Thuds, we'll jine the three tharties an' thet ain't long enough, a kupple o' bridles 'll help out. Fo'th, we'll tie the end o' the rope to a saplin up thr on top, an then slide down the bluff on other side, do ee see? Fitt, once down on the pariahs, we'll put straight for the settlements. Sixin lastest, when we git thru, we'll gather a wheen o' the young fellar's rangers, take a bee-line back to the mound, an git these byrur niggers awrite. Lamybunin as they hasn't hed since the war begun. Now?'

'Now' meant, what think you of the plan? Mentally, both Garey and I had already approved of it, and we promptly signified our approval. It really promised well. Should we succeed in carrying out the details without being detected, it was probable enough that within a few hours we might be safe in the plaza of the ranchers, and quenching our thirst at its crystal well.

The anticipated pleasure filled us with fresh energy, and we instantly set about putting everything in readiness. One watched, while the other two worked. Our laces were knotted together, and the four horses fastened head to head with their bridles, and secured so as to keep them behind the boulder. This done, we awaited the falling of night.

'What did it be a dark night? About this we now felt anxious. It was already closing down, and gave promise of favouring us: a layer of lead-coloured clouds covered the sky, and we knew there could be no moon before midnight. Rube, who boasted he could read weather-sign like a 'salt-sea sailor,' scrutinised the sky.

'Wal, old hoss!' interrogated Garey, 'what do ye think o'? Will he be up?'

'Black as a bar!' muttered Rube in reply; and then, as if not satisfied with the simile, he added: 'Black as the inside o' a buffalo bull's belly on a burnt pariah!' The old trapper laughed heartily at the ludicrous conceit, and Garey and I could not refrain from joining in the laugh. The guerrillas must have heard us; they must have deamed us mad.

Rube's prognostication proved correct: the night came down dark and lowering. The leaden layer broke up into black cumulus clouds, that slowly careened across the canopy of the sky. A storm portended; and already some big drops, that shot vertically downward, could be heard pattering heavily upon our saddles. All this was to our satisfaction; but at that moment a flash of lightning illumined the whole arch of the heavens, lighting the prairie as with a thousand torches. It was none of the pale lavender-coloured light, seen in northern climes, but a brilliant blaze, that appeared to pervade all space, and almost rivalled the brightness of day.

Its sudden and unexpected appearance filled us with dismay: we recognised in it an obstacle to our designs.

'Durn the tarnaht thing!' exclaimed Rube peevishly.

'Is it or wuss than a moon, durn it!' 'Is it goin' to be the quick-forky, or the long-blazy?' inquired Garey, with a reference to two distinct modes in which, upon these southern prairies, the electric fluid exhibits itself.

In the former, the flashes are quick and short-lived, and the intervals of darkness also of short duration. Bolts pierce the clouds in straight, lance-like shafts, or forkings and zigzags, followed by thunder in loud unequal bursts, and dashes of intermittent rain.

The other is very distinct from this; there are no shafts or bolts, but a steady blaze which fills the whole firmament with a white quivering light, lasting many seconds of time, and followed by long intervals of amorphous darkness. Such lightning is rarely accompanied by thunder, and rain is not always its concomitant, though it was this sort we now witnessed, and rain-drops were falling.

'Quick-forky!' echoed Rube, in reply to his comrade's interrogatory; 'no—dod rot it! not so bad as thet. It ur the blazy. Thar's no thunder, don't ee see? Wal! we must grope our way up atween the glimpses.'

I understood why Rube preferred the 'blazy'; the long intervals of darkness between the flashes might enable us to carry out our plan.

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the lightning gleamed a second time, and the prairie was lit up like a theatre during the grand scene in a spectacle. We could see the guerrillas standing by their horses, in cordon across the plain; we could distinguish their arms and equipments—even the buttons upon their jackets! With their faces rendered ghastly under the glare, and their bodies magnified to gigantic proportions, they presented to our eyes a wild and spectral appearance.

With the flash there was no thunder—neither the close quick clap, nor the distant rumble. There was perfect silence, which rendered the scene more awfully impressive.

'All right!' muttered Rube, as he saw that the besiegers still kept their places. 'We must jest grope our way up atween the glimpses; but fast let'um see we're still byrur.'

We protruded our faces and rifles around the rock, and in this position awaited another flash.

It came, bright as before: the enemy could not fail to have noticed us. Our programme was already prepared: Garey was
to ascend first, and take up the rope. He only waited for the termination of another blaze. One end of the lazo was fastened round his waist, and the rope hung down behind him.

When the light gleamed again, he was ready; and the moment it went out, he glided forward to the cliff, and commenced his ascent.

O, for a long interval of darkness!

THE THEORY OF BRIGHTON.

It is a custom among everyday folk to regard a 'theory' as something vague, mystical, intangible, cloudy, evanescent, unpractical, useless—something with which a crazy philosopher amuses himself, despite the pitting contempt of all sober, sensible people. The philosophers, however, understand the word differently; they regard a theory as a method of explanation, a process of reasoning, whereby facts are to be intelligibly associated with, and elucidated by, a particular principle. Thus, there is a theory of the moon, a theory of rent, a theory of equations; and there may legitimately be a theory of roasting or boiling, of tailoring or hair-dressing—not a string of inconsequent and persistent chain of links between facts and a principle which is to explain them. Taken in this sense, then, we ask the reader to join us in an inquiry, whether or not there can be a theory of Brighton.

Is it as a place facing the sunny south, breathed upon by warm winds when other places are bleak and chilly?—is it on account of the blue, the fresh, the evergreen hillside, and the sustaining sunlight?—if so, because of the magnificent esplanade or cliff-road stretching for nearly three miles parallel with the shore?—is it for the bathing-machines and the water-sports; or for the promenade and Brighton diamonds; or for the downs on which the Amazons do amble and canter?—is it on account of these, or any of these, that Brighton has a theory? All of them have somewhat to do with the matter; but we wish to draw the reader into an admission that the truth lies yet a little deeper.

Our theory of Brighton, then, is, that this favourite watering-place is built on the principle or proposition that we build the philosophy of the whole matter.

Everybody knows that Brighton was once Brighton, and a little flat valley under the cliff; but not until the present chain-pier. Raging winds from various quarters frequently disturbed and destroyed the rickety tenements of the fluctuating citizens, and curbed any project from the west constantly accumulated heaps of shingle on the beach. Indeed, so exposed was the place, that Defoe, writing in 1724, said: 'Brightonstone is a poor fishing-town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea, which is very unkind to this town, and, by its continual encroachments, has so gained upon it, that in a little time more the inhabitants might reasonably expect it will eat up the whole town; about a hundred houses having been devourd within a few years past.'

It was about the middle of the same century that Dr Richard Russell began to talk and write concerning the salubrity of Brightonstone, and the availability of the spot to those who needed the healing agency of sea-water. Slowly and by degrees did invalids act upon this advice; but the first decided start for the little old place was when, in 1789, the 'finest gentleman in Europe' made its acquaintance. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent, and then King George IV., from that year made Brightonstone his home, and the King's residence, during a long series of years. To duly accommodate the prince, a 'Marine Pavilion' was commenced in 1784, becoming the nucleus of all that fashion has done for the place in the subsequent seventy years. The Pavilion at first consisted of a circular building, with a lofty dome resting on pillars, and a range of apartments on each side; but to complete the design, wings were added to the Steyne front in 1802; and other additions were subsequently made. When finished, it became the most singular-looking building, perhaps, in England; fantastic and irregular, and belonging to any kind of architecture that the spectator might please to name. Domes, minarets, pinnacles, turrets, and arches stand thickly clustered—a sort of hybrid among Chinese, Hindoo, Turkish, Alhambraic, and Russian architecture, which drew forth sarcastic comments from many a quarter.

When the lustre of princedom thus began to dazzle, Brighthelmstone hastened to tidy itself, to leg off excrescences, to deck itself with new ornaments—in fact, to become Brighton. Until 1793, the open space called the Steyne was a piece of common land, whereon fishermen were wont to repair their boats and dry their nets; but gentility forbade the continuance of such rude work on such a spot. It was by degrees enclosed with railings, planted with trees and shrubs, and bounded east and west by private houses of substantial character. At the end of a street, the presiding genius of the place, George IV., from the chisel of Chantrey, was erected on one part of the Steyne; and still more recently, another part was decked with a 'Victoria Fountain' of very ornate appearance. Brighton now became ambitious; it put forth claims to be a watering-place and port available for steam-vessels. There was no convenient landing-place; and it was thought that if a pier were carried out into deep water, steamers, as well as smaller craft, might be accommodated. They were days in which suspension-bridges were regarded as wonders of mechanical construction; consequently, Captain Brown's 'chain-pier at Brighton,' finished in 1823 at a cost of L30,000, was long a subject of pride and admiration to the townsman, and, it may be added, still longer a source of loss to the shareholders; for it suffered in many gales, and has not sufficed to attract steamers to an exposed and very shoal beach. In more recent times, it has been little other than a lounge and promenade for visitors. It is on this principle or proposition that we build the philosophy of the whole matter.

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When the lustre of princedom thus began to dazzle, Brighthelmstone hastened to tidy itself, to leg off excrescences, to deck itself with new ornaments—in fact, to become Brighton. Until 1793, the open space called the Steyne was a piece of common land, whereon fishermen were wont to repair their boats and dry their nets; but gentility forbade the continuance of such rude work on such a spot. It was by degrees enclosed with railings, planted with trees and shrubs, and bounded east and west by private houses of substantial character. At the end of a street, the presiding genius of the place, George IV., from the chisel of Chantrey, was erected on one part of the Steyne; and still more recently, another part was decked with a 'Victoria Fountain' of very ornate appearance. Brighton now became ambitious; it put forth claims to be a watering-place and port available for steam-vessels. There was no convenient landing-place; and it was thought that if a pier were carried out into deep water, steamers, as well as smaller craft, might be accommodated. They were days in which suspension-bridges were regarded as wonders of mechanical construction; consequently, Captain Brown's 'chain-pier at Brighton,' finished in 1823 at a cost of L30,000, was long a subject of pride and admiration to the townsman, and, it may be added, still longer a source of loss to the shareholders; for it suffered in many gales, and has not sufficed to attract steamers to an exposed and very shoal beach. In more recent times, it has been little other than a lounge and promenade for visitors. It is on this principle or proposition that we build the philosophy of the whole matter.

The Pavilion at first consisted of a circular building, with a lofty dome resting on pillars, and a range of apartments on each side; but to complete the design, wings were added to the Steyne front in 1802; and other additions were subsequently made. When finished, it became the most singular-looking building, perhaps, in England; fantastic and irregular, and belonging to any kind of architecture that the spectator might please to name. Domes, minarets, pinnacles, turrets, and arches stand thickly clustered—a sort of hybrid among Chinese, Hindoo, Turkish, Alhambraic, and Russian architecture, which drew forth sarcastic comments from many a quarter.
on the sea-side, and was enlivened by a breezy passage over the downs. Brighton was, however, an expensive place for the middle-classes, who rather took the packets down the river to Gravesend and Margate. Meanwhile, the townsmen, mindful of the requirements of aristocratic folk, did their best to supply Brighton with all the needful accommodation. They built a sea-wall along the east cliff, 200 feet high by 18 feet thick at the base, to resist the ravages of the sea, and form a basis for one of the finest carriage-drives in the kingdom; and profitably was the sum of L100,000 thus laid out. They built a Marine Parade, or succession of fine terraces, eastward of the Steyne; and still beyond this a group of magnificent houses called Kemp Town. They stretched the sea-front in like manner westward, until it met the once distant village of Hove; and then overpassed it with the now growing Cliftonville. And this long sea-line of nearly three miles is marked by such an array of squares, crescents, and terraces, as no other sea-side town in the British dominions can equal. They—that is, the townsmen—did all that townsmen could do to provide the lazy luxuries for sea-side pleasure-seekers—baths, building-machines, club-houses, news-rooms, bazaars, music-rooms, a theatre, an assembly-room, a race-course, regattas, and so forth. Under the influence of these various attractions, Brighton grew amazingly. In 1801, its population was 735; these numbers augmented to 12,012 in 1811, to 24,420 in 1821, and to 40,634 in 1831.

Then came the railway-days, which frightened the bulletins of the spheric numbers and terraces. A fear was entertained that the cheapening and facilitating of access to Brighton would drive away the noble lords and right honourables, by attracting those of humbler rank and smaller means. If Brighton had been a hundred miles distant from the metropolis instead of fifty, it would be hard to say what effect the railway might have wrought; but it is just because fifty miles is a suburban distance, measured by railway standard, that Brighton has assumed a character to which, perhaps, there is no parallel in Europe, in a town of 30,000 or 40,000 inhabitants.

Let us see how this is. During the busy season, there are twelve or fourteen trains per day from London to Brighton, and about an equal number in opposite directions. The road being direct, and the locomotive service good, the transit has been gradually lessened, until it averages little more than an hour and a half. Any Londoner can go and enjoy a day’s pleasure, or transact a day’s business, at Brighton, and return to the metropolis on the same day. Any Brighton resident can make London the scene of his daily business, and return to Brighton in the evening. The lady of fashion and fortune, without employing her own horses and carriages on a turnpike road, could leave London after a drawing-room at the palace, and reach Brighton to dinner, if so disposed. Her noble spouse might, at a pinch, leave Brighton after dinner, by the nine o’clock evening express, and be in time to vote in the House at eleven; or, reversing the order of things, he might make a three hours’ speech in the House early in the evening, and yet be in Brighton to supper. A banker in Lombard Street, or a dealer in tapes and silks in Cheapside, might breakfast in Brighton, start by rail at a quarter to nine, and reach London Bridge station by ten, ready for business. Now, let us remember this—that many of the omnibuses at the outskirts of the metropolis take an equal space of time to reach the Bank. Let the denizens of Kilburn, of Notting-hill, of Regent’s Park, say who they please, reach their city premises in quicker time than this Brighton morning express would enable its passengers to do. Active men measure their movements by time rather than by space; they care nothing about the miles; they only look to the

caballistic Bradshaw symbols, 8 45—10 o; they jump in, and leave the locomotive to do the rest.

But it may be said—that the rail thus virtually extinguishes four-fifths of the space, it does nevertheless involve the expenditure of a larger sum of money. This is true, yet not so true as to disturb the man of easy means. The company has been shrewd enough, too, to see the value of a liberal policy. There are season-tickets, and tickets available for two or three days, and daily tickets, and excursion tickets on two days in the week—there are many ways of angling for the fish successfully, because the fish are very willing to be caught. There is a whole body of philosophy in the advertisement so familiar to all eyes: ‘Eight hours at the sea-side.’ It goes to the root of the matter at once. A town must be in the suburbs if we can go thither after breakfast, spend eight hours, and then return betimes in the evening. It brings the seashore and the sea-breeze almost to our doors; and the whole social machinery of the day is as easily managed as if the distance were five miles instead of fifty.

Let not this be regarded as a baseless estimate—a mere attempt to say something smart at the expense of verity. Changes which go on gradually around us, are scarcely measured at their proper value, until we steadily pass our thoughts over an intervening period, and compare (say) 1856 with 1836, or any other definite date. Doing this, it appears the locomotion to and from the metropolis; and bearing correctly in mind the kinds, and cost, and times of travelling before the railway era—it will, we think, be admitted that miles distant from the metropolis, are, both for social and for commercial purposes, virtually as near as the suburban villages were before that era commenced.

And this is what we mean by designating Brighton a suburb of the metropolis. That town is the nearest point at which the sea can be reached; it has many of the elements of a pleasure-town, of a health-seeking town; and yet you can travel from that town to London more quickly than you can traverse the huge fen from one extremity to another. Nor do we, in saying this, wish to shew homage to that particular town alone. Brighton must, from its geographical position, continue to be the nearest sea-side place to London; but the principle we are endeavouring to elucidate is supported by a multitude of other places—wherever, in fact, of transit has been gradually lessened, until it averages little more than an hour and a half. Any Londoner can go and enjoy a day’s pleasure, or transact a day’s business, at Brighton, and return to the metropolis on the same day. Any Brighton resident can make London the scene of his daily business, and return to Brighton in the evening. The lady of fashion and fortune, without employing her own horses and carriages on a turnpike road, could leave London after a drawing-room at the palace, and reach Brighton to dinner, if so disposed. Her noble spouse might, at a pinch, leave Brighton after dinner, by the nine o’clock evening express, and be in time to vote in the House at eleven; or, reversing the order of things, he might make a three hours’ speech in the House early in the evening, and yet be in Brighton to supper. A banker in Lombard Street, or a dealer in tapes and silks in Cheapside, might breakfast in Brighton, start by rail at a quarter to nine, and reach London Bridge station by ten, ready for business. Now, let us remember this—that many of the omnibuses at the outskirts of the metropolis take an equal space of time to reach the Bank. Let the denizens of Kilburn, of Notting-hill, of Regent’s Park, say who they please, reach their city premises in quicker time than this Brighton morning express would enable its passengers to do. Active men measure their movements by time rather than by space; they care nothing about the miles; they only look to the

Ten million passengers depart from and arrive at the London Bridge Railway terminus alone, annually—being those who are carried on the various lines belonging to the South-Eastern and the South Coast Companies. If to these be added the millions presented by the termini at Fenchurch Street, Shoreditch, King’s Cross, Easton Square, Paddington, and Waterloo Road, some idea may be formed of the daily outgoings and incomings of this vast mass of human beings. Nor would it be just to omit mention of the river-steamers as contributing towards the same general result. Let those who are concerned in the matter determine whether there be commercial wisdom in carrying passengers from London to Margate for 1s. 6d.; all we have to do here, in conclusion, is to say that the present argument is to know that such has been the case during the past summer, and that 2000 Londoners have on some days made this voyage. And what is yet more wonderful, perhaps, is the maintenance of a full
number of steamers to the very place where the railway accommodation is complete. During the past summer, there have been nearly twenty steamers between London and Greenwich, making perhaps sixty voyages daily in each direction; and yet the railway trains have also been nearly sixty in number each way. Different companies ran trains to Woolwich, on two railways, one nearly thirty times, and the other nearly sixty times per day, in each direction; in addition to a number of steam-voyages nearly equal to those to Greenwich. Gravesend was supplied with twelve trains per day by one company, and eleven by another, besides several steamers. Up the river, too, the steam-traffic has augmented the accommodation to places served by railways, as well as other places not so served, by the several piers at Vauxhall, Nine Elms, Pimlico, Chelsea, Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Hammersmith, Kew, &c.

Theory or no theory, this suburban question is of the highest importance to the wellbeing of the metropolis. Boards of Works and Boards of Health may do what they can, and may do much more than has yet been done; but all their labours would fail to preserve or increase the healthiness of London, if the railways had not furnished to the moving mass facilities for getting away from the fogs and those dog-days. Whether for a day or for a season, it is good to do this; thus the benefit applies, in the end, to all classes but the extreme poor—and they must be poor indeed who, in these days, cannot afford an occasional inhaling of fresh air in the belt of country, fifty miles radius, which now constitutes the suburbs of this huge metropolis.

Perhaps the reader will now admit that there may be such a thing as a theory of Brighton—and that the theory is, that Brighton is one of the suburbs of London.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

Just at the time when I was about to go to Russia, there came from thence a Mr M——, who had been appointed governor of Yakutsk. When he heard that I was well acquainted with the language and manners of the Yakuts, he sought me out, and made my acquaintance. Although I had very little desire to return, I went back with him to Yakutsk, and this simple manate the heart, and also because I could not fail to remark the strength and vigour of intellect of this new official; at the same time, I had a foreboding that my return would bring forth nothing but trouble and misfortune.

The result will shew how correct was this apprehension.

To the south-east of Yakutsk, and at a distance of from more than 100 kil., is a tract of land called Udskoi, celebrated as a hunting district. The circumference of Udskoi is about 500 kil.; it is bounded on the east by the Sea of Okhotka; on the south, by China; and on the north and west, by Nertchinsk, Olekminsk, and Changanczy. The province of Yakutsk is so inordinately large, that this district is looked upon as a remote and desert land; through the whole extent of it there are not more than four or five hundred nomadic Tunguses; yet these, on account of their riches and peculiar condition of life, should not be passed over in silence.

At the time of which I speak, a great number of Yakuts and Russians were in the habit of journeying hither, in order to buy furs from the Tunguses, which they could do at a very moderate rate; and they left their own goods in exchange, for which they charged monstrous prices. This sort of fraud and oppression, that the inhabitants of Udskoi were almost ruined; and other difficulties added to this, rendered it necessary to send an overseer to Udskoi. I was chosen to fill this situation.

For two months before my departure, I had a great number of documents to write; and this work, together with the preparation for my journey, was only the commencement of the endless trouble that awaited me for the space of a year and a half on my distant travels.

My outfit consisted of three changes of winter-clothing, four changes of summer-clothing, tea, sugar, dried Russian biscuits, meat-pies, guns, gunpowder, and lead, a little rum and spirits, and also meat, and Yakut and Russian butter. All these were packed in leather bags, each containing two and a half packs (a pud weighs forty-six pounds), or else in wooden chests: after they had been safely covered, so that no water could penetrate the packages, they were bound round with leather thongs, and divided into so many horse-loads, each load consisting of not more than six puds.

Although it was the month of February, the severity of winter had not begun to diminish. According to an instrument (Reaumur's thermometer) with which the Russians measure the degree of cold, it was below thirty when I left the town of Yakutsk, with the two Cossacks who accompanied me. We travelled as far as Amga—a distance of one hundred miles, as we judged—on foot, by horses. At Amga we packed our luggage on the backs of seven horses, mounted three ourselves, and, accompanied by two guides, proceeded on our journey.

The horses were all fat and healthy, and consequently full of spirit, so that they would not proceed quietly with their burdens. For this reason, and because we did not wish to overheat them on the first day, we halted at a place not distant more than thirty li (thirty versts) from Amga, where we determined to pass the night.

The guides, first of all, unloaded the horses; they then shovelled away the snow, till they came to the hard ground, when they began searching for dry wood. So soon as this was found, and a fire kindled, they filled the tea-kettle and another larger kettle with snow, in order to get water for cooking; and after we had been thoroughly warmed by the tea, they set to work to prepare a place for the night. To begin, they made a heap of small twigs and branches; over this the saddle-clothes were spread, and on this, too, all came a bed of bear-skins. After consuming the supper which was prepared for us, we clothed ourselves warmly for the night, and went to bed; the boots, stockings, and gloves were then taken off, being completely wet, were buried in deep snow, to draw out the moisture. At break of day we rose, and took our clothes out of the snow, where they had been better dried than they would have been in the house, and hastily dressing ourselves, proceeded to wash with snow, shivering all the time. We made tea with snow-water, and then went on our way. In this manner we continued our journey until the snow had melted.

Here I must remark that one of the greatest hardships of a winter-journey is the undressing one's self and going to bed in the freezing cold; and yet the getting up in the morning, throwing off the thick warm covering, and washing with snow, is fiftyfold more intolerable, and that man must have a frame of iron who can endure it without injury to his health.

I never drink strong exciting liquors, and consequently know nothing of their value to other men, but I believe it would be impossible to maintain life on such journeys if it were not for tea. I am now taking the Yakuts and Tunguses into consideration, for with these people, who are born and bred on the snow, it is a customary thing to travel for two or three days without any food at all.

After journeying four days, we reached the shore of the great river Aldan, opposite that part where to the right the Utchar flows it into. Here we halted
at the hut of a Tungjose, who told us that, from the entrance of the Untuch to the place whither we had to travel—an expanse of ten kis—the snow had fallen to a depth of seven spans,* and that it would be impossible to make our way through it. This intelligence caused us great embarrassment, for we had no instructions to alter our course, and that was the only way of avoiding the snow. Had we done so, we should also have been obliged to go round a distance of twenty kis, and for want of fodder, must have given up our horses, and taken reindeer. The loads, too, must have been made smaller for the reindeer, but it was impossible to divide them, as we had no more packing-cases or bags to put them into. Consequently, we resolved to proceed along the river Untuch; and during the two days which we remained in the Yurtse, we busied ourselves making snow-shoes. The two horses which were not loaded, we tied up for two whole days without fodder, and on the third we crossed over the Aldan. No sooner had we set foot upon the ice of the Untuch, than the depth of snow began to impede the pace of our horses.

A guide on snow-shoes went first, leading the two unloaded horses; these plunged forwards so that their entire weight was thrust outwards; and thus put they broke through the hard crust that covered the snow. Our horses were tied together, and followed in single file, keeping in the beaten track of those that preceded them.

We travelled in this manner from early morning until night, but with the greatest exertion could not accomplish more than one kis. We were therefore ten days travelling in ten kis, where the snow lay so deep. During this time, we scarcely overmounted our horses, for, in consequence of the difficulty they had in keeping their feet or getting on through the snow, it was almost impossible to sit firm in the saddle. Walking, however, produced an insupportable weariness, and for this reason, we, for the most part, laid aside our snow-shoes, and went on foot.

Both banks of the river Untuch consist of perpendicular rocks. At the foot of these rocks there are here and there small ledges above steep, black, crumbling precipices. It is impossible for a heavily laden horse to mount these precipices; so, when we had decided on halting at any place for the night, we used to throw the packages on the snow which covered the ice of the Untuch, and lead one horse after another up the precipice. We then turned them loose to scrape their fodder from under the snow. Sometimes they could not scrape away the deep snow of the forest, and then they ate the twigs and young branches of the willow and alder.

We had scarcely overcome the difficulty which the snow had presented, when a new hindrance appeared. The severity of the cold had forced water out of the rocky banks of the Untuch; it flowed into the river under the ice, which was heaved up by it until it cracked and burst—although twelve or thirteen spans thick—and the water streamed over the surface; so that our horses had to wade up to their knees in water. In some places, this water had frozen over the first ice, and made our way as slippery as glass. It was impossible for us to advance on foot; so two of the guides went forward, and made notches in it with their knives and hatchets, and we followed after them on foot. In other places, when we were near the black crumbly precipices, we carried away the dry earth or sand in baskets, and scattered it over the surface of the ice. Nevertheless, every now and then it so happened that there were spaces where no notch had been made, and to the right and left of it the laser had been made wide, so that our sixteen or seventeen horses would slip and fall, the girths break, and the packsaddle and all the baggage be thrown on the ice. The greater part of the day was often taken up in repairing these accidents.

In the course of our journey, we came to some very wonderful mountains. The severity of the winter's cold had forced water from the summits of the mountains, which was now flowing down the whole side of the mountains and over the glittering ice which covered them. At sunset, when the rays of the cloudless spring sun fell upon these rocks, they seemed like a many-coloured rainbow, or as if set with flaming jewels. At the foot, there was always standing water, which did not freeze.

There is a river of the name of Agna which falls into the Untuch on its left side. Travellers turn to the right, and journey along this river.

It was in the month of April that we reached the Agna; and as we went our way along, we suddenly saw in the distance a black moving form on the bank. At first we took it to be an animal; but, drawing nearer, saw that it was a Tungjose, who sat there weeping. After he had stood up and greeted us in his own fashion, he told us his pitiful tale, as follows:

'When I went into the forest yesterday, I found in many parts of it traces of a herd of wild reindeer; so I went back to my family rejoicing greatly as my good fortune. I cleaned his legs, and took him. Afterwards, I rested a little, and towards midnight, just when the half-melted surface of the snow is again frozen over, I put on my snow-shoes, and led my dog to the place where I had seen the tracks of the reindeer. I waited here two hours for the dawn to break, and smoked my pipe; then, as soon as the footsteps of the reindeer were visible in the morning twilight, I left my dog loose, and ran after him, running on my snow-shoes. In this manner I kept up with him for more than a kis, leaping from rock to rock, and springing over stream after stream. At length blood from the feet of the reindeer began to be visible on the fresh frozen snow: and from their faltering pace, it was evident that they were tired out; then I heard the continuous barking of my dog, and knew that I should come up to them in time. But suddenly the bark of my dog was changed to a howl of agony. I started, and my heart beat as though it would have burst. I redoubled my speed, and saw before me, at the distance of two gunshot, two small black scraps lying on the snow covered with blood. Just at the moment that my dog had come up with a large herd of reindeer, and had driven them into a small brook, where he was keeping them until I came up, by barking and running round and round them—two hungry wolves leaped down the steep side of a rock, and seizing him, one by the head, the other by the body, with one grip tore him in two. The reindeer had escaped, and were all scattered hither and thither.

'My poor dog was seven years old. He first went hunting with me as a puppy of six months old; and for six years he has never let me know a hungry day. I have been offered five reindeer for him, but would not have parted with him for ten. Yesterday I was rich; now, I am the poorest of men. I know not how I dare show myself to my family; wide are my children expect the dog, to stroke and kiss him, and their tears will make my heart bleed anew.'

I could not help the poor man; so after I had tried to console him with a few kind words—that what is past will not return, and that which is empty cannot be filled again—and that hope in God is sureer than anything else—I wished him fair weather.

We travelled forward, leaving the Agna behind us. In our way there stood a high mountain, difficult of ascent, which we had to pass over; and on the other side of it lay the road. When we were near to the kis of the mountain, we met many travellers journeying together; and they told us that the snow lay upon it thirteen spans deep, so that it was quite impassable. However, when we had reached it, our people got

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* The span of the thumb and middle-finger.
together about ten horses and ten reindeer from these travellers, and then I succeeded in leading them up the steep side of the mountain, thus breaking through the crust of snow. They themselves were furnished with snow-shoes.

On the following morning, we all, with great difficulty, passed over the mountain.

On the 1st of May, we arrived at the yearly market of Udskoi. At this place of general resort, I collected the yasak, and fulfilled other imperial commissions; then, after resting the horses, which were completely worn out, on the 1st of June we started for Udskoi, taking with us the ten reindeer which we had bought.

On the second day we reached the place of meeting on the Utchkur to Udskoi is about fifty kos, but on account of the difficulty of the road, it is reckoned at seventy. The traveller passes from one stream to another, from one mountain to another, and in less than three days he crosses a mountain

As it was the rainy season, we had to make the horses and reindeer swim across the rivers; many of them we crossed by the help of a flat-bottomed boat which we had built. The ground we passed over was covered with sharp-pointed stones, or else consisted of fathomless mud-holes, never dry.

If once a horse falls into the mud, it can scarcely get out by itself. One of our horses, with its packs, fell in and all. The guides, wading up to their waists in mud, dragged off the bag, and piled it up in a dry place; then they made right anything that was broken by the plunging of the horses in the mud; and when these had got out, they were loaded anew. Perhaps they had scarcely gone on for twenty yards, when they would fall in a second time, and the guides would hurl all their baggage on the ground.

Once, as I was standing up to the waist in mud, holding up the heads of three horses which had fallen in, lest they should sink and be suffocated, a fourth, which could not keep its footing, fell in near me. Its head was under water or the horse only, but he was dead before any one perceived it. These difficulties were increased by the frightful heat of the sun, and by such myriads of flies, that we could not breathe for them. They swarmed about us especially during midday; and no sooner was anything poured into a cup, than they fell in and filled it, even in the moment that you were lifting it to your mouth.

I must give the Yakut guides the well-merited praise of encountering all difficulties without showing the least ill-temper or dissatisfaction; and yet they do their work for a small sum of money, which does not half repay them for their trouble. And here, in passing, I must make a few remarks on the qualities of these guides. After one of them has completely exhausted his strength during the day by struggling with all kinds of difficulties—mud, water, the heat of the sun, mosquitoes, wasps, and gadflies—he sets to work at midnight to mend his own clothes, and any of the harness that may be broken. By the time this is completed, the horses are cool; he then ties their legs together, and turns them loose to graze; but every half-hour he goes out to see that they are not caught in the bushes, or devoured by any wild beast, so that he never has more than two hours sleep out of the whole twenty-four.

After we had travelled about ten kos beyond the Utchkur, we came to a mountain of the name of Dschuguschel, or the great mountain, which we had been long expecting to reach. It is called the girdle or backbone of the country, because it runs through the whole length of Siberia, reaching over an extent of more than a thousand and a half a single break, until it reaches the ice of the Arctic Ocean, where it slopes down to the level of the sea, and terminates.

We reached the foot of this mountain-chain just after mid-day, so we waited for the remainder of the day and through the night, that our horses might have time to rest. On the following morning, before sunrise, the horses were saddled in a new fashion, one of the girths being fastened across the breast, and the other round the body, close to the forelegs. In the meantime, we prepared to ascend the mountain on foot. The horses followed, one after another, treading warily and cautiously, so that not one of them was caught in a thicket, or slipped into a crevice of the rock, or a hollow filled with water. If they had made a single false step, they would have fallen down a frightful abyss, and been crushed so that no bone would have been left unbroken.

After thirteen or fourteen hours spent in the ascent, we found that we had reached the summit of the mountain. Here it was quite cool, and there were no flies and wasps to torment us. We halted two hours, by which time we were nearly frozen with cold. Seen from this point, all the mountains which had previously appeared of a very respectable height, looked like low insignificant hills; and the many broad rivers which have their source in these Dschuguschel mountains, were flowing down the sides in narrow glittering silver threads.

On a wet day, when the rain-clouds hover in the air like fog, they are torn asunder by the summits of the Dschuguschel, and the separate masses float about like porridge of meal and porc. Any one standing on the peak which breaks the clouds, may see how a dew-drop or rain-drop fails on the sharp edge of a stone that lies beneath it; it is divided into parts, and trickles a scarcely visible droplet down on earth. Hence the thought arises, how the drops that trickle down to the east are followed and overtaken by others, until they flow on in a hairbreadth line, to grow into a murmuring brook, gradually increasing and mingling with other brooklets—the murmuring brook becomes a rushing stream, and at length a mighty river, which loses itself in the boundless, never-frozen Pacific Ocean. Here it is tossed about through countless ages, mixing with the waters of every known sea.

The remainder of the drops of which I speak, take a different direction, and in like manner flow westward to increase the stream of that great river the Lena. Journeying along the course of it, you come to the Arctic Ocean. Here it becomes ice, and forms a barrier which no human thought and no human power can overcome.

A R A R A  A V I S.

In the city of Damascus—that ancient city whence came Eleazer, the faithful servant of Abraham—that city of narrow streets and riderless donkeys—that eastern paradise, where hours glide about like ghoulis under cover of their hideous veils, and keep all their sweetness and beauty for the especial behoof of Blue Beards—that grand resort of straw-hatted travellers with fabulous wealth in gold—even there, O reader! once upon a time, there dwelt a Turk! That, I grant, was nothing uncommon; but then this Turk possessed a slave, which is also no uncommon circumstance, and this slave was outwardly black—so black, that his shadow always left a dark mark upon the wall (at least so tradition says); and what is more remarkable still, he hated falsehood, and loved the truth. Now this, you must admit, if you have any knowledge of an African, was a most astonishing phenomenon; so much so, that, in comparison with it, all the recent discoveries of science sink into insignificance. It is far easier to counter the old theory about the composition of the moon, with regard to chess of a particular colour may be true, than to conjure up a neger whose only weak point was a stringent adherence to truth.

Sometime we hear of what philosophers, or naturalists, or botanists term a lusus naturae—an
extraordinary freak in nature, by which a fig-tree produces pomegranates, or an onion-plant yields a potato. Just such another phenomenon was this Selim, the black slave, who had as great an aversion to anything bordering on untruth, as a timid old lady might have to a rattlesnake. And this, strange as it may seem, was the head and front of his offending, the block in his uneven path through life, over which he was continually stumbling and grievously bruising his shins.

His proprietor—who might have been a descendant of Baron Munchhausen, judging from his peculiar failing in the baron's line—often but vainly lamented Selim's veracity. In every other respect, he was the model of what a slave ought to be: docile, obedient, attentive to the smallest wants of his master; none could equal him in repiping a pipe, fetching a piece of fire, or making a brew of Turkish coffee. But, as is the custom in Damascus, Selim invariably accompanied the Turk on all out-of-door excursions, whether to the gardens to make kief, or to a friend's house to smoke the pipe of repose. As is also the practice, servants and slaves always on these occasions remained in the room, mingling ever and anon, with all due respect, in the current topic of conversation. Hence it came that, whenever the old Turk indulged in flights of imagination, he was suddenly and unceremoniously checked, and ignominiously exposed, by his slave deliberately giving him the lie.

In vain had the master reprov ed with him; in vain had he punched his head and cuffed his ears; in vain, finding all simple remedies fail, had he resorted to the application of the corbath and bastinado, and even then, the torture of a red-hot iron skull-cap. Selim, under suffering, always promised submission; but no sooner had the pains and scars of the last chastisement subsided, than he relapsed into a tenfold state of veracity; and the old Turk, outraged beyond measure at being continually thwarted in his hobby, finally came to the determination of selling this incorrigible black, and thus easing his conscience of a most unpleasant mentor.

Accordingly, the public auctioneer of the town was summoned, and the Turk taking him aside, entered into full details as to the character and capabilities of the slave; candidly confessing the real cause of his dissatisfaction with him, and urging the necessity of his being disposed of at any price offered by the first bidder.

Selim was accordingly transferred to the slave-market; but, for some reason or other—very possibly a knowledge of his failing had got wind—purchasers, though they paused to look at him, passed on, and made no offer.

At last, one pleasant-looking old Turkish effendi, struck by the intelligence of Selim's face, and the goodly proportion of his limbs, paused and inquired the price. The auctioneer fixed upon a sum so absurdly beneath the current value of like salable goods, that the old effendi was startled, and begged to be informed as to the falling of the slave. The auctioneer acknowledged that he had one great failing, but that he was not at liberty to state what that was until after the bargain was closed.

'Does he steal?' asked the effendi.'

'No; as honest as an ulema.'

'Does he drink then?'

'No; as sober as a dervish.'

'Is he indolent and lazy?'

'On the contrary, as active and as nimble as a flea.'

'Not steal, not drink, and not lazy. Why, he muttered the effendi, 'there cannot be much wrong with the slave who is free from these failings.'

Accordingly, the bargain was soon concluded; and when the auctioneer told him the real state of affairs, the old effendi congratulated himself mightily, and chuckled over the price.

'I humbled!' 'Allah!' quoth he, 'lying is a thing I detest; and most assuredly this slave will never have occasion to correct.'

Selim being conducted home to the house of his new master, and there duly installed, was summoned into the effendi's presence.

'Selim,' said he, 'I am aware, as you know, of the cause of your late master's dissatisfaction, but as I abhor all deviation from the truth myself, I have but little to fear from your propensity. I wish you to understand, however, that, on the other hand, I never brook any imperceptible contradiction from my slaves—not even when I am alone, much less in the presence of strangers. Now, bear this in mind, for disobedience will be visited by punishment, to which all you have hitherto suffered will be mere flea-bites.'

The unhappy negro, who entertained a very keen recollection of the last hundred and fifty stripes, winced terribly at the information; when, to encourage him, his master proceeded:

'If, on the other hand, I find you act up to my wishes, I promise you a complete new suit of the finest cloth, with red cap and slippers to match—such, mashallah! I am not sure you can possibly equal, although it is made up in the most unassuming and inconceivable vanity; so he mentally determined to make one strenuous effort to overcome his awful propensity.

For some time, patrolling around smoothly enough, though the slave very soon discovered, much to his regret, that his new master, notwithstanding all his assertions to the contrary, was a tolerably good hand at drawing the long-bow. Nevertheless, the induction to silence was a great one, and Selim managed to bottle up his effervescing truth for a considerable interval. The clothes were almost within his grasp.

One day the effendi was invited out to dinner at some great Turk's, and, having duly warned the slave, went at the hour appointed. It was a very great affair indeed, for the windows were all closed, and the Koran hidden under a slave; just for convenience' sake, I suppose. Then these sons of Islam made great havoc with half-a-dozen bottles of the strongest spirits, which they, after a manner, diluted by eating an unaccountable amount of raw cucumbers and olives, after that, a sumptuous dinner was served, and partaken of. Then came pipes and coffee; and under all these combined influences, the usually silent tongues of the assembled effendis relaxed into guttural conversation.

The topics were various, but diverged gradually into the one channel of self. Whether it was the spirits, or the cucumbers, or the good dinner that did it, I am unable to say; possibly, under their combined influence, the usual precaution of the slave's master was forgotten, and he felt himself puffed up with pride, and labouring under the notion that he possessed fabulous wealth—which was a sad hallucination.

After various startling assertions on the part of others, Selim's master, who had lately erected a low shed, proclaimed very pompously that he had lately built a house which was at least forty yards long. Hereupon Selim, who was standing exactly in front of him, and who could not possibly swallow this enormity without bursting, began twitching his hands and undoing the buttons of his tight jacket after a most alarming fashion, which not only attracted the notice of strangers, but very much terrified his master.

After a brief and awkward pause, one of the party returning from the charge, begged to be informed of the breadth of this new building.

'Two feet!' replied the conscience-stricken effendi,
much to the astonishment of his listeners. This assertion pacified any qualms that Selim entertained; but the host inquired innocently what such a building might serve for.

'Why, you see,' said the effendi, 'I had fully intended building a house as broad as it was long, but that sounder of a slave there thwarted me in my purpose, and instead of a Château en Espagne, I have been obliged to content myself with a brick-wall.'

This restored immediate good-humour to the party; and Selim astonished himself and the natives by appearing next week in his promised suit of finery.

A WALK IN WATLING STREET.

While in Shropshire during the past autumn, I resolved to put in force an old intention, and visit Wroxeter—the Uriconium of the Romans. I had first repaired to the museum in Shrewsbury, to see if any relics were preserved there of this once considerable city. I found some few, but what was of more account, a most intelligent friend in one of the curators—I chatted the matter over, and agreed to visit the old Roman site together. We fixed the morrow—a day in the second of September—and for starting, the hour of noon.

It should have been an earlier one, considering the lengthened walk which lay before us, and what we had to see; but from the meagre accounts I had read, and from what little had been told me, I fancied our antiquarian labours would be summed up when we had looked at the celebrated fragment of the old Roman wall, and sought for a few traces of the great church and surrounding peasantry. I was thus wholly unprepared for the extent, variety, and massiveness of the remains; the fragments of pottery, broken shafts, pediments, and bases of columns, colossal heads sculptured out of the coarse red sandstone of the district, portions of friezes, and much other fragmentary evidence of a considerable city, a civilised people, and extensive public buildings that were adorned, if not in the highest style of art, at least with some skill, and with the well-known taste of the conquerors of the world.

It was two o'clock before we could manage to start. The sun's heat, its dazzling heat, made the excursion as to the purpose in view, we set out from the good old town of Shrewsbury; over the Severn, past the old abbey, and so away till nothing but the country lay around us, bathed in the splendour of an autumn afternoon. At the distance of about two miles from the town, we came again in sight of the Severn, now rolling far below the steep road-bank; the other shore more level, and the sheltering wall of the existing meadow-land, to the fine woods about Haughton Abbey. On this bank we rested for a time, the heat being extreme; and a more lovely spot for a 'traveller's rest' we could not have chosen, had we searched England through; for the noble river, as though conscious of its own magnificence, swept majestically onwards in curves and windings of great width, sometimes dark from excessive depth, sometimes clear as a mirror, where it rolled over gravelly shallows, or purled round tiny islands, formed by the droughts of summer. By and by, we went onwards; again crossed the Severn at Atcham Bridge, where there is another exquisite river-scene, and an old country churchyard dipping thereto, of exceeding picturesque and stillness. About a mile beyond, we stayed at one of the lodges of Attingham Park to inquire our way. The woman who answered us pointed to a silvan-looking lane opposite, down which we turned, and were soon in the pleasant shadows of the overarchings. Some distance down this, we turned a curve, and were up a hill, a still narrower, and began to ascend. In a moment or two I stopped, and pointed to the ground. 'We are quite right,' I said; 'this is the Roman road; and most certainly here was the damantine floor of concrete and small pebbles, which, some sixteen hundred years ago, the many-nationed legionaries had made and trod. It was a fragment of one of the great military ways which crossed Britain from Dover to Chester, and named afterwards, by the Saxons, Watling Street. As we passed on, we could see how it was raised above the adjacent land—as the Roman roads always were—and looking just as I had seen the same great highway twenty times before, stealing its way amidst the solitary hills of northern Shropshire and parts of Radnorshire.

We stayed by a low stile, perfectly garnished by a wealth of woodbine flowers, to take another look at the splendid river, which here flowing to our right, and almost as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, was decked with wooded as well as lawn-like islands of considerable size. To this the meadows near us dipped by a steep descent, and, altogether, my eyes had never looked upon so splendid a scene; for, as in all mountain views, great depth and shallowness lay in contiguity, thus giving effects of light and shade, of stillness and motion, which, in the full richness of an autumn afternoon, a great artist could alone appreciate.

We had already resolved to call at Stanier's, a wealthy gentleman of the district, who possesses some few of the relics preserved from Uriconium, and who exhibited a very good though small collection of Roman lamps and pottery at the meeting of the Archeological Institute in Shrewsbury in 1855. We therefore proceeded to find out his residence, but, presuming it to be more within the village than it was, we passed onwards towards the path which leads to the church, over which we could see in the distance. Turning my head, as we went by a gate leading into a large level field from which the corn had been newly carried, and on whose opposite side stood a recently erected and somewhat unsightly red brick farmhouse, with extensive outbuildings, something most singular instantly attracted my gaze. In the peculiar light of the waning sun, and as we stood—which was, as it were, sideways to it—this something had all the effect of a vast screen raised against the sky. 'That must be the Roman wall,' said I; 'nothing but that could stand out in such marvellous relief. The trouble is, in the distance it is all too distinct.'

We crossed this, again the gigantic length, and with an effect upon me the strangest in the world. I could no longer think I stood on the high road of a solitary English hamlet, with the dowry dress of the autumn afternoon round me; but in the midst of the vast field, the precincts of temples, basilica, and amphitheatre, and with the mingled tongues of conquerors and conquerors sounding in my ears.

Mr Stanier was out shooting, but might be home by and by; Mrs Stanier was an invalid, but she very politely sent a servant with us; and we were soon across the great stubble-field, and in the yard of the new-built form. My conjecture had been correct; it was the wall I had seen; and here our attendant led us. Another lane to cross, another gate to open, and there, in the midst of an immense field, just cleared from its recent corn, stood the vast mass of imperishable masonry. The field slightly ascends, though not in a degree to be called an acclivity; and up this we trod, very warm, and very glad to reach such shadow as the wall cast, though that was but slight as the sun then stood.

We sat down upon the stubble and contemplated what was before us. We were not solitary, for though roapers and gleaners were there, a man and woman were at work about it, digging a foundation for a slight iron fence, to be put round for its better protection.

This had been subscribed for at the meeting of the
Archaeological Institute in the preceding year, and stands forth as a creditable exception to the utter disregard generally due to our national monuments.

This circumstance, simple as it was, was so far fortunate, as it enabled me to judge for myself of the extraordinary character of the soil, as the man had cleared out some holes to a considerable depth. From the top to the bottom of these, indeed wherever he might dig, was the same intensely black mould, pulverised to an extreme degree of fineness, and as free from all extraneous matter, except some few bones, and scattered fragments of the wall, as though passed through a miller’s bolting-cloth. I observed the same thing afterwards at some distance from the wall, and in an adjacent lane, and the labourer told me that the same peculiarity extended as far as the surrounding fields.

‘You get unusual crops,’ said I, ‘and in spring can distinguish them by their more intense greenness?’

‘Yes, that’s all true,’ was the answer. ‘It’s a wonderful piece of land; and just below plough-depth, foundations and ruins lie as thick as can be. The soil’s been cleared for farming, that’s all.’

I then asked if the cause of this dust-like fineness and richness could be accounted for, but the man shook his head; and after picking up for me some few pieces of the impost of the Etruscan sea—of which there are three courses in the wall—he resumed his spade. Unless artificially prepared—a thing scarcely possible for such a depth and extent of land—fire on more than one occasion must have formed an important part in this attrition of the soil, and in reducing its original elements to a state of carbon. It is certainly not unusual to find the lower levels of Roman sites indicating how the blackness of the soil, traces of extensive conflagration, and countless instances are known to antiquaries; it is only in connection with extreme friability and dryness that the fact here assumes a new and singular aspect. The city was a very extensive one, and a fire may have wasted it for many successive days, and brought down together, in one smouldering heap, both public buildings and domestic dwellings; the profusion of wood-work, which, as it is generally assumed, formed the upper portion of Roman houses, aiding the devastation.

So many conjectures have been made relative to the class of building to which this massive old fragment of masonry may be referred, as prove that antiquaries are entirely at fault. By some it is said to have formed part of a castrum or citadel, by others variously as the fragment of a temple, a public granary, or a bath. But there seems little to strengthen the conjecture that it ever formed portion of a citadel, as it does not stand immediately contiguous to the Severn, or any assumed point of defence; though the masonry bears certainly a great likeness to what remains of the Roman castra on the coast of Kent, being stone-work with layers of tiles between at regular intervals. For centuries, moreover, this almost imperishable fragment has been stayed by the peanalty of the neighbourhood, ‘the old works; thus pointing to a Saxon nomenclature, and to its traditional use as a military defence.

Be this as it may with respect to its history, there I paced round and round it, on that golden afternoon, very full of thought, and deeply interested. It was plain to see that the old masonry had formed part of an interior wall, and had trended with some building in a somewhat circular form. In the upper portion has been through it, as though for the support of scaffolding; other brickwork has rested against sections of the lower part, and what is now a mere broken gap through the middle of the wall, has once again formed an arch. Two others were distinctly visible about 150 yards off.

Bringing our tiles with us, we left the old wall, and repaired to the cottage of the labourer I had just been talking to—his wife having a few old coins in her possession, which due to the spoils of the provinces. These have been found in large abundance on the site of Uriconium; but from what I could hear, and have seen, they have been mostly of comparatively little value—simply small bronze denominations of the period of the lower empire. Occasionally, larger specimens have been found, as one in brass of the reign of Trajan, imbedded in the old wall; but the hoards said to be possessed by many of the villagers have little intrinsic value in relation to either Roman art or history, beyond what association may create, or what the spirit of a kind of Jonathan Oldbuck sort of diletantism—namely, a reverence for everything because it is old—may impart. With this phase of antiquarian taste, I have not the remotest sympathy; I only value archaeology for its power of throwing new light on the historical past; and for shewing, with all its gaps and lost links, how continuous has been the thread of a progressive causation in human history. There can be no doubt that it is these historical bearings that is making archaeology the popular study it is at present. Till men have given finality to much of historic truth, this must continue to be the case; and this finality seems to be a very remote thing in relation to British history. Endpapers, under the editorship of Mr Roach Smith, our greatest Saxon scholar has said that he must in a large measure re-write his well-known Saxon history, as the discoveries made in recent graves wholly invalidate many of his theories and assumptions. In like manner, other discoveries will serve to overwork much which at the present date is miscalled history; and there can be but little doubt that when the archaeologists have done a portion of the work which lies for them to do, there will arise—as there always arises when a point of the kind is needed—a special class of inductionists to draw the threads of historic truth together.

When we had chatted a while, the good woman went upstairs, and bringing down a little strip of rag tied about with cotton, produced her ‘dinders,’ as they are locally called. They were very small; of bronze, much worn, and oxidised. Selecting one, with the inscription illegible, but with the head of a helmeted soldier thereon, very good in its way, and as fresh as though newly from the mint, I then retraced our steps a short distance in the village, the waning sun giving us warning that we had much to see, and but a brief time for so doing.

Once in the fragmented cottages, it was plain to see what use the ruins of Uriconium had been turned. In the walls and porch of the most picturesque village churches were to be seen fragments of Roman tiles; better-class dwellings, labourers’ cottages, pigsties, garden-walls, and the enclosure of a piece of waste land—itself heaped up with Roman debris—had been alike built out of the same exhaustion quarry; and masses of finely shaped stone-work, which needed no near inspection to show the still fresh traces of the legionary’s gargoyle and chisel, bounded the road or secured a dung-heap. As was said when the members of the Archaeological Institute went over the site of Uriconium in 1856, it seemed to be a matter of necessity that every fragment of a column turned up should be split and formed into a coping-stone for a wall.

A message delivered to us in the early part of the afternoon, invited us to see some remains at a gentleman’s house next the church. Proceeding thither, we found on the lawn a very considerable accumulation of ancient fragments, pediments, and bases, matching evidently with fragments of the same kind that we saw almost immediately after the grounds of Mr Staniar. Some of these masses were decorated with a scale pattern, others with the ordinary flute. A portion of these
were placed about a large centre flower-bed, redolent of the scent of geraniums and heliotropes, where they supported fragments of Samian ware—none of it, though, of very high quality—broken lamps, Roman glass, and other kinds of pottery. It was singular to find fragments of vessels of the black ware called Upchurch pottery at this remote distance from the banks of the Medway; and the fact shows how intimate and constant was the commercial relation between one part of Roman Britain and another. This black hue was effected during the process of baking, and might not have been peculiar to a branch of ceramic art to the Upchurch pottery solely, still both pattern and shape gave additional evidence. My own idea is, that the Staffordshire potteries date back to a Celtic period, and that in the hands of the Romans, they were extensively worked, and supplied the adjacent districts with a profusion of earthen vessels, that has had no parallel except in our own day.

The most unique relic was a red earthen vase of large size, of coarse workmanship and clay, but most rare as to shape. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, and yet it was undoubtedly Roman; and what has since struck me as very singular, might have almost served as a proof of one of his peculiar shapes. It is a well-known fact, that our illustrious English potter was intimate with several of the best antiquaries of his time, and occasionally received presents of Roman ware from Major Hookes and others. Thus, from some source of the kind may have arisen the flanged rimmed vase peculiar to collections of Wedgwood-ware, and so common on shelves and mantel-pieces sixty years ago.

The evening had waned more and more, and twilight was almost come; we therefore gave up all hope of seeing more of the village, and retraced our steps to Mr Stanier's. That gentleman had not returned, so I had the misfortune of losing the sight of his small but unique collection of pottery. In a mortarium in the hall were a few fragments of various-shaped vessels; through these I looked as well as the fading light would let me, and then hastened to the lawn. Here, set about in various places, were still more beautiful fragments of pillars, with their bases and pediments, than any we had yet seen, besides many other massive relics in sculptured stonework. A sort of alcove on one of the winding terraces leading down to the river was entirely formed by the latter; whilst above it, almost covered with ivy, was set a colossal head of one of the Roman deities.

The scenery from this lawn and its terraces is beautiful in the extreme; nothing that I have ever seen of English scenery compared with it. As I turned away in the softened twilight, the last traces of the sun lying there and there in molten patches on the water and its green-turfed islands, I could but think how, after all, the beauty of nature transcends the art of man; and that if, through the mischances of barbarism and ages of ignorance, treasures were lost to us that neither time nor conjecture could restore, the same magnificence of environment was still ours as had witnessed the civilisation of our Roman fathers.

Along Watling Street, through the gloom of the wooded lane, we reached the highway. At Atcham Bridge we were fortunate enough to be overtaken by a return chaise: by the aid of this we reached the cheerful light of the town much earlier than we should otherwise have done.

The relics discovered from time to time of Uriconium have been considerable, though too many of them have been scattered and lost. The compass of the city and fortress was about three miles, and within which the town, such as the name implies, must have brought countless things to light. Sepulchral remains, hypocasts, moulds for forging money, an oculist's stamp, have been among the spoil. A few small bronzes have been found, but from the account that has reached us, and from what I have seen, they belong to a debased stage of art. The best things preserved in the great Temple at Shrewsbury, is an altar, formed of the red sandstone of the district. The specimen of a sepulchral urn, enclosed in a case of lead, is likewise most unique and rare.

HUMBOLDT AT HOME.

MR BAYARD TAYLOR has communicated to the New York Tribune some very interesting details of a visit he paid to Alexander von Humboldt in November last. While in Berlin, the philosopher lives with his servant Seifert, whose name is on the door of the house, a plain two-storied building, with a dull red front, and inhabited by several families. On the second floor there is another name—'Alexander von Humboldt.' Seifert opened the door to the visitor, and showed him into a room filled with objects of natural history, then into a library, and lastly into the study.

Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should speak English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself; then drew up a plainly caned-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

'The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn; but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes, you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth, and chin, have the heavy, Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

'I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to show the marks of his extreme age: but I should not have suspected it of being over seventy. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow white, is still abundant, his steps slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to shew decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in the English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture, or opening a book to illustrate some remark.

The two travellers talked about the countries they had visited; Humboldt remarking that, like his visitor, he had preserved his health everywhere; and that during five years in South America, and two in the West Indies, he had passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched. He gave some advice as to travelling in the Russian-Tatar provinces of Central Asia; and described the
Rhododendrons as a very interesting people, partly Bhoodist and partly Mussulman, their monastic sects following the clans in religious wanderings, unless attributes of their wandering monasteries in the encampments within a circle marked out by spears.

The Altai Mountains led him to speak of the Andes, and compare them with the Himalaya, giving the preference to the former in point of grandeur. " O you remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of it. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his Minor Writings, turned over the leaves, and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked, as he closed the book, "Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue fly—the unconscious provision for his dinner—perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Spectors, said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clymers who have the same power."

The conversation then turned upon American affairs, with which Humboldt appeared to be quite familiar. He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," answered "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long, that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while travelling in South America."

"I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep, and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seiftart at length reappeared, and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar: "It is time; and I took my leave."

"You have traveled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying. "An expedition," he added. I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Fosber, the companion of Captain Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitz, Napoleon, Josephine, the marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jack, Herder, Goethe, Couvier, La Place, Guy-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen the living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cabinet of Atrus and the forests of the Cassiqueburn, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatapetl, the Alpains Alps of Siberia, the Tatar steppes, and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the richest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the fruits of their wanderings, unless attributes of their wandering monasteries in the encampments within a circle marked out by spears.

CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

GONE.

Rise to the midnight lone!
The church-clock spoke with a solemn tone:—
Dost it no more than tell the time?
Back, from that belfry gray,
In each deep-booming chime which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say:

Gone;—
The hour is gone—the day is gone:
Pray.
The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woes to sleep in vain.
O soul! we have slept too long,
Yea, dreamed the morrow away,
In visions false and feverish unrest.
Wasting the work-time God hath given and bled.
Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting face,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With rayless eyes blank as the darkness round,
And wailing lips which say:

Gone;—
The morrow is gone—the morn is gone:
Pray.

Wo for the wasted years
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!
Their tombs have been prepared
By Time, that grave—man gray.
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,
And read the epitaph engraved thereon
By that stern carver's hand.
Yet weep not long, for Hope,
Standfast and calm, beside each headstone stands,
Gazing on Time, with upward-pointing hands.
Take we this happy sign,
Up! let us work—and pray.
Thou, in whose sight the hoary ages fly
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye
Doth note each moment lost;
So let me live that not one hour mispent
May rise in judgment on me, penitent,
But, till the sunset, Lord,
So in Thy vineyard till,
That every hour a priceless gem may be
To crown the blind brows of Eternity.

M. A. D.

ANTiquity of black—puddings.

Even black—puddings were not only tolerated, but were fashionable; and when the throat of the ox was, as usual, cut near to ear to ear, the blood was caught to make a dish which was thought worthy of figuring in the kitchen of King Remesses. The mode of cutting the throat is still required, by Moslem law, in Egypt; but to eat the blood is unlawful. It was this custom of the country they had just left that made the Hebrew legislator so often warn the Israelites against eating the blood of animals; for while some of the Mosaic laws were in accordance with the patriarchal habits of their forefathers, many were directly introduced in order to correct abuses they had adopted during their sojourn in Egypt. —Wilkinson's Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs.

'GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.'

Circumstances have obliged us to defer till next week the Glimpse prepared for the present Number.

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BY THE BEDROOM FIRE.

I have heard people, in talking of their dreams, tell how there is one particular Appearance that comes over and over again, under some special circumstance; and how, let them do what they will to ward it off, yet so surely as they lie down under the influence of such circumstance, so surely does the same figure arise in the same place, and enact anew the fragmentary drama, never to be finished in this world. When I say 'ward off,' I mean that, just by way of experiment, they sometimes try what power they have to put it aside. I do not wish to infer that they have in general any horror of it; I think, on the contrary, they would be sorry to part with it. It is something so peculiarly their own, that it gives them an importance, resembling that of families who are distinguished enough to have a ghost or banshee; and I am sure they like to tell about it more than anything.

Although I am myself one of these people, I am different from them in a single respect, for I have never yet spoken to any one of a dream I have had for some time now. It was only last night, that awakening from it as the winter storm swept by the house, and wondering whether any one similarly situated had ever experienced anything like it, I determined to set it faithfully down, word by word, just as it happens. It is always in one place this vision comes to me, and at one time—in my own bedroom, sitting in a low chair beside the fire, which, with flameless, palpitating glow, makes a low dream-light in the chamber. Then, when the house is quiet—when the wind is soughing by—when the little kettle upon the hob makes its low purr—when the firelight is dimly reflected at great depths in the polished dark old furniture—when I have put on a particular white dressing-gown with wide hanging sleeves and loose neck—and when my hair falls down after the fashion of my girlhood—it is then I find myself face to face with this dream-figure. So quietly it steals in, as if it were some invisible limning within my heart which the sacred home-fire drew forth to palpability upon the surface, that I am unconscious when it first comes to me. I can feel it with its little face upon my bosom long before I look at it with my happy dimmed eyes; and it seems to me as if the star arose over my dwelling as it shone from heaven, ages ago, upon the young child and his mother, hallowing for ever since then the holy cradle of a mother's arms.

I am agitated by no surprise when I first see it, and yet my heart beats fast. It seems to me as if all that had ever been pure and peaceful in my own life—all my fancies, all my hopes, all the love I ever felt or could feel, lay concentrated there before me; as if I had no longer anything to desire; as if my very soul, purified, lay calmly sleeping upon my knees. I am sure if I have any distinct feeling at all, it is that I could die for it: whatever else is in my mind, that is uppermost—I could die for it; and as this thought comes, another dream seems to rise within my dream, full of wild, incoherent passions of defence: of struggling with armed men, as mothers did in the days of Herod the Tetrarch—of buffeting with the waves—of being torn by savage animals—of flying with bare and bleeding feet, and streaming hair, through the wild night, and holding it ever to my bosom as my exceeding great reward; for the moment the vision comes, it brings me a fierce strength, such as does not belong to my nature, which is indeed but weak and timid.

From these nightmare fancies I am recalled by a whole series of operations, in which I treat my dream-figure with a familiarity to be accounted for only as a dream inconsistency. I hold him in no more reverence than if he were the waxy baby I used to play at love with. I splash him and puff him; I battle it out with him, with quite a ludicrous sense of my power: the self-assertion of his kicking and crying affords me the most intense amusement through all my fury. I make no more of compelling his rebellious little fat arms in and out of all sorts of intricacies, than if I were the Brodignag nurse I read of in the story-book long ago. I will have everything about him my own way—smooth and neat, and folded over and tucked in. I am firm in my notions regarding his figure, and finish him off with three yards of bandage, like a young mummy. I never relax a string in the matter of the night-gown, but overcome him with it like a shower-bath of calices, from which he emerges red and shining, and turn him over on his face with an unsympathising imperturbability that seems almost fiendish in its heartlessness. After this final struggle, I have conquered, and have only to fix my flag of victory upon his head, by inserting it into his little crimped night-cap, which, with all the letting out of running-strings, is, I am proud to say—I say so to myself—'growing too small for him.' So, the cruel task over, my tender-heartedness returns, and with his little hands wandering about my neck—with the fire-light enveloping us both in its genial glow—with the kettle singing its low lullaby—with the wind passing on its mysterious course, he sleeps his sweet sleep. 'And they brought young children to Him that he might bless them.' These are the words I always hear as I watch at such a time, addressed, as it were, with something of tender reproach to myself, and telling me that, guided by the little innocent hand, I,
too, may come to the golden gate, and receive a share of the blessing.

If there is one thing I am more proud of than another about this dream-darling of mine, it is his feet—always excepting his hair. Indeed, these two points of excellence, belonging to different periods of the dream—for many years lie compressed within the fantastic hour—is rather dwelt upon each exclusively in turn. Thus, when first he comes to me, I almost blush to recall the childish delight, the thrill of joy afforded me by the sight and touch of the little rosy warm feet, that have never trodden the wicked earth. How I watch them basking in the genial fire-light—how I kiss them, and fondle them—how it is happiness enough to hold them both within my one hand, and to feel they live!

A little later, and his hair becomes his strong point—that tiny scarf of silken hair that just emerges from his cap. Never was there such a love-lock! It is smoothed down, parted on either side, parted on one side: there is no end to the fashions this morose assuies, until it grows beneath my hand, and clusters in thick chestnut curls upon the boy's head. After this, the feet retire into complete obscurity, never being visible out of red shoes, blue shoes, sandalled shoes, and so on, but once—that is, while he is still a little child, and kneeling in his bed-gown, with flushed cheeks and bare feet at my knees, lipping my name in his evening-prayer.

Soon after this innocent prayer, I cease to see myself. I perceive all that is going on equally well, but I no longer have any connection with the scene: I am oppressed with a dreadful feeling of helplessness, and long to cry out and awaken. With an agony of entreaty, I try to fold the child in my arms, but they restrain him no more than the air. I struggle frantically even to touch him—to speak to him one word—to let him know that his own mother stands beside him. But the wind that goes whispering by bears away upon its wings my dull dumb meanings; the flickering fire-light traces no shadow of my outstretched hands. At this particular passage of my dream, a picture that really hangs in my husband's study always shapes itself out of the thickening shadows. It is one of myself: a pale, and face, with heavy eyes, not pretty, with no happy smiles and bright bloom, such as win children's love; and as they say the boy that it is. Mother's picture, I could find it in my foolish heart to weep bitterly that the painter had been so faithful—that he had not traced fresh joyous beauty, radiant eyes, and star-encircled hair, so that the boy, and angelic when he thought of his mother. This is, I think, at once the most sharply defined and the silliest part of my vision; and soberly awake, I am ashamed to know that it is always here my tears flow with an unwavering certainty.

After this, it seems as if the doors that had shut us in together, opened on every side, and admitted strangers, the one who has taken my place in the house, even wearing things that I well know. She is a lady with a stately presence, and with but cold looks for the little ones I see gathering around her, an ill-restrained impatience of the lonely child in the distance. From this I generally fall into a dull torpor of unutterable distress, and see things for some time with all the hurried fittings, meaningless gatherings and dissipations, intangible shifting and general inconceIvability of dream-scenery; but in them all is the boy. He is a fine manly fellow, with a grand head and proud dark eyes; something about his mouth, too, the most girlish of smiles, but as he grows up, settled into stern compression. For he grows up in this dream of mine—past the unlived childhood—through the dull school-days, unchecked by the bright intervals of home, that mark the year to other children with so many distinct epochs of happiness whereby to calculate the flying months—on into his premature manhood; so tall, that it does indeed seem a wild fancy that I could ever have borne him in my arms; so care-worn in this his early youth, that none but a mother's eye could detect the lingering traces of his childhood's innocence and repose.

I do not know my son's age. In this wild confusion of time, it gives me no astonishment to walk with him at one moment a little lad, with open collar and white throat, dusty worn-out shoes and bundle, trudging along the high road, and turning his face from his father's house for ever; and the next, to stand beside him in his poor chamber, a lonely dejected man, over whose head years of disappointment have swept.

And from this time I never lose sight of him continuously. By the dying fire-light, in the flickering gleam of his student-lamp, when the wind lifts up its voice and howls like a ravening animal waiting for its prey without—the dreary nights when, like the Galilean fishermen, he toils in great deeps vainly—then it is given me to stand beside him—to lay my shadowy hands upon his aching head to soothe him, all wayworn as he is with his worldy pilgrimage, into rest, to arise in his dreams from the far-off years, and bless him with the holy mother-love.

Here, as I do in my vision, I must stop abruptly. From this point, at least, it seems to me that Nature actually intervenes between us, making things behind at first vague, and by degrees stealing upon their very outlines, and so blending them into an even darkness.

Nor does this fading out of the details of my dream-fancy occasion me pain. In proportion as I see less keenly, the keen sympathy of my interest decreases, and returns from following the fortunes of the child to a more consciousness of unpeachable love lying dormant within my bosom; and this love brings him back quite naturally, and without mental effort, to my arms, a little, tender, helpless, sleeping thing, just as I see him first. My dream thus always commencing and terminating in the same way, has led me to speak as if it were unvaryingly throughout the same, which is not the case. Indeed, why should I have selected such gloomy circumstances to surround him with, in preference to the many bright and joyous ones I see him as often the hero of, I do not know, except that, unconsciously, I have been influenced by a knack of letting the child's wanderings through that seemed most romantic amongst my silly fancies, or from the common instinct that makes a child of sorrow dearer to a mother, as I have heard mothers say, than any of her boy's, till some day he is a man.

So, with a start, I awake. I am still sitting in the same place, but my fire-light has died into the darkness. It is cold and cheerless. I creep to my bed, and, like Rachel, weep for my children because they are not.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

MANOEUVRING.

Squatter sovereignty!—shall it exist or not, is the question which for half a century has perplexed and demoralised American statesmanship, and will do so apparently for some time to come. Calhoun is said to have been the first to use the term 'squatter sovereignty' in joke, though no joke has it proved to congress; but Cass is alleged to have had the high merit of giving it a place in serious parliamentary nomenclature, and so conferring upon it an air of official respectability. We do not absolutely pledge ourselves as to the existence of the right of these distinguished statesmen; nor does it much matter. Squatter sovereignty is no new thing. We have referred to it again and again, as the alleged right of the inhabitants of the newly organised territories of
the Union to make choice of their own institutions. How that choice is for the most part a foregone conclusion, as regards slavery, is already explained. An early rush of planters with their slaves usually settles the business, before the more slow-moving and freedom-loving emigrants enter on the scene. Yet, the fiction is still contended for in congress, that the inhabitants are entitled to exercise precisely the same right of assenting or rejecting slavery as are the citizens of any of the constituted states. In short, does the convention confer on congress an arbitrary control of the territories? The circumstances which have been narrated in these papers, would entitle us to say that congress rightfully possesses this authority.

People who do not keep quite abreast of great social questions, probably imagine that the contest about slavery in the United States refers to emancipation or non-emancipation. Except by the inconsiderable party of abolitionists, the struggle has not got within a long chalk of this ultimatum. The past and present subject of debate, is what is to be done with the territories, which are from time to time absorbed into the Union. The South, which has the knack of carrying statesmen and presidents along with him—of making his arguments are 'raised like a dog',—argues strongly in favour of squatter sovereignty; for the good reason, that it can fabricate pro-slavery squatters to any desired amount. The North, on the other hand, which talks heroically about freedom in its Fanueil Halls, its Tabernacles, and what not, and is clear that at least all territories on the northern side of 36' 30' should be forever free from slavery, cuts a poor figure among the enlightened. In plain terms, it allows itself to be mystified—sends, among a few brilliant exceptions, so many self-interested persons to congress, that all who are not identified with cotton or democracy are naturally disgusted of—and, thus, to end the matter, the South gets pretty nearly always its own way.

Ever since the battle of the territories began, nearly forty years ago, there has been a continual reckoning of gains and losses between South and North. On our conscience, we believe that the question of slavery has never, as a general rule, been seriously entertained by these northern politicians. The thing which was really fought for—as, for example, in the magnificent speeches of Webster—was political power. If the South, with the peculiar energy it has usually exercised in numbers, has, to disproportionate large in number of states, the North would relatively sink in its member-creating capacity; and losing in members, it would lose in chances of place as well as of the management of things which hand the federal treasury. Unless one is pretty well posted up in the history of these party manoeuvres, he can hardly comprehend the actual merits of the squatter-sovereignty discussions.

Slavery, once simply a social and seemingly temporary evil, has, through the course of events, of which we have presented a summary, become a great political institution, within which is intruded an oligarchy that holds the balance of power, and is, in effect, the government. Undoubtedly, the primary cause of this preponderance is the constitution of the United States, which is eminently conservative of slavery, and, as usually interpreted, has afforded grounds for greatly extending this odious institution. In that constitutional arrangement alone, whereby slaves form an element in apportioning the ratio of representative population, a ground was laid for the political aggrandisement of the South. As formerly stated, three-fifths of all the slaves in the United States are numbered in the constitution for the House of Representatives, though not one of them has a vote. Three out of every five slaves in the South, are thus equivalent to three freemen in the North; and practically, by this singular method of making up a constituency, the South gains thirty votes in the House of Representatives beyond what it would otherwise be entitled to have.

It is worthy of remark, however, that, notwithstanding this remarkable advantage, the South is not able to keep pace with northern constituencies. By the last decennial census, on which the present representation is based, while the free states contribute 145 members, the slave states return no more than 96. How, then, being in such a minority, is the South able to exert so extraordinary an influence in the national legislature? The explanation involves some strange disclosures. In the first place, the South uniformly acts with an esprit du corps totally wanting in the North. The constituency of the slave states is, in point of fact, narrowed to about 250,000 slave-owners, in whom power is entirely reposed; the surplus of southern white population being little better than a nonentity. A body so limited acts with a vigour and unity not to be attained by the many millions of northern freemen. Through this slave free labour is disdign計畫, and the business of life is politics; the universal consideration is the attainment and retention of power. The North, on the contrary, is a hire of industry, in which there is little time to devote to political stratagems, and unfortunately the people, generally, are so much under the dominion of material interests, as well as prejudices respecting colour, as to be easily misled by deceptive party representations.

Accustomed as we are to associate slavery and its multifarious horrors with the doings of the South, one is apt to neglect the important truth, that but for the selfish compromises of the North, slavery must long since have been extinct. No fact has been more conclusively proved than that the existence of this monster evil depends on territorial aggression. Secede it within a certain circle, and it will inevitably perish. Slavery is synonymous with scoto. It is a waste of means, a waste of land, a waste of civil liberty, a waste of moral feeling—everything deteriorates in connection with it. As an institution, it has destroyed the vitality from the rich lands lying beyond the borders of the Old Dominion. We could present no more striking evidence of its ruinous effects on land than those instanced by Mr Tappan; his two disinterestedly written works on the slave states. In the latest of these productions, A Journey Through Texas, he speaks of that frequent and melancholy spectacle in the old slave states—which I might call the federal treasury. Under, with its little village of dwellings, now a home only for wolves and vultures. This but indicates a large class of observations, by which I hold myself justified in asserting that the natural elements of wealth in the soil of Texas will have been more exhausted in ten years, and with them the rewards offered by Providence to labour will have been more lessened than, without slavery, would have been the case in two hundred. Do not think that I use round numbers carelessly. After two hundred years' occupation of similar soils by a free-labouring community, I have seen no such evidences of waste, as in Texas, after ten years of slavery. And indications of the same kind I have observed, not isolated, but general, in every slave state but two—which I have seen only in parts yet scarcely at all settled. Moreover, I have seen similar phenomena following slavery in other countries and other climates.

The effects of this wastefulness of land, are of national concern. Present existence is secured by drawing on future resources. To after generations, bread, meat, cotton, and other articles will all be enhanced in cost by the present system of territorial
exhaustion. 'I consider,' adds this writer, 'that slavery is no less disastrous in its effects on industry — no less destructive to wealth. The laws and forces sustaining it, where it has been long established, may become a temporary necessity, inasmuch as they are to the life of some unfortunate invalids. But laws intended to extend its field of improvidence are unjust, cruel, and oppressive.' If slavery be so ruinous, why should it be continued? Is it intolerable? The idea of hiring labourers presuming to have rights, is repugnant to southern notions. Those who degrade themselves with labour, are bound to submit to any kind of treatment. The reckless homicide of a waiter at Washington, and a member of congress, assassinated from Alabama, in the spring of 1856, was, for example, justiﬁed by southern newspapers, on the ground that it was proper to teach free labourers their place. Another reason for sustaining slavery, is the status which is derived from the possession of negro property. The owning of even one slave raises a person in southern society, although the possessor of this miserable piece of property is under the necessity of hiring it out for his own subsistence. Addressing a southern man, Omsted says: 'It is fashionable with you to own slaves, as it is with the English to own land, with the Arabs, horses; and as beads and vermilion have a value among the Indians which seems to us absurd, so, among you, has the power of commanding the service of slaves. Consequently, you are willing to pay a price for it which, to one not educated as you have, seems abundantly high. Nor are you more likely to dispense with slaves when you have it in your power to possess them, than the Chinese with their opium, or the Turk with their turban, or Englishmen with their hats.'

Wrong in principle, and in all respects incongruous, as compared with free labour, slavery is on all hands acknowledged to exist by fraud and violence, by disregard of the rights of citizens, by suppressing freedom of discussion and freedom of election, by preventing general education, by interrupting and assailing commerce, by exhausting lands, dishonouring industry, checking public improvements, degrading the national character, and, in short, by establishing an almost universal terrorism, unworthy of a free people. The dexterity with which these enormities have been sustained, is exceedingly marvellous. A few facts must be plainly stated. Practically a despotism, the great slaveholding interest, with far-sighted policy, professes those extreme principles of democracy which are upheld by the larger proportion of northern citizens—much as if the high conservative body in England were, for party purposes, to declare for extreme radicalism. Northern men, on the other hand, seek to conciliate the South, for the sake of selfish interests. The doctrine that high protective duties are an essential element of national prosperity, though long silently upheld by political economists, is still current in the northern states of the Union. Doubtless, it is only through the efficacy of such protective duties as 30 per cent., that certain northern manufacturers can keep open their establishments; and we may assume that if these restrictions were removed, much misdirected capital would flow into more natural channels, and produce results more advantageous to all parties. Northern manufacturers, however, being the immediate gainer of a system of protection, cling as closely to the privilege of taxing the community as ever did the landowners of Great Britain by their restrictions on the flow of capital abroad. Such posessions could meet with no response in the South, but for the necessity of buying party support. All the clothing, shoes, hats, and other articles required on southern plantations, are imported coastwise from northern manufacturers; so that, in reality, the South taxes itself in an enormous sum annually, in purchasing dear northern goods. 'Up to the present moment,' says an American writer, 'the North has been a commercial and equal partner with the South in all the material values or pecuniary results produced by slavery. In the first place, the great southern staples, cotton, tobacco, and rice, with their vast valuation, constituting virtually the commercial currency between America and Europe, have mostly passed through the hands of southern merchants and factors, enriching them with lucrative profits. Then slavery rendered the southern states dependent upon the North for all the manufactured articles they used; from parlour books to kitchen brooms; from beaver-hats for the master to the cobblers of Common Street, from penknives to ploughs. Nearly all the goods they used were either manufactured or imported for them by the North. Their teas, coffees, and other foreign productions, either came to them through New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, or were brought to them direct from across the sea in northern ships. The factories and ships of the eastern states and the fertile prairie lands of the west, teemed with the industrial activities which these important staples employed and rewarded. What three millions of slaves grew under the lash in the South, made a continuous and proﬁtable business for at least twice that number of freemen in the North. The latter, by that species of compromise for which it has been distinguished, grasped at the lion’s share of the dividends of this commercial partnership. It coveted to sell to the southern states, far more than it purchased from them. If they would only consent to a high protective tariff, which would give their market for manufactures exclusively to the North, anti-slavery agitation in the South would be put down and extinguished. The mobbing of “abolition agitators” in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other northern cities, was a part of this scheme of intimidation, and would, if continued, chase-price of protection.'* The case then stands thus: the South pretends to be democratic, to gain northern votes; and the North sells itself for southern money. Or, to come to the subject in hand—the South votes for Protection, and the North in return votes for Slavery. Slavery, at least on its present footing, may therefore be said to exist, in some degree, on commercial protection. It is not to be supposed that the South is unanimous in submitting to this thraldom to northern interests. At the risk of breaking up the mutual understanding, southern orators and newspaper editors have strongly advocated free-trade with Europe, and numerous have been the projects to establish southern harbours, shipping, and commerce—all, of course, impracticable, on account of want of capital as well as want of business calculations and habits. Did the South really find it safe to break with the North, it would, perhaps, with its legislative influence find little difﬁculty in foreseeing how the present appearances, acts of congress will take this direction.

* Plan of Brotherly Cophership. By Elba Bartlett.
It can admit of little doubt, that as protection is relaxed, so will a material cement between North and South be dissolved—an event so far favourable to the interests of freedom. But as long as the principles of democracy are in the ascendant, the anti-slavery party will not have great cause to rejoice. According to the confession of political faith, demonstrated in recent elections, democracy signifies the recognition of squatter sovereignty, the boundless extension of the Union, and, consequently, the illimitable addition of new slave states. Can such principles be carried out? Are they not of a character with all that has been tolerated since the acquisition of Louisiana? It is confidently expected that the rising and somewhat formidable opposition presented by the republican party, will interpose to prevent the further spread of slavery. But this, we fear, is only one of those idle expectations, with which the less sophisticated part of the nation has been long deceitfully amused. The South has many methods of disarming opposition. It can threaten dissolution of the Union, and that no one can endure; for devotion to the Union is a predominant sentiment with every American. By its vigorous action, the South can retain possession of power, and so effectually does it swamp the majority of free-state votes in congress by means at its disposal, that it laughs to scorn the efforts of diamonists and abolitionists.

Referring to the out-and-out treatment on the subject of slavery in the North, Mr. Quincy, whom we have already quoted, shews how, step by step, the principles of freedom have sunk under party influence. Soon after the organization of the convention, he says, 'a change of feeling began to spread in the free states, in which, from envy, jealousy, rivalry, ambition, and other passions, parties arose, of which the slaveholders had the tact to avail themselves.' It was the mutual interest which resulted from the alliance between slavery and democracy, that at first softened, and in time changed, in Massachusetts, the early, inherent detestation of negro slavery. This change did not extend beyond the democratic party. But after the lapse of twenty or thirty years, another element of slaveholders' influence was introduced. In the course of these years, the profits arising from the cultivation of cotton in the southern states, changed the opinion of the rich planters concerning the evil of slavery, which at first began there to be considered a good, and then subsequently as a chief good. A like change, contemporaneously, came over the free states, in certain localities, where cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving began to be a source of wealth, and consequently of political power. This interest acquired strength with time and prosperity, and began to be a predominating influence, about the period the Whig party was formed, constituting in truth the chief part of its cement. It was formed out of the broken materials of the old parties, which time and circumstances had dissolved, and was composed of recently fledged politicians, with a mixture of some democrats and some federalists, who joined the new party, not because its principles were to their mind, but because it was the best in the field. It took the name of Whigs, not from any affinity with those of the Revolution, but because the name had a savour of liberty, and thus formed a convenient cover for those whose interests led to the support of slavery. Boston became one of the localities where the head-quarters of the Whigs was established, and of course became identified with the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving interests. Here, therefore, the interests of the slaveholder were espoused with zeal, under the guise of upholding the constitution of the United States, and the provision for returning runaway slaves began to appear a most important feature.'

And so, by general confession, the protracted and seemingly high-souled contest to check the progress of slavery, has been only a disguise under which to advance the interests of party. We are, in fact, to understand, that until the present time, the great thing held in view, is the power of returning negroes to congress to suit particular purposes, and that slavery has never clearly attained the position of a substantive question—scarcely been ever anything else than a convenience. On the retreats of Texas, and afterwards on the outbreak of the war with Mexico—whenever fresh territory for slavery purposes was to be added to the Union—the Whigs blazed forth 'Resolutions,' about 'the duty of the free states not to submit.' But with the firing off of these wind-guns, 'the clamour, the courage, and patriotism of the Whigs soared away;' and on each occasion, when the special object for noisy demonstration was one way or other set at rest—as has been recently exhibited in the case of Kansas—down sunk all ebullition of public, or more properly, party sentiment. Are the modern republicans to be more sincere and trustworthy than the now 'fossilised' Whigs? We know not. Avoing a merely defensive policy, they have disclaimed any intention to interfere with southern institutions; and looking at the past, we may be pardoned for not entertaining high expectations of what is to ensue should they get into power—an event in itself doubtful. Meanwhile, strong language is occasionally used by 'Reformers' and continuers, denunciatory of slaveholders, and we always seem to be on the eve of something being done to put an end to slavery. Alas! after talking and scheming for the last 100,000, slavery is now as vigorous and lifelike than ever. According to the well-known ratio of increase—about 150,000 per annum—the present number of slaves in the United States cannot be fewer than 4,100,000, showing an addition of 900,000 since 1850. We think it may be safely averred that party manoeuvring has had a fair trial and been found wanting. Slavery is to be abated neither by abuse, nor by selfish political partisanship. The free states, if they feel inclined, may appoint representatives in congress who could shiver the principle of squatter sovereignty to atoms, and so reduce slavery to a local institution, preliminary to its extinction. How, in the aggregate, they have failed to do so, let late elections testify.

W. C.

CANONBURY TOWER.

Everybody who has, upon either business or pleasure, wandered to the northward of London, will probably have seen the queer, thick-sticking buildings which bear the name heading this article. A noticeable old place it is, with its little lattice windows, each one on a different level; its formal row of iron railings round the roof, and its melancholy weather-rock crowned the summit; and it appears all the more curious contrasted with the pretty modern villas which now hem it in on every side. All its ancient friends have one by one departed; and there is not remaining near it one of the many structures which surrounded it upon its erection in the reign of 'Bluff King Hall.' The tower of Islington old church—not much unlike itself in shape and general appearance—for many a long year kept it company in overlooking the country around, and made so sturdy a resistance when its demolition was attempted, that gunpowder had to be employed by the Goths who levelled it; but now that is gone, and the old tower is left alone in its glory.

Many mutations had the noble Canonbury House, of which this is the only remaining portion, undergone; it was destroyed to make way for the new modern buildings, which have, with mushroom-like rapidity, sprung up upon its site. Up to 1539, it was a goodly edifice, belonging to the priory of St Bartholomew, established as early as the middle of the thirteenth
century in West Smithfield—a sort of country-house, in which the prior himself, together with some of the number of the monks, spent the pleasant part of the year, leaving it when winter set in for their more cozy habitations in Smithfield. Very holy men, and very highly esteemed, were these same friars of St Bartholomew, and easily were their prayers sought for by the laity around; hence the priory of Canonbury became richly endowed with divers gifts of lands and fair dwellings—not the most inconsiderable of which was a noble bequest made in 1534 by Henry le Hayward and Roger de Creton of 110 acres of arable land in ‘Ialdon and Kentbyghton’ (Islington and Kentishtown) for prayers and masses to be said for the repose of the soul of their kinsman John de Kentbyghton. And so the old monastery went on for many years, increasing in wealth and extent, until one fine autumn morning in 1559, down came the royal mandate for the suppression of the religious house; and amid wo and lamentation, inventories were taken of jewels and rich stuffs—allerals were despoiled of their trappings, shrines of their abominations, and all the long-robed riches of Canonbury Priory were handed over to the king. The unfortunate monks, turned adrift upon the world, were pensioned off; the sub-prior had £13 a year awarded him, and of the rest he had £6 19s. 4d. as some L6 6s. apiece.

Henry did not long keep the desecrated priory in his own hands, but gave it next year, together with the lands belonging to it, to the keeper of his privy seal, Thomas Lord Cromwell, upon his decapitation, in August of the same year, this portion, together with all the rest of his property, reverted to the crown.

The house and manor remained for many years the property of the sovereign, who put a keeper in it, with directions to ‘keep it sweet and clean, and entirely meet for the king’s use when he chose to come thereto; and who paid yearly L20 to the Lady Anne of Cleves for permission to live on the manor.

This state of affairs continued with little alteration until the reign of Edward VI., who made over the whole of the property to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; and, as if some fatality was connected with the place, its noble owner was attainted of treason, and beheaded a few months afterwards.

Falling again into royal hands, the old dwelling was granted to Thomas Lord Wentworth, who, in 1570, alienated it to a certain John Spencer, whose daughter, marrying with the second Lord Compton—as we shall presently more fully notice—brought the estate into the possession of its present noble owner, the Marquis of Northampton.

Master John Spencer, nicknamed ‘rich Spencer,’ or, as he subsequently became, Sir John Spencer, albeit not of gentle blood, for he was a citizen and cloth-worker of London, was yet esteemed the richest man of his time in Queen Elizabeth’s dominions. Having been respectively alderman and sheriff, he became, in 1594, lord mayor of London, and earned great glory by his prudent conduct during a fearful famine which occurred in his mayoralty. He did not often live at Canonbury in the busy days of his life, for it was then esteemed a long way from the metropolis; the roads were bad, and infested with robbers; and, besides, Sir John had a noble mansion in the city, no other than Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street. When, however, old age prevented him from taking any part in the active duties of a citizen, the old knight retired to Canonbury, and lived in great dignity and splendour there, and once had the honour of entertaining his majesty, the king, at his fireside; and, on one fine day, rode northward to take the air, and stopped and ate fruits and drank ale at the fair mansion of Canonbury.

The fame of the knight’s great wealth was not confined to England, but was extolled to foreign countries, and excited the cupidity of certain Dunkirk pirates, who framed the bold attempt of coming over to England and carrying away the rich man by night to France, in order to obtain the large ransom for his life. The shipload in which these worthies sailed came as far as Barking Creek, where six of the pirates left her, and came to Islington; but fortunately for himself, Sir John was not at his house at Canonbury, having been summoned the same day to St James’s, and so the robbers were forced to return empty-handed.

A splendid funeral procession was that which issued from the old tower when the dusty knight was gathered to his fathers; and bitter was the mourning, especially among the poorer portion of the inhabitants round about, for Sir John was a very father to those who solicited his charity. More than 1000 poor people followed the body to the grave, and 320 of them, by the express direction of the deceased knight, received what was in those days conceived to be a handsome remembrance. What this remembrance was, it may perhaps interest the reader to know; and so here follows the quaint old account of the matter: ‘There was made choice of 320 men and women, poor and old, the which were every of them neighbours living about; and to them severally was given a basket, in which basket there was contained divers good commodities—that is to say, a black gown, four pounds of beef, a bundle of Bread, some Ahead of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two potatoes, the which gave them, of whom who did receive the same, great contentment.’

We cannot at the present day very well estimate the exact amount of Sir John Spencer’s wealth; but the properties beside landed and personal property to a very large extent, his executors found among his papers bonds to the amount of L33,000.

From the rich knight, Canonbury House passed into the possession of a lady—Elizabeth Spencer, Sir John’s only daughter and sole heiress. Of course the lady, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, her wealth, was very much courted; and we have accounts of more than one fatal duel being fought in and about Islington respecting her future destiny. Being under age, she was in the protection of the Court of Chancery, and placed by the then chancellor under the care of one or two strict old dukes of Cambridge; but among her numerous admirers, however, she numbered one—William, second Lord Compton, who turning over in his mind divers salutary maxims, among which ‘None but the brave deserve the fair,’ and ‘Never win fair lady,’ were doubtless prominent; and being nothing daunted by the seeming impracticability of the castle in which the rich beauty was confined, or by the grim custodians who had the charge of her, determined to carry the lady off and make her his wife.

That he succeeded in so doing is undisputed; but as to the mosas operanda, historians are not very well agreed.

The common, and certainly the most romantic version of the story is, that the lady was conveyed away one dark blustering December night in a baker’s basket.

Her admirer, whom she married in 1594, was Lord President of Wales, and had necessity to spend a great part of the year in that dominion; his lady appears to have disliked Wales, and very shortly after her marriage expressed her determination to live in London. This being agreed to by her husband, she set to work to make arrangements for establishing as noble a household in the old building as any lady could possibly desire. The extent of the arrangements she made, as is gleaned from a letter written to her husband not very long after her marriage. After commencing with ‘My sweet life,’ followed up with a little ‘softer sawd,’ the lady makes the following modest proposals respecting herself and her household:
I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of L2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance, have L600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an unseemly thing for a gentlewoman to stand bumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-sawling, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, and four good horses; also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all—orderly, not pesterng my things with my women's, nor theirs with mine; the chambermaids shall not be with theirs with washing maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is unseemly to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones; eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse L2,000 and L200, and so you to pay my debts; also, I would have L6,000 to buy me jewels, and L4,000 to buy me a pearl-chain. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like. I do no doubt that the lodgers at Canonbury saw the great city coming to visit them in their silent retreat, the fields around cut up for brick earth, and rows of goodly houses rising on every side, they found that they had lost all prospect of a continuance of the country quiet, which had been for so long a time the characteristic of their pleasant abode, and so they one by one left the old tower never to return; and before 1800, all the fame of Canonbury Tower as a pleasant lodging-house, had departed. The old tower is nearly deserted now, and the building at its base has long since been converted into a dwelling-house. Hardly is established a goodly sized Ladies' Seminary; and part of the pleasant gardens of Canonbury House, where cowled monks walked with solemn pace for many a long year, and where high-born dames listened to tender tales from the eloquent lips of sighting cavaliers, is now a gravelled playground, where groups of pretty school-girls con their Magnell's Questions and Italian Grammars, all forgetful of the strange events that, in years gone by, took place in the neighbourhood around them.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SAGING THE CLIFF.

O for a long interval of darkness! Our hearts beat anxiously—at least I can answer for my own. Rube watched the guerrilleros, permitting his head to be seen by them. My eyes were bent upon the rocky wall, but through the thick darkness I looked in vain for our comrade. I listened to hear how he was progressing: I could distinguish a slight scratching against the cliff, each moment higher and farther away; but Garey climbed with a moccasined foot, and the noise was too faint to reach the ears of our enemies. O for a long interval of darkness!

It appeared a long one; perhaps it was not five minutes, but it felt twice that, before the lightning again blazed forth. With the flash, I ran my eyes up the precipitous wall. O God! Garey was still upon
its face, scarcely midway up. He was standing on a ledge—his body flattened against the rock—and with his arms extended horizontally, he presented the appearance of a man crucified upon the cliff! So long as the glare lasted, he remained in this attitude, motionless as the rock itself. I turned with anxious looks towards the guerilleros. I heard no voice; I observed no movement. Thank Heaven! they saw him not!

Near where he was resting, some bushes of the trailing cedar grew out of the cliff; their dark foliage mottled its white face, rendering the form of the cliff still more difficult to detect.

Another long spell of darkness, another blaze of light.

I scanned the gorge: no human form was visible. I saw a dark line that, like a crack, vertically intersected the cliff from parapet to base: it was the rope Garey had carried up. He had reached the summit in safety!

It was my turn next—for Rube insisted on retaining the post of danger—and with my rifle slung on my back, I stood ready. I had given the parting whisper to my brave steed, and pressed his velvet muzzle to my cheek. With the last flicker of the electric gleam, I seized the hanging lasso, and drew myself upward.

I had confidence in the rope: I knew it was fastened above, or safe in the strong grasp of Garey. With its aid, the ascent was rendered easy. I experienced no difficulty in climbing from ledge to ledge, and before the light came again, I had reached the crest of the cliff.

We lay flat among the bushes that grew by the very brink, scarcely showing our faces to the front.

I saw that the rope had been fastened round the trunk of a small tree. Presently we perceived by its jerking that Rube had begun his ascent. Shortly after, we could hear him sprawling and scratching upward, and then his thin dark form loomed over the edge of the cliff, and dead beat for breath, he staggered silently into the bushes beside us. Even in the darkness, I noticed something peculiar in his appearance: his head looked smaller, but I had no time to question him.

We waited only for another glance at the guerilleros; they were still at their posts, evidently unconscious of our movements. Rube's catskin cap, cunningly adjusted upon the boulder, satisfied them that we were still at ours; and explained, moreover, the oddness I had observed about the upper story of the trapper.

Rube had now recovered wind; and gathering up the rope, we stole away over the table-summit to search for a place of descent.

On reaching the opposite side, we at once found what we wanted—a tree near the edge of the cliff. Many small pines grew upon the escarpment; and selecting one, we knotted the rope securely around its trunk.

There was yet much to be done before any of us could attempt the descent. We knew that the cliff was more than a hundred feet in vertical height, and to glide down a rope of that length is a trying feat, worthy the most expert of tars. None of us might be able to accomplish it; the first could be lowered down easily enough, and this was our intention; so might the second; but the other would have to glide down the rope.

The men were not long delayed by the contemplation of this obstacle: my comrades were men of quick thought; and a plan to lessen the difficulty soon suggested itself. Their knives were out in a trice: a sapling was procured, and cut into short pieces; these were notched, and tied at intervals along the rope. Our 'Jacob's ladder' was ready.

It still remained to make sure that the rope was of sufficient length. The knots had somewhat shortened it; but this point was soon settled with like ingenuity. A small stone was tied to one end, and then dropped over the cliff. We listened; we heard the dull 'thump' as the stone upon the prairie turf. The rope therefore reached to the ground.

It was again drawn up, the stone taken out, and the noose fastened around the body of Rube, under his armpits. He was the lightest, and for this reason had been chosen to make the first descent, as he would least try the strength of the rope—still a doubtful point. The ascent had not proved it—for in climbing up, but one-half of our weight had been upon it, our feet resting either against the cliff, or upon its ledges. On reaching the plain, Rube was to submit the rope to trial, before either Garey or I should attempt to go down. This he was to do by adding a large stone to his own weight—making both at least equal to that of Garey, who was by far the heaviest of the party.

All being arranged, the old trapper slid silently over the edge of the cliff—Garey and I giving out the rope slowly, and with caution. Foot by foot, and yard by yard, it was drawn through our hands by the weight of the descending body, now lost to our sight over the brow of the cliff.

Still slowly, and with caution, we allowed the lasso to pass, taking care that it should glide gradually, so as not to jerk, and cause the body of our comrade to vibrate with too much violence against the rocks.

We were both seated close together, our faces turned to the plain. More than three-quarters of the rope had passed from us, and we were congratulating ourselves that the trial would soon be over, when, to our dismay, the strain ceased with a suddenness that caused both of us to recoil upon our backs! At the same instant, we heard the 'twang' of the snapping rope, followed by a sharp cry from below!

We sprang to our feet, and mechanically recommenced hauling upon the rope. The weight was no longer upon it; it was light as packthread, and returned to our hands without effort.

Desisting, we fronted to each other, but not for an explanation. Neither required it; neither uttered a word. The case was clear: the rope had broken; our comrade had been hurled to the earth!

With a simultaneous impulse, we dropped upon our knees; and, crawling forward to the brink of the precipice, looked over and downward. We could see nothing in the dense gloom that frowned below; and we waited till the light should break forth again.

We listened with ears keenly set. Was it a groan we heard? a cry of agony? No; its repetition told us what it was—the howl of the prairie-wolf. No human voice reached our ears. Alas, no! Even a cry of pain would have been welcome, since it would have told us our comrade still lived. But no, he was silent—perhaps broken to atoms!

It was long ere the lightning gleamed again. Before it did, we heard voices. They came from the bottom of the cliff directly under us; but there were two, and neither was the voice of the trapper. It is easy to distinguish the full intonation of the Saxon from the shrill treble of the sons of Anahauac. The voices were those of our foes.

Presently the light discovered them to us. Two there were. They were on horseback, moving on the plain below, and close in to the cliff. We saw them distinctly, but we saw not what we had expected—the mangled body of our comrade! The gleam long continued, had given us full time to scrutinise the ground. We could have distinguished upon it any object as large as a cat. Rube, living or dead, was certainly not there!
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

Had he fallen into the hands of the guerrillas? The two we saw carried lances, but no prisoner. It was not likely they had captured him; besides, we knew that Rubio, unless badly crippled, would never have surrendered without a struggle, and neither shot nor shout had been heard.

We were soon relieved from all uneasiness on this score. The brigands continued their conversation, and the light breeze wafted their voices upwards, so that we could distinguish part of what was said.

'Carambo!' exclaimed one impatiently; 'you must have been mistaken? It was the coyote you heard.'

'Caprice! I am confident it was a man's voice.'

'Then it must have proceeded from one of the piceros behind the rock. There is no one out here? But come! let us return by the other side of the mesa.'

The hoof-strokes admonished us that they were passing onward to carry out the design of the last speaker, who was no other than Ijuara himself.

It was a relief to know that our comrade had not yet fallen into their clutches. How far he was injured, we could not have an idea. The rope had given way close to the top, and Rubio had carried most of it down with him. In the chiding he had not noticed how much remained, behind our hands, when he fell; and now we could only guess. Seeing that he had disappeared from the spot, we were in high hope that he had sustained no serious injury.

But whither had he gone? Had he but cavaled away, and was yet in the neighbourhood of the mesa? If so, they might light upon him. Hiding-place there was none, either by the base of the cliff or on the surrounding plain.

Garey and I were anxious about the result—the more so, that the guerrilleros had heard his cry, and were in search of him. He might easily be found in any of the spots.

We hastily formed the determination to cross the table summit to the other side, and watch the movements of the two horsemen.

Guided by their voices, we once more knelt above them, at the rearmost angle of the mound. They had there halted to examine the ground, and only waited for the flash; we, too, waited above them, and within range.

'Ve kin fetch them out o' thar saddles?' whispered my companion.

I hesitated to give my assent; perhaps it was prudent that restrained me, for I had now conceived hopes of a surer deliverance.

At that moment gleamed the lightning; the dark horsemen loomed large under its yellow glare; they were less than fifty paces from the muzzles of our guns: we could have sighted them with sure aim; and, bayed as we had been, I was almost tempted to yield to the solicitations of my companion.

Just then, an object came under our eyes that caused both of us to draw back our half-levelled rifles—that object was the body of our comrade Rubio. It was lying flat along the ground, the arms and legs stretched out to their full extent, and the face buried deep in the grass. From the elevation at which we viewed it, it appeared like the hide of a young buffalo spread out to dry, and pinned tightly to the turf. But we knew it was not that; we knew it was the body of a man dressed in brown buckskin—the body of the careless trapper! It was not dead neither; no dead body could have placed itself in such an attitude, for it lay flattened along the turf like a gigantic newt.

The object of this attitude was evident to us, and our hearts beat with a painful anxiety while the light flickered around. The body was lying about one hundred yards out; but though perfectly visible from our position, it must have been inconspicuous to the horsemen below; for as soon as it darkened, we heard them, to our great relief, ride back toward the front, Ijuara reiterating his doubts as they passed away. Fortunately it was for both him and his companion they had not espied that prostrate form—fortunate for Rubio—for all of us!

Garey and I kept our places, and waited for another flash. When it came, the brown buckskin was no longer in sight! Far off—nearly a mile off, we fancied we could distinguish the same form flattened out as before; but the gloom of the prairie-grass rendered our vision uncertain.

Of one thing, however, we were certain—our comrade had escaped.

CHAPTER XL.

A REINFORCEMENT.

For the first time, since encountering the guerrillas, I breathed freely, and felt confident we should get free. My comrade shared my belief; and it is needless to say that we recrossed the summit of the mesa with lighter hearts and step more buoyant.

Of course we no longer speculated about making the descent; with the fragment of rope left, that was impossible. We were simply returning to the front, to keep an eye upon the guerrilleros, and hope, if possible, to prevent them from approaching our horses—should they by any chance discover that we had retreated from our position behind the rock.

We were the more anxious about our horses, now that we had less apprehension for ourselves; at least I can answer for myself, and the explanation is easy. So long as I felt the probability that every moment might be the last of my life, the fate of Moro and the white steed was but a secondary consideration. Now that I felt certain I should survive this perilous escape, the future once more urged its claims; and I was anxious not only to preserve my own steed, but the beautiful creature that had led me into all this peril, but whose capture still promised its rich reward.

That all danger was past—that in a few hours we should be free, was the full belief both of my companion and myself. Perhaps you may not comprehend from what date we drew so confident and comfortable a conclusion, though our reasoning was simple enough.

We knew that Rubio would reach the rancheria, and return with a rescue—that was all.

'Tis true we were not without some anxiety. The rangers might not longer be there?—the army might have marched?—perhaps the picket was withdrawn? Rube himself might be intercepted, or slain?

The last hypothesis gave us least concern. We had full trust in the trapper's ability to penetrate to the American camp—to the enemy's, if necessary. We had just been favoured with a specimen of his skill. Whether the army had advanced or not, Rubio would reach it before morning, if he should have to steal a horse upon the way. He would soon find the rangers; and, even without orders, Hulingsworth would lend him a few—half-a-dozen of them would be enough. In the worst view of the case, there were stragglers enough about the camp—odd birds, that could easily be enlisted for such a duty. We had scarcely a doubt that our comrade would come back with a rescue.

As to the time, we were left to conjectures. It might be before morning's light—it might not be before late in the following day, or even the night after. But that was a consideration that now weighed lightly. We could hold our aerial fortress for a week—a month—ay, far longer, and against hundreds. We could not be assailed. With our rifles to guard the cliff; no storming-party could approach—no forlorn hope could scale our breastwork of five hundred yards; but what of thirst and hunger, you will ask? Ha! we dreaded not either. Fortune's favours had fallen upon us in showers. Even on that lone summit, we
found the means to assuage the one and satisfy the other.

In crossing the table-top, we stumbled upon huge echinocacti, that grew over the ground like ant-hills or gigantic bee-hives. They were the mammillaria of Quackenboss—dome-shaped, and some of them ten feet in diameter. Garey's knife was out in a trice; a portion of the spiny coat of the largest was stripped off, its top truncated, and a bowl scooped in the soft succulent mass. In another minute, we had assuaged our thirst from this vegetable fountain of the Desert.

With similar facility were we enabled to gratify the kindred appetite. As I had conjectured, on viewing them from the plain, the trees of light-green foliage were 'piños'—the 'nut-pine' (Pinus edulis), of which there are several species in Northern Mexico, whose cones contain seeds edible and nutritious. A few handfuls of these we gathered, and hungered no more.

They would have been better roasted, but at that moment we were contented to eat them raw.

No wonder, then, that with such a supply for the present, and such hopes for the future, we no longer dreaded the impotent fury of our foes.

We lay down at the top of the gorge to watch their further movements, and feed our horses from their attack. The flash of the lightning shewed them still on guard, just as we had left them. One of each file was mounted, while his companion, on foot, paced to and fro in the interval of the cordon. Their measures were cunningly taken; they were evidently determined we should not steal past them in the darkness!

The lightning began to abate, and the intervals between the flashes longer, for the thunder less and longer.

During one of these intervals, we were startled by the sound of hoof-strokes at some distance off: it was the tramp of horses upon the hard plain. There is a difference between the hoof-stroke of a ridden horse and one that is riderless, and the prairie-man is rarely puzzled to distinguish them. My companion at once pronounced the horses to be 'mounted.'

The guerrillas, on the alert, had heard them at the same time as we, and two of them now galloped out to reconnoitre. This we ascertained only by hearing, for we could not distinguish an object six feet from our faces in the darkness as the only palpable to the touch.

The sounds came from a considerable distance, but we could tell that the horsemen were advancing toward the mesas.

We drew no hope from this advent. Rube could not yet have even reached the rancheria. The newcomers were El Zorro and his companion on their return.

We were not kept long in doubt: the horsemen approached, and shouts and salutations were exchanged between them and the guerrillas, while the horses of both parties neighed in response, as if they knew each other.

At this moment the lightning shone again, and to our surprise we perceived not only El Zorro, but a reinforcement of full thirty men! The trampling of many hoofs had half prepared us for this discovery.

It was not without feelings of alarm that we beheld this accession to the enemy's strength. Surely they would no longer hesitate to assail our fortress behind the rock? At least our horses would be captured! Besides, Rube's rescue might be too weak for such a force? There were nearly fifty.

Our anxiety as to the first two points was soon at an end. To our astonishment, we perceived that no assault was to be made as yet. We saw them increase the strength of their cordon of sentries, and make other dispositions to carry on the siege. Evidently they regarded us as having do the grizzly bear, the lion, or tiger—not to be attacked in our lair. They dreaded the havoc which they well knew would be made by our rifles and revolvers; and they determined to reduce us by starvation. On no other principle could we account for the cowardly continence of their revenge.

CHAPTER XL
THE INDIAN SPY.

It was past the hour of midnight. The lightning, that for some time had appeared only at long intervals, now ceased altogether. Its fitful glare gave place to a softer, steadier light, for the moon had arisen, and was climbing up the eastern sky. Cumulus clouds still hung in the heavens, slowly floating across the canopy; but their masses were detached, and the azure firmament was visible through the spaces between. The beautiful planet Venus, and here and there a solitary star, twinkled in these blue voids, or gleamed through the filmy bordering of the clouds; but the chiefs of the constellations alone were visible. The moon's disc was clear and well defined, whiter from contrast with the dark cumuli; and her beam frosted the prairie till the grass looked hoar. There was neither mist nor mirage; the electric fluid had purged the atmosphere of its gases, and the air was cool, limpid, and bracing.

Though the moon had passed the full, so brilliant was her beam, that nothing was now far off upon the plain, whose silvery level extended on all sides to the horizon. The thick black clouds, however, moving silently over the sky, occasioned long intervals of eclipse, during which the prairie, as before, was shrouded in sombre darkness.

Up to this time, Garey and I had remained by the head of the little gorge, through which we had ascended.

The moon was towards us, for the guerrillas were on the western side of the mesas. The shadow of the mound was thrown far out upon the plain, and just beyond its well-defined edge was the line of sentinels, thickly posted. On our knees among the low shrubbery, we were unseen by them, while we commanded a perfect view of the whole troop, as they smoked, chattered, shouted, and sang—for they gave such tokens of their jovial humour.

After quietly watching them for some time, Garey left me to take a turn round the summit, and reconnoitre the opposite or eastern side. In that direction the lamps were still stationed, where, there, we might soon expect the rescue. My rangers were the men to carry, called forth on such a purpose; and, under Rube's guidance, they would be most likely to make their approach by the way of the mound. Garey, therefore, went in that direction to make his reconnaissance.

He had not parted from me more than a minute, when a dark object streaked across the plain, arrested my glance. I fancied it was the figure of a man; it was prostate and flattened against the ground, just as Old Rube had appeared when making his escape! Surely it was not he? I had but an indistinct view of it, for it was full six hundred yards from the mesas, and directly beyond the line of the guerrillas. Just then a cloud crossing the moon's disc, shrouded the plain, and the dark object was no more visible.

I kept my eyes fixed on the spot, and waited for the returning light. When the cloud passed, the figure was no longer where I had first noticed it; but nearer to the horsemen I perceived the same object, and in the same attitude as before! It was now within less than two hundred yards of the Mexican line, but a bunch of tufted grass appeared to shelter it from the eyes of the guerrillas, as none of them gave any sign that it was perceived by them. From my elevated position, the grass did not conceal it. I had a clear view of the figure, and was certain it was the body of a man, and, still more certain, that he was under the sheen of the moonlight, as only a naked body would have done.

Up to this time I had fancied, or rather feared, it
might be Rube. I say feared—for I had no wish to see Rube, upon his return, present himself in that fashion. Surely he would not come back alone? And why should I be thus playing the spy, since he already knew the exact position of our enemy?

The apparition puzzled me, and I was for a while in doubt. But the naked body reassured me. It could not be Rube. The skin was of a dark hue, but so was that of the old trapper. Though born white, the sun, dirt, gunpowder, and grease, with the smoke of many a prairie-fire, had altered Rube's complexion to the true copper-tint; and in point of colour, he had but little advantage over a full-blood Indian. But Rube would not have been naked; he never doffed his buckskins. Besides, the oily glitter of that body was not Rube's; a 'hide' could not have shone so under the moonlight. No; the prostrate form was not his.

Another cloud cast new shadows; and while these continued, I saw no more of the skulking figure. As the moon again shone forth, I perceived that it was gone from behind the tuft of grass. I scanned the ground in the immediate neighbourhood. It was not to be seen; but on looking further out, I could just distinguish the figure of a man, bent forward as if rapidly gliding away. I followed it with my eyes until it disappeared in the distance, as though it had melted into the moonlight.

I stole noiselessly in the distant plain in the direction whence the figure had retreated, I was startled at beholding, not one, but many forms dimly outlined upon the prairie edge.

"It was Rube," thought I; 'and yonder are the rangers!' I strained my eyes to their utmost. They were horsemen beyond a doubt; but, to my astonishment, instead of being close together, one followed another in single file, until a long line was traced against the sky like the links of a gigantic chain. Except in the narrow defile, or the forest-path, my rangers never rode in that fashion. It could not be they?

At this crisis, a new thought came into my mind. More than once in my life had I witnessed a spectacle similar to that now under my eyes—more than once had I looked upon it with dread. That serried line was an old acquaintance: it was a band of Indian warriors on their midnight march—upon the wartrail!

The actions of the spy were explained: he was an Indian runner. The party to whom he belonged was about to approach the mesa—perhaps with the design of encamping there—he had been sent forward to reconnoitre the ground.

What effect his tale would have, I could not guess. I could see that the horsemen were halted—perhaps awaiting the return of their messenger. They were too distant to be seen by the Mexicans; and the minute after, they were also invisible to my eyes upon the darkly shadowed prairie.

Before communicating with Garey, I resolved to wait for another gleam of moonlight, so that I might have a more distinct story to tell.

**CHAPTER XLIII.**

**THE CABALLADA.**

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump of horses—not horsemen—upon the prairie, and scarcely half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them was mounted, and, to all appearance, it was a drove of wild-horses that had galloped up during the interval of darkness, and were now standing silent and motionless.

I strained my eyes upon the distant prairie, but the dim horsemen were no longer to be seen. They must have ridden off beyond the range of vision?

I was about to seek my comrade and communicate to him what had passed, when, on rising to my feet, I found him standing by my side. He had been all around the summit without seeing aught, and had returned to satisfy himself that the guerrilla was still quiet.

'Hillow!' he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the caballada. 'What theation's yonder? A drove o' wild horses? It's mighty strange them niggers don't notice 'em! By the eternal!'

I know not what Garey meant to have said. His words were drowned by the wild yell that broke simultaneously from the Mexican line; and the next moment the whole troop were seeing springing to their saddles, and putting themselves in motion.

We of course supposed that they had just discovered the caballada of wild-horses, and it was that that was producing this sudden stampede. What was our astonishment on perceiving that we ourselves were the cause of the alarm; for the guerrillas instead of frontal to the plain, rode closer up to the cliff, and screaming wildly, fired their carbines at us! Among the rest, we could distinguish the great gun of El Zorro, and the hiss of its leaden bullet, as it passed close to our ears!

We were puzzled at first to know how they had discovered us. A glance explained that the moon had risen higher in the heavens, and the shadow cast by the mound had been gradually foreshortened. While glancing out at the caballada, we had incantiously kept our feet, and our figures, magnified to gigantic proportions, were thrown forward upon the plain directly under the eyes of our enemies. They had but to look up to see us where we stood.

Instantly we knelt down among the bushes, clutching our rifles. The surprise occasioned by our appearance upon the cliff seemed to have deprived our enemies for the moment, of their habitual prudence, as several of them rode boldly within range. Perhaps they were some of the late arrivals. In the dark shadow, we could not make out their forms; but one had the misfortune to be mounted on a white horse, and that guided the trapper's aim. I saw him glancing along his barrel, and heard the sharp crack. I fancied I heard a stifled groan from below, and the next moment the white horse was seen galloping out into the moonlight, but the rider was no longer upon his back.

Another cloud passed over the moon, and the plain was again shrouded from our sight. Garey was proceeding to reload, when a cry arose amidst the darkness, that caused him to pause and listen. The cry was again repeated, and then uttered continuously; that wild intonation which can alone proceed from the throat of the savage. It was not the guerrilla that was uttering that cry; it was the yell of the Indian warrior.

"Comanche war-hoop!" cried Garey, after listening a moment. "Comanche war-hoop! by the eternal! Hooraw! the Injuns are upon 'em!"

Amidst the cries, we could hear the rapid trampling of horses, and the ground appeared to vibrate under the quick heavy tread. Each moment the strokes sounded nearer. The savages were charging the guerrilla!

The moon shot forth from the cloud. There was no longer a doubt. The wild-horses were mounted; each carried an Indian naked to the waist, his painted body glaring red in the moonlight, and terrible to behold.

By this time the Mexicans had all mounted and faced towards the unexpected foe, but with evident signs of irresolution in their ranks. They would never stand the charge—no, never. So said Garey; and he was right.

The savages had advanced within less than a hundred paces of the Mexican line, when they were
observed to pull suddenly up. It was but a momentary
halt—just time enough to enable them to mark the
formation of their foes, and send a flight of arrows
into their midst. That done, they dashed onward,
under their wild yells, and brandishing their long
spears.

The guerrillas only waited to discharge their
carbinés and escopettes; they did not think of reload-
ing. Most of them flung away their guns as soon as
they had fired, and the retreat began. The whole
troop turned its back upon the enemy, and spurring
their horses to a gallop, came sweeping round the base
of the mass in headlong flight.

The Indians, uttering their demoniac yells, followed
as fast. They were rendered more furious, that their
hated foes was likely to escape them. The latter were
indelibly marked to us for having put them upon the alert.
But for that circumstance, the Indians would have
charged them while dismounted, and far different
might have been their fate. Mounted and ready for
flight, most of them would probably get clear.

The moment we saw the direction the chase was
about to take, Garey and I rushed across the summit
to that side. From the brow of the precipice, our view
was perfect, and we could see both parties as they
passed along its base directly below us. Both were
riding in straggling clumps, and scarcely two hundred
paces separated the rearmost of the pursued from the
headmost of the pursuers. The latter still uttered
their war-cry, while the former now rode in silence
—their breath bound, and their voices hushed in the
deathlike stillness of terror.

All at once a cry arose from the guerrilla—short,
quick, and despairing—the voice of some new conster-
nation; at the same moment, the whole troop were
seen to pull up.

We looked for the cause of this extraordinary
conduct; our eyes and ears both guided us to the
explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely
three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horse-
men coming up at a gallop. They were right in the
moon’s eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear
loud voices. The hoofs could be heard pounding the
prairie, and my companion and I recognised the heavy
tread of the American horse. Still more certain were
we about that horrid ‘burrah.’ Neither Indian nor
Mexican could have uttered that well-known shout.

‘Hooray—’ the rangers!” cried Garey, as he echoed
the cry at the full pitch of his voice.

The guerrillas, stupefied by surprise at sight of
this new enemy, had paused for a moment—no doubt
fancying it was another party of Indians. Their halt
was of short duration; the dim light favoured them;
rioles already played upon their ranks; and suddenly
wheeling to the left, they struck out into the open
plain.

The Indians, seeing them turn off, leaped into the
diagonal line to intercept them; but the rangers,
already close up, had just made a similar movement,
and savage and Saxon were now obliquing towards
each other.

The moon, that for some minutes had been yielding
but a faint light, became suddenly eclipsed by a cloud,
and the darkness was now greater than ever. Garey
and I saw no more of the strife; but we heard the
shock of the opposing bands; we heard the war-whoop
of the savage mingling with the ranger’s vengeful
shout; we heard the ‘crack, crack, crack’ of yiger
rioles, and the quick detonations of revolvers—the
clashing of sabre-blades upon spear-shafts—the ring
of breaking steel—the neighing of steeds—the victor’s
cry of triumph—and the deep anguished groan of the
victim.

With anxious hearts, and nerves excited to their
utmost, we stood upon the cliff, and listened to these
sounds of dread import.

Not long did they last. The fierce struggle was
soon over. When the moon gleamed forth again, the
battle was ended. Prostrate forms, both of man and
horse, were lying upon the plain.

Far to the south, a dark clump was seen disappearing
over the prairie’s edge: it was the cowardly guerrilla.
To the west, horsemen galloped away, alone, or in
straggling groups; but the cheer of triumph that
reached us from the scene of strife told us who were the
masters of the ground. The rangers had triumphed.

‘Wur ur ye, Bill?’ cried a voice from the bottom
of the cliff, which both of us easily recognised.

‘Hyar he,’ answered Garey.

‘Wul, we’ve gin them Injuns goss, I reck’n; but
cuss the luck, the yellers-bellies hev got clur off.
Wagh!’

FOG-SEAS OF THE MOON.

On the evening of the 2d of January in the present
year, the erratic moon passed, while on her wanderings,
between the earth and the planet Jupiter. The planet
was wide awake, sparkling with brilliancy at the time;
but the movements of Cynthia were so brisk, that he
found himself excluded from the benefit of earth-shine
before he could turn himself round. In ninety short
seconds, his pleasant face was entirely hidden from the
friendly observers who were watching it from their
stations upon the terrestrial sphere.

Although, upon this occasion, the grave and majestic
Olympian star was caught at disadvantage by the
nimble luminary of the silver horns, he did not lose
his ordinary self-possession; his placid temperament
proved to be fully equal to the emergency. Having
remained quiet in concealment for about sixty
minutes, he glided calmly out from behind the screen
which had been interposed between him and his terres-
trial friends, and as he did so, adroitly turned the
tables upon the moon, by giving a sly hint or two con-
cerning certain secrets which it was her intention to
have held in reserve from her curious neighbours here
down below. The reason for this reticence, trained as
they have been to like the bonnets of science, will be
glad to hear how the astute Jovian star contrived to
reolate upon the sprightly night-queen, by throwing
light upon her obscurities, in return for the temporary
obfuscation he suffered at her horns.

During the recent occultation of the planet Jupiter,
one-half of the civilised territory of the earth was
fairly bristling with telescopes turned towards the
edge of the moon. An occultation of any of the larger
planets is always an occurrence of surpassing interest
to astronomers, because the clear, well-defined images
which they present in good telescopes, are pictures of
such exquisite delicacy, that they afford a very severe
test of the condition of the lunar surface as to the
presence or absence of gaseous or vaporous investment,
when that surface is seen in front of the picture in the
act of sweeping before it; the smallest amount of vapour
or gas would perceptibly dim and distort the delicately
sketched light image contemplated under such circum-
stances. When it is Jupiter that undergoes occultation,
there is also additional interest, because this planet is
waited upon by four satellites of considerable brilliancy,
which have to pass in succession behind, and out from,
the border of the moon; so that there are, as it were,
five occultations in one to be observed.

During the recent occultation of Jupiter, a large
number of excellent observations were recorded. From
among the trustworthy observers, Messrs. W. R. Grove, Dawes, Hartnup, and J. Watson, Dr Mann and Lord Wrottesley agreed in the positive statement that there was no perceptible alteration of the planet's figure, or diminution of the planet's disc. The planarian image was in apparent contact with the moon, and under good optical definition. Mr William Simms and Mr Lassell, on the other hand, described the curved outline of the planet as appearing to be flattened, or bent outwards towards the moon's limb. Mr Lassell's observation, however, affords a suggestion for the ready explanation of this discrepancy. This gentleman noted distortion as the planet went behind the moon, but distinctly states that there was none as it came out from concealment; and further remarks, that the air was very unsettled, and vision very unsteady at the commencement, but the definition much more even and satisfactory at the conclusion of the occultation. Mr William Simms also says that the atmosphere at Carlston, where his observation was made, was very unsteady. In all probability, the distortion of the planet's figure, noticed by these observers, was due to the unfavourable state of the earth's own atmosphere at their stations, causing the image of the planet to tremble and undulate while under inspection.

Mr Hartnup and Dr Mann noticed that the line-like segment of the planet's disc, broken up into three or four beads of light, just before it finally disappeared behind the moon. This result was due to small projections of the moon's border then crossing the streak of light. The beads of light in some places were very distinct, and the moon's rim became visible through the interstices of the beads. Mr Hartnup saw the third satellite of the planet shining in the midst of a large indentation of this kind for a second or two, and looking as if within the circumference of the lunar face. Professor Challis, employing the great Northumberland refractor at Cambridge, noticed that the moon's dark limb, as it swept in front of the bright planetary surface, was distinctly jagged and zigzagged by valleys and mountain-peaks.

As the planet slipped out from behind the bright side of the half-illuminated six-day-old moon, the different characters of the planetary and lunar light were strikingly apparent. The planet's face was as pale again as the moon's, and seemed to most of the observers nothing but a piece of paper, compared with the moon's aspect, a soft greenish hue. Mr Lassell was of opinion that the planetary faintness was mainly the result of the relatively large brilliant surface the moon presented for a second or two, and looking as if within the circumference of the lunar face. This shade-band was about a tenth part of the planet's disc broad, and of equal breadth from end to end. Mr Lassell described it as offering to his practised eye precisely the same appearance that the obsolete ring of Saturn presents to a higher magnifying power, where that appendage crosses in front of the body of the Saturnian sphere.

There could be no mistake concerning the actual existence of this curious and unexpected apparition. It was independently noticed and described by at least six trustworthy observers, and the descriptions of it given by each of these corresponded with the minutest accuracy. The shadow was seen and described by Mr Lassell, at Liverpool; by the Rev. Professor Challis, at the observatory of Cambridge; by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, at Wateringbury; by Dr Mann and Captain Swinburne, R.N., at Ventnor; and by Mr William Simms, at Carlston. It therefore only needs that the usual presence should be accounted for; the handwriting being there, the question remains to be answered: 'Can its interpretation be found?' Can science read the meaning of this shadow-fringe inscription? Are there minds that can fathom, as well as eyes that could catch, this signal-hint thrown out by Jupiter at the instant of its emergence from its forced concealment behind the moon?

It was Mr Dawes's impression on the instant, that the mysterious shadow was simply an optical spectrum—a deep-blue fringe to the light maze caused by the object-glass of his telescope having been accidentally over-corrected for one of the irregularities incident to chromatic refraction. This notion, of course, became altogether untenable so soon as it was known that the same appearance had been noted by other telescopes, in which the same incidental imperfection had no place. All felt that the shadow could not be referred to a regular atmospheric investment of the moon's solid sphere, because under such circumstances some portion of the rim of the moon rested in a similar way across a planetary disc. The sagacious Plinius professor of astronomy at Cambridge, Professor Challis, seems to have lighted on the true interpretation of the riddle. This indefatigable star-seer has long suspected that the broad dark patches of the lunar surface—the seas of the old selenographers—are really shallow basins filled by a sediment of vapour which has settled down into those depressions; in other words, he conceives that there are fog-seas, although there are no water-seas, in the moon. The general surface and higher projections of the lunar spheroid are altogether uncovered and bare; but vapours and mists have rolled down into the lower regions in sufficient quantity to fill up their basin-like hollows, exactly as water has gravitated into the beds of the terrestrial oceans. The professor, using the high powers of the magnificent telescope furnished to the Cambridge Observatory by the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, was able to satisfy himself that the planet actually did come out from behind a widely gaping hollow of the moon's surface—at the bottom of a lunar fog-sea, seen edge-on, so to speak. If a shallow basin extended some distance from this, it would account for the curvature of the lunar spheroid, and if it were filled up with vapour, that vapour would rest at a fixed level, exactly after the manner of a collection of liquid, and such fixed level would be concentric with the general spheroidal curvature of the satellite. Under such an arrangement, there would therefore necessarily be a bulging protuberance of the vapour-surface, through which a remote luminary might be seen, when it rested in the requisite position. This, then, is Professor Challis's understanding of Jupiter's hint. The moon has fog-seas upon her surface, and the band of shadow visible upon the face of Jupiter as the planet came out from behind the earth's satellite, was a thin upper slice of one of those fog-seas seen by the favourable accident of the planet's light shining for the instant from beyond. Destiny was, upon this occasion, propitious to the phalanx of terrestrial observers standing so resolutely and patiently to their telescopes, and brought the planet, which had gone into occultation at a spot where there was a high and rough ground, out at a point where the moon's limb was smooth, and depressed below the general level. It is, of course, only when occulted luminaries pass behind such depressed localities, that these shade-
bands ought to present themselves, if Professor Challic's shrewd interpretation be a reading of the truth.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

Ascent is hard—descent only too easy; in accordance with this truth, our descent of the Dschughuschur did not take one-third of the time we had spent in climbing it. Altogether, we were about sixteen hours passing over the mountains; and with what encountering swarms of mosquitoes, wasps, and gaddles during the whole time, we, together with our horses and reindeer, were so thoroughly worn out, that we could not proceed a step. For this reason, we halted as soon as we had reached the foot of the mountain, and looked about for a spot where we might encamp for the night. After unloading the horses, we kindled a fire to drive away the insects, and made tea: just as we were drinking the second cup, my dog, which was loose, came running from the forest, whining and barking that we might understand there was a wild beast somewhere in the neighbourhood. I know not what became of the weaseness we had felt until then, or of the heat from which we suffered, or of the hunger and thirst not yet appeased. I took my gun, looked to the priming, saw that the flint was right, seized a knife, and ran off after the dog: my young Cossack and one of the Yakut guides following me. The dog led us a second time to the top of the Dschughuschur: when we had reached it, we saw a mass of stone forming a level table, which jutted out half-way up the side of a perpendicular rock; on this stood an animal called a wild-sheep. There were trees some distance apart, up the side of the rock; so by means of them we swung ourselves down from branch to branch, till we were within 600 yards of it, then we all three fired at it together. Had the wild-sheep been killed on the spot where it stood, one of us, with a long staff and a rope in his hand, would have been let down, hunter fashion, by means of another rope, to the projecting rock beneath: there he would have fastened one end of his cord round the horns of the sheep; the other he would have held in his teeth whilst we drew him up again. In the same manner, we should have dragged up the sheep; at least as the into dried, when lils, rolled on its side, and so slipped over the edge of the rock, falling down a precipice beneath, of which we could scarcely see the bottom; and the noise that its horns made striking the stones as it fell, raised a loud echo amidst the mountain. It was dashed from stone to stone, and scarcely a morsel of the body remained whole by the time it had reached the bottom. Returning to the place where we had halted for the night, I saw a new kind of sport. My dog frightened some nine or ten birds that were on the ground; they flew up, and perched on the low boughs of a young birch. Quick as thought, snap went the lock of my gun; just as I was pulling the trigger, the Yakut guide caught my arm, saying: 'You may spare your powder and shot, for we shall catch these birds with our hands.'

Sooner had he said this than he pulled out his knife and cut a long switch, breaking off all the twigs; then he fastened a hair-noose to the end of it, and went gently up to a bird, holding the noose up before it. The bird stretched out its neck to see what manner of thing this might be; thereupon the guide slipped the noose over its head, and pulled it off the tree. After he had thus taken it and wrung its neck, he did the same to another; and so, one by one, we thus caught them every one with the same noose.

The name of this bird in Yakutisch is karikuy. It is larger than the hazel-hen (Tetrax bonasia), and smaller than the spotted black-cock, though the plumage is like that of the latter. In form it is thick, with a short neck; the flavour is like that of black-cock. I have never seen it anywhere except on the way to Udskei, and even there it is very seldom found. I suppose that predatory birds and four-footed animals, knowing its simple nature, easily make it their prey, and thus it is nearly exterminated.

Every night after we had descended the Dschughuschur, and until we reached Udskei, as soon as we had chosen our quarters, we would go to some bay or inlet of the river, and throw out three hair fishing-nets, which we had brought with us for that purpose. In the morning, perhaps, we found two or three fishes in them, of the kind called charinus (Salmo thymallus). These were most acceptable, for, without them, we should have had nothing to eat but coarse barley-meal and rancid butter.

In this manner we journeyed on until the middle of summer, by which time we had reached Udskei. Udskei stands on the left shore of a river of the name of Ud, and is built in a tolerably large valley lying between the mountains. It is distant about nine kis from the Sea of Okhotek. The inhabitants are as follows—a Russian clergyman, a clerk, a Cossack captain over about fifty men, three or four Yakuts, and from three to four hundred Tunguses. Not one of these last has a house or any settled place of abode: they all wander about, summer and winter, following the chase.

As I had been commanded to make myself acquainted with the habits and the mode of hunting pursued by these people, it was necessary that I should inspect the whole country. For this purpose, after resting a while at Udskei, I set off in a boat with two Cossacks and two guides, for the mouth of the river Ud, which flows into the sea.

Two or three Yurts-Tunguses dwell at the mouth of the Ud; they catch a great many fishes called kiat (a kind of salmon-trout) and seals, and get a great store of train-oil from the whales, of which every year they are sure to kill two or three from thirty-five to forty feet long. These whales are washed up into the mouth of the Ud.

They kill the large seals by shooting them through the head; small ones which are left high and dry by the ebb of the tide, they destroy by blows with a club. Thongs and straps are cut from the seal-skins; that which remains is hair, which is made into stockings, and also made into soles for shoes. The strength and durability of this skin is greater than that of any other animal.

There is great abundance of ducks and geese, and an enormous number of different kinds of sea-fowl. They come flying inland at high-water, and not finding room enough on the small islands, all huddle down one upon the other. I have sometimes killed a score of them at a single shot when they have been flying up again.

I remained four days at the mouth of the Ud, and then returned to Udskei, taking with me six men. We travelled in two boats which we had hollowed out of poplars. The first day, on account of the violence of the stream, we had to make our way up the river by the help of poles tipped with iron, and lain in the evening and during the whole night, so that on the morning of the second day the river overflowed its banks, and extended on either side to the thick woods on the shore. In that neighbourhood the rain falls, at this season, day and night for fifteen or sixteen days; so that if we had tarried on that account, we should have been delayed so long that provisions and strength would have failed us; and so, one day we travelled without labour in getting on as quickly as possible, and for five days keeping close inshore, we pulled ourselves onwards from tree to tree. At the end of that time, our provisions were gone, our strength was exhausted.
and we were at a distance of three kōs by water, and one and a half by land from Ōudoki.

On the summit we had no difficulty in making a way for the guides, if not by land, the three or four brooks we should have to cross would prove no great hindrance to our journey through the forest; therefore I got up the next morning at sunrise, took a granal and a baleda, and a foot with a Cossack and the guide, determining to reach Ōudoki that night, and send back provisions to those who were left in the boat. But we were not able to fulfil our intention; for when we had gone about half a kōs from the boat, we came to the first brook, which, rising at some little distance, had flooded the forest with its waters. Whilst we went round in order to cross it at the spring, wading waist-deep in water, we lost half of the day. In the evening, at sunset, we came to a second stream, many kōs in length, which it was impossible to cross in the same manner; so we were obliged to pass the night there in the rain, without any kind of covering. We sent off the guide alone, in a praked we constructed able to hold one person, in order that when he had reached Ōudoki, he might send off a man with a boat to us. At sunset, to our joy, we saw two men approaching with boats. We crossed with them, and reached Ōudoki about midnight, with not a dry thread in our clothes, and having tasted no solid food for two or three days. We travelled in our wet clothes for seven days, and yet not one of us took any harm.

Our second journey from Ōudoki was attended with even more difficulties than this first. It was in the month of September; the nights were beginning to get cold, and all the water of no great depth was frozen. I had gone by water with my Cossack and three guides to a place about ten kōs distant, where an assembly of the Tungus was to be held, and some dispute settled. I posted back from this place to Ōudoki with reindeer, and the first fall of snow came down on the spot where we halted at night.

When the guides got up the next morning, they could find only one out of our ten reindeer; a wolf had made its appearance in the night, and they were all scattered hither and thither. The three guides set out to find them, but I remained behind with my Cossack. Three days passed, and not one of the guides returned; in the meantime, rain and snow fell without ceasing. We had taken provisions for only six or seven days, and they were almost entirely consumed. The place where we stopped was covered with water; in a word, our stars shone down on us; but a rain fell through it. On the fourth day, the guides returned with six reindeer, which they had had great difficulty in finding; they could not discover any traces of the remainder. Immediately on their arrival, we set to work to thaw our tent, which was covered three fingers thick with ice and snow: this we accomplished with great trouble, and then continued our journey on the same day. On the second day, we reached the border fortress.

After about ten days' preparation, I started on my long journey, taking with me two Cossacks, two guides, and about thirty reindeer. This was the end of September, when all the water is frozen, and the snow falls in great masses.

We travelled south-east to Borukan, distant about fifty kōs from Ōudoki. It is about four kōs from the sea, and three or four days' journey from the mouth of the river Amur, which falls into the sea. From Borukan to the source of the Byrāja, is about fifty kōs; the Byrāja is about thirty kōs distant from the river Amur, and it is some sixty kōs from the Slibodski to Ōudoki.

On the first day, we dismantled from our reindeer at a place where we intended halting for the night, having loaded about a day's journey. We immediately unloaded the reindeer, and turned them loose, binding a piece of wood as thick as a man's arm, and four or five feet long, across the necks of those that were not quite tame; so that if on the following morning, when the guides went to catch them, they should meet with this wood knocking against their knees would prevent them from going far.

Next, one of the guides with a long piece of wood pierced the snow until he came to the bottom, found hard ground; then I and my two Cossacks, with the help of shovels which we had brought with us, cleared away the snow. One of the guides split wood into small pieces, to make a fire; and another cut off about thirty boughs, stripped them of the small branches, and dragged them to the place where we had cleared away the snow. Three of these poles were then tied together at one end; the other ends were stuck into the ground far apart, and the remaining poles were placed round these; the whole being thickly covered with reindeer skins, sewn together, so that there was only one small aperture for the smoke to pass through. This cone-shaped yurte was then covered with snow, a small opening being left on one side of it, through which, with some trouble and by stooping, you could crawl in and out. We next collected a number of small twigs, spread them thickly inside the yurte, and covered them with heaps of skins rolled tightly together. In the middle of the yurte we made a fire of split wood and melted the snow with which we had filled the pot and the tea-kettle.

By the time we had melted the snow, cooked and eaten our tea and supper, and were undressed and asleep, it was midnight. The fire we had kindled, and the burning of the loose soil, produced such thick impenetrable smoke, that it made our eyes smart, so that we could not see, and rendered the interior of the yurte quite invisible.

We were awake and up before dawn, digging our clothes out of the snow in which they had been buried to draw out the damp. As soon as we were dressed, we had tea. When it was quite light, the guides took their ropes, and went to catch the reindeer. The manner of doing this is as follows: You take a thin rope about twenty fathoms long, and wind it round your right hand until it is about the size of the small cup out of which the Russians drink tea; both ends of the rope you fold in your left hand, and from a distance of about ten fathoms, you throw the ball over the horns of the reindeer; unless you miss your aim, it darts over them as swift as an arrow, so that it whirls as it cuts the air. As soon as the reindeer feels the rope, it stands quite still; you then pass the other end round its head, and proceed to take its companions in the same manner.

As soon as the reindeer were caught and assembled, we put the pack-saddles upon them, and loaded them, so that they were ready to start by sunrise. We had previously stripped the yurte of the snow skins that covered it, and rolled them up, and had packed away the cooking utensils and the coppers used on the previous night. We travelled in this manner for seven months, during the whole winter, never sleeping in a warm house for a single night. We halted at three stations, each time for about two days, and we there met some ten Turtie-Tunguses.

This broad expanse of about 200 kōs consists of thick woods, rocks, and streams; but you meet with no roads. The Tungus guides know every river, and every brook even, by name, and they reach the place to which they are going without any difficulty, and without once losing themselves. In many places, the snow falls a full fathom deep; this they break through in their snow-shoes, and lead the laden reindeer. You have to make your way on foot through a thick impenetrable underwood, which sometimes extends for three or four versts. We immediately unloaded the reindeer, and turned them loose, binding a piece of wood as thick as a man's arm, and four or five feet long, across the necks of those that were not quite tame; so that if on the following morning, when the guides went to catch them, they should meet with this wood knocking against their knees would prevent them from going far.
In the middle of winter, we came to the lofty mountain of Byrja. We passed one night at the foot of it; and having laid aside our upper garments for the pull, we reached the heightened ray of the evening twilight of the following day was ending. Here we met with innumerable difficulties; we had to shovel away the deep snow—frozen hard on the surface—and right before us was a correspondingly high rock. When one man, with immense exertion, had climbed to the top of it, he drew up one of the guides with a rope; all the baggage was then taken off the reindeer, and drawn up separately by ropes, and the reindeer were drawn to the summit. After this, we ourselves ascended by the help of ropes.

The hardship of such a day will never be forgotten. Poor and insufficient food, wind that one could not face, and intolerable cold—all these had oppressed, and now assailed me. In appearance, I did not differ from one of the Tunguses. Wind and cold in the daytime, and the smoke and heat of the fire at night, had dyed my face a deep yellow; my hair and the shape of my nose were the only signs that remained of my being a civilized Russian.

In climbing the mountain, I had been much heated; so, for want of water, I ate some snow, and this struck the cold into me. Scarce had we reached our halting-place for the night, when I became very ill. The blood rushed to my head, and my face burned like fire. There was no physician near; and lying there in winter, on the top of a high mountain, in a biting wind, my case was dangerous.

I shall not speak of the struggle between life and death, nor of the care of my Cossacks and the guides, who piloted me with their whole hearts, watched by me and attended on me, taking care, above all, that the covering should not be thrown off, and the cold reach me, which would have been certain death. In the morning, I fell asleep; at mid-day, when I awoke, I found myself covered with perspiration, as if I had just come out of the water. In the evening, nothing remained of my illness except a headache. Nature had cured me better than any physician. The following morning we continued our journey. At the end of seven months, I had accomplished my business, and returned to Udokik.

The country through which I travelled is characterized by its impassable roads, fearful forests, insurmountable mountains, and numberless streams. It abounds in animals; namely, the panther, bear, wolf, gluton, lynx, black and red fox, sable, squirrel, hare, otter, elk, wild reindeer, roe, fallow-deer, wild-sheep, musk, wild cat, ermine, flying squirrel, bats, and all kinds of mice. Then of birds, there are the white stork, swan, duck, goose, crane, black-cock, the hazelhen or geinotke, the white grouse or ptarmigan, the Russian black duck, the kariky, and the slupe.

I remained in Udokik for a fortnight, and completed the imperial commission with which I had been intrusted; then, in the month of April, I started for Yakutsk. Travelling at this time of the year is most dangerous. The hungry bear rushes blindly upon the first creature that crosses his path. In April, the ice in the rivers breaks up; at the same time, water pours down from the mountains, and not only broad rivers, but tiny streams which one might have stepped across, overflow their banks, and go foaming and boiling among the thick woods. As you wade through one of these brooks, the water, which at other times barely reaches the body of the reindeer, washes, by the force of the torrent, quite over the saddle.

One day, as I was riding across a river, my reindeer stumbled against a great round stone under water, and fell. In an instant, the water was foaming over my shoulders, and if I had not supported myself with a stick that I had in my hand, and held fast to the saddle, I should have fallen, and the stream would have carried me away. This had been the case, no human power, nor speed, nor understanding, could have rescued me. In some places, we had to stand upon the black banks, while the height of a man, and to push the reindeer, one and all, into the rivers beneath. Whilst they were standing breast-high in water, we dropped down adroitly into the saddles, and so rode over. In this way we had to cross about ten streams in the course of a day. At night, you cannot find any place for halting, because the water from the mountains has turned the dry ground into knee-deep mud.

It is of no use to think of building a yurt, or pitching a tent and kindling a fire; so, without even taking the trouble to look for a dry place, you cut two thick bushes, and throw them down; then you spread some young larches over them, and on the top of these you pile all the baggage. The young larch-trees have also to serve for a bed. To kindle a fire in such places, and to make tea and cook food, is a matter requiring great skill, nevertheless necessity compels one to do it. Thus I journeyed on, till I again reached the banks of the Uilchur. After remaining there fourteen or fifteen months, until my business was completed, I returned to Yakuts, where I arrived at midsummer, having struggled with unheard-of difficulties for a year and a half.

And here the Third Chapter out of my Life must close.

LOVE.

On! would I had the wealth of worlds,—
The monarch's crown of gold—
And all the gems in secret caves.

This wondrous earth doth hold—
The countless pearls that gleam unknown—
Beneath the deep blue sea—
Oh! would I had such wealth, that I
Might scorn it all, for thee.

Oh! would I were, in courtsly halls,
The bright and shining star—
The glittering magnet, for a world
To gaze on from afar—
That I might scorn the kingly throne,
The world, on bended knee—
All for a simple cottage home,
With nought but love, and thee.

I care not for the golden wealth,
Nor sigh in courts to shine—
I only care, I only sigh,
To know thy heart is mine.

Far more to me, than gem, or gold,
Of jewel of the sea,
Would be that simple cottage home,
With nought but love, and thee.

TYPE OF A BURMESE VILLAGE.

Select an easy, rolling slope, with knobs and tangled thickets, gently declining from a range of heavily timbered hills. Sink it on either side with interminable jungle, affording secure cover for the various forest-life. In front of all, train a wide, rapid, darkly discoloured stream, abundant only stocked with alligators, water-oxen, and other such fishy game; and fill up your background with teak-forests and remote mountains, with here and there some patchy-fields between, which shall pass ye your wild elephants. Cover your ground with creepers, cactuses, canes, and various tropical vegetation in a wilderness of profusion. In among these, plant your native bamboo huts as thickly as you can, and with picturesque freedom of arrangement.

—The Golden Dagon.
FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

It is said that in former times the doors at Cambridge were singularly punctilious in requiring the ceremony of introduction before they would permit the slightest intercourse between themselves and anybody else. Amongst the many \textit{facies} of the university, there is a story current on this subject. A fellow of Trinity was one day walking by the Cam in stormy weather, when he saw a man in the water struggling for his life. The fellow was an excellent swimmer, and his first impulse naturally was to jump in to the rescue. He had one foot already in the air, when he suddenly recollected that the drowning man was an utter stranger. On this he paused, and cried out in an agony of distress: ‘What a pity that I never was introduced to that man!’

There are some characteristics essentially British in reference to this same Teutonic influence of introduction. You sit by a man at a theatre, or any other public place; you guard jealously against any infringement of your rights on his part, though he may be a Falstaff, and you could creep into an alderman’s thumb-ring; you bristle up if he dares to touch upon the space for which you have legally and honestly paid; you look daggers at him if he ventures a whisper in the midst of an interesting scene, and are ready for an open remonstrance if he hums the air to himself, or beats the devil’s tattoo upon the floor. All at once enters a mutual acquaintance, who pronounces but four words—Mr Smith, Mr Jones; Mr Jones, Mr Smith. No abracadabra in the vocabulary could produce a more magical transformation. You are seized instantly with a profound desire to administer to all the little comforts which the larger bulk of your fat neighbour requires: you tuck in your coat-tails; you put your neighbour on the other side out of patience by shifting your legs out of the way of your new friend; you listen with patience to all kinds of absurd remarks which he may choose to utter in the very midst of the \textit{dissensio} of the piece; you are willing to assist him in catching the air of the comic song, and would lend him your back to beat his tattoo upon. And all this because a man who, a week ago, may have been to you as entirely a stranger as himself, has simply uttered his name before you.

Something of the same kind may be found in a nation of which many of the characteristics are the same as our own—the Dutch. A burgher of the famous suburb of Amsterdam—where, it is said, they sweep out every morning the bed of the canal with a heart-broom—was once quietly smoking in the back-parlour of his residence, when a rap, much louder than ordinary, was heard at the door, and an officer entered in the Austrian imperial livery. The new-comer announced that the Emperor Joseph II. was on his way to visit the renowned retreat of the Holland merchants, and as the mansion of mynheer was amongst the most celebrated as a marvel of comfort and cleanliness, he intended to honour its master with a call.

‘He will of course bring with him a proper introduction,’ observed the burgher.

‘It is his imperial majesty the Emperor Joseph II.,’ replied the messenger—the first potentate in Europe; and he is not likely to suppose anything further will be required of him than to announce himself.

‘I know nothing of your emperor,’ replied the Dutchman; ‘he does not belong to my acquaintance; and if he were even the burgomaster of Amsterdam in person, I would not admit him without a proper presentation.’ The Hollander then resumed his pipe, and the emperor was forced to return without a more intimate acquaintance with a Dutch merchant’s villa than mere hearsey.

The nations of Latin race know nothing of all this. You may notice an Italian in a public conveyance—on the one side of him is an intimate acquaintance, on the other an utter stranger; and yet he will carry on conversation with both for an hour without your being able to pronounce which is the acquaintance and which the stranger. Since the time-honoured custom of kissing amongst southern nations is gone somewhat out of fashion, there is no outward and visible sign by which any man in those countries evinces that the man he meets is a friend or otherwise. He takes off his hat to the person of whom he asks the way to his hotel; he takes off his hat to his own brother. He is profuse in his expressions of regard to a man whose name he certainly does not know how to spell; and perhaps the chief distinction between his address to the said man and to one of his own relatives is, that it would be warmer and more demonstrative to the former than to the latter. Let any one demand the price of a piece of salmon from a French fishwoman whom he sees for the first time. It is ten to one that when she names the price, she will add: ‘For you, monsieur.’ This ‘pour vous’ is one of the commonest phrases in every French mouth. It is naturally applied in cases of long acquaintance; and though not so naturally, yet often with more truth applied to a fresh acquaintance; for the southerner, who admires novelty as he admires every other excitement, will do more for a new-comer than for an old friend.

There is no doubt that all this increases the pleasure of visiting the cities of the south, and has a wonderful effect on first impressions. The cause has
been assigned, in the first place, to the natural temperamnet of the inhabitants of Southern Europe; and, secondly, to their habit of passing so much of their time in public gardens, café, and other places where they are constantly apt to encounter strangers. We do not believe either of these to be the principal cause, and we deem to the first altogether. It is extremely common among foreigners to hear people talk of the English temperament as if it were a thing fixed and undeviating. Now, we will answer for it, that out of twenty Englishmen taken at random, you will find every extreme of temperament—the most passionate with the most calm, the most frank with the most reserved, the most careless and sociable with the most nervous and retiring. The great success of our countrymen all over the world is in great part owing to the diversity of temperament, whereby the proper man is, sooner or later, sure to be forthcoming for every exigency. The fact may be owing to our descent from so great a variety of races. Assuming it to be a truth, we altogether deny that any national characteristics of our own country, in respect of manners, are due to temperament. It may in truth be asserted, that the nation which possesses the greatest variety of temperament presents at the same time the most uniform and decided system of manners.

The principal cause of the difference of the bearing toward strangers in English country, and in those of Southern Europe, is the different meaning we attach to an acquaintance. An acquaintance in France or Italy means a man whose name you know, and to whom you speak when you meet him. The chance of getting further than this are so remote, that they have no more influence on the proceeding than the idea with an Englishman that a new friend may one day turn out a son-in-law. In England, on the contrary, when a man makes an acquaintance, the idea of its ripening into something like friendship is generally present to his view. In France, however small may be a man’s income, he invariably counts among his expenses a given sum for pleasure; just as we should for any ordinary necessary of life. He would stare if you were to hint that he might leave out this item upon an emergency. But, even where the fortune is large, a Frenchman, when he takes an apartment, rarely dreams of having a spare room attached to it. Here, on the contrary, a man seldom reckons pleasure among the advantages of his residence; but then, when he takes a house, he likes to have a spare bed in it. Then the lurking idea in the mind of the one is to spend his time of recreation with acquaintances, and in the other of the other’s friends.

There are other reproaches besides that of stiffness in our intercourse with strangers, which are made against us from the same cause. If the freedom of Englishmen is spoken of on the continent, the reply almost invariably is, that if we are not slaves to our kings, we are slaves to our customs, and that the tyranny of etiquette is just as bad as any other. We should be sorry to have to count the number of times in which we have heard the English rule, that a man is not to salute a lady in the street till she has first set the example, cited as an instance of British social slavery. But the fact is, that a salutation on the continent means taking the hat off, and nothing else. With us, it means a great deal more, and would give liberties to persons who may chance to obtain a mere hall-room introduction, which, in our peculiar social position, might lead to very unpleasant results. In all usances, peculiarities, when once explained, mean very little. It is the commonest, but one of the gravest of mistakes, to judge English manners by its peculiarities.

There is much that is graceful, no doubt, in the French mode of understanding acquaintance. If one riding party of pleasure in the Pyrenees, for instance, meets another, the two parties instantly salute. This is in itself gracious, and means in addition, that if there is any small service that the one party can render to the other, it will be cheerfully given. France is, in truth, the land of small services. With us, there is always the idea present, that such an act might be construed into something further. Our outward manners suffer in consequence, and something more perhaps, as in many instances small services may be avoided, under the impression that if they were given, larger might be required. The southern nations have no such fear, for, with them, great services are as rare as small ones are common. It is on this that the essential differences between the manners of the south and of the north of Europe are mainly founded.

The external grace of manner is as apparent amongst the French in the more difficult task of bowing strangers out as of ushering them in. The famous president, D’Harlay, was a master of the art. The supreme felicity with which he showed unwelcome visitors the way to the door—the graceful expressions by which he accompanied each step in advance, till they had reached it, and the exquisite bow with which he closed it upon them, formed an artistic ensemble which could almost aspire to the name of genius. Even at the present day, the art of bowing out is an essential part of the education of a man of fashion on the continent. It is an art of which the Englishman has no idea. Even the profoundest of Madame de Genlis somewhere gives an illustration of the difference of conduct of a French and an English. A Frenchman under difficulties. She, in the first instance, cites the known story of Brunnell, who revered the affronts he had received from the prince-regent, by remarking in his hearing that he had grown as fat as a pig: such, at least, is her version of the story. On the other hand, Louis XV. once amused himself by asking one of his courtiers several times a day how old he was. The dandy repeated some twenty or thirty times that he was forty-five, till at last he lost patience, and told the king that he was forty-six. ‘How so?’ said the king: ‘you told me an hour ago that you were forty-five!’ ‘That is true, sire; but I was afraid that your majesty would be tired by constantly hearing the same thing.’ Governor de Saint-Simon was once asked by one of his essays. A Frenchman and an Englishman, during a storm, offer each his cloak to a mutual friend. The Englishman entreats his friend to take the cloak, because, he says, it is not of the same kind as his; the Frenchman offers his to himself—he would much rather be without it. The Frenchman, on the other hand, does not dissemble the utility of his cloak; in fact, he would not think of offering it to any one except to so dear a friend as his present companion. The tact by which the person present is made to suppose himself favoured above every one else, belongs almost exclusively to the Latin race. A French shopman, in making a bargain, invariably tells you that he offers you the wares at so low a price on account of his personal esteem for you; and this he does in a way that seldom fails to flatter you, notwithstanding the glaring falsity of the notion. If an Englishman were to do the same thing, he would do it in a way which would either disgust you, or cause you to laugh in his face.

The extreme to which this kind of compliment can be carried was reached by the Frenchman, who, when some one trod on his toes, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt him, replied: ‘Au contraire, monsieur.’ A simple mistake told of any such courtier who, when the grand-duke accidentally kicked one of his shins, presented the other with a ‘mi fa piacere.’

The innate love of truth which belongs to the
Teutonic character, and which has probably descended to it from the first assumption of a worthy barrier to the practice among us of this kind of politeness. Even our coarseness is often nothing more than truth run to seed. No race in the world ever lied with so bad a grace as the British. In nine cases out of ten, an Englishman, when he lies, betrays himself by his guecherie of his manner of doing it. It is the same thing in little as in great things; we can neither carry on a plot by the means of secret societies, nor keep a friend out of our houses by expressions of love and good-will. Even an English face, when it turns upon deceptions, is sure to be a bad one. When a British statesman tries his hand at a piece of political humbug, there is not a stump-scorator who is not able to expose it the next day.

Thus it is our excuses, as well as our offers of service, get their gloss washed out in this damp island of ours. The glitter of the national costume suffers, no doubt. Butler has declared that there is great pleasure in being cheated; and if any cheat is pleasant, surely it is that of being cheated into the belief that all the world has a peculiar respect for your own individual self. It is true that as gloss is seldom used to cover a good article, there may be some reason alleged in favour of our own linesey-wooley. It is not possible for the people to look at it, but it bears rough weather.

We must, in some respects, defend the lower classes of the country from the imputation of ill-manners, so constantly levelled against them. Now, let any one who will venture upon such an attempt, or confess that he has ventured upon it, travel in a third-class carriage by an excursion-train. It is at any time worth the while of a staid and industrious man to make an experiment. Three-fourths of the party will probably consist of women and children, so that you almost forget the quiet Birchin Lane clerk or country shopkeeper, who has ensconced himself in the corner. One of the noisiest sex is taking a little child to the sea for a few days' health; another has got a chubbly-faced daughter about to see her grandmother for the first time; a third is going down to her sweetheart; almost the whole, in fact, are bent on some errand, either of hope or pleasure. As they tumble in, one after another, each laden with a most inconsiderable mass of bundles and packages, parcels, and hand-boxes, they find half-a-dozen red hands stretched out to prevent their breaking their shins against the iron step, or rolling one of their misshapen boxes under the door. There is either a fallaciously stick in the doorway, in a manner so ingeniously complex, that it would appear next to impossible for them to be extricated without an alarming sacrifice of personal property. However, they are used to sticking in doorways; and a series of evolutions, somewhat analogous to the battle-trick of the conjuror, lands them in the inside of the vehicle, after crumbling up the bonnet of one of their neighbours, and knocking a shawl of another under foot—things which the neighbours aforesaid take with such exemplary good-humour, that they seem actually to realize the Italian motto, fa piacere without saying it. The first act of the new-comer is to fasten her little boy upon somebody's knees, and her baggage upon the first vacant seat, utterly regardless of the certainty that the said seat will be claimed in a few seconds by a fresh influx of visitors. The influx arrives, and the baggage has to be thrust into the holes and corners of the carriage; whereupon commences a universal shuffling of feet, juggling of elbows, and dropping of bundles, consequences of the spasmodic attempts of the company to pack twice as many articles under the seat as the place will hold; and after the necessary failure of the attempt, they drop down with a miscellaneous crowd of small bags and packages, till it resembles nothing so much as the floor of an ammunition tent after a lost battle. All this, however, is done with the most perfect good-humour and forbearance to the selflessness. It serves admirably for mutual introduction; the semi-destruction of a bonnet will make a friend for the journey, and a torn shawl would seem almost enough to create a friendship for life. Five minutes after the carriage is full, and the occupants shaken down, every one has picked out a friend, and the whole assembly is in high talk; and in half an hour, the history of the entire party—the object of the journey of each—what are their occupations and their peculiar tastes and talents—are as well known as if Monus had succeeded in his suggestion, that the next batch of mortals should be created with glass windows to their bosoms.

The contrast is certainly striking if you get to the aristocratic regions of a first-class carriage, more especially if it happens to be occupied by ladies; for frequently the behaviour of these to one another is marked by a stiff assertion of rights which amounts to downright incivility; and it is very seldom indeed that it unbends to anything like frankness or good-will. In this respect, the English traveller is a striking contrast to the continental: abroad, the most extreme civility and readiness to oblige is found in every department. In the lowest class, for good-humour and joviality, the advantage is, without doubt, according to our experience, on the side of the English, who are as cordial to their new associates as the continents, and more true and open.

It is true that travellers by third-class in England, and almost all classes of foreigners, are in pursuit of pleasure; while in the superior classes in England, every second person, probably has some dainty little assignation or errand. This makes an enormous difference in their several humours, and is a consideration which ought not to be confined to railway travelling. It is said that of seven persons who pass through Fleet Street, four are going into the city to get money, and three are coming back without it. On the Boulevards at Paris, out of twenty persons, nineteen are in pursuit of pleasure, and the twentieth thinks that he has found it. This ought to enter for no small part into all comparisons of national manners. Even when the Frenchman is on a business errand, he probably has managed so to mix it up with chances and curiosities, as to make it an intense hankering after excitement which is the characteristic of the nation. A Frenchman may carry on business out of necessity, but he never loves it except for the excitement it may bring. An Englishman, on the contrary, loves it for its own sake. Hence the demeanour of the one will naturally offer every possible contrast to that of the other; and there is no necessity for going back into national temperaments to find out the cause.

It is thus that the difference between the manners of the north and the south of Europe depends upon the habits rather than upon the temperament of the people. It is habit rather than temperament which with us causes an acquaintance ship to be a serious matter, while it is a mere matter of course with the southern nations. It is certainly not temperament which causes us to look upon business as a plain straightforward thing, with which the individual managing it is alone concerned—not as a medium of excitement and distraction, to be transacted in the midst of a crowd, with all the noise and animation of the habits of the south—habits which, whether conducive to success or not, are unquestionably conducive to the facilities of business. Nothing is more likely to frighten a timid traveller than the thundering noise which bursts at once from the fifty throats of so many continental founders; the moment the clock of a railway station has done striking twelve. It is, in short, to the different aspect under which our duties, both towards strangers and towards
society, present themselves, that our bearing towards strangers is due. In this respect, it is with our manners as with our houses—the dinginess is without, the comfort and hospitality within.

A LADRONE ADVENTURE IN THE CANTON RIVER.

Often has our youthful imagination glistened over the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of buccaneers and pirates, traced in glowing colours by the pen of the poet or the novelist. Fascinated by the halo of romance thrown around their career, the deeds of freebooters rose up before us as the achievements of the purest heroism—those failure or full, as an unmitigated evil—the more to be deplored on account of the nobility of the victim. These ideas, however, have been thoroughly dispelled. Practical experience has broken the coloured glass through which the deeds and the men were seen; and pirates on the seas, robbers on the highway, banditti amongst romantic mountains, and others of a similar class, now stand much on a level with housebreakers, pickpockets, and garotters at home. For the benefit of those readers whose imaginations are still spell-bound in the toils of romance, we propose to narrate the incident which first opened our eyes wide enoughto see these things in their true light.

It was on a dull day in October 1852, that four of us—namely, our three friends, Jackson, Whynper, Lee, and ourselves, who at your service—made up a party for an excursion from Canton down the river. Two of the party were on business, and of course they paid expenses. The others were glad to accept of the two remaining berths in the fast boat, in order to enjoy a couple of days' relaxation from the dull routine of business-life in Canton. We each carried a double-barrelled flint-lock piece, as snipe and other wild-fowl were to be found down the river, and we anticipated that our leisurely sail might be enlivened with good sport. As for personal danger, that was out of the question. Occasional murders, it is true, had been committed on foreigners by the native fishermen down the river, but these were rare; and nobody had ever heard of an attack when more than a couple of Englishmen or Americans had to be met. A fast boat, which was the usual conveyance, is a large decked boat, with a house or cabin half sunk in the deck. At each end of the cabin there is a door, which leads up by two or three steps to the level of the deck, and inside there are two beds or berths, ranged on each side, and a dining-table in the centre. Besides this cabin, there is another in the foremost of the vessel, entirely below deck, in which the Chinese crew, who man the boat, find narrow quarters. We also provided ourselves with a pair of punts, each capable of carrying two people, which are useful in landing, crossing creeks, and other coast-service.

Late in the afternoon, we dropped gently down the river, now and again trying our fortune on some unhappy victim, whose flight brought it within reach. The sky was dull, and threatened rain. A dinner, as comfortable as could be enjoyed on board a fast boat, and a social evening passed rapidly away, and we turned in for the night. Next morning, we found ourselves at our destination—the Bogue Forts—where Jackson and Lee had business to transact, which occupied them during the greater part of the day; while Whynper and ourselves found what sport we could. Towards evening, we anchored off Tiger Island, to wait the turning of the tide, and in a favourable wind, to carry us back to Canton. As night drew on, it became intensely dark and cold, and we were fain to shut out the chill air, by closing both doors and windows all round the cabin. We were thus seated enjoying some of Jackson's famous Burgundy, when we were startled by a sudden shock, as if some other boat had come into collision with ours, and the next moment we heard the report of a fire-pot,* which exploded on the forecastle of our deck. We had heard no alarm from our crew, but the truth at once flashed across our minds that we were boarded by a gang of Chinese pirates, and should have to fight for our lives. Whynper, who sat nearest the door leading to the front-deck, immediately jumped out to reconnoitre; but he had no sooner shown his head above board than he was assailed by half-a-dozen fire-pots, thrown by as many men, who had scrambled over the stern of our boat, and who were followed by as many more. In a moment, he was back in the cabin for his gun; but he had looked long enough to see, by the light of the missiles which had been thrown at him, that our assailants numbered from thirty to forty men, and that they had lashed their boat at right angles across the stern of ours, in the evident expectation that we should be a certain if not an easy prize.

Whynper was again on deck, and had his attention at once arrested by a stout fellow who was coming over the cabin roof, within six yards of where he stood. The pirate held a lighted fire-pot in his hand and charged, which revealed the dim outline of his figure as he advanced; and Whynper, who was now joined by Lee and ourselves, took aim and fired. Owing to the dampness of the powder, the piece misfired, and the Chinese was within three paces of where we stood, with his arm uplifted to launch his abominable missile, when the second barrel fortunately did its duty, and the man fell heavily on the cabin roof. Five or six men, each with a lighted fire-pot, were now advancing over the cabin roof, while many more were tumbling over the stern into our boat. One, two, three of our pieces were fired in rapid succession among them; each brought down its man, and effected a momentary check; but we only now discovered that in our hurry to face our antagonists, we had omitted to furnish ourselves with ammunition beyond what our artillery was charged with. We had, therefore, to make a hasty expedition into the cabin for our flasks and shot-pouches, and there found, to our dismay, that several fire-pots had been thrown into it and exploded, and were now showering sparks in all directions, and emitting their odorous smoke in volumes. Fortunately, the berth had previously been prepared for immediate occupation; and the wooden coverlets spread over them, protected the wooden frames from the burning sparks, or we should probably have had our clothes burned on our feet. In the midst of this smoke and fire, we groped our way to the further end of the cabin, where our supply of ammunition was deposited, and there a sprung-thrust, aimed at Jackson, made us aware that the door at that end had been burst open, and thus exposed us to the danger of a double attack. Jackson was accordingly deputed to defend this point, and, as we afterwards found, he received a very severe burn on the back of his hand in the discharge of this duty. Having furnished ourselves with fresh supplies, which we carried through the cabin with the agreeable idea that a single unlucky spark might send us through the roof, we regained our first position on the front-deck, and were immediately greeted with a perfect shower of fire-pots, shot, and spears. These, with the help of a little dodging, we fortunately escaped, the only way being opened by the lodgment of a spear-head in the stock of the gun.

* A fire-pot, or, as it is more commonly called, a stink-pot, is a small earthenware pipe, filled with powder and other combustibles: it is lighted by means of a match, and then thrown with the hand. When it falls, it breaks, and emits a shower of sparks, which burn fiercely; these are followed by a dense smoke, and that again by an intolerable and suffocating stench, from which the missile takes its disagreeable name.
we carried; but we found the odds fearfully increased, and the rascals, taking courage from the temporary lull in our fire, were coming in numbers over the cabin roof to attack us. If they should get near enough to grapple, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase, even at what seemed to us tremendous sacrifice to us; but we knew well that surrender was as hopeless as defeat, and our British blood boiled at the bare idea of succumbing to a crew of Chinese ladrongs. It only remained, therefore, to keep fighting to keep fighting, and with redoubled energy we poured upon them round after round in quick succession, with as much precision as the fitful glare of their fire-pots would allow. The short arrows and heavy falls which followed each discharge informed us that our practice was not without effect; and after ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted firing, a partial clearance was effected of the roof of the cabin.

At this juncture, and ere we had yet ventured to breathe freely, we observed a man on board the ladrong boat passing a lantern forward to a group of five or six others, who stood in the bow, and whose figures were momentarily shewn in dim relief by the light thus thrown on them. In an instant, Lee's Joe Manton was imploring, and in a moment a piercing scream came from the direction where the light had appeared, made it evident that the shot had told. Whether it was their leader or some other person of consequence that Lee had brought down, we never could ascertain; but, within half a minute after the shriek which announced his fall, our cabin roof was clear of intruders, and the whole crew of pirates were in full retreat, bearing with them those of their dead and wounded, whom, in their haste, they could conveniently pick up. We then for the first time relaxed our fire, as we had no desire for unnecessary carnage; but their loss had already been severe, amounting, as we afterwards learned, to seven or eight killed, besides several wounded, of whom we could get not exact account. As soon as they were all once more on board their own boat, they pushed off, exclaiming in their own language, that they would come back ere long, and murder the whole of us. They then dropped down the river, and anchored beside two other large boats, about 400 yards off, with the other lads lying there for some time, and which, as they never either attempted to render us assistance, or even to raise an alarm, we naturally took for accomplices, the crews of which had been drafted out of them to keep the attack up. The pirates were no sooner out of the way, than our discreet Chinese crew began slowly to emerge from the hatchway of the fore-cabin, where they had concealed themselves the moment they saw the blood, and, leaving us unaided to defend their boat from plunder. Of the three native boys whom we had with us, one jumped overboard in terror at the very first alarm, another crept down to the forhold beside the crew, and the remaining one, who, by the way, was Lee's servant, alone behaved like a trump, handling charges when required, loading a spare gun, and performing other little pieces of service which considerably facilitated our operations.

The threat uttered by the ladrongs as they retired might or might not be a mere bravado; but it seemed not at all unlikely that there might be a sufficient number of reserved men in the two other boats to form a powerful reinforcement; and we were therefore rather disinclined to await a renewal of the fray. The tide was up, but the wind was not in our favour; and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, stream, and tide, was out of the question. We had the punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, it being required to accommodate the remaining, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymer and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and it was difficult to see at all. We could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us, in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for upwards of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of Mr Ward, an old friend of Lee's, who, he assured us, would accord us a hearty welcome. Our appearance was far from possessing—our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eyebrows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned and charred, and the hanging sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale, than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He ran up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of Burgundy and fire-pots, snipe-shooting and deck-fighting, sinking punts and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.

As soon as our late breakfast was concluded, our excellent host kindly furnished us with his own boat, and a crew to take us up to Canton, a distance of five miles, which we easily accomplished in an hour. The first object which met our eyes, on approaching the wharf, was the identical fast boat in which we had gone down the river, and which had been able to get under-way within a couple of hours after we left it. Some of us were pretty well known in Canton, indeed any one who resides in Canton for a month cannot but become a member of the small English community who inhabit what are called the Factories; and when it became public that our fast boat had come back without us, that it was stained with large quantities of blood, and that it was being oared by the greatest unceremoniousness that prevailed. The crew of the boat were questioned, but they could only tell of the fight on board, and that we had left them in the punts. We might have been drowned or murdered after that. As we drew near the wharf, we observed one or two groups of anxious-looking faces, and some excitement of demeansour; but we were no sooner observed approaching the landing, than three hearty cheers announced our welcome, and a dozen hands were held out in congratulation. We then learned also, that by an order from the consolate, to which office two of our party belonged, a government steamer was at that moment getting up steam, to proceed down the river in search of us, as there appeared sufficient ground to suspect that there had been foul play on the part of the natives. The steamer detained; the wind was not in our favour; and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, stream, and tide, was out of the question. We had the punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, it being required to accommodate the remaining, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymer and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and it was difficult to see at all. We could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us, in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for upwards of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of Mr Ward, an old friend of Lee's, who, he assured us, would accord us a hearty welcome. Our appearance was far from possessing—our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eyebrows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned and charred, and the hanging sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale, than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He ran up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of Burgundy and fire-pots, snipe-shooting and deck-fighting, sinking punts and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.
the lions of the Factories for at least a fortnight, till the whole thing had become stale, and we were ourselves tired of being fitted. After that, we settled down again into our old business routine; and we can assure the gentle reader that our brain was never more troubled with romantic dreams of gaily dressed corsairs, a thrust from whose rapier, or a ball from whose pistol, we had fancied must be rather pleasant than otherwise, and whose life bore a charm wherever they went. *Experientia docet*—but the proverb is somewhat musty.

**SCIENCE VERSUS POETRY.**

Poetry has been well defined as

Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed;

for the office of the poet is to hold the mirror up to nature, and, like the painter, give a faithful reflection of whatever he may deem worthy of delineation; whether he reflects the truth of nature direct on the imagination of his reader, or the truth merely as it affects his own feelings and sentiments. Poetry, thus requiring exact accuracy of description, with great variety of embellishment, imperatively demands a cumulative amount of knowledge in the poet. Indeed the word muse, as applied to poetical composition, is derived from a Greek phrase signifying to inquire; and as inquiry is the source or parent of all knowledge, the ancients considered the peculiar attribute of the presiding genius of poetry to be a knowledge of all things animate and inanimate, intellectual and corporeal. In every clime, and among every people, the poets were the first historians; and even laws, oracles, moral precepts, and religious rites, were in the earlier ages clothed in verse divine. Then poetry and science were one and the same; now they are at least twin-sisters; and though the outward strides of science are long and rapid, poetry may not, cannot lag behind—the two must ever keep pace, and walk hand in hand together. For, however difficult it may be to assign the definite limits of poetic licence, yet, whenever the poet, overstepping the modesty of nature, illustrates his verses with images founded on unnatural, or, which is the same thing, scientific conclusions, the pleasure derivable from the poetry is marred by the incongruous associations and distorted fancies presented to our minds. The long muster-roll of qualifications requisite to constitute a poet, as detailed by Immanuel Kant, were probably never possessed by any human being; yet such is the inspiration of the art, that few aggressions against natural science are found among many volumes of immortal verse. Of these few, our object is to notice some, if not altogether for the instruction, may we hope for the amusement of the reader.

Hamlet argumentatively says: 'If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,' and proceeds to draw an inference from his postulate, without in the slightest degree questioning its accuracy. That the sun had such a creative power, and the corruption of animal matter spontaneously produced insects, was the general opinion in the time of Shakespeare; and, in fact, a belief in what naturalists now term equivocal generation, is as ancient as the Anglian era of old Rome, when Virgil, for the benefit of husbandmen, minutely described the whole process of spontaneously producing a swarm of bees. A steer of two years old having first been killed, the poet, as translated by Dryden, thus proceeds:

*They leave the beast, but first sweet flowers are strewed Beneath his body, broken boughs, and thyme*;

*And pleasing cassia just renewed in prime.*

*This must be done ere spring makes equal day,*

*Where western winds on curling waters play;*  
*Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,*  
*Or swallow twitter on the chimney-tops,*  

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,*  
*Begins to boil, and through the bone appears;*  
*Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,*  
*A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;*  
*Till shooting out with legs, and imped with wings,*  
*The grubs proceed to bees with pointed sting;*  
*And more and more affecting air, they try*  
*Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.*

In all probability, Virgil was deceived by the very great natural resemblance existing between the bee and the gypsy, a species of blow-fly; and though his contemporaries had full faith in the infallibility of his directions, it would be difficult to find any one, at the present day, so ignorant as to believe that insects could be produced in a foreign body, except from eggs previously deposited.

Among all the manifold marvels of nature, nothing is more wonderful than the varied changes insects undergo during their short existence. In the life of the caterpillar, to which we more particularly wish to refer, the egg, deposited in a suitable locality, is in course of time hatched into a crawling, many-legged caterpillar. In this state, it eats voraciously, and愈加年 several times. Having arrived at its full growth as a caterpillar, it casts its skin for the last time, becoming a nymph or chrysalis, an oviform mass without external mouth, eyes, or limbs; and in deathlike torpor awaits its final transformation, when, bursting its cell, it flies forth a beautiful and perfect insect, to propagate its kind, and die in a few days, perhaps hours. This mysterious series of progressive perfectibility has frequently afforded both poet and philosopher a fine emblem of the immortality of the soul; but in the following lines the poet, reverting the real order of nature, erroneously describes the perfect moth as assuming the imperfect state of the nymph:

*Thus the gay moth, by sun and vernal gales,*

*Called forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,*

*From flower to flower, from sweet to sweet, will stray,*

*Till tired and satiate with her food and play,*

*Deep in the shades she builds her peaceful nest,*

*In loved seclusion pleased at length to rest;*  
*There folds the wings that erst so widely bore,*  
*Becomes a household nymph, and seeks to range no more.*

Darwin commits a somewhat similar error, when alluding to the 'old grub, time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker:'

*So sleeps in silence the curriculo, shut*  
*In the dark chamber of the caverned nut;*  
*Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell,*  
*And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell.*

Now, the curriculo or weevil passes its larva state of existence only in the nut, and having eaten its way out, falls to the ground, where it becomes a chrysalis; and then undergoing its last change, acquires its 'filmy wings' in the earth, and not, as Darwin has it, in 'the vaulted shell.'

*Few but have witnessed, in autumnal mornings,*

*The filmy threads termed snout or, which in some localities are so plentiful as to carpet the earth and clothe the hedges in their shining dew-besprinkled folds. It is now well known that this substance is the work of two species of spider, though naturalists are not as yet agreed with respect to the exact mode of its production. Our ancestors, however, held that gossamer was dew scorched by the sun.*

*Spenser speaks of*  
*The fine nets which oft we wove see*  
*Or scorched dew;*  
*and another poet thus alludes to the same phenomenon*  
*As light and thin as cobwebs that do fly*  
*In the blue air, caused by the autumnal sun,*

*That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.*

In an old romance, at one time the book of its season,
but now completely forgotten, named Mandeville, the author relates a ruined castle inhabited by owls and bitterns. Now, though the bittern has been mentioned even in Scripture as the emblem of desolation, it is not the desolation of a ruined castle, but of some wild upland marsh, far from the dwellings of man, irremediable by his energies, and incapable of affording sustenance to the animals he domesticates. There the bittern abides in dreary solitude; and in the still nights of spring, ascending by a spiral flight to a great altitude, he serenades his mate, engaged in the maternal duties of the nest below: and it is a most extraordinary serenade. Let the reader fancy a burst of uncouth dissonant laughter, gravitantly piercingly loud, as if the bellow of a bull were mingled with the neigh of a horse, and he will have a faint idea of the wild boom of the bittern—as wild as the desert morsus over which it resounds. As the bird bounds, the listener really fancies that the unstable quagmire beneath his feet is shaken by the noise; and this circumstance may be accounted for by the general affection of the sentient system caused by the rude jar upon the ear, a feeling experienced with other harsh grating sounds. From a very early period, however, the popular notion has been that the bittern dimmed by plunging his bill in the muddy marsh; and Thomson has not only adopted this absurd idea, but also ascribed the season of booming to an earlier part of the year than when it actually takes place:

As yet the trembling wars is unconfir'd,  
And winter o'er at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale moan, and bids his driving shotes  
Deform the day delightless—so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulf'd,  
To shake the sounding marsh, or from the shore  
The plowers, when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

In the Lady of the Lake, a fine description of the solitary desolation of an ancient battle-field is sadly deteriorated by a simple error regarding the natural habit of a well-known bird:

The knot-grass fettered there the hand  
Which once could burst an iron band;  
Beneath the broad and ample bone,  
That buckled heart to fear unknown,  
A feeble and a timorous guest,  
The foldiac, framed her lowly nest.

The fieldfare is truly a timorous guest, but it is a wondrous one. It never frames a nest in this country; and if it did remain with us during the summer, it would, like all the rest of its tribe, build in a tree, and not on the ground. Milton, in his Lycidas, in verses of singular elegance, almost offends our sensibilities by enumerating as 'vernal flowers' many which are the production of summer and early autumn:

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star spares no lookes,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rude primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white-pink, and the pauny freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The thistle, rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
The cowslip with that hangs the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wear:  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodilies fill their cups with tears,  
To strew the laureat hearse where Lydlias lies.

The sense of hearing in the mole is well known to be most exquisite, and Shakespeare ably alludes to the fact; but he is in error with respect to the animal being blind:

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall.

The mole has eyes, and though a limited power of vision might seem sufficient for such a 'dweller in the dark,' it can see better than is generally imagined. After all, we can scarcely blame the great poet for merely repeating a very common error of his period; while, on the other hand, he declares that crickets can hear—a fact which was denied by entomologists down almost to the present day:

I will tell you softly, young crickets shall not hear me.

It was Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, who first proved that insects had a sense of hearing, by experimenting with crickets. He shut up several of these noisy, but not altogether unharmonious insects in an apartment where they would chirp all day, if he did not alarm them by knocking on the door; and at last he learned to imitate their chirp so well, that they regularly replied to him. Moreover, he confined a single cricket on one side of his garden, placing a female on the other, but at liberty; and as soon as the lady-cricket heard the merry chirp of her imprisoned beau, she made the best of her way to comfort and solace him.

It would be hypercritical to find fault with Shakespeare in Midsummer Night's Dream, where he makes Titania tell her fairy attendants to be kind and courteous to Bottom, and to

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,  
With purple grapes, green figs, and malaberais;  
The honey bags steal from the humble bees,  
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,  
To have my love to bed and to arise.

In reality, the light of the glowworm is not in the head, but at the opposite extremity of its body. But Moore is certainly open to censure where one of his angels talks of the light:

The glowworm hangs out to allure  
Her mate to her green bower at night.

For both the winged male, as well as wingless females, and even their larvae, also possess the light; and the best entomologists admit that they cannot satisfactorily explain the cause or object of the singular phosphorescent phenomenon exhibited by this insect.

The paper nautilus, Argonauta Argo, has long been a favourite simile, and a sad stumbling-block among the poetic race:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oak, and catch the driving gale.

It is to Madame Jeanette Power, a French lady-naturalist, whose experiments and observations have received the highest praise from Professor Owen and other distinguished European savants, that we are indebted for the true history and nature of the argonaut. Keeping a quantity of these beautiful cephalopods in a large marine vivarium in Sicily, Madame Power was enabled to observe their habits with the greatest minuteness. The two related dorsal arms, that the poets imagined to be sails, are in fact the covering of the shell, which they enclose like the mantle of the oyster, and by their calcifying power, not only in the first instance form the shell, but afterwards keep it in repair. The so-called ears are not used when the animal is moving through the water, but protruded forwards from the head to be out of the way—the motion being in a backward direction, and produced, as in all the cuttle tribe, by the alternate expansion and contraction of the sac, and ejection of water.
through the siphon. A steam fishing-vessel, recently constructed at one of the Scotch ports, was propelled in a way very distinctly new. A still more extraordinary wonder of the deep has been commemorated in poetry; Milton mentions that "sea-beast"

Which God of all his works
Created largest that swim the ocean flood.

Him haply slumbering on the Norway foun,
The plot of some small night-footed skiff,
Descending some island off, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his sealy ride
Moors by his side.

Yet we can scarcely blame Milton for alluding to this animal, the mythical kraken—

On the deep
Stretches like a promontoric—
that had previously been described by Olafus Magnus and Bishop Fjadrargi. Garibaldi, too, the leading naturalist of the age, presents us with an engraving of it, in which the "sealy ride" forms a prominent feature. Milton also qualifies his description with the words "as seamen tell." Undeniably, one of these seamen was Sinbad, the Arabian Ulysses, who, taking the animal for an island, landed to cook his dinner upon it, and, in consequence nearly lost his life. The companions of St. Bernardus, the Irish Sinbad, were taken in and done for in the very same manner by "a great fish named Jascone," which laboureth night and day to put his tail in his mouth, but for greatness he may not.

Moore sings of an island, which, if more poetical than the one formed by the huge "sea-beast slumbering on the Norway foun," is quite as irreconcilable with common-sense and the fixed laws of nature:

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquises on through a whole year of flowers.

An island where a leaf never dies, and the flowers bloom all the year round, must be situated in the tropics, where there is almost no twilight, where the moment the sun sets, darkness covers the earth, and when it rises, day as suddenly succeeds to night. But Moore continues:

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day.

These last lines accurately describe a summer night in the extreme northern islands of Scotland, or in Norway, where the slight depression of the sun beneath the horizon causes a short night, not of darkness, but of twilight. In fact, Moore, in the above lines, has combined two incompatible conditions—a perpetual summer and short night of twilight, the first found near the equator only, the last towards the pole.

Poets and moralists have in all times celebrated the industry and alleged foresight of the ant, upholding the tiny insect as a lesson and example to mankind. But although the diligence of the ant tribe is unquestionable, still it is well known now that the European ants at least do not lay up a store of food for the winter; nor do they require it, as they pass the cold weather in a state of torpidity. Still there can be no doubt that, in eastern climates, ants provide a store of provisions to last them over the rainy season, when they are unable to go abroad—just as several species of wasps in South America store honey, though their European representatives do not. In the Transactions of the Entomological Society, there is an interesting account of a tribe of ants, observed by Colonel Sykes, at Poonah, in India, which carefully dry and store up the seeds of a kind of grass (Panicus), for no other imaginable purpose but for food. So the wise king was, morally and zoologically speaking, correct when he said, 'As to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CHAPTER OF EXPLANATIONS.

That flight could not have lasted more than ten minutes. The whole skirmish had the semblance of a moonlight dream, interrupted by interludes of darkness. So rapid had been the movements of the forces engaged, that after the first fire, not a gun was reloaded. As for the guerrilleros, the Indian war-cry seemed to have shaken the pieces out of their hands, for the ground where they had first broken off was literally strewn with carbines, escopetes, and lances. The great gun of El Zorro was found among the spoil.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the affair, it proved sufficiently tragical to both Mexicans and Indians: five of the guerrilleros had hit the dust, and twice that number of savage warriors lay lifeless upon the plain—their bodies glaring under the red war-paint, as if shrouded in blood. The Mexicans lay near the foot of the mesa, having fallen under the first fire of the Rangers, delivered as they galloped up. The Indians were farther out upon the plain, where they had dropped to the thick rapid detonations of the revolvers, that, so long as the warriors held their ground, played upon them with fearful effect. They may have heard of this weapon, and perhaps have seen a revolver in the hands of some trapper or traveller, but, to my knowledge, it was the first time they had ever encountered a band of men armed with so terrible a power to destroy; for the Rangers were indeed the first military organisation that carried Colt's pistol into battle—the high cost of the arm having deterred the government from extending it to other branches of the service.

Nor did the Rangers themselves come unscathed out of the fight: two had dropped dead out of their saddles, pierced by the Comanche spear; while nearly a dozen were more or less severely wounded by arrows.

While Quackenboss was climbing the cliff, Garrey and I found time to talk over the strange incidents to which we had been witness. We were able to give no explanations from below, but, without these, we had no difficulty in comprehending all. The Indians were a band of Comanches, as their war-cry had already made known to us. Their arrival on the ground at that moment was purely accidental, so far as we or the Mexicans were concerned: it was a war-party, and upon the war-trail, with the intention of reiving a rich Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, some twenty leagues from the rancheria. Their spy had discovered the horsemen by the mesa, and made them out to be Mexicans—a foe which the lordly Comanche holds in supreme contempt. Not so contemptible in his eyes are Mexican horses, silver-studded saddles, speckled serapes, mantas of fine cloth, bell-buttoned breechos, arms, and accoutrements; and it was to sweep this paraphernalia that the attack had been made; though hereditary hatred of the Spanish race—old as the Conquest—and revenge for more recent wrongs, were of themselves sufficient motives to have impelled the Indians to their hostile attempt. All this we learned from one of their braves, who remained wounded upon the ground, and who, upon closer
examination, turned out to be a ci-devant Mexican captive, now completely Indianised!

Fortunately for the Mexican town, the savages, thus checked, abandoned their design, and returned to their mountains, with footsteps carefully hushed.

The rest of the affair was still of easier explanation to Garrey and myself. Rube, as we conjectured, had arrived safe at the rancheria; and in ten minutes after his story had been retold at the camp, we discovered, with Holingsworth at his head, rode rapidly for the mesa. Rube had guided them with his usual craft. Like the Indians, they had been moving forward during the intervals of darkness; but, coming in the opposite direction, they had kept the mound between them and their foes, and, trusting to this advantage, were in hopes of taking the guerrilleros by surprise. They had approached almost within charging distance, when the war-whoop of the savage sounded in their ears, and they were met by the retreating band. Knowing that all who came that way must be enemies, they delivered their fire upon the approaching horsemens, and then galloping forward, found themselves face to face with the painted warriors of the plains. The mutual surprise of Rangers and Indians, caused by the unexpected rencontre, proved a happy circumstance for the cowardly guerrillas, who, during the short halt of their double pursuers, and the confused flight that followed, were enabled to gallop off beyond reach of pursuit.

It was a curious conjecture what would have been the result had the Rangers not arrived on the ground. Certainly the Indians would have rescued us from our not less savage foes. My companions and I might have remained undiscovered, but we should have lost our precious horses. As it was, we were soon once more upon their tracks; and, free from all thought of peril, now joyfully turned our faces towards the rancheria.

Wheatley rode by my side. Holingsworth with a party remained upon the ground to collect the 'spoils' and bury our unfortunate comrades. As we moved away, I turned, and for a moment gazed back on the scene of strife. I saw Holingsworth dismounted on the plain. He was moving among the bodies of the five guerrilleros; one after another, he turned them over, till the moon gleared upon their ghastly features. So odd were his movements, and so earnest did he appear, that one might have fancied him engaged in searching for a fallen friend, or more like some prowling robber intent upon stripping the dead! But neither object was his—on the contrary, he was searching for a foe. He found him not. After searching the features of the five guerrilleros, all he was seen to turn away, and the unconcerned manner in which he moved from the spot, told that he was sought was not among the slain.

'The news, Wheatley?'

'News, Cap! Grand news, by thunder! It appears we have been barking up the wrong tree—at least so thinks President Folk. They say we can't reach Mexico on this line; so we're all going to be drawn off, and shipped to some port further down the gulf—Vera Cruz, I believe.'

'Ah! grand news indeed.'

'I don't like it a bit,' continued Wheatley; 'the less so since it is rumoured that old "Rough and Ready" is to be recalled, and we're to be commanded by that boor martinet Scott. It's shabby treatment of Taylor, after what the old vet has accomplished. They're afraid of him setting up for president next go. Hang their politics! It's a confounded shame, by thunder!' I could partly understand Wheatley's reluctance to be retrenched upon the line of promotions. The gay lieutenant was never troubled with ennui; his leisure hours he contrived to pass pleasantly enough in company with Conchita, the plump, dark-eyed daughter of the alcalde; more than once, I had unwittingly interrupted them in their amorous dalliance. The rancheria with its mud huts and dusty lanes, in the eyes of the Texan, was a city of gilded palaces, its streets paved with gold. It was Wheatley's heaven, and Conchita was the angel who inhabited it. Little as either he or I had liked the post at first, neither of us desired a change of quarters.

As yet, no order had arrived to call the picket in, but my companion affirmed that the camp-rumour was a substantial one, and believed that we might expect such a command at any moment.

'What say they of me?' I inquired.

'Of you, Cap? Why, nothing. What do you expect them to say of you?'

'Surely there has been some talk about my absence.'

'Oh, that! No, not a word, at least at head-quarters, for the simple reason, that you're not yet reported missing.'

'Ah! that is good news; but how—'

'Why, the truth is, Holingsworth and I thought we might serve you better by keeping the thing dark—at all events, till we should be sure you were dead lost. We hadn't given up all hope. The greaser who guided you out, brought back word that two trappers had gone after you. From his description, I know that queer old case Rube, and was satisfied that if anything remained of you, he was the man to find it.'

'Thanks, my friend! you have acted well; your discreet conduct will save me a world of mortification.

'No other news?' I inquired after a pause.

'No,' said Wheatley; 'none worth telling. O yes!' he continued, suddenly recollecting himself, 'there is a bit. You remember those hanging greasers that used to loaf about the village when we first came? Well, they're gone, by thunder! every mother's son of them clean crossed from the place, and not a grease-spot left of them. You may walk through the whole settlement without seeing a Mexican, except the old men and the women. I asked the alcalde where they had cleared to; but the old chap only shook his head, and drewl out his eternal "Quien sabe?" Of course they're off to join some band of guerrillas. By thunder! when I think of it, I wouldn't wonder if they were among that lot we've just scattered. Sure as shootin', they are! I saw Holingsworth examine the five dead ones as we rode off. He'll know them, I guess, and can tell us if any of our old acquaintances are among them.'

Knowing more of this matter than Wheatley himself, I enlightened him as to the guerrilleros and their leader.

'Thought so, by thunder! Rafael Ijorra! No wonder Holingsworth was so keen to start—in such a hurry to reach the mound, he forgot to tell me who we were after. D'eeuce take it? what fools we've been to let these fellows slide. We should have strung up every man of them when we first reached the place—we should, by thunder!' For some minutes, we rode on in silence. Twenty times a question was upon my lips, but I refrained from putting it, in hopes that Wheatley might have something more to tell me—something of more interest than aught he had yet communicated. He remained provokingly silent.

With the design of drawing him out, I assumed a careless air, and inquired:

'Have we had no visitors at the post? Any one from the camp?'

'Not a soul,' replied he, and again relapsed into meditative silence.

'No visitors whatever? Has no one inquired for me?' I asked, determined to come boldly to the point.

'No,' was the discouraging reply.—'Oh, stay: oh ah—yes, indeed!' he added, correcting himself, while I could perceive that he spoke in a peculiar tone. 'Yes, you were inquired for.'
BY WHOM?" ASKED I, IN A CARELESS DRAWL.

"WELL, THAT I CAN'T TELL," ANSWERED THE LIEUTENANT, IN AN EVIDENT TONE OF BADINAGE; "BUT THERE APPEARS TO BE SOMEBOY MIGHTY UNEASY ABOUT YOU. A SLIP OF A MAN IS BOUND TO HAVE BEEN HARD TO finding and forward something less than a million of times. IT'S PLAIN SOME-BOY SENDS THE BOY; BUT HE'S A CLOSE LITTLE SLAYER THAT SAME-WON'T TELL EITHER WHO SENDS HIM, OR WHAT'S HIS BUSINESS IF YOU ONLY ASK THEM IF YOU HAVE RETURNED, AND LOOKS DEAD DOWN IN THE MOUTH WHEN HE'S TOLD NO. I HAVE NOTICED THAT HE COMES AND GOES ON THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO THE HACIENDA."

THE LAST WORDS WERE SPOKEN WITH A DISTINCT EMPHASIS.

"WE MIGHT HAVE ARRESTED THE LITTLE FELLOW AS A SPY," CONTINUED WHEATLEY, IN A TONE OF QUIET IRONY, "BUT WE FANCIED HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SENT BY SOME FRIEND OF YOURS."

THE SPEAKER CONCLUDED WITH ANOTHER MARKED EMPHASIS, AND UNDER THE MOONLIGHT I COULD SEE A SMILE PLAYING ACROSS HIS FEATURES. MORE THAN ONCE I HAD CHAFFED MY LIEUTENANT ABOUT CONChITA; HE WAS HAVING HIS REVENGE.

I WAS NOT IN A MOOD TO TAKE OFFENCE; MY COMPANION COULD HAVE TAKEN ANY LIBERTY WITH ME AT THAT MOMENT—HIS COMMUNICATION HAD HAPPENED LIKE SWEET MUSIC UPON MY EARS, AND I RODE FORWARD WITH THE PROUD CONSCIOUSNESS THAT I WAS NOT FORGOTTEN. ISOILLA WAS TRUE.


CHAPTER XLIV.

DUTCH LIGE IN A DIFFICULTY.

The soft blue light of morning was just perceptible along the eastern horizon as we rode into the rancheria. I no longer felt hunger. Some of the more provident of the rangers had brought with them well-filled haversacks, and had made me welcome to the contents. From their canteens I had satisfied my thirst, and Wheatley as usual carried his free flask.

One of the prostrated strain upon my nerves—of fear and vigil—I felt deadly weary, and, scarcely undressing, I flung myself upon my leathern catre, and at once fell asleep.

A few hours' repose had the desired effect, and restored both the strength of my body and the vigour of my mind. I awoke full of health and hope. A world of sweet anticipations was before me. The sky and fortune were both smiling.

I made my toilet with some care—my desayuna with less—and then, with lighted cigar, ascended to my favourite lounge on the azotea.

The beautiful captive was in the midst of a crowd, proudly curving his neck, as if conscious of the admiration he excited. The rangers, the poblanas, the buckstors of the plaza, even some sulky loperos stood near, gazing with wondering eyes upon the wild horse.

"Splendid present!" thought L—"worth the acceptance of a princess!"

It had been my intention to make the offering in person—hence the care bestowed upon my toilet. After more mature reflection, I abandoned this design. I was influenced by a variety of considerations—one, among others, being a delicate apprehension that a previous visit from me would have been fatal to the family at the hacienda. The patrimonial sentiment was every day growing more intense. Even the acceptance of a present was a dangerous matter; but the steed was not to be a gift—only a return for the favour that had fallen by my hand—and I was not to appear in the character of a donor.

My sable groom, therefore, would convey the beautiful captive. Already the white lazo, formed into a halter, was adjusted around the animal's head, and the negro only awaited orders to lead him away.

I confess that at that moment I felt somewhat annoyed at the publicity of my affair. My rough rangers were men of keen intelligence. I could hear from some whispers that had reached me, that one and all of them knew why I had gone upon the wild hunt, and I dreaded their good-humoured satire. I would have given something at that moment to have rendered the steed invisible—to have been able to transport him to his destination, Venus-like, under cover of a cloud. I thought of waiting for the friendly shelter of night.

Just then, however, an incident occurred which gave me the very opportunity I wanted—a scene so ludicrous, that the steed was no longer the cynosure of admiring eyes. The hero of this scene was Elijah Quackenboss.

Of all the men in my band, 'Dutch Lige' was the worst clad. Not that there was less money expended upon his outward form and loose untidy habits, and more, perhaps, from the wear and tear caused by his botanising excursions, a suit of broadcloth did not keep sound upon him for a week. He was habitually in tatters.

The skirmish of the night had been profitable to Lige; it was his true aim that had brought down one of the five guerrilleros. On his asserting this, his comrades had laughed at it as an idle vaunt; but Quackenboss proved his assertion to be correct by picking his bullet out of the man's body, and holding it up before their eyes. The peculiar 'bore' of his rifle rendered the bullet easy of identification, and all agreed that Lige had shot his man.

By the laws of ranger-war, the spoils of this individual became the property of Quacken- boss; and the result was, that he had shaken off his tattered rags, and now appeared in the plaza in full Mexican costume—comprising calzoneros and calzon- cillos, sash and serape, jacket and glazed hat, boots with gigantic spurs—in short, a complete set of ranchero habiliments!

Never was such a pair of legs incased in Mexican velveteens—never were two such arms thrust into the sleeves of an embroidered jaquet; and so odd was the tout ensemble of the ranger thus attired, that his appearance in the plaza was hailed by a loud burst of laughter, both from his comrades and the natives who stood around. Even the gloomy Indios showed their white teeth, and joined in the general chorus.

But this was not the end. Among other spoils, Lige had made capture of a Comanche mustang; and as his own war-horse had been for a long time on the decline, this afforded him an excellent opportunity for a remount. Some duty of the day had called him forth, and he now appeared in the plaza leading the mustang, to which he had transferred his own saddle and bridge. A fine handsome horse it appeared. More than one of his comrades envied him this splendid prize.

The laughter had scarcely subsided, when the order was given to mount; and with others, Quackenboss sprang to his horse. But his hips were hardly snug in the saddle, when the wicked Comanche 'humped' his back and entered upon a round of kicking which seemed to exhibit every pose and attitude of equestrian exercise. First his hind-feet, then his fore ones, then all at once, he cadenced the painful jolting in the air. Now a hoof whizzed past the ear of the affrighted rider, now a set of teeth threatened his thighs, while every moment he appeared in danger of being buried with violence to the earth. The
sombrely had long since parted from his head, and the rifle from his hand; and what with the flapping of the wide trousers, the waving of the loose scrap, the dancing of the steel scabbard, the distracted motion of the rider’s arms, his rank streaming hair and look of terror—all combined to form a spectacle sufficiently ludicrous; and the whole crowd was convulsed with laughter, and the plaza rang with shouts of ‘Bravo!’ ‘Well done, Lige!’ ‘Hooray for you, old beeswax!’

But what surprised his comrades, was the fact that Quackenboss still kept his seat. It was well known that he was the worst rider in the troop; yet despite all the doubling and flinging of the mustang, that had now lasted for several minutes, he was still safe in the saddle. He was winning golden opinions upon the strength of his splendid horsemanship! The rangers were being astonished.

All at once, however, this mystery was explained, and the cause of his firm seat discovered. One of the bystanders, sharper than the rest, had chanced to look under the belly of the mustang, and the next moment shouted out:

‘Hoy! look yonder! by Geehurum, his spurs are clinched!’

All eyes were lowered, and a fresh peal of laughter broke forth from the crowd as they perceived that this was in reality the case.

Lige, upon mounting—under the suspicion that the mustang was disposed for a flying—had clutched firmly with his legs, and those, on account of their extreme length, completely enveloped the body of the animal, so that his heels met underneath. He had forgotten his new spurs, the rowsels of which, six inches in diameter, irritated the mustang, and were no doubt the cause of such violent kicking. These, after a few turns, had got ‘locked,’ and of course held Quackenboss as firmly as if he had been strapped to the saddle.

But as the rowsels were now buried in the ribs of the mustang, the fierce brute, mad with the pain, only grew more furious at each fling, and it was natural enough he should do his utmost to rid himself of so cruel a rider.

How long he might have kept up the pitching frolic before his involuntary tormentor could have freed himself, is a matter of conjecture. It would have been an unfortunate ‘fix’ to have been placed in, alone upon the prairies.

Lige, however, found a compassionate bystander, who, having flung his lazo around the neck of the mustang, brought the spectacle to a termination.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LOVER ON THE TRAIL.

Taking advantage of the distraction caused by Quackenboss and his troubles, I despatched the black upon his interesting errand, and with no slight anxiety awaited the result.

From my position on the roof, I saw my messenger climb the hill, leading the proud steed, and saw them enter the great portal of the hacienda.

Promptly—almost directly—the groom came out again without the horse. The present had been accepted. So far well.

I counted the moments, till heavy footsteps were heard upon the escalera, and a shining black face rose over the roof.

There was no letter, no message beyond ‘no gracias.’

I had a pang of chagrin. I had expected thanks more formal than this mere phrase of compliment.

My man appeared better satisfied. A gold coro gleamed in his purple palm—a handsome perquisite.

‘Tarnation! sir!’ exclaimed the groom.

‘Golly, mass cap’n! De handsomest quadroon gal dis nigga ever see giv it!’

Beyond a doubt, Isolina herself was the donor! I could have broken the rascal’s thick skull but that the queenly douceur gave me with the satisfaction with which my offering had been received. Even on this trivial circumstance, I built my hopes of yet receiving a fuller meed of thanks.

Abhorred in these hopes, I continued to pace the azotea alone. It was a día de fiesta in the rancheria. Bells had already commenced their clangour, and other notes of preparation fell upon the ear. The poblanos appeared in their gayest attire—the Indians in bright nagas, with red and purple threads twisted in their black hair; the denizens of the ranchitos were pouring into the plazas, and processions were being formed by the church; danzas were twanging their guitar-like music; and pyrotechnic machines were set up at the corners of the streets. Tinsel-covered saints were carried about on the shoulders of painted maskers; and there were Pilate and the Centurion, and the Saviour—a spectacle absurd and unnatural; and yet a spectacle that may be witnessed every week in a Mexican village, and which, with but slight variation, has been exhibited every week for three centuries!

I had no eyes for this disgusting fanfaroneo of a degrading superstition. Sick of the sight, wearied with the sounds, I had given orders for my horse to be saddled, intending to ride forth and seek revenge for my spirit amid the silent glades of the chapparal.

While waiting for my steed, an object came under my eyes that quickened the beatings of my pulse: my gaze had been long turned toward the direction upon the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas.

Just then, I saw emerging from its gate, and passing rapidly down the hill, a horse with a rider upon his back.

The snow-white colour of this horse, and the scarlet mange of the rider, both contrasting with the green of the surrounding landscape, could not escape observation even at that distance, and my eyes at once caught the bright object. I hesitated not to form my conclusion. It was the white steed I saw; and the rider—I remembered the mange as when first my eyes rested upon that fair form—the rider was Isolina. She was passing down the slope that stretched from the hacienda to the river bottom, and the minute after, the thick foliage of the platanus trees shrouded the shining meteor from my sight.

I noticed that she halted a moment on the edge of the woods, and fancied that she gazed earnestly towards the village; but the road she had taken led almost in the opposite direction.

I chafed with impatience for my horse. My resolve, made on the impulse of the moment, was to follow the white steed and his scarlet-clad rider.

Once in the saddle, I hurried out of the plaza, passed the ranchos of yucca, and reaching the open country, pressed my horse into a gallop.

My road lay up the river, through a heavily timbered bottom of gum and cotton woods. These were thickly beset with the curious tilandais, whose silvery festoons, stretching from branch to branch, shrouded the sun, causing amongst the tree-trunks the obscurity of twilight.

In the midst of one of these shadowy aisles, I met or passed some one; I saw that it was a Mexican boy; but the sombre light, and the rapidity with which I was riding, prevented me from noting anything more.

The lad shouted after me, uttering some words, which were drowned by the hoof-strokes of my horse. I deemed it some expression of boyish spirit, without out heeding it, rode on. Not until far out of sight and hearing did it occur to me that I knew the voice and the lad. I recollected a sort of errand-boy attached to the hacienda, and whom I had seen more than once at the rancheria. I now remembered the badinage of Wheatley, and would have returned.
to question the youth; but I had left him too far in the rear. After a moment's reflection, I spurred on.

I soon arrived at the base of the hill on which stood the hacienda; and here, leaving the main road, I followed a bridle-path that skirted the hill. A few hundred yards brought me to the spot where I had last observed the object of my pursuit. The hoof-tracks of the white horse now guided me, and upon his trail I entered the woods.

For some distance, it followed a well-trodden path—a cattle track—but all at once it diverged from this, and struck off into a heavily timbered bottom, where not the semblance of path existed. Keeping the trace in view, I rode on.

As I advanced, the timber grew thicker, and the path more difficult. A close underwood of arundinaria and sabal palms shut up the way and the view; trailing roots obstructed progress below; while higher up, the trellis-work of lianas, bamboo briars, sarsaparilla, and gigantic grape-vines, rendered it necessary to bend down in the saddle in order to pass onward.

To my surprise, I noticed all this. For what purpose could she have chosen such a path? Was it indeed Isolina I had seen? A white horse and a scarlet mangle are not uncommon things in Mexico. It might not be—neither the hoof-print nor the hoof-stroke.

I dismounted and examined it: I knew it at a glance—it was that of the noble steed, and the rider could be no other than Isolina de Vargas.

No longer in doubt, though still wondering, I followed the tracks. For a half mile or more, the path meandered through thick forest, here turning around some giant trunk, there diverging to the right or left, to avoid the impervious mesh of lianas and lianas.

At length it began to slope upwards; and I perceived by the ascent that I was climbing a hill. The woods became more open as I advanced—here and there alternating with glades—the trees were of slender growth, and the foliage lighter and thinner. I was no longer among the heavy trunks of platano and liquidambar. The leguminosas were the prevailing trees; and many beautiful forms of inga, acacia, and mimosa, grew around. Myrtles, too, mingled their foliage with wild vines, their branches twined with flowering parastyles, as the climbing convulvulus, with its long scarlet-like clusters, convolvuli, with large white blossoms, and the beautiful twin-leaved bauhinia.

It was a wild garden of flowers—a shrubbery of nature's own planting. The eye, wandering through the trees and glades, beheld every form of inflorescence. There were the trumpet-shaped bigonias—convolvuli in pendulous bells—syngenesis disposed in spreading umbels; and over them, closely set upon tall spikes, rose the bluish blossoms of the broom-like asclepias and asclepias. Even from the tops of the highest trees hung gaudy cattins, wafted to and fro by the light breeze, mingling their sheen and their perfume with the floral odours and parasites that clustered around the branches.

I could not help thinking that these flowers are gifted with life, and enjoy, during their short and transient existence, both pleasure and pain. The bright warm sun is their happiness, while the cold cloudy sky is the reflection of their misery.

As I rode onward, another reflection passed through my mind: it was caused by my perceiving that the atmosphere was charged with pleasant perfume—literally loaded with fragrance. I perceived, moreover, that the current of the breeze carried upon it the sweet music of birds, whose notes sounded clear, soft, and harmonious.

What close-admirer hath asserted that the flowers of nature are devoid of fragrance—that its birds, though brightly plumed, are soundless? Ah, Monsieur Buffon! with all your eloquence, such presumptuous assertion will one day strip you of half your fame. You could never have approached within two hundred feet of the iviaceae, of the Philodendron, of the cimbrum odoratus, of the sativa grandiflora, with its mantle of snow-white blossoms? You could never have passed near the pothos plant, the sericeae, and tabernasium tasae; the callas, eugenias, ocotias, and nictiglinae—you could never have ridden through a chapparal of acacias and mimosa—among orchids whose presence fills whole forests with fragrant aromas?

And more, Monsieur! you could never have listened to the incomparable melody of the mocking-bird—the full, charming notes of the blue song-thrush—the sweet warbling voices of the silvisias, finches, and tanagers, that not only adorn the American woods with their gorgeous colours, but make them vocal with never-ending song?

No, Monsieur; you could never have inhaled the perfume of these flowers, nor listened to the melody of these sweet songsters; and said it was of you, and silly as said, to have yielded to the prejudice of a slender spirit, and denied their existence. Both exist—the singing birds and the fragrant flowers—both exist, and thou art gone.

On such reflections I dwelt but for a moment; for they were merely the natural impressions of surrounding objects—short-lived, instantaneous, almost insensibly passing away. The soul, benthed with love, has neither eye nor ear for aught beyond the object of its passion. From the contemplation of that only does it derive pleasure; and even the fairest picture of nature may be spread before it without challenging observation. It was only that the one through which I was passing was of such transcendent beauty—so like to some scene of our own earth—it could not help regarding it with momentary admiration.

But my eyes soon returned to the earth, and once more taking up the trace of the steed, I rode on. I had advanced near the summit. The tracks were quite recent; the branches that had been touched by the flanks of the horse had not yet ceased to vibrate; the rider could not be far in advance. I fancied I heard the hoof-stroke.

Silently I pressed on, expecting every moment to catch the gleam of the scarlet mangle, or the white sheen of the steed. A few paces farther, and both were under my eyes, glittering through the feather frondage of the mimosa. I had followed the true track. The rider was Isolina.

I saw that she had halted. She had reached the top of the hill, where the last gleam of timber ceased. An opening of about an acre there was, surrounded on all sides by the flowery woods—the very bea-chinael of a sunny glade. The open space commanded a view of the surrounding country—for the hill was a high one, while the charming spot itself enjoyed perfect privacy and repose.

In this glade, she had drawn up, and was sitting silently in the saddle as if to enjoy the waving of birds, the hum of the bees, and the fragrance of flowers.

I myself drew rein, and remained for some moments in a state of hesitancy, as to whether I should ride forward or go back. A feeling of shame was upon me, and I believe I would have turned my horse and stolen gently away, but just then I saw the fair rider draw forth from her bosom something that glittered in the sun. It was a watch, and she appeared to note the time. I observed that she looked anxiously over the tops of the low trees, in the direction of the high ground.

These circumstances, trivial as they might appear, produced within me a quick sense of pain. I felt as if hot steel was passing through my heart. I had ridden to my ruin—I had failed to be at an assignation. Thus only could I explain the solitary ride, and by such difficult and devious paths; thus only could I account for the oft-repeated anxious
glance, the ear acutely bent. Beyond a doubt, she was listening for the footsteps of a lover! The cry fell from my fingers. I scarcely breathed—I my heart felt cold and feeble—the birds mocked me—the parrots screeched his name—the ares in horror cried out 'Ijerra!' The name put me in mind of the sinews of the tiger. Once more my fingers closed upon my bridle, my feet became firm in the stirrups, and heart and arm swelled to their full strength. Twas but a light raptur that hung against my thigh—no matter; he might be no better weapon; but even armed from head to heel, I feared him not. Three passions—hatred, jealousy, and revenge—supplied an arm of treble strength, and under the influence of these I felt bold and sure of conquest. Yes! I felt at that moment, as though I could have slain my hated rival with my naked hands.

I was no longer troubled with scruples of etiquette. No; this monster owed me satisfaction—life itself: he had striven to take mine; and now his should be forfeit to my vengeance. On that spot—even in her presence—should he die, or I myself fall. The two of us should never go thence alive. Oh, that he may reach the ground while my blood is yet hot, and my hand ready to strike! 243 were reported to have perished; 214 were taken alive. The fierce thoughts stirring within me must have roused my horse, for at that moment he tossed his head and neighed wildly. A response came like an echo from the glade, and the instant after, a voice called out:

'Ijerra! quia va!'

Concealment was no longer possible. I saw that I was observed; and, spurring my horse into the open ground, came face to face with Ijerrina.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Notwithstanding the reduction and economy which, to the satisfaction of the nation, are now the order of the day, the government does not intend that science shall receive into the same inefficient state in which it was found at the outbreak of the war with Russia. The Woolwich Committee, whose appointment for scientific purposes we noticed a year ago, is to be continued; the experiments with projectiles at Shoeburyness and other places are to be kept up with unrelaxed attention, though at less cost than heretofore. Less satisfactory to many is the announcement, that the idea of another expedition to make one more search for the long-lost Franklin party, is abandoned. The embarrassing question, who shall seek the seekers? becomes, with every new proposal, more weighty. Private enterprise is now the only resource of those who hold another search to be an indispensable duty.

That our consuls abroad ought to know something more than the mere routine of their duties, is a growing conviction. So much comes under their notice, in which scientific knowledge would be of essential service, and so much is and has been lost for want of this knowledge, that an improvement in consular appointments may be looked for. The king of Siam, well-known in Europe for his love and patronage of science, wishes to have a British consul resident at his capital, and asks for a scientific man—one who may be able to do something in developing the resources of that country and giving a sound practical direction to its enterprise. Sir Robert Schomburgk—at present our consul in San Domingo, where he finds too little to do, has been thought of for the post near his Siamese majesty—and he is said, not without reason, to be the very man for the place.—Mr Newton, consul at Cos, in his studious explorations of the island, discovered last year an ancient, long-buried city, and sent home such representations as induced the Admiralty to send out the Gorgon, with materials and apparatus for excavation. We have not yet heard the result.—The consul in Anatolia reports that great portion of the English sovereigns which flowed into that province during the war has been spent in cultivation; the country is fertile, producing abundance of corn and much cattle, and only wants good roads for further development; and these roads—seeing that British enterprise is now directed to Turkey—it is likely to have in good time. The produce of silk last year amounted to the value of L400,000—a noteworthy fact, considering the enhanced price which silk has of late fetched in the market—and new spinning establishments, with improved reeling machinery, have been erected in the neighbourhood of Brousse. The Anatolian worms did not suffer from the maldy which for some years past has well-nigh destroyed those of Europe, and numbers of their eggs have been sent to renew the weakened stocks of France and Italy.

Talking of able consuls reminds us of the Blue-book just published, containing a report on the examinations for the Civil Service. It appears that the whole number of candidates from May 1855 to December 1856, was 889. Of these, 88 per cent. were rejected; 214 were taken down under the examination, and a few others were too old, or unable to produce satisfactory evidence as to character. The commissioners think that, on the whole, the results are encouraging, notwithstanding the lamentable ignorance exhibited by many of the candidates. The bumbling made in answering the simplest questions in history, and the wild mistakes in spelling would be ludicrous, did they not set one thinking as to what must have been the miserable incapacity of those who, but a very few years ago, obtained appointments before examinations were in fashion. Young men surely know whether they can spell well or not; and those who cannot, should at least make themselves perfect in orthography before they seek to enter the public service.

The amount of exports from the United Kingdom for 1855, is little less than wonderful—L115,890,857, being L20,202,772 more than in 1855.—The preliminaries for the great Euphrates Railway are growing more and more into a working form. An excellent sheltered bay for a harbour has been found near the mouth of the Orontes, in which a port and terminus are to be built. From thence the line will run to Kilis, a town of 11,000 inhabitants—and on thence to Antioch and Aleppo. The latter, as is well known, is an important trading city, and we hear that its inhabitants petitioned to have the railway close to them. From Aleppo, the line will stretch parallel with the Euphrates to Jâ' Ber castle, where it is proposed that the first section shall end, and from thence to Buwrah (the Bassora of the Arabian Nights), a name with which Mr Layard has made us all familiar. Here will be the starting-point of a branch to the capital of Persia, while the main line will continue across Beluchistan and to India by way of Hyderabad and the Deccan. It will be a triumph of enterprise when passengers can get into a train on the shore of the Mediterranean, and travel without a change of trains 3600 or 4000 miles to Calcutta. Whatever be the result of our negotiations with Persia, it is thought that we shall keep Bushire for the sake of permanent protection to the Gulf terminus of the railway.—There is talk, too, of a new railway extending from Rajmahal through India, from Rajmahal to Calcutta, some 300 miles, whereby an important section of the country will be opened up, and invalids will be able to travel quickly from the hot plains to the temperate climate of the hills.—And there is the telegraph to India, from Cape Helles, across the Mediterranean, to Scio, Rhodes, and Alexandria, and follow
the railway to Gues. From thence, a submarine cable to be laid in lengths of about 500 miles to Kurrachee, the several lengths to terminate at stations along the coast, so as to obviate the expense and difficulty of repair, &c., of one long continuous line.—France is about to try what fortifications in Algeria, Louis Napoleon having authorised Sir Morton Peto to survey for a hundred miles of railway, to commence at Constantine. Will this prove the beginning of a line which some day will reach to Timbuctoo, and the fertile regions of middle Africa discovered by Dr Livingstone?

Sir Henry Ward, governor of Ceylon, has visited certain remarkable ancient tanks still existing in that remarkable island. The workmanship, 1800 years old, is described as admirable. The Randellly tank has an area of fifteen square miles in the wet season, and never less than three miles in the driest; but, from long neglect, it is in great part little better than a swamp. As the country all around is extremely fertile and lovely withal, a proposition has been made to colonise it, in which event the great tank would be restored to its original purpose of irrigation.—Slumbering Java is waking up: a telegraph is constructed from Batavia to Buitenzorg, and is to be extended to other places, and it is expected for the colonists have now discovered that certain large patches of what they call "black sand," yield a better profit than gold. It consists chiefly of tin, with scattered grains of platinum, and lying on the surface, exacts no severe digging.—Another Australian topic is, that the settlers towards the interior have succeeded in some places in damming up the water of floods, and so keeping a supply for the dry season; and that where the waters have been thus retained, there has been a sensible diminution of heat, and in the violence of the scorching winds known on the spot as "brickfields."

To glance at home matters: Professor Faraday has given a lecture at the Royal Institution on a deeply abstruse subject, including the phenomena of force and attraction, in which he puts forth explicitly certain views long entertained by him, and not unfrequently hinted at in his lectures. Some of these views are in direct opposition to that scheme held by natural philosophers, and notably to the doctrine that "attraction is inversely as the square of the distance." As chroniclers of the progress of science, we content ourselves with reporting the progress, leaving to a future opportunity a detailed exposition of it in a popular form.—A paper on the "Photography of the Moon," by Mr Crookes, read before the Royal Society, makes another step towards the knowledge of the physical constitution of our satellite.—An important question, "On the Various Methods of Indurating and Preserving Stonework," has been considered and discussed by the Institute of British Architects, and with the effect of bringing out interesting and important facts. From these we learn that, however good may be the quality of building-stone, it is not proof against the destructive action of a London atmosphere. There are about 350,000 houses in the great metropolis, and from the chimneys of this vast number is sent forth a sulphurous acid gas, which, brought down by rain, produces most fatal results. The decay that has already taken place on the surface of Buckingham Palace, Bridge-water House, the Houses of Parliament, to say nothing of St Paul's and older buildings, would surprise those who have no attention to the subject. Among means of preservation, oily coatings and paint were shown to be objectionable, though better than nothing, except in certain special preparations. Silicate of soda, applied at Mr. Henry's, as mentioned in a former Month—"is one of the best preservatives. Another is, to cover this silicate with a coat of chloride of barium or calcium in solution, by which an insoluble silicate of barium or lime is deposited in the pores of the stone. Gas-tar dropped accidentally on Caen stone led to the discovery of a process of hardening, which is carried on at Tombridge Wells on a large scale. Blocks of soft sandstone, of any dimensions, are worked to the required size, and when dry these blocks are rendered 'quite impervious to destructive weathering influence, also exceedingly hard and compact, susceptible of a brilliant transparent polish, and of every desired colour.' Mr J. B. Dalme, said, that by subjecting one part (by weight) of sulphur and eight parts of linseed oil at a temperature between 226 and 270 degrees, he obtained a species of paint of singularly preservative properties. Applied to the surface of a building with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, preserves the beauty of the appearance of the stone, and once applied, does not need to be repainted. 'All chemists agree that sulphur, the substance used to give body to the linseed oil, is unalterable in the air, and unacted on by moisture; if there is any change, it rather improves the colour of the stone to which it is applied, as is shown by the experiments in Old Palace Yard, adjoining Victoria Tower, the statue of Captain Coram at the Foundling Hospital, and other places.—Another solution, described by Mr. A. G. Ellis, is that by the aid of a spirit over which a coating of bees' wax, softened by turpentine or naphtha, is to be applied. It has been tried on more than 400 works in the midland counties and at Liverpool, and with the result of showing that walls with only one coat are as well preserved as those with a dozen. Part of a monument in Bilston churchyard, treated with this solution, has withstood the effects of a smoky atmosphere for seventeen years, while the parts left uncoated are 'in a state of rottenness, and falling away in every direction.'

Another subject brought before the Institute is that of metropolitan improvements. It is proposed to open a new street from Leicester Square, and from Tottenham Court Road, to Covent Garden and the Strand. This is a much needed improvement; and we hear that the Duke of Bedford has offered £15,000 towards carrying it out. Should the houses be built of stone, all the best hardening processes may be tried thereon. A direct connection of water from the south side of the river, and for a new street to connect the London Bridge terminus with Westminster Bridge. It might help towards a satisfactory decision to refer to Mr Pennington, for a line direct from Westminster Bridge to St George's Church in the Borough, and on through Bermondsey, which would then be opened up to general traffic.

Among papers brought before the Institution of Civil Engineers, there are two worth a passing mention: 'On Varieties of Permanent Way,' and 'On Some Recent Improvements in Permanent Way.' In the reading of these, it was shown that 'wooden keys' are superior as fastenings to iron nails and screws. The wood is elastic, and brings larger surfaces into contact. 'A recent examination,' says the report, 'of some brackets and fish-plates, which had been laid down about twelve months, and were secured by bolts and nuts, showed that in 125 pairs of joints, each pair having eight bolts, 281 bolts were loose, and six were cut altogether, although they had been tightened up within forty-eight hours.' Cast-iron sleepers are preferable in all respects to wood; and certain engineers consider it remarkable, that if the iron should annually expend hundreds of thousands of pounds in bringing timber from foreign countries, to lie and rot on the railways.' Many improvements are now in process, as to system and Paris—as mentioned in a former Month—one of the best preservatives. Another is, to cover this silicate with a coat of chloride of barium or calcium in solution, by which an insoluble
morning, bright and warm; the air was full of insects newly sprung into life, and their drowsy hum seemed to tell of a day of rest. The bells of some bullocks on the hills sounded pleasantly in our ears, and reminded us of home. We could have fancied ourselves near some village church, and pictured in our minds the ivied tower, the green lanes, and the spruce congregation on their way to prayer.

I was lying in the sun before our little tent, and Jack had just returned from a neighbouring store, where he had purchased a sheet of letter-paper and a large steel pen. He placed our largest Show on the ground to serve as a desk, and having arranged his paper upon it, he attempted to write. He first assumed a sitting posture, which, however, he did not find to answer at all; then he knelt down, and after laboriously getting through about two lines, threw down the pen in despair; at last he lay down at full length, in a position not very elegant, nor, I should say, very comfortable, but in which he could keep his pen going. I observed him kicking his boots in the air occasionally, which, I suppose, he did when he was in want of an idea.

Presently a young fellow named Bruce, whose acquaintance we had made the night before, came up to talk over the news. Observing Jack's singular position, he asked what he was doing.

Jack kicked up his boot, and said he was writing home. He regretted that the nibs of his pen were on bad terms, and would not keep together, and asked Bruce if there was any other pen in the neighbourhood.

'Why,' replied Bruce, 'if you would put your paper in your pockets, and go down to the Adelaide Coffee-house, you might have a table to write on properly.'

'The Adelaide Coffee-house!' exclaimed Jack, rolling himself over and sitting up. 'Where's that?'

'On the Bendigo. Our fellows often go there and have dinner, and read the newspaper.'

'Are you joking?' said Jack. 'Don't triflo with our feelings, my dear sir. Have a dinner and read the newspaper! I never heard of such a thing.'

'Oh, it's very true; and it's only half-a-crown for dinner.'

Jack was anxious to finish his letter, and he proposed that we should go and see those wonders, if Bruce would be our guide. He assented very readily, and after some delay occasioned by the exigencies of the toilet, we set off together.

Bruce's statement proved perfectly correct. The Adelaide Coffee-house did exist, and it was kept by Mrs Timmins. There was, indeed, a little man of quiet manners who occupied himself with digging, and who, I have heard say, was the husband of Mrs Timmins, but he evidently had no interest in the concern. Mrs Timmins was the proprietor, also the cook, waiter, and barmaid. She was a fine, muscular woman, with severe, but handsome features, and a military air of command, which became her well. How shall I do justice to her admirable character? With murting energy, working harder than any man that came to her dinners, she preserved order among the rough customers she met with, and kept her affairs in a perfect state of arrangement—with her accounts in her head, and her till in her pockets. Thoroughly housed herself, she would, as she said, stand no nonsense, and any attempt to impose upon her was sure to be detected at once. Humbug and dishonesty shrank abashed before her bright eye and unfavourable tongue.

Such was Mrs Timmins. She, alas! has disappeared from the scene which she adorned, and the Adelaide Coffee-house has given place to more stately houses of entertainment, where you may get all the delicacies of the season as in the bill of fare. But the writer, who once enjoyed the acquaintance of that excellent woman, may be excused for paying his humble tribute...
to her memory, and for dwelling with regret on the 
collection of the day when he first introduced him-
selves to her table through the agency of a half-crown.

The Adelaide Coffee-house stood opposite to the 
government camp, at the side of the principal thorough-
fare. It was a long, low tent, rather black in colour, and
beside it stood a little shed which was the kitchen of
the establishment. The place had not a very attrac-
tive appearance, and the only lure spread out to entice
the passer-by, was a dingy sign in front, on which the
name of the coffee-house was painted in small and
irregular characters.

When we entered after our walk, we found the place
nearly empty, and Mrs Timmins was busily at work
at the further end. She scrutinised our appearance,
and then asked what we wanted. Bruce replied
humbly, that, if it was convenient, we should like some
dinner.

'Dinner!' she exclaimed; 'you're too late. There's
no more dinner to-day for anybody.'

'Don't say that, ma'am,' said Jack pathetically: 'we
have walked five miles on purpose to dine here, and
we are desperately hungry.'

'Come, Mrs Timmins,' added Bruce; 'let us have
some dinner to-day, and we'll come early next time.'

'Mind you do,' said she, 'for I shan't do it again
for you, I can tell you. You'll get now is a bone of
beef, and if you don't like that, you must dine off the
pickles.'

Mrs Timmins's pickles were a prominent feature in
her cuisine, and were justly celebrated. She laid a
very clean cloth on the end of the table, and produced
the bone of beef, which proved to be a very respectable
joint, excellently cooked. She then requested us to
'fall to' and help ourselves, for she wasn't going to
leave washing her dishes to wait on anybody. We
said we should be sorry to put her to that incon-
venience, and Jack proceeded to carve.

'Is there any chance of potatoes, Bruce?' I inquired.

'Never mind them,' replied he. 'If we behave
ourselves, and don't bother Mrs Timmins—she's rather
out of sorts just now—perhaps we may get some
pudding.'

'Pudding by all means,' said Jack. 'This beef is
capital; brown outside, and tender within, like Mrs
Timmins's trotters.'

'What's that you say about me, young man?'

demanded the hostess from among the dishes.

'I was praising your beef,' my dear madam; I never
tasted better, I must say. Mrs Timmins looked round
with rather an offended air; evidently she was one of those strong-minded
persons who are averse to flattery.

'None of your soft soap with me, young man. The
dinner's good enough for you, anyhow.'

'Mrs Timmins,' said Bruce rather timidly, 'I hope
you've got some pudding for us.'

'Pudding? Well, I'm sure! At this time of day,
too! Not exactly.'

And she returned to her occupation.

'O come, Mrs Timmins! You know I am an old
customer. You won't leave us with only half a dinner,
I am sure,' continued Bruce; but his entreaties pro-
duced no effect whatever.

'Do you think she has any pudding?' asked Jack.

'My dear fellow, I never knew that woman to fail
in her supplies. She has always got a pudding some-
where at the bottom of her pot.'

'She requires a great deal of persuasion,' remarked
Jack. 'You must keep on talking to her, at all events.
Put her in a passion, if necessary. I haven't dined.'

'Mrs Timmins, the beef is getting cold,' resumed
Bruce.

'Let it!' replied the lady without turning her head.

'Confound it! What's to be done?' said Bruce
desperatingly.

'I have it!' exclaimed Jack suddenly, and he desired
me to hand him my plate. I did so; and having care-
fully removed the fragments from it, he wiped the
knife and fork, and arranged them before me as before
dinner.

'I am sorry you have no pudding, ma'am,' said he;
'for my friend here is a vegetarian, and will get no
dinner.'

'A what?' inquired Mrs Timmins, coming up to us.

'A vegetarian, ma'am, from the neighbourhood of
Bristol. He lives entirely on vegetables—though you
wouldn't think it, to look at him—and can't eat any
meat at all. He could perhaps manage to eat some
pudding; but as you haven't got any, he'll have to go
without his dinner.'

'Ah, you're a bad un,' said Mrs Timmins, shaking
her finger at him.

'Ma'am!' exclaimed Jack, rather disappointed.

'You're a bad un! Do you think I ain't up to your
tricks? Vegetarian, indeed! Now I'll tell you what
I'll do: I'll give them two young men some pudding,
but you shan't have a bit; and that'll teach you to
come your nonsense over me next time.'

Jack looked the picture of despair.

'No, hang it, that's too bad, Mrs Timmins,' was all
he was able to say.

She disappeared from the tent without waiting to
hear his remonstrances, and presently returned with a
large fragment of plum-pudding, from which she cut
two great slices.

'Turn your plate up,' said she to me.

'Do what, ma'am?' I inquired.

'Turn your plate bottom up, can't you, to put the
pudding on.'

I did so, and she placed one of the slices before me,
and the other before Bruce, wholly disregarding the
appealing looks which Jack sent at her. The pudding
was excellent. We sympathised heartily with our
friend's unfortunate position, and told him so. He had
recovered his usual equanimity, and requested us to
finish our dinner, and not exult over the misfortunes of
our fellow-creatures.

Presently Mrs Timmins quitted the tent for a
moment, and by an unaccountable act of forgetfulness
—or perhaps some relenting of her stern resolve—she
left the pudding on a table in the distance. Jack ran
up to it and cut a slice before she returned, which he
swallowedfurtively with an unmoved countenance.

Having purchased a bundle of Mrs Timmins's Manila
cheroots, Jack occupied himself with finishing his
letter, and Bruce and I read all through a copy of the
Argus, which was made up as usual of three pages of
advertisements and one article against the lieut-
tenant-governor. We then thanked our hostess for
her good cheer, and took our departure. Jack made
her a bow, and said that although she had refused him
her pudding—which he had no doubt was excellent—
he was sufficiently compensated by the pleasure of
making her acquaintance.

The severe countenance of Mrs Timmins relaxed
into a smile, and she told him to be off with him—that
he had eaten more pudding than any of us. Did he
think she didn't see him?

Jack expressed his opinion that she was the most
impracticable woman he had ever met with. I need
scarce say, however, that he did her injustice; and
when afterwards we learned of her acts of kindness,
rendered unsolicited to many a poor fellow stricken
down by disease, even he came to respect the sterling
womanly qualities which lay hidden under the rough
exterior of this Australian Meg Dods.

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THE WIFE OF THE PALATINATE.

Many will remember a very affecting instance of conjugal devotion which was detailed in the newspapers of 1835. The heroine was the wife of a poor man, who, having been dismissed from the Newcastle Infirmary in cruel and agonizing from chronic rheumatism, longed eagerly to get back to his native village. The only means of conveyance, however, he could afford— the common carrier's cart—was not to be thought of; it would have tortured him to death; and the devoted wife took her husband on her back, and carried him, over rugged country roads, full fifty miles.

This goes quite beyond the spasmodic strainings of romance; yet it is far outstripped by another instance of the heroism of conjugal love, equally well authenticated, although it occurred two centuries ago.

In the year 1821, at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the rich province of the Rhinepfaltz, or Palatinate, was overrun by Spanish troops, who with lawless licence plundered and destroyed wherever they came. The princely abbey of Hirt, about two miles from Germersheim, on the Rhine, was one of the most desirable spots in the whole province, and its wide-spreading domain afforded occupation to a numerous staff of stewards, bailiffs, herdsmen, ploughmen, and foresters. Twice a year the Pfalzgraf, or Count Palatine, held court at Hirt, whither he repaired with his princess—Elisabeth, daughter of James I. of England—to enjoy deer-stalking in summer, and to hunt wild boars in winter. On St Peter's day each year, his head-bailiff, or bailiff, a gentleman named Christopher Theim, rendered to the Pfalzgraf a statement of his accounts, which showed a yearly return of many thousand rix-dollars. Herr Theim was married to an amiable lady, named Catharina Herpin, and was a man of considerable wealth and property, possessing several estates at Neustadt, Wachenheim, Rüchel, and Aachonlein, besides houses and money. All the estates belonging to Herr Theim had embraced the Protestant faith, and consequently they, as well as the ascetic abbey of Hirt, did not fail to attract the rapacious eyes of the Spaniards, who ruthlessly claimed and seized whatever seemed desirable. They broke open cabinets and coffers, scoured on luxurious dainties and rich wines, and, within a very few days, had rifled the whole place. To these outrages the steward opposed what resistance he could, endeavouring, as in duty bound, to protect to the utmost of his power the property under his care. This interference being regarded by the lawless soldiery as a presumptuous infringement of their rights, they seized the bailiff, and forced him to swallow a liquid poured from a silver cup, which immediately paralysed his whole body. His muscular and robust frame became powerless; his senses contracted so that he could not move a limb; he could not even stand without assistance, and his digestive organs became impaired.

Catharina Herpin, his wife, viewed his helpless state with dismay; but, apprehensive that something worse might befall, she determined to fly from the scene of danger. Secrecy was necessary to insure safety; the use of a carriage could not be obtained; and to add to her difficulty, she had two young daughters whom it was expedient to take with her. In these trying circumstances, Catharina resolved to depend solely on herself. She fastened her husband's powerless arms round her neck, and, with a little girl at each side, she hastened onwards towards the Rhine. A sympathizing fisherman ferried her across the river, and on the opposite bank she entered the recesses of a forest, where she remained three days. At the end of that period, hunger compelled her to proceed, and with increased burdens and diminished strength, she slowly advanced by stages along the road. First carrying her helpless husband, in the same manner as before, some distance in advance, she set him down in an easy posture on a grassy bank by the wayside, and returned to bring her children. With one of these in her arms, and dragging the other wearily by her side, she traversed the same ground for the third time, till she reached the spot where she had left her husband; then changing her load, she advanced in the same painful manner another stage, and so continued till in a few days she arrived with her triple charge at the town of Rheinzabern, to the astonishment of the admiring populace. The sufferings and privations of the journey proved too much for the young girls: their piteous cries for food while on the road had been incessant, and had pierced their mother's heart with anguish; but a sharper thrust was in reserve for this courageous woman. Though received with kindness by the inhabitants, and provided with shelter and food, the children survived only two days, and then died in the arms of their mother. Public admiration having been excited, an allowance was granted to the family, which proved a valuable assistance; but the paralysis of Herr Theim's whole frame continued unalleviated. Every effort made to subdue it proved fruitless; and the only method by which nourishment could be administered to him, was to introduce it into his stomach through a quill.

The only effect that increasing trouble had on Catharina was to elevate her courage and intensify her devotion to her husband. Though unaccustomed
to bear the gaze of curiosity or the drudgery of burden, she overcame her natural repugnance to these, and determined to pursue her journey to Strasbourg, in the hope of enjoying a little medical advice. Accordingly she set out, with her helpless husband fastened on her back, and made her way—a distance of ten German, or forty-five English miles—to Strasbourg. On her arrival there, her case met with the same kind consideration and help as formerly; and her husband enjoyed the gratuitous advice of an eminent physician, who enjoyed a salary from the town. This doctor, after careful examination, pronounced the recovery of the invalid to be hopeless, unless he could be conveyed to the Swiss baths at Baden on the Aar. Nothing daunted by the length and difficulty of the route, this indefatigable woman at once determined to undertake the journey, and having again saddled herself, with her precious burden, she started on her wearisome pilgrimage. At each town through which she passed, she seems to have sought out some medical man, from whose advice she hoped to gain some useful or consolatory hint; and even in the face of bitter discouragement from some of these, she persevered. At Freiburg, thirty miles from Strasbourg, she consulted Dr John Molscher; and at Ensheim, eighteen miles further on, she consulted the town doctor, both of whom affirmed that her husband’s life would not last a week; but he would show her how to prolong it a little; and with indomitable perseverance, she pressed on her way.

The old chronicle from which these particulars are drawn, enters minutely into the details of her progress. At Rausch, ten miles further than Ensheim, the household physician of the archbishop of Strasbourg again held out hopes of ultimate recovery, and confirmed the advice on which she had resolved to act, by pointing to the Swiss baths as the most likely means of improvement. At Gebsweiler, ten miles further along the Rhine, an old physician was consulted, who also spoke favourably of the baths; but gave it as his opinion that, if they failed to effect a cure, sudden and speedy death would probably result. The next stage of Catharina’s progress was across the river forty miles, to Freiburg, where she consulted the famous Dr Federrer, and placed her husband under his treatment for eight weeks, but without any perceptible improvement. For eighteen weeks now, Horus had been unable to receive any nourishment, except a little wine or soup introduced into his stomach through a quill, and nothing had been found which could afford him any relief. Before leaving him, a slight improvement was effected by means of a desperate kick-on-cure remedy, suggested by a brother-in-law of Dr Federrer. But it was too slight to alter Catharina’s resolution to carry her husband to the Swiss baths. Still forty miles further on, at Rheinfelden, she consulted two eminent practitioners, and was gratified to find, even on the borders of Switzerland, that the baths of that country were thought likely to be beneficial. With elated hopes, she persevered, and soon bore her beloved burden into Baden. Here she immediately began to apply the remedy she had come so far to seek; and for eleven weeks she carried her husband daily from their lodging down to the baths, and back again. The spectacle of a woman thus devotedly nursing her husband, and the report that she had in this manner carried him through the Palace, was the subject of interest in the eyes of the inhabitants, many of whom paid her visits; and a few of the richer or more generous sent her presents, which she faithfully applied to her husband’s comfort. Meanwhile, another sympathising lady, both of whom frequented the baths at the time. The next step in his improvement was the acquisition of sufficient strength to stand without support; but every attempt to walk without assistance, even with the help of a cane, was fruitless, as the want of muscular power in his hands prevented him closing them so as to hold anything. His body, however, continued to appear little more than a skeleton; and when in the first instance she entered our water, as the old chronicler relates, like a piece of cork.

The expenses of their long journey, medical fees, medicines, and their living at the baths, soon exhausted what little money Catharina had scraped together from the bounty of friends or saved from the plunder of their property, and she was at length compelled to leave Baden. Allured by the fame of a Jewish doctor at Stanz, a town seventy miles distant, she bent her steps thither. On reaching the town, this physician, having his attention drawn to her, became interested in her case, and promised her relief for her husband. The prescription he gave her, and the manner in which it was acted upon, afford a striking illustration of the progress of the medical art in the seventeenth century, and the superstition which attached to it among the people. The doctor directed her to take a calf, and, having cut its throat, to preserve the middle blood. This, mixed with vinegar and salt to a consistency, she was to use as a liniment, and rub her husband’s limbs with it; for which purpose she also gave her a small bag, containing a slip of paper inscribed with Hebrew characters, which the patient was to wear for a time round his neck. The good woman, fearing that the use of these remedies might prove hurtful in some way to her faith as a Christian, resolved not to try it; but she carefully suspended the amulet from her husband’s neck, and kept it there. Though, as the old record says, ‘she in her simplicity rejected the most natural remedy to take the improbable one,’ yet, probably, from the influence of former means, her husband in fourteen days had made some progress in his recovery.

From Stanz, Catharina continued her journey onwards to Rupperschwyl. In order to reach this town, she had to climb two high mountains, named respectively the Sattel and Ezel mountains; and while passing the latter of these, an accident of an extremely dangerous character befell her. It was a long day’s journey; and when they reached Rupperschwyl before nightfall, she started with her burden at five o’clock in the morning, and travelled almost the whole day without rest or refreshment. As she was descending the opposite side, a slight improvement was made, and she was able to sit, or even to stand, at one of the steepest parts of the road, and falling, she rolled a considerable distance down the slope with her husband, sometimes uppermost and sometimes below her. She contrived at length to steady herself by grasping some bushes; and in this position she remained, till a good Samaritan, who was passing, came to her assistance, after having invoked the Holy Mother and Saint Anna. He first relieved Catharina from the danger of choking, by cutting the bands that fastened her husband’s arms round her neck, and then removed the patient to a more secure spot at a little distance, where he laid him in an easy posture to wait till his wife should be able to resume the journey. After a brief rest, she again took up her burden, and late at night arrived at the long narrow bridge, which all the inhabitants of the district came to see the charming scenery of the neighbourhood; and reeling as she was from fatigue and exhaustion, she passed along its whole length—full two miles—without falling. By slow degrees, she began to amend. From Rupperschwyl, the journey was continued through Herisau, the capital of Appenzell, to Constance, where medical advice and a curiously compounded bath office were sought of Farstrup and another sympathising lady, both of whom frequented...
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their steps towards Bavaria, through Ravensburg and Meningen—a route which, even at the present day, with all the luxuries of modern travel, is wild and dreary enough. The object of their visit to Bavaria seems to have been to claim payment of a bond for 700 gulden (about £60), which a former duke of that country had granted in happier days to Theim's father. Then follow the representative of the debtor—Duke Maximilian, of Pfalz Neuburg—at his residence Neuburg, on the Danube; and on presenting their demand, they were coolly told that the duke had not at that time sufficient money at his command, as he was engaged in building a convent for a company of Jesuits; but when that was finished, if he had enough left, he would then liquidate the bond. It is to be hoped, for the credit of humanity, that the princely debtor, when he gave this reply, knew nothing of the devotion of the woman whom he spared; but the contrary seems probable, for the inhabitants of the ducal manor, on hearing that the pilgrim pair were sufferers for their Protestant faith, refused them even the common rites of hospitality.

At Augsburg, a Protestant town, sixty miles from Neuburg, a medical man of great celebrity again advised the baths at Baden, from which the first decided benefit had been derived, as likely to facilitate complete recovery; and, accordingly, the indefatigable Count set out to visit the famous healing springs of Baden. On her way, after traversing about 140 miles, she consulted the headsman or executioner of St Gall—a functionary both trusted implicitly and feared for all the aesthetic cure—probably in the expectation of receiving some amulet or charm. He, however, prescribed bleeding; but as she regarded this as too severe a process in her husband's weak state, she declined to permit it. After a rest of three weeks, she pursued her toilsome way, over similar mountains to those which had formerly cost her so much trouble, to Zurich. At Schaffhausen, about thirty miles further, where there was a Protestant community, every house was gladly opened to receive and shelter a martyr to the faith. Cheered, and perhaps materially assisted, they pursued their way to Berne, and thence to the healing springs of Baden. Here at length, after a renewed course of bathing, the long-tired Thiem found relief from his sufferings, and his affectionate wife enjoyed the reward of her toil in seeing her husband fairly recovered, that, with the support of a staff, he could walk alone.

Having recovered so far, he seemed to have been unwilling to remain longer a burden on the charity of his Protestant friends, of different faiths; and set out to seek out the Pfalzgraf, his master, in whose service he had suffered so much. The prince was living at this time at the Hague, in a state of dependence on the States-general of Holland; and accordingly the route of the affectionate couple lay through the entire breadth of Germany along the Rhine to Cologne, the whole of which distance they travelled on foot. From Cologne, they took a boat to Utrecht, whence the distance to the Hague was short. The result of their application to the Pfalzgraf is not stated: probably his allowance was barely enough for his own wants. At all events, we find our unfortunate pair shortly afterwards again travelling southwards. They had got as far as the fortress of Wesel, when, from some defect in their passports, they were turned back, and retired to Amsterdam. Here, under the best medical treatment, a complete cure was effected; and here, accordingly, the chronicler concludes his narrative. Some idea may be formed of the devotion and endurance of this courageous woman when it is stated, that she carried her husband on her back 172 German, or about 800 English miles, over hill and dale, across rivers, and through manifold dangers, and that their pilgrimages occupied a term of about three years, animated by the one hope that his health might be restored. We do not know whether there is another instance of self-sacrifice and patient, unyielding devotion on record that can compare with this; and we may add, that the history of their wanderings is said to be verified by trustworthy evidence, and that the fact of their residence in Amsterdam in 1624 is clearly ascertained. At the peace of 1618, the Pfalzgraf was reinstated in his dominions; but we know not whether he was a good steward, with his tried spouse, ever returned to receive again his post and his property.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

While in the slave-holding states, the free coloured people are subject to great injustice from the laws directly framed to oppress them, in the free states generally they have been persecuted by a cruel prejudice, that has not always allowed them to remain secure in life and limb. Their political and civil privileges differ in different states. The statute-books of Indiana and Illinois, both free states, are disgraceful; and a bill in Congress, recently introduced, prohibitory in its effect. The state of Ohio has repealed her black laws only within the last few years, after a long agitation on the subject. Yet, the laws respecting the qualification of voters are not clearly defined, and, as a consequence, in the northern part of the state, where a strong anti-slavery feeling prevails, free men of colour are permitted to vote; but in the southern districts that border on the slave state of Kentucky, the reverse is the rule. In Iowa, Michigan, Pennslyvania, and Connecticut, whilst they are not personally oppressed by legislation, they are excluded from all political privileges. In the state of New York, they are entitled to vote at elections, provided they are possessors of real estate to the value of 250 dollars. Gerrit Smith, a well-known philanthropist and reformer, about six years ago, created in this state nearly one thousand votes of this class, by endowing them with property for the necessary qualification from his vast landed possessions. In all the New-England States, Connecticut excepted, the votes of free coloured persons are received on equal terms with those of the whitest, and in Massachusetts, they are eligible to the highest offices in the gift of the commonwealth.

Nothing is more common in the northern states than to hear the free-coloured people pronounced paralyzing, if not as a nuisance which the country would be glad rid of. As is well known, the plan of expatriation was proposed, and has been partly carried out by the American Colonisation Society, the well-conducted settlement of Liberia on the coast of Africa being the result. The remarkable prosperity of that free republic, which is susceptible of immense increase, indicates, if nothing else did, that the world has laboured under some mistake as to the mental qualities of negroes and mulattoes; and, on this account, the plantation of Liberia, apart from all considerations as to the motives of its projectors, must, I think, be accepted as a great fact—a fact in favour of negro improbability. But it is not necessary to go to Liberia in vindication of the character of this abused branch of the human race. That the propagators of the present free coloured population of the northern states were degraded and ignorant, none will deny; but to say that their descendants, now in the third and fourth generation, are deserving of the same reputation, would be unjust and untrue. Should we grant that they are generally degraded, which we by no means admit, can those who are inclined to disparage and revile them, point to what has been
done towards their enlightenment and elevation? Far from assisting them on the road to honour and prefer-
ment, they have left no means untried to crush in
them every noble aspiration, and to keep the whole
population of every shade of black in a despicably
meant position—exiled from all communion in joy,
hope, sorrow.
The growth and prevalence of this prejudice can
scarcely be imagined by any one out of America.
That the colour of a man's skin, without the slightest
reference to his moral qualities, or even to his wealth,
should determine his social or political position,
and savours of the ridiculous to Europeans. Yet such is
the case in the United States. Nay more, even when
all traces of the negro is lost by intermixture, and he
no longer presents any distinction in features, the
knowledge that he is of African ancestry, is sufficient
to place him in the proscribed list; he is consigned
beyond the possibility of extrication to the difficult
position sustained by the free coloured people of
the northern states.
The sufferings endured by this class, from 1832 to
1842, were of a shocking kind. It was no unusual
occurrence for an inoffensive man of colour, parti-
cularly if he were decently dressed, to be publicly
assaulted by white persons, for no cause whatever;
and if his outcries attracted attention, no notice was
taken of them until they wanted money to come from 'only
a nigger.' With the exception of a few abolitionists,
the free coloured people had no friend; the evils of
the agitation of the slave question at that period being
unwittingly visited on them. In scarcely any of
the large cities of the North did they escape violence.
Riots of the most frightful nature occurred in New
York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Cincinnati. The dwell-
ings of the coloured people were burned down, their
furniture destroyed, and their lives were taken by the
miscreants who were permitted to give unchecked
rein to their hateful passions. In some instances, their
churches were razed to the ground, as if it had been
a crime for this unfortunate race to form part of a
Christian community.
This storm of persecution having passed over, the
free coloured population in the northern states gra-
dually improved in public opinion. In some quarters,
and among certain classes of whites, prejudice is as
strong as ever; but on the whole, it has been greatly
sobered and the general progress of enlightened sentiment, than to
the feelings of compassion excited by the picturesque
and affecting incidents in the lifelike narratives of
Mr. Stowe. Yet, even in these free people, these
feelings do not go the length of doing complete justice
to the people of colour. Though subject to a general
school-rate, their children are not admitted to the
higher kind of academies; the mere elements of
education, at district coloured schools, being their full
allowance. In the Sabbath schools, the same division
is observable. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church at
Philadelphia has under its patronage and care a
black as well as a white Sabbath school, in separate
establishments. Once in each year, the children of
both schools are brought into the church, that their
process may be ascertained. The white lands of the
floor are placed beside the pastor under the shadow of
the pulpit, whilst the black sheep are stuck up in an
obscure part of the organ loft. The whites are usually
enthusiastic in presence of the congregation, and the
blacks are kindly permitted to sing a doxology while
the congregation are dispersing.
The common practice of excluding coloured people
from all but certain inferior classes of seats in
churches, is well known; and to such an extent has
this been carried, that in most large towns they have
established and support churches for themselves.
In passing along the streets of New York on Sunday, you
see churches pouring out none but whites, and others
none but people of various shades of colour, just as if
there were a white and black Gospel. Only a few
years ago, in one of the Presbyterian churches of New
York, there were pews in the gallery marked B. M.,
signifying Black Members. An English clergyman
on a visit to the States, who had heard of these pro-
scribed seats, took an opportunity of testifying against
such unchristian arrangements, by taking his family
to this church, and seating himself in the midst of the
B. M.s, to the astonishment and chagrin of the reverend
gentleman who officiated, and the horror and disgust of
the deacons, who were greatly scandalised by the
stranger's want of self-respect. This quiet method of
reproving the congregation of this church had the
desired effect, and the B. M.s have since been removed.
Negro pews are not now so fashionable as formerly;
yet a coloured man would have to stand a long time in
a genteel New York church before he would be offered
a seat.
C. K. Whipple, in his able tract, entitled Relations
of Anti-Herbory to Religion, relates the following inci-
dent: 'In the year 1830, a coloured man bought and
paid for a pew in Park Street Church, and since then
the head-quarters of "orthodoxy" in Boston. He
occupied it, with his family, a Sunday afternoon; but
on returning in the afternoon, a constable, employed
by the church, promptly pointed out his pecuniary
entrance; the Prudential Committee wrote him a pro-
hibitory letter; and the church, in a church-meeting
called thereafter for the express purpose, voted that he
should not be allowed to occupy his own pew. They
then proceeded to discuss, in five or six meetings
following, each opened and closed with prayer, the
most convenient and effective way of excluding the
whole coloured race from equal participation in their
worship. Finally, at the suggestion of one who bore,
while he lived, the very highest reputation for piety in
that church, a new pew-deed was framed, containing a
provision enabling them to effect their purpose, and
the pew of the church, and the pew of the church are still held under that deed.
It has been so perfectly obvious that any similar
attempt would meet the like result, that the trial has
never been repeated in Boston. A Baptist church,
however (Rev. Baron Stow's, in Rowe Street), has
guarded itself against such attempts, by inserting in its
pew-deeds the restriction that the pews shall be
sold only to "respective negro persons." But the spirit
of that congregation is not a saint, can at least claim
the credit of being a respectable white sinner.'
Notwithstanding these and all other indignities, it is
an undoubted fact, that the free people of colour
persevere in improving their circumstances, and
in seizing on every possible advantage in the way of
education. Still excluded from the colleges in New
York or Philadelphia, coloured young men are admitted
as a favour to some of the other northern colleges and
higher order of academies on a footing of equality with
whites. The consequence of this irrepressible desire
for instruction is observable in the rise of coloured
men in northern society; there being now in Boston
coloured lawyers practising at the bar, coloured
physicians, lecturers, and manufacturers. A preju-
dice, however, long outlives its expulsion from the
minds of the more intelligent classes, of which we
have till this day a lamentable example in the treat-
ment of Jews in England. Educated, refined in senti-
ment, wealthy, admitted to the highest society, Jews
are still excluded by technical forms from the House of
Commons; and, time after time, the city of London
returns a gentleman to parliament who is not allowed
to take his seat, unless a declaration is made in the
dominion. The religious nature is in violation of his conscience. So
deeds prejudice operate in America. All are not to be
blamed, because the free people of colour are subject
to vulgar persecution. The prejudice against them
has not yet vanished from the minds of every variety of the negro. By public workers, who fear rivalry and contamination; by conceited parvenus, who dread a lowering of their dignity; by a miscellaneous body of hotel-keepers, railway-car conductors, managers of theatres, deacons of churches, and others who are alarmed for offending ‘customers,’ the repugnance to associate with, or to give house or seat room to coloured people, is still daily manifested. Public feeling on the subject seems to be in a transition state. A coloured person, in traveling, will sometimes be treated well; sometimes ill; sometimes insulted, sometimes passed over with indifference. The administration even of the law is modified by the feelings of its administrators.

Not long since, a coloured gentleman, a dealer in real estate, was compelled to ride in one of the negro cars, although at the time he held stock in the company to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The ejection of a coloured lady and her infant from the cars in Massachusetts, created so much sympathy as to cause the passage of a law in that state, imposing a fine of six thousand dollars on any railway company or individual guilty of this offence in future. In the city of New York, suits have at various times been instituted against the proprietors of omnibuses and street railway-cars for the forcible ejection of coloured people. In one instance, judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff, and damages awarded to the amount of 250 dollars, but there is no decision on these cases.

The case of the Rev. W. Pennington, a coloured preacher in New York, a most respectable and amiable person, who was well received in Europe, and holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Heidelberg, deserves particular attention. Recently, he was expelled from a railway-car belonging to the Sixth Avenue Railway Company, and forthwith brought an action before the superior court of New York. Below, we give some notes of the proceedings in this curious affair, from the pages of the European, an independent New York newspaper. It will be seen that the judge uttered some strange sentiments, and that the jury decided against Dr Pennington.

Mrs Webb, a coloured lady, apparently a quadroon, from the United States, has lately visited England on an elocutionary tour. Accomplished in manners, well educated, and every way a lady, she has become well known for her elegant readings of the works of popular writers. It gives one a curious idea of American notions on colour to know that this lady has been subject to indignities in different parts of the states, for no other reason than that she is not a pure white. She has mentioned to us, that in traveling through Pennsylvania, she was refused access to a railway-car, although she had purchased the appropriate ticket. On presenting herself for admission, the conductor put his arm across the door, to debar her entrance, and could not be induced to admit her. With much spirit, she stopped suddenly below his arm, and gaining an entrance, she pushed his arm down, to enable her husband to follow her into the car, where both received the congratulations of the passengers. The conductor was enraged, but, from the aspect of affairs, did not dare to expel them.

About a year ago, on visiting Boston, Mrs Webb went by recommendation to the Marlboro Hotel in that city. The Marlboro is known as the pious hotel. It is an establishment celebrated for its religious usages—public prayers every morning, and a grace at dinner. Every meal to which this lady was invited. Well, here, surely, she was safe? Quite the reverse. Mrs Webb was not allowed to attend prayers, nor to take her meals at the public tables, but compelled to remain in her own apartment. The landlord had the meanness to charge the usual additional price for private meals, although remonstrated with, and shown that her exclusion from the public rooms was his own act. Much of the people of Massachusetts, this abominable treatment was strongly condemned; and we can fancy that by the drilling on the occasion, the Marlboro’s sense of religious consistency must have undergone some improvement.

In Massachusetts and some other free states, coloured persons are legally recognized as American citizens; but this is only a local advantage. As formerly mentioned, the federal government does not allow that they belong to the category of citizens. They are tolerated, and have a kind of protection; that is all. They will be given a pass, but not a passport. They are all of them ‘niggers,’ not Americans; and a few years ago it was no uncommon thing to hear an Irish or German immigrant, who had not been six months in the States, talk of sending the negroes out of the country, back to Africa, to which they belonged.

In the refusal of citizenship, the supreme government has forgotten the public services of the coloured race in the trying times of American history, when the clouds of adversity were most threatening. Answering to the call, blacks of every shade stood side by side with the whites in the revolutionary war. The first blood shed in the cause of American independence was that of Christopher Attaocks, a mulatto, who was shot by British troops in the streets of Boston. In the swamps of the Carolinas, under the banners of Sumter and Marion—with Lafayette at Yorktown, and with Washington at Valley Forge and Trenton—wherever the flag of the struggling Americans was unfurled, there might be found the negro cheerfully fighting for the national cause, for that liberty in which his descendants are denied to participate. Hundreds of coloured men, who are to-day deprived of all political privileges in the United States, were cherished, if at all, by a white physician; when their property, their lives, liberties, or reputations were infringed by judicial proceedings, if they have any counsel at all, he must be a white man—for no coloured man is, in this city, allowed to become a physician or a lawyer. It is different to New York, Massachusetts. This brutish prejudice, which exists in no other country, is encouraged by the slave-owners for their own purposes. The enforced degradation of the coloured man of the North is used as an argument for keeping up slavery in the South.
HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

Or all the minor European states, there is scarcely one that is more interesting to the observer than the kingdom of Belgium. Small as it is, it has, from the character of its people, acquired a respectability that is truly wanting to other powers of greater political weight. In this little land, we see among the people a most enviable degree of material prosperity, while, at the same time, it enjoys an amount of liberty in its government that, except in its own country, is hardly to be found elsewhere in Europe. Nor is Belgium less interesting from its past history than from its present condition and prospects. Many of our readers have probably spent some little time in its old towns, and they cannot but remember the quaint buildings, the strange costumes, and curious usages they observed. Turn where the visitor will, he finds some object which at once carries back his mind some centuries, and compels him to think of the days when the merchants of Flanders were a power in Northern Europe, and the various guilds met and opposed, often successfully, the mailed chivalry of France. As he walks along, too, he sees inscriptions and hears words uttered in what appears to be a rude uncultivated patois, wanting alike the elegance of the French, and the masculine vigour of the German. Such a jargon, be it ever so rude, he cannot fairly be considered a language, and, to some extent, he is right. Until within the last few years, Flemish was in the position of a mere patois. Unlike its kindred Dutch, which has long boasted a respectable, though little-known literature, it was utterly uncultivated, and the only books printed in it were few small prayer-books, and those collections of tales, songs, and ballads which form the delight of the ruder part of every community. The educated classes spoke and thought in French, and Flemish was left to the smaller shopkeepers and to the peasant. Something like a revolution has, however, begun. Some men of education have taken the despised dialect under its patronage, and now a Flemish movement is progressing in Belgium, one of the chief objects of which is the cultivation of what is the language of the great mass of the people of the country. We may perhaps be inclined to doubt how far it is expedient to attempt to give life and vigour to a language which is spoken by so small a part of the population of Europe, and which must ever, while it exists, form a barrier isolating the Flemings from their neighbours. Be this as it may, however, the movement is going on, and it is a strange fact that, when upon a recent occasion of national rejoicing in Belgium, prizes were offered for the best poems in French and Flemish, out of the immovable compatriots of the judges, not one of those written in French could be considered as possessing even the moderate degree of merit which we presume is required upon occasions of the kind, while, on the other hand, several of the Flemish compositions appeared to be deserving of honourable mention.

Among the promoters of this Flemish movement, Hendrik Conscience is certainly the best known, if not the only one at all, in Belgium. His novels and tales have been translated into our language, and have acquired a well-merited popularity. Who has not been delighted with the Herem and with Blind Ros? Which of our readers has not sympathised with the mental sufferings of the Poor Noblemen? We have all read Vefa and the Miser, and wondered over the strange tale of Albfurtagus, and the reprise of Rikkerkstuk. It is as familiar to our ears as any of the nursery-songs of our childhood.

Much of the popularity which has attended these tales is doubtless owing to the vividness of the description of everyday Flemish life we find in them, and to the general truth of their colouring. We do not think our author can be looked upon as happy in his attempts at the regular historical romance; and the chief reason for the discrepancy between this and his less ambitious sketches is to be found in the fact, that in the one class of writings he has had nothing to guide him but his imagination and the lifeless records of old, while in his novel and his tale of the poor statesman he found a never-failing mine in his own experience. His life has been an eventful one; circumstances have driven him to mix with every class of his fellow-countrymen, from the highest to the humblest, and at times he seems to have been reduced to straits that remind us of what we read of in the literary history of England during the last century.

Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp in 1812. His father had served in the French marine at one time as a midshipman, and later as an employé in the docks at Antwerp. On the break-up of the first French empire, he settled in that city as a merchant. Our author's mother died before he had reached his seventh year; and thus from that period young Hendrik was chiefly left to himself, little, if at all, controlled by the authority of his surviving parent. Fortunately for him, part of his father's business consisted in the purchase of old books and papers; and thus the boy found the means of acquiring some knowledge. He read everything that came across him, and apparently the mass of books he thus indiscriminately devoured produced no evil effect upon his mind. Some years after his father's death, the father, who seems to have been a man of a somewhat turn of mind, left Antwerp, bought some land in its neighbourhood, and built a sort of hermitage. There, while his father was attending to his business, and travelling through different parts of the old country and Belgium, Hendrik and a brother of his were left altogether to themselves. They never quitted the house and the garden which surrounded it. All the necessaries of life were brought in from the outside, and thus the two boys for some time led the lives of two hermits. After a period of some three years spent by them in this solitude, their father married a second time. But the strange education, or rather want of education, of the boys now began to exhibit the natural results. For years they had been to a great extent their own masters, and there had been no one to teach them the duty of obedience. The consequence was, that upon all possible occasions, they resisted the authority of their step-mother; and the disputes which thus arose in the family, in consequence of this conduct, grew so bitter, that it was found necessary to remove the boys from their home; and they were accordingly sent to a school in Antwerp. At this establishment, Hendrik resolved to adopt that profession as his means of livelihood. All his studies were accordingly bent in that direction; and perhaps our author might at this moment be wasting away his life in teaching village-dunces the rudiments
of grammar, but for the great political events which at that period began to trouble Europe. The French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and was successful; and the Belgians, animated alike by national and religious feelings, determined to show the example of their neighbors. With this end in view, a variety of societies was formed, and the revolutionary ideas of the French spread over the whole country. In a few months these societies were suppressed, and 1831, which followed, was more bloody than any previous year.

In the midst of this political agitation, Hendrik continued to publish his Flemish newspaper, the "Vlaamsch Volksblad," which was the chief organ of the democratic party. He was arrested on the 23rd of February, 1831, and was held without trial for several months. During this time he was allowed to write for the newspaper, but was denied the privilege of publishing his articles. He was finally released on the 7th of August, 1831, and continued to publish his newspaper until the suppression of the revolution in 1832.

The suppression of the revolution was a great blow to Hendrik, and he was forced to retire to Belgium. He devoted himself to the study of literature, and became a noted scholar and writer. He published many works, and his name is still remembered in Belgium as one of the great writers of the 19th century.
them in, because they had a habit of dropping their latch-keys into the letter-box in their endeavours to open the door. Large, unoccupied attics of this house were a clergyman, who had resided there for fifteen months without offering any remuneration whatever to the landlady: he, however, gave but little trouble, she said, needing his own bed, and lived exclusively upon rolls of bologna sausages—still it was very annoying. The place, notwithstanding, was not, I believe, more unsatisfactory than others; certainly not so bad as our apartments in Porchester Obling, for instance, where the landlord and his wife played cards all day, Sunday, being Jews, and their two female servants came up to me in a fainting condition, protesting that we did not leave enough provisions for their sustenance—they being made entirely dependent on the lodger for support. It was upon this occasion that Mr Poppet raised the standard of revolt. 'You have had the choosing of our place of abode for the last two years, my love,' he said, 'and I think I may say without contradiction, that you have chosen them excessively ill. No; I don't regard your going into hysterics in the least; all I have to observe is, that in future I choose the lodgings;' and he took his hat up and went out upon that errand at once. It is unnecessary to relate here how he pitched upon an entitled in the Regent's Quarter and paid deposit money for the same, and never took me even to look at it after all, in consequence of communications he received from bachelor friends; or how he got a most excellent bargain of three drawing-rooms and as many bedrooms in Alsop Paragon, where the landlord wore a peacock's feather behind each of his ears, and went about the house crowing and flapping his arms: suffice it to say, that the residence Mr Poppet chose at last was No. 19, W.

It was situated in a pretty fashionable street, running directly into Hyde Park, where first-floor apartments were, upon the average, three guineas a week. The drawing-room and back drawing-room of No. 19 were elegantly and expensively furnished; the sleeping-rooms, though bare, were sufficiently large; and the rent was only two guineas. Everything, however, was excessively dirty, including Mrs A., the landlady. Her complexion was cream-colour, sprinkled with yellow spots; her hair, which should have been gray, was whity-brown; and the hue of her gown quite indescribable: it neither reached high enough nor low enough, nor was it ever changed for another during our protracted residence in her apartments. My husband informed her that I was excessively particular about cleanliness, for which she expressed herself truly thankful; 'for, sir, I do assure you, with me it comes next to godliness:' and it may have been that, perhaps, in Mrs A.'s case, without exciting her to become of alabaster purity. She promised Mr Poppet to have a good wash out; each article of furniture should be accurately dusted, and everything made spick and span for our arrival. We called a week afterwards, and found seven days extra dirt upon No. 19 and its inhabitants, and were assured that the work of reform was to be begun that afternoon. We called again next day, when Mrs A. immediately set to work to dust the knocker, as though that were the sole appurtenance to No. 19 still left uncommented on and careless. When, after many injunctions on the one side, and promises on the other, we arrived at last with baggage and baby, as tenants, we found all things in primal chaos, with the kitchen-fire out, and no milk in the house for our infant. Retreat, alas, was become impossible; and indeed we had cut it off ourselves by a remonstrance, ending with a policeman, with the cormorants in Porchester Obling.

The domestic of that epoch—the first of eleven Marys who trusted for a greater or less time to the empty promises to pay of Mrs A.—was rather a pretty young person, and a good deal cleaner than her mistress, but so hopelessly stupid, that upon being desired to fetch it at 2.30 a.m. on Monday, Mr Poppet sent her off to tea at 2.30 p.m., and she brought up at that hour a pair of lighted candles, as though he were about to conjure; read Shakespeare publicly, or perform high-mass. It was her custom also to plant her letter-post into any chink or box which offered itself out of doors, especially any that had Letters on it, in the simple faith that that was all Mr Rowland Hill required of her. There was also a Miss A., of ten years old or so, residing at No. 19 with her mamma; but she was a lily of the field, and toiled for nobody; nay, the one domestic was principally occupied in waiting upon her, in curling her hair, and getting her up generally, in order that she might apply herself, in correct drawing costume, to the piano. Yes, Miss Euphemia had a voice, as we well knew—was intended, as Mrs A. confided to me, for the Opera; 'my only objection being, ma'am, that I am told it is not a good profession for the soul.' Extreme simplicity, indeed, would seem to come next to cleanliness in the scale of this lady's virtues, and next to that, perhaps, truth. She would appear to Heaven upon the very slightest provocation, to excuse her omission to make a pudding, or to account for the absence of sippets from a hash. All day long, we could hardly find a tradeperson or other at the door of No. 19, that she had not got one penny in the house, but that next week, as sure as there was a sun in the sky, their demands should be satisfied. She made no sort of difference in this formula, whether we had just settled with her for her week's account or not; and it is my firm belief that she never paid any one of them for anything. I had to go out for the least necessary of life myself, not even the milkman consenting to send round to No. 19 without the express understanding that the provision was for the lodgers, and not for Mrs A. 'Why, ma'am,' said he, 'that oman might have bathed in the milk I've sent her these last six months, without my seeing the colour of her money;' and certainly he could scarcely have selected a more awful image by which to have expressed his feelings. When, indeed, the claims of her landlord and her daughter's singing-master had been satisfied, I don't suppose that poor Mrs A. had really much money to spare, and, of course, under those circumstances, she could do no less than live upon us. She had taken No. 19 upon spec of a gentleman (Mr D.), who rented it upon spec of a certain lady (Mrs C.), who had formerly been a shilling to the original proprietor (Mr D.), who had built the house upon spec, and was now at Boulogne. Neither A. nor B., nor C. nor D., had any money at all, I think, but were entirely dependent upon D. (the Poppets) for existence.

Mrs C. (who once called upon Mrs A. in company with a gentleman in a Hansom cab, with the hopeless intention of getting a five-pound note out of her), by whose elegant, and somewhat expensive taste the furniture had been chosen, had herself resided at No. 19 as long as she could get provisions upon credit, and had been succeeded by Mr D., who had done the same; so that not only was the bell of No. 19 a good deal pulled, and the knocker considerably worked—they came with a rap, but went away without one—but also, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, exploitation, and even direct menace, floated up to the drawing-room floor in ceaseless waves. It may seem strange that we should have put up with the insinuence of this kind for a single week; but the fact was, that Mr Poppet and myself and the baby, had suffered such incredible things at the hands of the lodgers in every house that we had done this as a sort of torpor of despair. Therefore, although a good deal alarmed and frightened, I did not rush out of the
house at once, on the occasion when Mrs A. entered me into her bedroom in the attic, and there exhibited a chestful of the most extraordinary and suspicious splendours—beautiful laces, heaps of cashmere shawls, necklaces of diamonds, jewels of every sort and kind, to be offered to me, as a valued friend, at what were certainly exceedingly low prices. She told me a strange story of her having once been lady's-maid to a person of fashion, and that confidence having been repose in her by many females of high rank, they now intrusted her with these valuables to sell for them, they being more in want of the money than the goods, which, however, looked quite unused and new. It was not a satisfactory account of the things, certainly; but a peril which befall our own goods and chattels about this time, drove Mrs A.'s secret treasure quite out of my recollection. This was no less than a menace on the part of Mr D. to put an execution into No. 10, unless his rent was paid. Mr B., it seems, had been trying the screw upon our spotted landlady with as little effect as Mrs C.'s mechanical endeavours had had upon him, for a considerable period; and the poor gentleman at Boulogne could make nothing out of his house whatever. We received this information from one of the many domestics whose duties Mrs A. had coaxed out of their gratuitous services; and it being further corroborated by the good lady's most solemn denial, I sent off Mr Poppet to see Mr D.'s lawyer in Bedford Row. My beloved husband is not very much used to business transactions, and he returned home, after some hours, in a most miserable condition. He had entirely failed in persuading the legal gentleman—who appears to have been rather deaf, or rather obstinate—that he was not B. or some other defaulter connected with No. 10. He said we could expect no mercy after such conduct as ours had been, and that nothing would be secured to us except our wearing apparel. I packed up what little plate we had at once, and took that and my dressing-case, with a moderator-lamp and a brand-new silk umbrellas, to a friend's, for safety. When I had done that, and not before, I began to listen to Mrs A.'s expostulations upon the folly of apprehending such a thing as a distress-warrant in her house, when she had £500 worth of property under the bed in her room, let alone as much again behind the wainscot in the back dinner-parlour. I am not sure, indeed, whether her riches or her poverty made us the most uncomfortable. In the daytime, the house was besieged by importunate creditors, and in the evening and late into the night, haunted by mustached gentlemen of foreign appearance, and very much shawled, who had, I suppose, jewellery business to transact with Mrs A. A magnificently attired lady of some fifty years of age having called upon one occasion, and had a most stormy interview, I animadverted, after her departure, upon the disturbance so respectable-looking a person had created.

'Yes,' I said, 'you are, and it's very disagreeable.'

Well, ma'am, no, that party is the same party—the very same; which information was accompanied by a telegraphic signal indicating that the party drank a little.

I began to feel very uncomfortable in No. 19 by this time; was convinced that people were about the house at night, and sent Mr Poppet out to look with a revolver, more than once, locking the bedroom door after him very carefully. He, however, manlike, having chosen the lodgings, determined upon the whole to like them; and I don't know but that we should have there now, except for this.

One day we went out, baby and all, to dinner in the neighbourhood; and while we were enjoying that

In the days of the Regency, men had never heard the maxim that the right man should be put in the right place, and it does not strike us as at all out of character with the time, that Jekyll, the celebrated wit, when asked how it happened that he of all others was chosen to fill the responsible post of Master in Chancery, should have replied: 'Because he was the most unfit man in the country.' Since then, however, the public has grown more enlightened; and though, as we shall presently see, the schoolmaster is not everywhere abroad, at least in the sense which Lord Brougham intended when he first gave currency to the phrase, it is beginning to be thought that aspirants, even to government offices, should be to some extent possessed of the necessary qualifications for performing their daily routine of work with credit to themselves, and without bringing the public service into contempt.

Mr Jekyll, it is true, got through his duties without any notable break-down. Lord Eldon, who had for a long time refused to make the appointment, but who was at length forced into it by the Prince Regent, used to say it was his very ignorance that saved him; he had only possessed that dangerous thing, a 'little learning,' he would probably have persisted in applying it without regard to consequences, but, as it was, he was forced to take the advice of his brother-masters, to whose superior knowledge he had sense enough to defer.

However unsatisfactory this way of getting through business may seem to common-sense people, it is pretty clear that it is still relied on both by candidates and by patrons to a startling extent. We do not know how matters stand at present with regard to Masters in Chancery or Lords of the Treasury; there is as yet, we believe, no examination for them to go through; but as regards the lower ranks, we have the best authority for what we say. The second Report of the Civil Service Commissioners is now before us, and the information it contains appears worthy of general and serious attention. It could hardly have been supposed, nor would it be easy to believe on any slight authority, that out of the entire number of persons who, having received nominations to government appointments between the 21st of May 1855, and the 31st of December 1856, were examined under the authority of the Civil
Service Commissioners, the number so examined, exclusive of competitions, being 2353, no less than 425 were rejected for egregious blunders in spelling alone, or for blunders in spelling combined with blunders in other subjects except arithmetic; that 147 were rejected for arithmetic, either alone or with other subjects except spelling; and 245 for spelling and arithmetic, with or without other subjects. It must be understood that in all these cases the gross ignorance of the candidates in either spelling or arithmetic, requirements which do not seem to point to an unreasonably high standard, would have afforded a sufficient, or rather an imperative reason for rejection, even had they come up to the mark in other respects.

The total number of rejected candidates being 880, it will be seen, by adding the above numbers, that only 65 were turned back on other grounds, such as insufficient proof of character, not coming within the limits of age, or want of acquaintance with special subjects required in their departments. What appears particularly strange is, that the proportion of rejections increases. The number per cent. in 1855 was 29-5, and in 1856, 38-8. The Commissioners assure us that, as a general rule, their examinations have not in the slightest degree increased in stringency, so as to account for the increase, though they admit that to a small extent it may be ascribed to the undue strictness of provincial examiners, in the case of candidates for the office of expectant of excise. To prevent any possible occurrence of this kind in future, the Commissioners have arranged to send examination-papers from their own office, precisely similar to those used with candidates examined there, and the answers will be returned to them for adjudication, so that candidates examined in the provinces will stand in the same position as those examined in London.

It does not appear to us that any person holding a government situation, even in the subordinate ranks, can properly get through his duties if he is not well up in ordinary arithmetic, if he cannot read manuscript with tolerable correctness, or if his spelling is ludicrously bad. But we should not have felt so much surprise, nor would it have betrayed the existence of so low a standard in the Civil Service, had the rejections on these grounds been confined to such officers as idle-waiters, expectants of excise, letter-carriers, and messengers; but it appears from an appendix to the Report that no less than 198 of the higher class—that is, would-be clerks at Whitehall, at Somerset House, at the Post-office, in the War and other departments—were found grossly deficient in spelling. In transcribing the brief, and by no means difficult, orthographical paper set before these aspirants, sixteen made 16 mistakes; fifteen made 17 mistakes; thirteen made 18; eight made 19; eleven made 21; and the Commissioners kindly provide us with a table ascending in the scales of ignorance, which shews, among other high numbers, that three made 46 mistakes; two, 49; three, 54; one, 68; one, 72; while one gentleman, who was nominated to a clerkship in the Post-office, stands facilis princeps at the head of all, being distinguished as the perpetrator of no less than 142 outrageous blunders! We can fancy his astonishment on discovering that the Commissioners declined to give him a certificate, for of course he was much too obtuse to discern his own shortcomings. He probably wrote about his disaster to a former school-companion something after this fashion:

'My dear Charles—I promised to write and let you know when I was fixed in the situation were Mr Wiseacre our Parliament representative got me appointed a clare, but now it his very different intelligence I have to send, for I was brought up before two gents who began to ask all manner of things and put me to Wright down I don't know how many answers. Yet would you suppose it, after I answered all thier questions they refused to recommend me. I was to had three long hours all full of farthings and I did them all, but I cant tell why the gent when he took the paper should have opened his eyes so very wide. Then I was to put down who destrasted the Spanish Armada. Of course I could tell them it was Lord Marborough. I did not learn history for nothing at Mr Mudder's as he knows well enough for he always said I was a credit to his sistem. I told them all about gui Fawks and that Henry the Eight married Lady Jane Grey, and that the Roman walls in England were built to keep the Tartars out and that the battle of Culloden was fought between the Earl of Lester and Edward the Fourth. I wonder they did not ask the difference between the House of Lawds and the House of Piers, or who were the wigs and the Torys, as though we where not polittions in our town as well as London. They asked what was a chief town on the Ryne, so I told them Marseilles as you may think. Then they brought a map of England without any place down on it, which I wost to fill up. Didn't I do it like fun? The gent said I had done it upside down, but how could that be for I put in all the counties and they wasn't any room left. They thought I dare say that I should be catched, but they were greadly mistaken. I am not so difficient as that comes to, but I know my suspision is write, that they were prepropersed, and jalous of what I new for fear I should take the shine out of thier own freinds. I suppose they must want to keep the vacancy for some of thier own famely, but if they do it is a most paritious and unscrupulous buisness. It would serve them just write to right to the Times and give them what they deserve for thir infalinks triggour, and that is to be made an exampel of. If you should see the paper at the Warrick Arms, just look out, for I'm determinin to tell pellip what I did and how they served me, and if my letter dose not propererly astonish pholipers, patratos, ministers, and gents too with thare predudices and perfdity then I am not.

Yours sincerly

GUSTAVUS CESAR TUBB.*

Some curious reflextions are suggested by the case of our friend Tubs, which gives something like an indication of the way in which government situations were formerly filled. There was little, or rather, in point of fact, nothing to prevent unqualified nominees in most cases from stepping quietly into their berths; but how in the name of wonder did public business get on with the Tubbes to take care of it? At least three clerks must have been required to do the work of two, besides an additional superior functionary to correct the blunders of his subordinates. We see, likewise, that the standard of education among the classes who look to mercantile and other situations for a maintenance, is far from what it should be; and that many young men of perhaps fair natural ability may be kept in the background all their lives, for want

* Although this is an imaginary letter, the blunders are really those made by the candidates.
of a tolerably sound school-training in their earlier years.

Arithmetic is another great point with the Commissioners, who say that they find no difficulty in ascertaining the fitness or unfitness of a candidate in this respect. Candidates for the lower offices, such as tide-waiter and letter-carrier, are expected to know the four ordinary rules, besides money, weights, and measures; but the examples set before them are of the simplest character, so that if they fail it can only be by a most discreciable want of knowledge. In no case do the arithmetical questions which are required to be answered, even by candidates for the higher class of junior situations, reach beyond vulgar and decimal fractions, and it is our wish and intention that they should present to the candidate nothing of a puzzling character, but that they should be just sufficient to ascertain whether he understands the principle and is acquainted with the practice in the portion of arithmetic to which the questions belong. Yet 590 candidates, during little more than a year and a half, were so deficient in this branch of education, that they would have been rejected on this ground alone, even though they had satisfied the examiners in other things.

The third great requirement of the Commissioners is good handwriting, and in this respect they repeat what they stated last year, that they very rarely find a candidate who comes up to their ideal of a good hand, and that, although they have noticed considerable improvement, they are still under the necessity of keeping the standard of handwriting low, especially as regards the inferior offices. Some departments, however, insist strongly on the correctness of good writing, and on one occasion the Commissioners felt themselves bound to reject a candidate for a clerkship in an important department, on account of bad handwriting, although he would otherwise have been successful.

It is only under peculiar circumstances, or in cases of extreme ignorance, that a candidate is rejected for want of knowledge in the higher branches of education. In English composition—meaning by that term, the ability to relate with fluency and distinctness some circumstance with which the writer is acquainted—the Commissioners have found themselves obliged to be rather lenient; but of knowing the limited time and attention which is given to the acquisition of English composition in the schools of this country, we have considered that it is only of special ignorance demonstrable in this branch of education which could justify us in treating it as a cause of rejection. This is true to a serious extent; it may be doubted whether a dozen youths out of a hundred on leaving school, could accomplish an ordinary business-letter.

In history, which is one of the subjects intended to test the general education and intelligence of the candidate, the Commissioners have found it necessary to be very moderate in their demands. Some cases have occurred in which the display of almost total ignorance of history, combined with indifferent performance in some other subject or subjects, has led us to the conclusion of the candidate's unfitness. And there are also other cases in which a candidate would probably have been rejected in history, had not his case been decided on the ground of deficiency in the elementary subjects; but in no case whatever have we found our rejection of a candidate upon history alone.

In addition to the peculiar views of English history recorded in the epistle of our friend Taylor, there are others not less remarkable to be met with in a note to the Commissioners' Report. Some of the candidates gave such answers as these—namely, That trials of ordeal were employed in the trial of Warren Hastings, and that George II. was the sovereign to whom the name of the English Justinian has been sometimes applied; that William the Conqueror was a king who introduced many good laws into England, learning and all sorts of science flourishing under him; that the golden plot which was discovered in the year 1678 was the Southsea scheme; that William Wallace invaded England in the reign of Henry VII., that the battle of Marston Moor was fought between Bruce and Edward IV.; that in the Seven Years' War the Danes were opposed to the Britons in consequence of the massacre of the former, Swynn gaining the victory, and being crowned king of England; that the Thirty Years' War was between England and America; that the Scots were defeated at Bannockburn; and much more in the same style. Of geography, as little seems to be known as of history. The Alps are placed in Hungary, Swansea at Norwich, and Germany in the Caspian Sea. The Thames is made to rise in the German Ocean, and Zante is said to be the kingdom most recently added to Europe.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Commissioners state—and in justice to those candidates who have been successful, it ought to be remembered, that great numbers of the candidates who have succeeded in obtaining certificates have passed very creditable examinations, and have shown themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principle of knowledge. We believe, too, that we can safely assert that a larger proportion of persons have passed such creditable examinations during this year, than during the preceding period of our table.

We are rather sorry to find that the Commissioners continue to indicate a decided leaning in favour of the competitive system. In the case of a competitive examiner, instead of nominating clerkship in their own department, they tell us, with evident satisfaction, that twenty-five out of forty-six candidates had finished their education at one or other of the universities, one having been a Cambridge wrangler; and that of the remainder, sixteen were educated at one or other of the great grammar-schools. As an exceptional thing, this sort of election may answer very well, and may do good service to young men of ability who lack interest to obtain an absolute nomination; but if the system were to become general, the result could obviously be no other than that of leading to a disproportionate expense in education, which, in the case of persons of limited means, would operate to the detriment of other members of the family. If competition were universal, it is clear that no one could rely on obtaining a salary of L100 a year if his examination had not been ruinous expense in maintaining him at college to learn things which, the examination once over, would make him no pecuniary return. It is not likely, however, that the competitive system will be extended greatly beyond its present limits, so that there is really nothing to restrict our satisfaction at the result of the Commissioners' labours. The public service can no longer be made contemptible by the intrusion of illiterate officials, and young men of tolerable ability and fair qualifications will no longer find themselves thrown in the background by the school-dunce.

Parents and guardians may derive many useful hints from this Report; and schoolmasters will perhaps learn the propriety of giving their pupils a sound practical training in those departments which cannot be neglected without serious results. So large a proportion of the middle-classes looks to public and commercial appointments for a maintenance, that the means by which they may be honourably obtained are amongst the most important of all questions. Much vexation has, we doubt not, been caused where candidates have been rejected on the ground of ignorance, and many families have learned, when too late, that political and legal interest without personal merit is not always availing but a great public good has been accomplished; and we hope that future aspirants will take the
warning which is so forcibly given by previous failures, and endeavour by home-studies to make up for any deficiencies in their school-learning.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DECLARATION ON HORSEBACK.

Face to face with my beautiful brunette. Her eyes fell upon me in an expression of surprise. I felt abashed by the glance; my conduct was not en règle. I bethought me of an apology. What excuse could I offer for such unceremonious intrusion? Accident? She would not believe it; the time and the place were against such a supposition. With an intellect like hers, it would be idle to adopt so shallow an artifice. No; I would not dissemble; I would boldly arow the truth. Jealousy had rendered me reckless of the result.

"Adios, cavalier?" said she, interrupting my hurried recitation. "Corrida! where is your guide? How have you found this place?"

" Easily enough, señorita; I followed the tracks of your horse."

"But so soon—I did not expect you—"

"No; you expected another?"

"Certainly. I thought Cyprio would arrive before you."

"Cyprio?"

"Cyprio—yes, Cyprio."

"Señorita! if this be another name for your Proteus cousin, I have to say it will be better for him he should not arrive at all."

"My cousin?—better not arrive? Holy Trinity, captian! I do not comprehend you."

Her large brown eyes were rolling in astonishment. I was as much puzzled as she, but I had begun my explanation, and was determined to carry it to the end.

"Then, Señorita de Vargas, I shall be more explicit. If Rafael Illura appear upon this ground, either he or I leave it not alive. He has attempted my life, and I have vowed to take his, whenever and wherever I may meet him."

"Pray heaven you may keep your vow!"

"Your cousin?"

"My cousin—Rafael Illura—my worst foe—the direct enemy of our house."

"But were you not awaiting him?"

"Awaiting him? Ha, ha, ha! No. Little timid though I be, I should not desire to be here alone with Rafael Illura."

"Lady! you astonish me; pray explain—"

"Por Dios! gallant capitán, tis you who need explain. I sought this interview to thank you for your noble gift. You meet me with anger in your eye, and bitter words upon your tongue."

"You sought this interview?—say you so, lady?"

"Certainly I did. For reasons already known to you, I dared not invite you to our house; so I have chosen this pretty glade for my drawing-room. How do you like it, cavaliero?"

"In your society, señoritas, the roughest spot would appear a paradise."

"Again the poet's tongue! Ah, capitán, remember the yellow domino! No more flattery, I pray; we are no longer en masque. Face to face, let us be candid with each other."

"With all my heart I accept the conditions. Candour is the very thing I desire, for, to say the truth, I came prepared for a confession."

"A confession?"

"Precisely so; but since you are an advocate for candour, may I first ask a question?"

"Ho! you wish to play the confessor with me?"

"I do, señorita."

"Bravo, capitán! Proceed! I shall answer you in all sincerity."

"Then, lady, what I would ask—Who is this Cyprio whom you expected?"

"Cyprio! Ha, ha, ha! Who should Cyprio be but my mozo; he who carried my message to you. Why do you put such a question?"

"He who carried your message to me?"

"Of course. Yonder is the muchacho himself. Ho, Cyprio! you may return to the house. Corrida! capitán! both he and you must have sped well. I did not expect you for half an hour; but you soldiers are soon in the saddle. So much the better, for it is getting late, and I have a great deal to say to you."

A light had broken upon me. 'Twas Cyprio I had passed in the forest shade; the boy was the bearer of a message—hence his having hailed me. 'Twas I who was expected to keep the assignation; 'twas I for whom the timepiece had been consulted—for whom those earnest glances had been given! The bitter moments were past, and my heart swelled anew with proud and pleasant emotions.

As yet she knew not that I had come without invitation. Cyprio, at the word of command, had gone off without making any reply, and my prompt appearance upon the ground was left unexplained.

I was about to account for it, and offer some apology for my brusque behaviour, when I was challenged to the confession I had just promised.

Minor thoughts gave way before the important purpose I had formed, and to which the banter now recalled me. So fair an opportunity might never offer again. In the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the chance of to-day should not be disregarded—to-morrow may bring change either in the scene or the circumstances; and I was skilled enough in love-lure to know that an hour unimproved is often followed by an age of regrets.

But, in truth, I do some wrong to my character; I was but little under the influence of such cunning cogitation at that moment. I acted not by volition, but rather under pressure of a passion that held complete mastery over my will, and compelled me to the declaration I was about to make.

It was simple enough—three little words in either of the two sweet tongues in which we understood each other. I chose the one—of all others most attuned to the tones of the loving heart—and bending low to that fair face, and gazling into the liquid depths of those large inquiring eyes, I whispered the sweet, though oft-repeated phrase:

"To te amo."

The words quivered upon my lips, but their tone proved the sincerity in which I had spoken. No doubt it was further manifest by the earnestness of my manner as I awaited her reply.

The habitual smile had departed from her lips; the damask red deepened and rose higher upon her cheeks; the dark fringes dropped downward, and half-concealed the burning orbs beneath: the face of the gay girl had suddenly assumed the serious air of womanhood.

At first, I was terrified by the expression, and could scarcely control my dread; but I drew hope from the flushed cheek, the rosate neck, the swelling panting bosom. Emotions were stirring in that breast. Oh, what emotions! Will she not speak? Will she not declare them?

There was a long interval of silence—to me, it seemed an age.

"Señor," she said at length—"twas the first time I had heard that voice tremble—Señor, you promised
CHAMBERS’S JOURNAL.

And the third?
‘The third, on second thoughts, I cannot give; ’tis yours already."

It is ——?
‘Mis cœurs’ (My heart).

Those splendid steeds, like creatures of intelligence, appeared to understand what was said; they had gradually moved closer and closer, till their muzzles touched and their steel scurfs rang together. At the last words, they came side by side, as if yoked in a chariot. It appeared delightful to them to press their proud heaving flanks against each other, while their riders, closing in mutual clasp, leaned over and met their lips in that wild fervid kiss which forms the climax of love.

CHAPTER XLVII.
STRAVED FROM THE TRACK.

We parted upon the top of the hill; it was not prudent for us to be seen together. Isolina rode away first, leaving me in the glade. We had adieu in that phrase of pleasant promise, ‘hasta la mañana’ (until to-morrow). To-morrow we should meet again. To-morrow, and to-morrow, we should visit that sweet spot, repeat our burning words, renew our blissful vows.

I remained some minutes on the ground, now hallowed and holy. Within, the tumult of triumphant passion had passed, and was succeeded by the calm repose of perfect contentment. My heart’s longings had been gratified; it had found all that it desired—even to the full reciprocity of its passion. What would it more? There is no more of mundane bliss. Life has no felicity to cope with requited love; it alone can give us a foretaste of future joys; by it only may we form some idea of the angel existence of heaven.

The world without was in harmony with the spirit within. The scene around me was rose-colour. The flowers appeared fresher in tint, and breathed a sweeter fragrance in the air; the hum of the homeward bee, laden with treasures for his love-quenched, fell with a dreamy pleasure upon the ear; the voices of the birds sounded softer and more musical; even the aras and paroquets, chanting in a more subdued tone, no longer pronounced that hated name and the termite Mexican doves—las palomas, scarcely so large as finches—walked with proud gait over the ground, or side by side upon the branches of the myrtles—like types of tender love—told their heart’s tale in soft and amorous cooing.

Long could I have lingered by that consecrated spot, even hasta la mañana, but duty claimed me, and its calls must not be disregarded. Already the setting sun was flashing purple beams over the distant plains; and, heading my horse down the hill, I once more plunged under the shadows of the mimosa.

Absorbed in my supreme happiness, I took no heed of aught else; I noticed neither track nor path.

Had I left my horse to himself, most likely he would have taken the right road; but in my reverie, perhaps I had mechanically dragged upon the rein, and turned him from it. Whether or not, after a lapse of time, I found myself in the midst of thick woods, with not the semblance of a trail to guide me; and I knew not whether I was riding in the right direction. I ought rather to say that I knew the contrary—else I should long since have reached the clearings around the village. Without much reflection, I turned in a new direction, and rode for some time without striking a trail. This led me once more into doubt, and I made head back again, but still without success. I was in a forest plain, but I could find no path leading anywhere; and amid the underwood of palmettos I could not keep any great distance around me. Beyond a question, I had strayed far out of my way.
At an early hour of the day, this would have given me little concern; but the sun had now set, and already under the shade of the moss-covered trees, it was nearly dark. Night would be down in a few minutes, and in all probability I should be obliged to spend it in the forest—by no means an agreeable prospect, and the idea so that I was thinly clad and hungry. True, I might pass some hours in sweet reflection upon the pleasant incident of the day—I might dream rosy dreams—but, alas! the soul is sadly under the influence of the body; the spiritual must ever yield to the physical, and even love itself becomes a victim to the vulgar appetite of hunger.

I began to fear that, after all, I should have but a sorry night of it. I should be too hungry to think; too cold either to sleep or dream; besides, I was likely to get wet to the shirt: the rain had commenced falling in large heavy drops.

After another unsuccessful effort to strike a trail, I pulled up and sat listening. My eyes would no longer avail me; perhaps my ears might do better service.

And so it chanced. The report of a rifle reached them, apparently fired some hundred yards off in the woods.

Considering that I was upon hostile ground, such a sound might have given me two sharp whip-like cracks that the piece was a hunter’s rifle, and no Mexican ever handled a gun of that kind. Moreover, I had heard, closely following upon the first, a dull concussion as of some heavy body dropped from a high elevation to the ground. I was hunter enough to know the significance of this sound. It was the game—bird or beast—that had fallen to the bullets.

An American must have fired that shot; but who? There were only three or four of the rangers who carried the hunter-rifle—a very different weapon from the ‘regulation’ piece—old backwoods men who had been indulged in their whim. It might be one of these.

Without hesitation, I headed my horse for the spot, and rode as rapidly as the underbrush would permit me. I certainly must have passed the place where the shot had been fired, and yet I saw no one; but just as I was about to pull up again, a well-known voice reached me from behind with the words:

‘Jumpin Geechomohat! it ur the young fellar!’

‘Wagh!’ I exclaimed.

‘Yes, capt’n,’ replied Gary, ‘we won’t want for rashums. Not but that your rangers offered us a plenty to eat; but ye see we couldn’t in honour accept it, for we promised to find for ourselves.’

‘Ye-es, durn it!’ added Rube, ‘we’re free mount-since men ain’t a gwine to sponge on nobody—we ain’t.’

‘An, capt’n,’ continued Gary, ‘that don’t appear to be any great eatin fixtures about the place for yourself: if you’ll just accept o’ the turkey, an one o’ these heyar quarters o’ the deer-meat, that’s plenty left for Rube an me; ain’t that, Rube?’

‘Gobs! ’ was the laconic answer.

I was not loath to satisfy the wish of the hunters—for, to say the truth, the village larder had not so many delicacies as either wild turkey or venison—and having signified my assent, we all three moved away from the spot. With the trappers for my guides, I should sooner get into the too, were on their return to the post. They had been in the woods since noon. They were both afoot, having left their horses at the rancheria.

After winding for a half mile among the trees, we came out upon a narrow road; here my companions, who were unacquainted with the neighbourhood, were at fault as well as myself; they knew not which direction to take. It was dark as pitch, but, as on the night before, there was lightning at intervals. Unlike the preceding night, however, it was now raining as if all the sluices of the sky had been set open; and by this time we were all three of us soaking wet. The whole canopy of heaven was shrouded in black, without a single streak of light upon it—not even a star. Who could discover the direction in such a night?

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel-tracks—deep rut—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a carreta. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

‘All right—this-way!’ set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

‘Wal, yur see, o’ cain’t fur, it ur the trail o’ a Mexi-kin cart; an anybody o’er ther said ther was un prator, knows it hez got only two wheels. But ther is four tracks hyur, an therfor the cart must a gone back an forth, for they wuz ther same set o’ wheels. Now, ye raiinable to s’pose that the back-track leads to the settlements, an thet’s this-way.’

‘But how could you tell which was the back-track?’

‘Wagh! Ith ur easy as fallin off a log. The back-track ur the fresher by more’n a kuppie o’ hours.’

Pondering upon the singular ‘instinct’ that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some paces in the advance.

‘I kud a know the way,’ he said, ‘b’thout the wheel-tracks: they only made things more sartint sure.’

‘How?’ I asked.

‘What other clue had you?’

‘The water,’ replied he; ‘be see, o’ breat, if yu’d a looked into the backa, ther it ur runnin this-way. Do e’er hear ther thurr?’

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rough rocky channel.

‘Yes—I hear it.’

‘Wal,’ continued the trapper, ‘it ur a branch made by the rain: we’re a fellerin it down; an therfor must kum to the river jest whur we want to git. Oncest thurr, we’ll soon find our way, I reck’n. Wagh! how the darned rain kums down! It ‘ud drown a musc-rat. Wagh!’

The result proved the trapper’s reasoning correct.

The road-water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot out from among the bushes, and crossed our path, diverging from it at an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, that the current, in its general direction, was the same with our road: it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes’ brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, where we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the shuttles of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

‘Who goes there?’

‘Friends!’ I replied; ‘‘tis you, Quackenboss? ’ I had recognised the voice of the soldier-botanist, and
under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

"Halt! Give the countersign!" was the response in a firm, determined tone.

I did not know this masonic pass-word. On riding out, I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

"I haven't got the countersign. "Tis, Quackenboss. I am." I announced my name and rank.

"Don't care for all that! I was the somewhat surly rejoinder; "can't pass 'thout the countersign."

"Yer durned fool! it's yer captain," cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

"May be," replied the imperturbable sentry; "can't let him pass 'thout countersign."

I now saw that we were in a real dilemma.

"Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants," I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it.

"Hain't got nobody to send," came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

"I'll go!" promptly answered Gerry—the big trapper thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why he should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke, he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

"Halt there!" thundered the voice of Quackenboss; "halt! another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet."

"Who's that? plug be sex?" screamed Rube, leaping to the front. "Geeho! Geehospat! you'11 plug 'em, eh? Yur durned mulchead, if 'ee shoot this way, 'tll be the last time yu'11 ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!" and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with his piece also at a level. I well know the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my loudest voice, I called out:

"Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait until some one comes;" and as I spoke, I caught both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard before, or whether in the light he had recognised my features, I saw him, before it had retired, lower his gun, and rest easy again at such intervals only did I feel enthusiasm in the cause. But it was no consideration of this kind that hindered me from deserting my banner. For otherwise I was influenced by a motive purely selfish—

I could not—an adventurer almost penniless—I would not presume to claim that richly dowried hand. Fortune I might never have to equal hers, but fame is worthy wealth, and glory mates with beauty. I knew that I was gifted with an apt head and bold aspiring heart; I knew that I carried a keen blade, and hoped to hew my way to rank and fame. Perhaps I might return with a star upon my shoulder, and a better handle to my name, and then—

Ah, for all that, it was a bitter parting! It was hard to list unheeding to those earnest entreaties, adjuring me to stay—terrible to untwine those tender arms—terrible to utter that last adios!

Our troth was plighted within that same glade that had echoed our first vows. It had been plighted a hundred times, but never sadly as now, amidst sobs and tears. When the bright form, screened by the frondage, had passed out of sight, I felt as if the sun had become suddenly eclipsed.

I lingered not long, however, I should have stayed for hours upon the hallowed spot. Again duty, that stern commander, summoned me away. It was already close upon sunset, and by to-morrow's dawn I must be on route with my troop.

I was about heading my horse into the track, now
well known to me; Isolina had gone down the hill on the opposite side, by a path that led more directly to the hacienda. From precaution, this had been our habitual mode of parting; and we also met from opposi
to sides. In the wild region of the cerro—for by this name was the hill known—we never encountered a human being. There was no habitation near, and the vaqueros rarely strayed that way, so that our place of meeting remained a secret—at least we fancied so—and we acted without much apprehension, and perhaps without sufficient caution. Each hour we had grown more confident of security, and, blinded by love, had taken less pains to conceal the fact of our daily assigna
tion. It was only that morning that I had heard a whisper that our affair was known, and that they of the rancheria were not as benighted as we supposed them. Wheatsley was my informant—Conchita, his. The lieutenant had added some friendly advice, cautioning me against the imprudence of going so far from the post unattended. Perhaps I might have treated his remonstrance with less neglect; but as this was to be our last meeting for a long time, my heart grew heavy under the prospect of the parting scene. I preferred going companionsless; I had no apprehension that any enemy was near. As for Ijrura, he was no longer in the neighbourhood; he had not been seen since the night of the battle, and we had positive information that he had joined his band with the guerrillas of the celebrated Canales, then operating on the road between Camargo and Monterey. Indeed, had Ijrura been near, he could hardly have escaped the keen search of Hollingsworth and the rangers, who, night and day, had been upon the scent, in hopes of overhauling him. I was about turning into the old track, when a yearning came over me—a desire to obtain one more look at my beloved. By this time she would have reached her home; I should pass near the house; perhaps I might see her upon the azotea—a distant glance—a wave of the hand—sigh the sweet prayer, "so con Dios!" wafted upon the breeze: something of the kind I anticipated. My horse seemed to divine my wishes; scarcely waiting for the guidance of the reins, he moved forward upon the path taken by the steed of Isolina. I soon reached the bottom of the hill, and, entering the heavy timber, traversed a tangled wood—similar to that on the other side of the cerro. There was no path, but the tracks of the white steed were easily followed, and,-guiding myself by them, I rode forward. I had not gone five hundred yards from the hill, when I heard voices echoing through the woods, directly in front of me, and apparently at no great distance. Years of frontier-life had imbued me with an intuitive caution that resembled instinct; and as if by a mechanical effort, I pulled up and listened. A woman was speaking; and instantly I recognised the voice. There was but one that rang with that rich metallic tone. I might well remember it, for the sweet, and sounds of the con Dios had not yet ceased to vibrate in my ears. With whom was she in converse? Whom had she encountered in such a place, amid the wild woods? She ceased speaking. With ears keenly set, I listened for the rejoinder. Naturally, I expected it in the voice of a man; but not that man. O heavens! it was the voice of Rafael Ijrura!  

"COPYING BY LIGHT."

Many of our correspondents having been unsuccessful in their trials of this process, we now give some further particulars, which they will find of great assistance:—The months of November, December, January, and February are not favourable for copying prints, the sunlight being too weak. Under most states of sunlight in this country, instead of a quarter of an hour, which would be suf
ficient under very favourable circumstances, the paper may be exposed even to four hours. After the paper has been spread out with the solution, it is to be dried in the dark, say in a drawer or dark room: if dried in the light, it will be useless. One of the greatest difficulties is keeping the paper, on which the solution has been spread, in perfect contact with the picture; where it is not in contact, the copy will be very indistinct. The solution of blue-stone and bichromate of potassa must be well shaken before being used. The prepared paper will remain fit for use for a long period, if kept in the dark; but it is most sensitive when fresh. The strength of the solution of common salt should be at least thirteen grains to the ounce of water. The print should remain in the solution of common salt until it begins to turn of a yellowish colour.
SHOP-WINDOWS.

To the opinion of the philosopher who held the shabby side of Pall Mall to be the spot on earth most repel
ted with enjoyment, I have but one difficulty in subscribing.

On the shabby side of Pall Mall there are no shop-
windows; and to the real epicurean of the joys of
sauntering in metropolitan shade, there can be no
happiness on the cool side of any street where shop-
windows are not. I am aware that there are men,
professors in the delights of idling, to whom the mere
pacing to and fro is sufficient, and in whose eyes shop-
windows are no more than margins of the footway
on the one side, as the kerb-stone is on the other.

I am a saunterer of more enlightened creed; and if an
Arab by reason of my wanderings, I am at least of
the tribe recognised among that ancient people as
the 'dweller in cities;' and my nomadism is limited to the
regions civilised by shop-windows. What music is to
the banquet—supplying an under-current of harmony
that links one enjoyment to the other, and to the
patchwork of an entertainment gives coherency and
concord—shop-windows are to the peripatetic philo-
sopher. When thought begins but for an instant to
stagnate, and the stream of reflection to flow less
freely, the next shop-window will furnish fresh matter
for our musings, cheer us by the exhibition of some
of the pleasant varieties of life, if we are meditating
too moodily, or bring us down to the sobering level
of reality if our fancy is indulging in too fantastic
a flight.

Let who will deride my philosophy so as the shop,
shoppy, I care not! I give them their mountains and
their valleys, their rivers and their plains, their magnifi-
cent prospects and furnishes anet the picturesque,
so they let me have the shops; for what are to them
simply shops, are to me galleries of art, science, and
marvels, and treasures of never-failing enjoyment;
exhibitions where there is no fee for admission, where
you are restrained to purchase nor catalogue nor
programme of the entertainment, where there are no
reserved seats and no fees to attendants. Pass with
a glance, or linger for prolonged inspection, you incur
neither liability nor obligation; and should you, on
these unexpensive terms derive, in any measure,
etertainment at the moment, or material for after-
thought, how deep should be your gratitude to the
source of the benefaction!

What a joy is a print-shop—a Walhalla of the hour!
where the popular voice delivers its verdict on public
characters through the media of lithography and
mezzotinto. It is merely a question of supply and
demand. Just as a mother wants a photograph of
'baby,' so does the public demand the face of its
favourite: the print-seller is not behind hand, and
soon there is the Abon Hassan of the day, the king
for the hour, in all the glories of graving, occupying
the post of honour in the print shop-window. But
there are more heroes for the day than heroes for all
time: there is a 'latest novelty' in reputation as
in everything else; and at the back of the shop we
are peering into, lie a ghastly assortment of celebrities
who have been pushed off or have shrunk down from
their pedestals before the rival who now reigns in
their stead! What bargains might one now secure in
enlightened statesmen, who have waned into insig-
ficant M.P.s; accomplished orators, who have shrunk
into empty talkers; popular preachers, who have
merged in mere bishops; fascinating actresses, whose
charms have passed their climacteric; and dashing
cavalry-officers, who have been found, on to-day's re-
fection over the premature verdict of yesterday, to be
but heroes of a most Brummagem mint. Truly said
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham: 'We can no
more judge of the value of a man by the impression he
makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal
was of gold or brass by which the stamp was made.
Nevertheless, let us sum ourselves in the light of the
countenance of the present hour, and while we bend
reverently before his worship, muse how long his reign
will last, and speculate upon the heir-apparent to his
throne.'

What museums of marvels are pawnbrokers' shops! What a halo of wonderment, half smiling, half sad,
consecrates each of the curiosities which, in the shape
of unredeemed pledges, illustrate the window. Into
what a sea of conjecture do we not drift. Who was
the ill-fated proprietor of that handsome crust-stand,
25s., and what was the untimely occasion that com-
pelled its mortgage? Who was it purchased temporary
alleviation of his pecuniarity by 'putting away' that
solid silver soup-ladle, 13s. 6d.? Who were the primal
possessors of the curved Damascus dagger with jewelled
handle; of the antique pistols richly inlaid, which I
would not for a trifle undertake to fire off; of the
plated chamber-candlestick, very coppery about the
edges, and thus fully complying with the provisions of
the old law, which required all plated goods to exhibit
somewhere the original foundation? Whose heart was
eased by the deposit of the bronze head of Cicero,
strikingly like Mr Pitt, and a good deal bolder as to
features? That strange oil-painting, too, in splintered
and dirty frame, of a tawny orange-coloured saint,
sitting in outer darkness, visited in his opacity by a
scarcely less tawny-coloured nymph, with the little
wardrobe she has, clothing the air considerably mor
than herself, descending from sea-green clouds, and presenting to the virtuous ancient in the foreground what seems intended for aovid, in a robe perhaps, though very much like a cottage-loaf in shape: the whole ticketed to be by Julio Romano—very fine work, only L.3, 10s. By what combination of circumstances were all these strange and incongruous effects drawn together into the net of the pawnbroker? Did the original owners deposit there their chattels, with the intention of redeeming them at a future period; and did stern poverty, most implacable of creditors, lodge more and more detainers against them, until at last the arrangement was foreclosed, and the equity of redemption lost altogether? How much paid interest on the advance, and so staved off for a time the day of reckoning, which came at last notwithstanding, and engulphed deposit, interest, and all? What have become of the duplicates? Are they destroyed, or held still as false representatives of treasures once possessed, though now lost for ever—title-deeds of a past prosperity, like the genealogy of a poor peer, or the heavy schedule of a bankrupt trader? What a crowd of elbow-creaks, what 'seas of troubles' must there have been to strand upon the same shore such different cargoes! The India-shawl, the clock, the toast-rack, the eye-glass, the bracelet, the thermometer, the umbrella, the fiddle-stick, the chimney ornaments, the pet-salver, the opera-glass, the Sattej medal, the wedding-ring, the spurs, the freemason's insignia, the gold-watch, engine-turned, and jewelled in four holes, and last, melancholy item! the small silver-gift locket, in which a plain of light-brown hair is still nestling. Melancholy token! Love himself—it can only be a love-gift—the prisoner of the pawnbroker!

But this is sad; let us 'move on.' What a haven for half-en-hour's loitering is the bookstall!—half-way house between the publisher and the buttermilk—marquee for the disposition of defunct literature, in case some friendly hand may charitably claim the sad remains for private interment, and so rescue them from the ignominy of dissection at the cheese-shop.

1 Paint an inch thick, to this complication must we come at last. All these at fourscore: Casanova, a Tragedy, in five acts; Sturm's Reflections; The Soul's Vigil, and other Poems; Wattis's Logic; and vol. ii. of the Rightful Heir, a novel, in three volumes (Newman: Leadenhall Street). Correct a four-teenpence, the Clergyman's Vade-Mecum for three-pence, Foley for ninepence, and Pope's Homer for a shilling. How the knave jows them to the ground. Did you see books in the midst of loggats with them? Let the man who desires to write a book, visit first a bookstall, see what he can buy for sixpence, and then go home and not write it.

Newswapers have cheerful shop-windows. There we find exhibited that interesting illustration—on the first page of the cheap periodical, which always seems to be published in advance of its date—to which I never could find the relative letterpress. 'There are hung up the newspaper placards: 'Horrible Murder at Horsleydown—' 'Homes and Altars, by Gracchus; 'Curious Case of Breach of Promise; 'Holotry in High Places;' 'Bishops and Bigamy;' 'Theatricals, and all the News of the Week. There are the etchings of the new monthly serial; there the vast wood-cuts of the illustrated newspaper; and there a miraculous draught of shining light literature, in rainbow covers, demonstrating, alas! too frequently, that lightness is not synonymous with brightness after all, and that there may be flame without, although there be no fire within.

Then there are bonnet-shops!

There is something about bonnets so peculiarly suggestive of the married state, that a steady inspection of them, by any one bred upon the dignity presiding side of the total decay of matrimony, seems to be almost a certain token of an approaching change of condition; and a bachelor of autumnal age curiously scrutinising the contents of a bonnet-shop has no reflectors of his import. I must admit both my autocracy and unmarried status, and yet braving all the imputations and remonstrances the admission may call down upon me, arow myself a devotee of bonnet-shops. I speak of the exterior only. The interior—pocul esse profani—is one of those arenas with which we cannot be perfectly acquainted until we have emerged from the novitiate of bachelorhood, and become priests in full orders of the temple of Hymen. Such glimpses behind the veil as we may have caught before arriving at that full-blown condition, can have been secured only by stealth or accident. A forlorn commission, having reference to a hideous fabric something of the hue and shape of a copper coak-skuttle, with a bird of paradise of fierce aspect and many colours perched on the top—the bonnet of an elderly maiden-aunt in the country—afforded me the only experience I ever enjoyed of the interior of a bonnet-shop. But of bonnet shop-windows I profess myself an amateur. To me those fancy dimly elegancies—I am not speaking of ancient ladies' bonnets now—those corner-stones in the edifice of a pretty woman's toilet, possess an infinity of attractions, and, as it appears to me, appeal even more to male susceptibilities than to female sentiment. I can conscientiously consider a bonnet very much as an anastomist might regard a woman. He would mutter: 'Bone, muscle, vessels, chyle, &c.; a very nice subject.' She wouid make this the bonnet with an unpleasantly analytical glance, and murmur: 'Moicir, lilies, lace, guipure, &c.; a sweet bonnet.' They both know too much to admire boundlessly; they are so clever they become critical, and lose the faculty of blind admiration. Man, by the very plenitude of his ignorance, enjoys a fuller gift of appreciation. He can regard the bonnet only as something beyond the grasp of his understanding, and to be admired in proportion to the impossibility of comprehending it: as a feather in the air, gone up out of reach; as a substance, if substance it is, yapoury, dreamy, gauzy, in the nature of foliage, which seems to halo round a pretty face, and endow it with multiplied prettiness. So have I, at least, looked at bonnets in shop-windows, and wondered and admired.

There is one bonnet-shop that lives particularly in my memory. It was called the White Dwarf at the Red Darkey, a standard portico, a statue, a fountain, a free bar, dedicated to my forenoon sunder; and it must not be permitted to prejudice my enthusiasm in the cause of bonnets if I concede that the hour when the door was being locked and bolted was the period I generally selected for my visit to it. It seemed to be a time of high festival when the profane eye of the uninitiated might snatch the privilege of a glance at the elocutionism of bonnetdom, and see at once both cause and effect, the bonnets and their makers. The ceremony of the arrangement of the window was of an important and protracted nature; and I must own my stay in the neighbourhood while it was going on was continuous. I believe that, from considerations of propriety, I maintained a sort of delusion that I was waiting for some mythical omnibus that never made its appearance. This was but clumsy drapery over my so frequent presence, and shrouded its real motives very ineffectually; but gradually, by use and the pacific character of my proceedings, it came to be accepted as sufficient; and I was at length acquiesced in as a morning visitor who might watch without accusation of rudeness though the omnibus came never so tardily, or came not at all.

One fair item in the group, seen each morning deckling the window, as of old the Graces adored Venus, became identified in my mind with the divinity presiding side of the total decay of matrimony; and I mentally worshipped her under those attributes,
calling her Bonnetina. Others there were almost fair enough to be deities too, co-operating with and assisting her in her employment; but in her presence I could account them only as satellites in her train, and not as independent powers. It was something to see her white hand dividing the muslin veil that enclosed the shop-window from the mysteries beyond, and then herself emerge, as one of Homer’s goddesses might have done, stepping from a cloud to reveal herself in all her glory to some enthralled votary. Simply was she clad, with few ornaments save those with which nature, in a fit of generosity, had bountifully decked her. Glossy locks,

Simply crowned up and braided,

I saw her pearl-rounded ears,

Lips, in their cherry hue, looking so like a bright flower, that I wondered the bees didn’t hasten to settle there: they would have done so, I’m sure, but for the window-panes. Eyes so shrouded by silky lashes, that I could never tell their colour. Gems they were, but whether amethyst, sapphire, turquoise, or what, I could never discover. Then there was a grace about her movements, with such tender solicitude in them, all for the safety and prosperity of the bonnets, as was wonderful to see.

There was a newness of charm in her every action that was something bewildering. Now she was lowly bending over a bonnet, as though it were an infant, and she its mother watching the first step; now was she erect with uplifted arms, the bonnet high on her head, as though it were a cluster of grapes she was gathering for an Olympian banquet; and anon was she kneeling in a suppliant attitude, as though she were offering the bonnet as a propitiatory sacrifice at the shrine of some superior deity. I am sure she loved those bonnets, every one, and that her heart bled as they were one by one sold and taken from the shop.

I almost think I loved Bonnetina, I could watch her and her bonnets so unceasingly. I was known to her by sight, for a smile of real recognition would sometimes wander over her face, as she wondered perhaps what I could possibly see to interest me so much in the shop and its doings. She never, I am sure, resented my incessant supervision as an impertinence. She seemed to have comfortably in her own mind recognised me as a chartered sentinel over the destinies of the shop, and no doubt sympathised with every phase of its existence. The latest novelty from Paris was to me quite an antiquity before other gazers at the window had gathered its newness into their intelligences: and even the opium-smoker, whom I could detect filmy through the gauze curtains—a machine, I conjecture, on which bonnets were put to be trimmed, a species of anvil, in fact, representing a very pink-faced lady, with very arched eyebrows, no particular expression, and a very white bald head, when that member was unclad by bonnets—became as familiar to me as one of my own household.

It pains me to add, that at last I loitered too long and saw too much; that one day a strangely-shaped vehicle, not exactly a carriage, nor exactly a cart, but something like a very high gig on four wheels with a huge box attached to it behind, drawn by a large horse addicted to snorting loudly, with protuberant knobs on its joints, drew noisily up to the door of the shop. Two men sat on the seat of the vehicle; one—I could notice only hinting—wore a blue dress suit as to features, with exaggerated whiskers, red in hue, smoking a cigar, cheap by its odour, and with hands large in size, as knotted and gnarled like the limb of an oak-tree. He wore no coat, but the dress suit, which, by contrast with his hands, which were dingy of colour, sparkled brilliantly. He swung down from his seat, came with a great crash on the pavement, puffed a cloud of very distressing black smoke into my face, expeditoried and the pavement—partially, I regret to say, on my boot—and strode into the shop. What was he that he should enter that consecrated spot with so much impudence? Another question came to my relief regarding travellers for orders. I looked in at the door, and saw Bonnetina in the arms of the mysterious stranger—and nothing more. I shuttered as I thought how many women besides Titania have been enameled

of asses’ heads—how often men have bowed before idols which were but common clay after all—and I quitted the precincts of that bonnet-shop for ever.

I had something to say about other shop-windows of the cheap photographers, where we may study with advantage what distressing objects can be made of the human countenance by means of the least exaggeration of truth: of the pastry-cooks, of the haberdashers, of the ham and beef depot; but I can proceed no further now. Let me conclude, therefore, with a re-enunciation of the principles with which I started, that to perfect Pall-Mall’s shady side as the lounge of enlightened loiterers, shop-windows must be introduced. What say you, then—suppose we turn the Athenæum into a bookstall, the Travellers’ into a bonnet-shop, make a milliner’s, a second-hand clothes-shop, a flag, and convert the Carlton and the Reform into warerooms for the exhibition of unredemed pledges!

NATURALISTS’ FIELD-CLUBS.—A DAY WITH THE WOOLHOPE.

Have you, reader, ever fallen in the way of the Natural History Field-clubs which now prevail in some of the western English counties? If not, you will perhaps be glad to hear something about them. They are not unworthy of your attention.

Perhaps if you, a stranger, saw one of these fraternities at its field-work, you would feel regarding them much the same doubts as that which Beattie speaks of as being entertained regarding his Edwin:

Some thought him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

We beseech you, lean to the former theory, and you will be nearest the truth. The catching of butterflies, the inspection of mosses and lichens, and the chipping of stones on the wayside or in quarries, may look to the bonnet-shop world the most odd, and perhaps that in such pursuits there lies a game profound. The Transactions published by three several West of England clubs—the Cotswoold, Woolhope, and Malvern—would alone bear us fully out in what we are asserting.

Will the gentle reader please accompany us for a day with the Woolhope? On a summer morning, between the hours of six and seven, a dozen middle-aged personages are seated around the breakfast-table of their honorary secretary in the old city of Hereford, some doing justice to the morning meal, others preparing their botanical cases; some sorting pins for unfortunate insects, and others arranging their geological apparatus, comparing clinoimeters, or chatting over fossils. Soon the arrival of the bus puts an end to the arrangements, and in a few minutes the whole party are off to ‘the hills’ by the train.

We have amongst us two or three county gentlemen, a city banker, to or from country clergyman, a couple of doctors, an architect, a lawyer, and a tradesman or two; yet, strange to say, for the livelong day we hear nothing of magistrates’ meetings, or the late conviction of Betty From, and not a word of High Church or Low Church, Broad Church or no church; the funds are at a discount, and law and physic are alike thrown to the dogs. As the train passes rapidly onwards, hills and quarries, rivers and plains, birds,
beasts, fishes, and insects are the topic of conversation, until the sprint is reached where the day's investigations are to commence. Here probably some local members are assembled, and shouldering our haversacks, away we go.

The particular object of this day's ramble was the geology of a part of the Welsh coal-field, I may be excused if I give an outline of the geology of the district, independently of our individual experiences. Taking our stand, then, upon the Vans of Brecon, the Gader above Tarlgarth, or the Brecon above Abergavenny, and looking northward, we behold a greater amount of geologic record than we can see elsewhere in this part of England. We look upon the country of the Cambrians and Slipper Stones, on the classic ground of the Longmynds, Caer-Caradoc, and the Upper Silurians of Ludlow, Kington, and Presteigne; we see the hills and dales of the Old Red Sandstone, and the distant outline of the carboniferous and trappean Clee.

And what, then, are the particular points—what the lesson the geologist would impress upon the mind of the beginner, when pointing out the Cambrian Longmynds, the Silurian Caradocs, and the wide expanses of Old Red Sandstone that stretch forth in the distance before him? It appears that philosophers, new or old, have good reason to believe that the interior of this planet is composed of various minerals, molten by the intensity of heat myriad of ages ago; the now crystalline masses of Plutonic rock that compose the newer crust of the planet's surface were formerly fluid—possibly were formerly gaseous and nebular. The Plutonic rocks that support the rocky shell of the globe we occupy are ancient being, and the sea, gradually and at enormous depths in the dark recesses of the planet's bosom, has been raised by volcanic action and volcanic agency, from a depth of many thousand feet in the earth's interior to the sea surface.

It is on these formerly molten, and now solidified Plutonic masses, that the lowest aqueous stratified deposits rest, and the Longmynds consist of these. With these earliest aqueous rocks we possess indubitable evidence both of the action of the atmosphere, and the existence of water; also, that from the remotest epoch of this planet's history, the laws which govern inorganic matter have continued unaltered, and mineralogical, chemical, and mechanical laws have acted the same part.

The Cambrian sedimentary rocks of the ancient Longmynds bear upon their surfaces the marks of the ripple of sea-waves, and the impressions of rain-drops, as well as tracks of marine worms and the remains of zoophytes and crustaceans.

Here the geologist draws two deductions: In the first place, from the earliest ages of geologic history, the chemical constituents of the atmosphere have decomposed the mineral substances of the most ancient Plutonic masses, whenever or wherever exposed to the surface; while water has transported the debris of those rocks, in the form of boulders, pebbles, sand, and mud, to depressions in the earth's surface; and this debris became in time layers of stratified deposits—much as stratified rocks are formed in the present day. The history of those Cambrian sediments differs little from the history of aqueous deposits now forming beneath the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific, and the agents were the same.

Again, although the Longmynds deposits are the lowest known layers of the earth's crust, we cannot but reflect that later discoveries teach us that they are no longer to be considered static, or destitute of evidence of the creation of life, while, although the animals buried in the shore deposits of the Old Red Sandstone is a terrestrial flora, and that it is in strata of the age of the Old Red that we first begin to recognise with any confidence that 'green web which has covered our earth ever since the land appeared' is important to remember that the Carboniferous or coal-bearing was not the first luxuriant vegetation, but that the land of the Old Red Sandstone epoch possessed its...
tree-forms and knurled that clustered in thickets beside its waters; while we also call to mind that, although myriads of ages have passed since the sun shone upon the ferns of the coal or the last of the calamites, the more ancient vegetables of the Old Red Sandstone have been worn away, and many of the coal-plants had been summoned into being.

We must not, however, forget the explorations of the Field-club. The Old Red Sandstone passes upwards from the Old red conglomerate into yellow sandstone, mountain limestone shale, mountain limestone, and millstone grit; and it was this succession of strata the club visited on the occasion in question.

We ascended the Blencowe in a fog; and the strange fantastic shapes of the boulders that were scattered on the hillside in every direction, often drew exclamations of surprise, as we trudged along, like Southey, growing at "clouds and weather." We wondered, too, how the boulders got there, as many of them were evidently not parts and parcels of the Blencowe, but had been carried there somehow from a distance. If I remember rightly, I argued for ice and the glacial theory as the transporting agent; others were for "waves of translation;" while one gentleman suggested that they might be relics of a rage of "chick-stones" by Old Nell, the same demon of the hills. Our guide, who, fortunately for us, knew every inch of the ground, pointed out where rivers and mountains, and distant churches, and the loveliest scenes, ought to have been, and no doubt were, if we could have seen them. As it was, the mist and cloud drew largely upon our imaginations.

There is not much hospitality on the heights of the Blencowe; but an inn is there, and the caim erected by the government surveyors on the summit might still furnish a "bottle without the sherry," which was quaffed to the toast of "a brighter day and better luck next time."

It was no wonder after this, that there was a burst of delight among the naturalists when the fog cleared and the land lit up the bare rocks, and heath, and gless, and hills, "smooth, and green, and dry," arose before and around us; while some of us felt with the Etrick Shepherd, "after a', what is any description by us pair cuthers, the works of the great God?"

It was in descending the hill that one of the party, who had separated from the rest, gave a loud "view-halloo," and we quickly joined him to inquire into the "bed of a charming fluted trunk of Sigillaria upon a mass of millstone grit—a carboniferous plant which Dr Hooker believes to be cryptogamous, and allied to ferns. What a blessing is a knowledge of natural history! A casual observer would have passed this relic of another world—not so the geologist! The form and foliage of the original tree—the aspect of the land on which it grew—whether a river washed it out to sea—whence came the boulder of the millstone grit itself—were the particles that made up the grit imbedded with the ancient tree? These questions furnished us with discussion and pleasant chat for an hour after we had left the relic of that tree of a coal-forest, still lying on the portion of the old sea-bed which received it when first imbedded. It must not, however, be supposed that the country naturalists, skipped from the Old Red Sandstone to the millstone grit, and left the intermediate rocks (limestone shale and carboniferous limestone) unquestioned and unsearched; on the contrary, both were examined, attached with enthusiasm, and the bed of the millstone grit imbedded with the cones, was searched; as we before remarked, the upper beds of the Old Red Sandstone are succeeded by limestone shale; the shale by thick beds of carboniferous limestone; and this by millstone grit, coal-measure sandstones, ironstone, and coal.

The previous remarks on the fossils of the Old Red Sandstone, its reptiles and plants, apply to Scotland and Ireland, and indicate the proximity of land, while in Ireland, contemporaneous deposits appear to have been deposited in great fresh-water lakes—witness the Audoa Tafasa, undoubtedly a fresh-water shell. In Herefordshire and the Shropshire district, however, these strata must have been deposited in deep water, as the only relics we possess are sodden and water-worn sea-weeds, a few scattered remains of the fishes so common in Scotland, and no shells. Probably the depth of the sea was too great to allow of the existence of the mollusca throughout the area under review; and, for age after age, deposition of sand, and mud, and conglomerates went on. That ocean-bed at last shallowed, and became a fit habitat for shells, corals, and the fishes that were their contemporaries. Be this as it may, at the very base of the limestone shale is a true foot-bed; while, as we journey upwards, myriads of animals testify, by their dead and stony forms, that in the mountain limestone sea they lived and died. The sea-bed had shallowed towards the period of the upper sandstones, shells warned in the waters, and some volcanic outburst slow them by thousands; for what other cause can account for their sudden destruction? The ocean-bed still shallowed, and the coral animal built its barrier-reef and raised its habitation above the sea-level. The corals, brachiopods, and the glorious Inca, were the chief; and the glories of the world, the rocks, and the trees, and the rising of the earth, the only thing that, for a long time, the ocean could do was to fill up with the débris of other lands destroyed.

The geologist can hardly study the records of his science without becoming convinced that, ever since the creation of ocean and land, oscillation has been constant and unvaried. There probably is not one square inch of dry land upon the world's surface that has not been, during some past period, below the waves. The highest mountain-ranges bear upon their flanks the tenants of former seas, which have been thrust upwards from their former sites, gradually, and by degrees, by these ever-active agents within the planet's bosom, the volcanic forces, which elevate some portions of the earth's surface, and depress others.

That such is the evidence furnished by the phenomena of the 'millstone grit,' where it rests upon the mountain limestone, we can hardly doubt. Some great change of the physical geography must have occurred, probably an elevation of contiguous land, and the depression of a certain bed of the mountain limestone sea. The millstone grit and sandstones in some parts of England, cover up to a great thickness, with rolled conglomerates and sandstones, the extinct animals of the limestone and lime-shale. So the waves and currents washed above their relics hundreds of feet of rolled pebbles and drifted sands, and we know that the coral animal and its associated shells
could not exist in deep water. Land, however, was not distant, for the plants of the coal leave their impression upon the sandstones and even the coarser grit. Again, the sea-bed rose, until shallow water and swampy land occupied the site where deep sea-waves had prevailed before.

The Paleozoic coal period, with its luxuriant vegetation, its reptiles, fish, and insects, drew nigh, and what period more strange in all the strange epochs of this planet's history?

Had Sir Humphry Davy discovered potassium, and thrown it into a tub of water, in the presence of the first James, he would certainly have been burned for a wizard, and we know the tender mercies of the bigots who tortured Galileo!

Our great-grandmothers would have scouted the idea of the electric telegraph as a Munchausian fiction, or the history of coal as a 'device of the wicked one' to ensnare philosophers. Notwithstanding the prejudices of our excellent progenitors, the results of many years' observation by geologists, botanists, and microscopists, have established the fact, that every particle of the coal we burn is undoubtedly of vegetable origin; and a very remarkable fact it is concerning one of the commonest articles of daily life.

Let any one, ignorant of geologic facts, sit down quietly by his fireside, and as he watches the cheerful blaze, be told for the first time—that every portion of that bituminous substance consists of the remains of trees and plants that flourished myriads of ages ago—that in times so remote, the animals which were the contemporaries of the ancient groves and forests, that furnished this vegetation, were entirely different from any that now exist—that the existing races of animals were not created until myriads of years after the carboniferous or coal reptiles, fish, insects, shells, and crustaceans, had become stone, and the plants of that coal-period, consisting of strange tree-forms, stranger club-mosses, gigantic reeds and conifers—forms that have now scarcely a type—had become coal! Is it not a most strange history?

Yet what is this compared to the reflections that must sometimes cross the mind of the geologist when he compares the history of the past with that of the present—when he stands among the wreck of forests of a world gone by, and reflects upon the marvellous history of the black and now mineral mass before him. Once green, bright, and beautiful in the sunshine, now a stone mass, thousands of years rolled over by thousands of intellectual beings, stocked into, and upheaved, from the bowels of the earth, to rejoice and comfort myriads of the human race. What a blessing does it shed upon the poor man as well as on the rich; how many a cottage does it cheer, and how wretched the home altogether without it! Again, the rail-carriage rushes through the air, and the frigate ploughs the waves by the aid of gases, which have been stored in coal for untold cycles of ages in the recesses of the earth. These remains of an extinct vegetable creation rest above the relics of extinct marine organisms; while one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of this Paleozoic vegetation, is the simultaneous luxuriance of this ancient vegetable world in almost every known region of the globe. Forests, whose vastness and shade are unknown to have been enlivened by the song of the bird, flourished in every latitude—for the plants of the Paleozoic coal are found beneath the ice and snow of Spitzbergen—and the same ferns, reeds, club mosses, and conifers grew at the same period in arctic and antarctic, tropical and temperate zones—in Australia, Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. In that distant epoch, in all latitudes, that strange vegetation appeared to have been present and to an extent that often strikes the geologist with awe, when he reflects on the untold ages that must have elapsed during the elaboration of a vegetable kingdom that he may dream of, but never behold.

In our South Wales coal-fields, the coal-measures are estimated to attain the thickness of 12,000 feet; 100 coal-beds are intercalated at various levels, and we have undeniable evidence of successive terrestrial conditions. The coal-fields of Nova Scotia are nearly three miles thick, cover an area comprising 36,000 square miles, and contain 51,000 cubic miles of solid matter (Lyell's Manual of Geology).

Compared with the American, our English coal-fields shrink into insignificance, and the knowledge of such facts should awaken feelings of the sublime as regards the exercise of divine power, even on such unsentimental subjects as coal-fields.

The moment, therefore, that the beginner puts his foot upon the coal-measures, let him recall some of these great facts connected with their natural history, and he will find it impossible to study the phenomena of the fossil plants, their varied form and structure, their ancient and present chemistry, and their geological history, without also discovering fresh proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

Bearing in mind, then, the vegetable origin of coal, its chemistry and constituents, the enormous amount of vegetable matter necessary to compose the great fields of the world, the wide diffusion of identical species of coal-plants, the vegetable organisms the microscope discovers in every block, and their association with extinct animals known to belong to the carboniferous epoch, the cryptogenic character of the vegetation, and the absence of any known existing plant or tree, we would draw to a close the reminiscences of some facts enunciated in the opening of a day's ramble with the Woolhope Naturalists' Field-club. The great use of these societies is the interchange of ideas, and the opportunities which constantly occur of meeting with others better informed than ourselves. I, for my own part, can affirm that many a difficult local problem has been worked out through questions asked at these meetings, and which at the moment were unanswered, and apparently disregarded. Sir Roderick Murchison has lately met with a stringent geological question in the Kington district, as regards certain transition beds between the Old Red Sandstone and his Upper Silurian, and the puzzle was furnished by a member of the Woolhope Club (Mr Banks). The Woolhope Club lately visited the district under reference, and this remarkable phenomenon, in England at least, of the great facts of geology carried home to the hearts and minds of working-men, by one of their most active and working members. Honour be to those to whom honour is due!

A gentleman, resident at Beaufort, near Aber-gavenny, has taught the principles of geology to several of the miners of the district, and some of us were put to the test by the superior knowledge of the coal-plants displayed by those whose bone and sinew raised the fossil fuel from its long resting-place. Fancy a stalwart miner taking you to his little museum of fossil plants, and pointing out the difference between Sigillaria and Stigmata, and speaking even eloquently upon the beauty of extinct ferns! Nevertheless, this phenomenon came under the observation of us county naturalists but a very few weeks ago. May we not, then, yet hope that the common things of common life shall yet become known to working-men, and that the knowledge of God's works shall be no longer a sealed book!

It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be highly educated, to be a classic or a mathematician, in order to acquire a fair amount of the knowledge of God's works is within the reach of every one; and some of the most eloquent writers have been working-men, who have carried on their
pursuit of the study of nature amidst the hard struggle of a laborious life. Who can forget the opening of the Old Red Sandstone, and the conviction expressed by the writer, and impressed upon his readers, that there is no necessary connection between labour and unhappiness, that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employment may find time to enjoy it? 

A LADY’S OCCUPATION OF SVEABORG.

We had left St Petersburg with a resolute determination to enter Sveaborg; great was, therefore, our disappointment when our demand for admission was answered by a positive but very polite refusal. No foreigner was granted a permission, and without a permission, no one could enter.

I knew how it was that an inspiration came to me, and prompted me to seek—not at the residence of the governor of Helsingborg, but in the summer-house-like ball-room of the pretty wooden building where mineral waters are manufactured, in the rocky gardens nearly opposite to that renowned fortress—for some assistance in effecting the object for which we had made a two days’ voyage. We had not the least wish to return to St Petersburg satisfied with an outside view of its rocks, or of the guns that peeped over them. It was, however, merely to gratify our English fancy for being able to say ‘we had been’; because, being very peacefully inclined, and knowing nothing whatever of the art of fortification, we could not hope to do our country any great service by the exploit we meditated. Moreover, the refusal, if it did not excite our curiosity, annoyed our feminine self-will, and to effect an entrance into Sveaborg became to us a sort of necessity—a decided point of honour.

I asked a young lady to accompany me to this ball-room. She was seized with a fit of shuddering: she was so nervous, she said, and could not, in any case, go there without her papa: ladies never went into public unattended by gentlemen. I knew this was quite a Swedish law, and the good folks of Helsingborg are mostly Swedes still by nature.

Nevertheless, as she loved the English well, I won her over; and, under the promise of protecting her from the mummies, she agreed to come to the little ball where ladies danced in their bonnets.

The inspiration that drew me there was not at fault. A very fine lady was soon presented to me, whose first question as is customary to a foreigner, was, wherefore had we come to the little town of Helsingborg, where there was less to be seen than in our own country.

‘To enter Sveaborg,’ was my reply.

‘That is not possible,’ she answered, ‘just now.’

‘I think we could do it, if we tried,’ I rejoined. ‘It would be dreadful to have our object defeated—if any one would help us—’

I continued to talk without perceiving that our nervous little friend, MamseM— was whispering at the further ear of this fine lady.

What was settled between them we did not know, but the latter, turning to me, said: ‘Well, well, be tranquil, madame; I think you will succeed.’

And the timid masseM—which title is the Swedish or Finnish translation of mademoiselle—whispered gently, ‘To-morrow we shall be in Sveaborg.’

‘Now, is it not extraordinary!’ I answered. ‘You certainly thought my taste for balls was outrageous; but something told me this ball-room would prove a stepping-stone to Sveaborg.’

‘Perhaps, then, if that were your only purpose, you would now wish to come away?’ The carriage waited, and as papa is not with us—’

‘Take my arm, and let little Harry walk at your other side; thus you will find yourself well protected; and let us also come away directly,’ said I; and thus defended, MamseM— walked to the carriage.

The next day a boat was waiting in sufficient silence at the foot of the landing-steps nearly opposite our abode. MamseM—now took us in charge, and we set off for Sveaborg.

The plan of operations had not been submitted to us: so far as we could understand, our entrance was to be effected either by surprise or treachery; the only condition imposed upon us was, that we were to be speechless, and trust to our leader. Our boat followed in the wake of that belonging to the fortress, which discharged its cargo precisely as we drew up to the rocky steps beneath the gates.

Some persons residing in the fortress, or who had come there on business, delivered their pass, and entered before us. A smart officer demanded ours: we had none to give. I expected the great gates to be shut in our faces; but with the greatest composure our fair MamseM answered, that she had come to see the commandant.

To see the commandant? The words were more than usually electrical. The officer stepped back, raised a hand to the side of his face, and, drawing himself up in a military salute, delivered us over to a soldier of the guard, designating him to convey us to the house of the commandant.

We arrived at a large, barrack-like edifice; the rather poor doorway was guarded by two sentinels.

There we were made over to another guard, who took us in charge until the soldier summoned a domestic servant. The man appeared excessively bewildered by our visit, and utterly at a loss how to act. MamseM—told him her name, and said she had come to see the commandant. As there was no lady in the case to whom the visit was to be paid, it was all the more perplexing. With a very unwilling countenance and hesitating movements, the man let us enter the hall, or passage, and then he went away, and appeared to us no more. Perhaps he only let us in because he saw our leader would not be kept out. He probably reported the fact of this outworn being in her possession to some higher subordinate; for, after a long time of patient occupation, a voice called from the top of the stone-stairs to ask who was there.

MamseM—

What did mamseM—want there?

To see the commandant.

The commandant was then engaged; but as it would not do to suffer his visitors to remain when that visitor was a lady, and a young one—to stand in the entry of such a house, the case was again reported to some other subordinate authority; and again a voice called over the stairs for mamseM—to advance. Looking back to us as she did so, she told her servant-man to follow her; and taking this as an intimation that we were to remain, we stopped short on the cold, dirty stairs. We waited there so long, that we began to think the possession of Sveaborg itself was scarcely worth the trouble we were taking for its inspection only. However, I sat down and amused myself with reflecting how very dull it was to be sitting on the cold, dirty stone-stairs in the commandant of Sveaborg’s house.

Some one, apparently, at their head saw us thus posted, for again an invisible voice—at least, the voice of an invisible being—asked the friendly-looking officer, who, while much mystified as his subordinates, seemed disposed to put a smiling face on the matter, and to look rather quizical. The door by which we concluded our leader had entered was shut, and we were afraid to disobey orders by
speaking, though, for my part, I felt very desirous to do so. Fortunately, our capacity of passive endurance was not put to the Russian extremity of proof. An officer of engineers came along the corridor, looking dejectedly important, and carrying in his arms a vast quantity of designs on card-board, which the good-humouredly smiling one informed us were plans for the re-edification and enlargement of Sveaborg. An inveterate movement of curiosity on our part, as the door opened to admit him and his plans, was noticed by the smiling officer, who invited us to follow into the ante-chamber of the commandant.

Thus we were slowly, but steadily, advancing; all the outworks had been carried by our undaunted leader, and to follow with due caution, was our only duty. In short, a minute or two more placed us in view of the great general himself, standing, with some of his staff around him, and our little leader sitting full before him. I wondered at her courage. He is of fierce visage, that commandant, with a restless, wild expression, that might well keep at bay the stoutest of our admirals, let alone an unprotected female. Indeed, limited as my own knowledge is, I know personally only one of the leaders of our hearts of oak who has a peculiar fancy for encountering such a style of physiognomy.

As for the figure, it was in full uniform, the bust covered over with decorations and medals that were almost too fearful to encounter as the physiognomy. And seated demurely on a chair fully confronting all, was dear little Mamsell Malvina, our gallant leader, with looks so demure, and eyes so straightforward-looking; while the fiercely-visaged, restless-eyed commandant of Sveaborg stood before her with an air of no little perplexity. The allied fleet, I suspect, never perplexed him as much.

Mamsell Malvina had come to see him, that position was clear; might he inquire what was the object of her visit?

She wished to see Sveaborg. Mamsell was in Sveaborg. She could retire when she pleased.

Mamsell wished to inspect the works; she could not do so without the good commandant’s order.

What possible purpose might Mamsell have in inspecting the fortifications? Did she, perchance, wish to make some descriptions?

Mamsell Malvina was not in the habit of making descriptions, and did not, in the least, understand fortification.

Where, then, was the utility of viewing the fortress?

That Mamsell Malvina could not at all say; it was a fancy of hers; she had a wish to do so, and she knew the good commandant would enable her to do so better than any one else.

Just at the moment, the officer of engineers, with his plans, stepped from the ante-chamber into that where the discussion was carried on. The restless eye of the commandant grew a thousandfold more restless: it was plain that his whole soul—his heart, at least—was in those plans. He gave a hasty order: it was as hastily obeyed. A tall, thin, young officer appeared, as if moved on by wires, at the door, and stood passively there.

‘Take charge of this lady round the fortress, and show her’—A wave of the hand certainly left that young man a discretionary power, for the commandant, with a hasty bow, was turning away to follow the plans, when his eye fell upon us. Queen Mary of England said the name of Calais would be found graven on her heart after death. I do not say so much; but I assure the editor of the Remembrancer that the skin of Sveaborg is graven on mine at this present moment.

It was perfectly a ruse de guerre which enabled our leader, by the most graceful Swedish courtesy, to cover our retreat. And when, with our Russian escort, we crossed the boundary and found ourselves in the open air, we not only began to breathe freely, but in our hearts to marvel at that singular faculty that makes wise men, in ordinary circumstances, pass for fools, brave ones panic-stricken and firmly-nerved young ladies appear shy-faced and tremulous.

We sailed forth from the quarters of the commandant, full of confidence in the strategical powers of our commander; but, as regarded our own line of action, we were now doomed to experience that the results of devoted obedience and settled purpose are frequently made to depend on accidents of a most trivial character. If a man is often made a hero by an accident, we need not wonder if a woman be led to change her tactics by a look.

Thus, for example, Mamsell Malvina was to be the only one of our party who possessed the prerogative of her sex—the use of the tongue—the only weapon universally conceded by the so-called stronger sex to the weaker. But, by a provoking accident, it happened that it was not her our Russian guide would address his speech; he seemed bent upon tantalising our national courage, or tempting our pledged obedience, by words and questions that appeared meant to provoke answers. At last came one of the latter, accompanied by a look that human foritude—at least such an amount of that quality as I possess—could not resist. I answered—I spoke.

‘Ah, madame, vous parlez Anglais!’ was the instant reply. (Ah, madame, you are English?)

‘Yes.’ What else could I say, since a true Briton must not hide his colours. But, by way of extenuating my breach of restlessness, I asked, ‘How could you know that?’

The young Russian did not reply by telling us our English tongues generally betrayed us, but with a knowing smile he accounted for his sagacity by saying:

‘Ah, I was three days in England. They took me to your Lee-mont before I was sent to France.’

‘What! you were a prisoner of war?’

‘Yes!’ laying an open hand on his breast. ‘Your soldier struck a bayonet here at Bomarsund; but one of your officers saved me.’

Who could help regaining the use of speech now? Perhaps in my case it was too late to learn obedience; or, worse still, perhaps, the object having been gained, the leader we had followed was suffused to the rear. However that be, a fraternisation at once took place with the interesting young wounded prisoner of war.

He appeared to be consumptive, poor fellow, and complained of the confinement of Sveaborg more than of the imprisonment he had undergone at Tours. The dreary monotony of life on this island-rock, the so-called Gibraltar of the North, must be worse than that undergone on the more splendid Gibraltar of the South.

No one can leave it, even for the adjacent town, without permission from the commandant. And to such a confined and monotonous life, the military, he said, might be subjected for as much as ten years at a time. The heat was now excessive. He seemed to feel this monotony relieved even by our chance visit. While walking to the church—which, as if he had been a real guide, was, he thought, the first object we might wish to see—he gave us some hints about the fall of Bomarsund.

‘There was no great glory in taking Bomarsund,’ he said; ‘it was an unfinished fortress—in fact, only a fortified barric with guns in the windows; and we had a garrison of that sort men against the allied fleet of England and France—40,000 assailants against 1200.’

‘Oh!’ little Harry ejaculated; but an admonitory touch silenced his combativeness.

We had chanced, before this, to have been in
company with the late commandant of Bomarsund—a little old man, whom, doubtless, other people recollect. His feet appeared to be gouty, and his eyes were defended by square green glasses. Some of his countrypeople told us, that if the time Nicholas had lived till fate restored him to his own land, he would have been shot.

'For what?' we asked. 'For surrender?'

'No; for defence. The emperor wished Bomarsund to be evacuated without waiting an assault; but this commandant wrote to him that the place was tenable, and the garrison willing to die within its walls, but not to evacuate them, and craved permission to do so. The permission was granted, but not acted upon. The commandant's opinion was right, and he was very angry at the result of the attempt at defence.'

I do not believe, however, he would ever have thought of lessening the number of the brave old greater's days. The church is the most prominent object in all Sveaborg, and by far the finest edifice. In Russia war and religion go hand in hand; a true Russian always believes he is fighting for his church and his faith; for his country is identified with both. Seen at a distance on the gulf, this blue dome mounts aloft far above the death-dealing batteries it seems to command. It still bore conspicuous evidence of its share in the last combat. A great rent was visible, which had been made in it by a shell from the besieging fleet. At each side of the church door were piled five cannon-balls—English balls, they are all called, perhaps to do them more honor. They are left there, I believe, to show that they could not get within the church walls.

Who can tell what a history time may give to these balls? They will probably, if Russia and her church go on for the future in accordance with the past, come to be one day the subjects of a miraculous legend, attached, possibly, to some particular patron, whose picture these ten cannon-balls were fired in vain by the English; just as half a century ago the French vainly expended their ammunition against the Kremlin picture. And so at last they will be regarded with veneration instead of aversion; and the poverty of the real history of the attack on Sveaborg will be draped, in process of time, with a fanciful and pious tale, calculated to cherish the steadfast belief of the primitive Russian in that saintly protection which he believes never has deserted, and ever will preserve from foreign, and therefore heretical foes, the land where alone the true faith exists. The rent made by the shell in the blue dome remained un repaired, perhaps because it is general works of preparation about to be commenced. Our young guide led us up to a picture on the sanctuary wall, and showed us a small splinter of this shell fastened to its frame, and then pointed out a slight scratch on the painting; leaving us to infer, from a half-and-half sort of manner of exposition, that it had not been able to do more than give that little scratch to the saint's image; and in lasting memory of its audacious assault, was fastened to the frame for life. He merely showed us the fact, leaving the measure of belief quite to ourselves.

From the church we proceeded to the batteries, which no visitors, even natives, are allowed to inspect; but we—truly safe inspectors, as we knew nothing about them—had come from the commandant's house, and had been on an escort by the commandant's own self; we were therefore naturally supposed to be the commandant's good friends. Our guide was most kindly desirous to explain all to us, but I believe Marshall Maclean, thinking it best to keep us in ignorance of the private history of the batteries, and of the story of their owner, refused to leave an article or a chapter over so meager, than to finish it by committing an injustice, or being guilty of an act of ingratitude.

The tomb of the founder of Sveaborg—that is to say, the grave of the late Prince Bunge, whom the Russians call the father of their fortresses—lies in the garden of the convent, and is bordered by a low wall, and covered by a small dome, the windows of which are filled with flowers. The tomb is connected with the church by a gateway, and is surrounded by a low wall, and a few shrubs. The entrance is under the dome, and is approached by a few steps. The inside is a small room, with a stone slab on the floor, and a stone slab in the roof. The slab in the floor is the tomb, and the slab in the roof is the ceiling. The wall is of stone, and the roof is of wood. The tomb is very simple, and very plain. The inscription on the slab in the roof is 'Here lies the founder of Sveaborg.' The inscription on the slab in the floor is 'Here lies Prince Bunge.'

The church is very large, and very beautiful. It is built of brick, and has a large dome, and a large bell-tower. The inside is very light, and very airy. The windows are very large, and very clear. The inside is very cool, and very pleasant.

The bishop of Sveaborg lives in the convent, and is very kind to the visitors. He is a very old man, and has been bishop for many years. He is very learned, and very wise. He is very kind, and very charitable. He is very humble, and very meek. He is very holy, and very virtuous. He is very happy, and very contented.

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say, of the Swede who constructed its fortress, for the large sum of a midnight. And it laid the everlasting foundations—stands just before the house now occupied by the Russian commandant, who, like most of the generals in that service, is by origin a German. Like Thuringians, Ehrensvärd chose to be buried amid his own works, but did not foresee that his tomb would be guarded by the people against whom he had erected these works. When the fortress of Svevborg was finished, Ehrensvärd wrote these words in his diary: 'I can now die in peace, since I have erected an impregnable barrier between Sweden and her natural enemy Russia.'

But though Ehrensvärd died in peace in that conviction, his monument stands before the house which has been occupied by a Russian since the last commandant who held that fortress for Sweden delivered it up to her natural enemy.
bucket of water, out of which they are taken at the moment they are wanted for use. They struck us as being of a superior sort to the common red brick, harder, and more cohesive. These tiles, we also observed to be a great many of them split as if a common brick was split in two longitudinally; their dimensions being about twelve inches long by one inch and a half in thickness. The scaffolding rests on high trestles, and extends from most of the walls of the room; and as the work proceeds, a bit of stick is here and there put on end between it and the advancing arch. When the sides have been thus brought almost to touch each other, the workman cuts away from a tile as much as will just allow it to fill the remaining void with the proper quantity of cement: this put in place, the arch is complete. We have formed one of a party who have walked fearlessly all over such an arch as we have described, a few minutes after its completion. The whole ceiling may, in fact, be considered as one piece; and its convex form not only prevents the tendency to give way from its own gravity, but it will also, like the egg-shell aboved alluded to, resist an enormous downward pressure besides.

The next process is to fill up the hollow sides of the arch with rubbish, gravel, or whatever is most convenient; with this material, the floor is brought to a level; and then it is carefully trodden down, giving vast solidity to the whole. A coat of mortar is next laid on, and in this are imbedded other tiles, more or less handsome, according to circumstances; or, in many cases, those beautiful compositions are employed in which the taste and skill of the Italians are so conspicuous. Thus the principle of which we speak is applicable, as we can testify from personal observation, to every sort of dwelling, from the cottage to the palace.

We may perhaps be excused for dwelling a moment upon a case of fire in which the useful qualities of this sort of building were fully brought to the test. It was in the year 1829, while we were preparing to be rejoicing in that marvellous city Genoa, that the population were alarmed with the cry of 'Fire.' Now, fire in a town in which there was then but one street wide enough for a four-wheeled carriage, and where the houses are of enormous height, is, to say the least of it, rather alarming. We joined the crowd which was pouring along to the scene of danger; and on arriving at a square or piazza in front of a large building called the Zecca (or Mint), we saw that it was indeed in a blaze. Now, had the system of construction been the same there as it is in London, we have little hesitation in saying that no human efforts could have prevented this city of palaces from being reduced to a heap of ashes. As it was, what we saw blazing so furiously was merely the roof and outer blinds of the building in the top story. A cordon of the fine Sardinian troops was quickly formed to supply water; the engines played steadily; the stone and brick floors of the story in which the fire had broken out were kept constantly wet, until the fire had consumed all the timber within its reach, and then it went out from want of fuel.

We have never forgotten this incident; and we think it— to use a phrase which has not been hackneyed of late—highly significant. In a recent visit to Italy, we had a curious experience of the fact, that in our day there is a tendency to deterioration in many things. Inventions are 'brought it so quickly, to last a certain time; 'so that,' as a way observed, 'they and the building-leases may fall in together.' We thought the paper-house system was confined to England; but in conversing on one topic with an intelligent Italian gentleman, he told us that in many places the mode of building with wooden joists and floors was fast superseding that which we had so much admired, and which we have attempted to describe. It is not pretended that it is better or safer, but it is cheaper; and why? Because the bond established between opposite walls by timber joists and beams, enables the constructor to dispense with the good old quality of strength in these parts of the building—to run up, in short, his walls of mere pasteboard, which would not comport with the outward pressure of the brick-arch; while the new plan dispenses with the transport and cost of material and labour on walls of proper thickness, and rubble to fill in the cavities between the sides of the arch and the floors. In a country where human industry has so wonderfully called into play every square inch of land, there may be some force in this argument as to the greater immediate cheapness of the new system; but it is equally clear that it throws away the precious advantage of incombustibility, besides being by far the most expensive in the end. It is, of course, a mere matter of calculation, all the circumstances of the case being taken into consideration, which of the two systems—the one giving durability and safety; the other, cheapness, insecurity, and speedy decay—may be best worth adoption; but the question of safety is, it would seem, but a feather in the scale in the estimation of some of us; while with others, like the sword of Bremen, it has a weight and importance which cannot be adequately expressed in words.

We by no means grant, however, without proof of the fact, that in this country the adoption of the Italian mode—we mean the old one, which is still very extensively used—would be other than an economy. Let the architects and builders tell us what they think about it.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THREATS.

Yes, the voice was Ifjura's. I knew it well. While listening to it by the man, I had noted its tones sufficiently to remember them—round, sonorous, of true Spanish accent, and not inharmonious, though at that moment they grated harshly upon my ear.

An indescribable feeling came over me: it was not jealousy—I was too confident to be jealous—and yet, I shame to confess I felt a sensation sadly akin to it. After those earnest deaths, those tears and frenzied kisses, so soon after! I shamed upon me! Alas! the experienced heart no more enjoys the tranquil continuity of faith. Its belief is like a broken dream—an intermitence of light and shade. It was my misfortune, my error, perhaps my crime, to remember too many pairs of pretty pressed lips.

In a word, I was once more jealous, in spite of all that had passed—of sights, and tears, and whispered vows—once more jealous of Ifjura!

But the moment before, his name was on her tongue, and spoken with scorn; in the same breath I was assured that he was no longer in the neighbourhood, that he was far away.

No; he was upon the spot, in close conversation with her, and scarcely five minutes after the oath had been sworn that bound her to me for life! Less wonder I was jealous.

That the feeling lasted only for an instant might be some palliation, but it was no merit of mine that it brought it so quickly. Hitherto, I cannot screen my conduct behind an act of volition; for although the poisoned sting ranked but for a few moments, during that short period I yielded obedience to its demoniac promptings, and slipped away, at the crouching gait and silent tread of the jaguar, approached the speakers. My horse, well trained to such tactics, stayed where I had dismounted, without.
chamber's journal

of the American army, enclosed within another from that funcunary to your pet filibuster--a pretty piece of treason this!'

'Well, sir?'

'Not so well for you, madame. You forget that General Santa Anna is now chief of this republic. Think you he will be as lenient with such treacherous correspondence? Carrascado! if I but lay these documents before him, I shall have an order for the arrest of both yourself and your Apachito father as quickly as it can be spoken. Nay, more; the estate will be proscript and confiscated—it will become mine—mine!' The speaker paused, as if for an answer. Isolina remained silent. I could not see her face to notice the effect. I fancied that the threat had terrified her.

Ijorra continued:

'Now, señorita! you better comprehend our relative positions. Give your consent to become my wife, and these papers shall be destroyed on the instant.'

'Never! was the firm response that delighted my ears.

'Never!' echoed Ijorra; 'then dread the consequences. I shall obtain orders for your arrest, and as soon as this horde of Yankee ruffians has been driven from the country, the property shall be mine.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' came the scornful laugh in reply—'ha, ha, ha! you have the wrong man. Rafael Ijorra: you are not so far sighted as you deem yourself; you forget that my father's land lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, and ere that horde of Yankee ruffians, as you term them, be driven out, they will establish this river for their boundary. Where, then, will lie the power of confiscation? Not with you, and your cowardly master. Ha, ha, ha!'

The reply mollified Ijorra still further, for he saw the probability of what had been said. His face became livid, and he seemed to lose all control of himself.

'Even so,' he shouted with the addition of a fierce oath—'even so, you shall never inherit those lands. Listen, Isolina de Vargas! listen to another secret I have for you: know, señoritas, that you are not the lawful daughter of Don Ramon.'

I saw the proud girl start, as if struck with an arrow.

'I have the proofs of what I repeat,' continued Ijorra; 'and even should the United States triumph, its laws cannot make you legitimate. You are not the heiress of the hacienda de Vargas.'

As yet not a word from Isolina. She sat silent and motionless, but I could tell by the rising and falling of her shoulders that a terrible storm was gathering in her bosom.

The fiend continued:

'Now, madame, you may know how disinterested it was of me to offer you marriage; nay, more, I never loved you; I told you so, it was a lie—'

He never lied in his life as he was doing at that moment. His face bespoke the falsehood of his words. It was the utterance of purest spleen. I read in his look the unmistakable expression of jealousy. Coarse as the passion may have been, he loved her—oh! how could it have been otherwise?

'Love you, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! love you—the daughter of a poor Indian—a mariquita?'

The climax had come. The heaving bosom could bear silence no longer; the insult was unendurable.

'Base wretch!' cried she, in a voice of compressed agony, 'stand aside from my path!' Not yet,' answered Ijorra, grasping the bridle more firmly. 'I have something further to communicate

'Villain! release the rein!' Before I do, Isolina de Vargas—youth shall swear—'

'some folded papers in his hand, which he had taken from under his jacket. He opened and held them before her face, as he continued:

'This safeguard is one given by the American commander-in-chief to Don Ramon de Vargas. Perhaps you have seen it before? And here is a letter from Don Ramon de Vargas to the commissioner-general
forward to her rescue. I saw her right hand on high, and something shining in its grasp. It was a pistol. Its muzzle was turned upon Ijaura.

I doubt the resolute character of her who held it was well known to him, for the threat produced an immediate effect; the coward relaxed his hold, the reins dropped from his fingers, and with a mangled leg of horse and face of hatred he stepped back a pace.

The moment the bridle became free, the steed, already startled by the spur, bounded forward, and after half-a-dozen springs, both horse and rider disappeared behind the screen of the palmettoes.

I was too late to play the knight-errant. The 'lady faire' had not needed my help; she neither saw nor heard me; and by the time I arrived upon the ground, she had passed out of sight, and Ijaura was alone.

CHAPTER L

AWAKENED ORDE.

Ijaura was alone, and I continued to advance to the spot where he was standing. His back was towards me, for he still fronted in the direction in which Isolina had galloped off. He had followed her with his eyes, with a cry of disappointed rage, with a threat of malignant vengeance.

The sound of his own voice hindered him from hearing mine, and he was not aware of my presence, when I paused scarcely three feet from where he stood, and directly behind him. I held my sword drawn; I could have thrust him in the back, through and through again, before he could have offered either defence or resistance. He was completely in my power.

Fortunate was it for him at that moment that I had been bred a gentleman, else in another instant his lifeless body would have lain at my feet. A plebeian blade would have made short work with the ruffian, and I confess that my instincts of fair-play were sorely tried. I had before me a man who had sought my life—a deadly foe—a deadly foe to her I loved—a perjured villain—a murderer! With such titles for himself, he had none to the laws of honour; and I confess that for one short moment, I felt like ignoring his claim. 'Twas but for a moment: the thought revolted me. Wicked and worthless as he was, I could not draw the back.

I leaned forward, and tapping him upon the shoulder, pronounced his name.

It was the first intimation he had of my presence; and as if by magic, he turned face towards me. The flush of anger upon his cheek suddenly gave place to a deadly pallor, and his eyes became set in that peculiar stare that indicates an apprehension of danger. This he must have felt keenly, for my determined look and drawn sword—to say nothing of the surprise by which I had come upon him—were calculated to produce that effect.

It was the first time we had stood face to face, and I now perceived that he was a much larger man than myself. But I saw, too, that his eye quailed, and his lip quivered at the encounter. I saw that he was cowed; I felt that I was his master.

'You are Rafael Ijaura?' I repeated, as he had not made answer to my first interrogation.

'Si, señor,' he answered hesitatingly. 'What want you with me?'

'You have some documents there (he still held the papers in his hand); a portion of them belongs to me. I shall trouble you to hand them over.'

'Are you Captain Wardell?' he asked, after a pause, at the same time pretending to examine the superscription upon the commissary's letter. I saw that his fingers trembled.

'I am Captain Wardell—you ought to know by this time?'

Without noticing the insinuation, he replied: 'True—there is a letter here bearing that address. I found it upon the road: you are welcome to it, señor.'

As he said this, he handed me the commissary's order, still retaining the other documents.

'There was an enclosure? I perceive you have it in your hand. I beg you will make me equally welcome to that.'

'Oh! a note signed Ramon do Vargas? It was an enclosure?'

'Precisely so; and of course goes along with the letter.'

'O certainly; here it is, señor.'

'There is still another little document in your possession—a safeguard from the American commander granted to a certain lady. It is not yours, Señor Ijaura! I beg you will deliver it to me. I wish to return it to the lady to whom it belongs.'

This was the bitterest pill I had yet presented to him. He glanced hastily first to the right and then to the left, as if DESIRES OF MAKING ESCAPE. He would fain have done so, but I kept him under my eye, and he saw that my hand was ready.

Certainly there is a safeguard,' replied he after a pause, and with a feigned attempt at laughter. 'Tis a worthless document to me; 'tis at your service, sir captain;' and as he handed me the paper, he accompanied the act with another sly caustic

I folded the precious documents, and thrust all three under the breast of my coat; then placing myself in fighting attitude, I cried out to my adversary to 'draw and defend himself.

I had already noticed that he wore a sword, and, like myself, it appeared to be the only weapon he carried. I saw no pistols upon his person. I had none myself—nothing save a light cut-and-thrust sword. It was far shorter than the sabre of my antagonist, but it was a weapon that had seen service in my hands, and I had perfect confidence in it. I had no fear for the result against so cowardly an adversary; I was not armed, either by his heavier blade, or the superior size of his person.

To my astonishment, he hesitated to unsheath his sword.

'You must draw,' I shouted with emphasis. 'You or I have no more to live. If you do not defend yourself, I shall run you through the body. Coward! would you have me kill you with your blade in its sheath?'

Even the taunt did not nerve him. Never saw I so complete a prostrate. His white lips trembled, his eyes rolled wildly from side to side, seeking an opportunity to escape. I am certain that could he have hoped to get clear, he would at that crisis have turned and run.

All at once, and to my surprise, the coward appeared smitten with courage; and grasping the hilt of his sabre, he drew the blade ringing from its scabbard, with all the energy of a determined man! His reluctance to fight seemed suddenly to have forsaken him. Had I mistaken my man? or was it despair that was nerving his arm?

His coward look had disappeared; his eyes flashed with fury and vengeance; his teeth gritted together; and a fierce caño hissed from his lips.

Our blades met—the sparks crackled from the crossing steel, and the combat began.

Fortunate for me, that, in avoiding the first lunge of my antagonist, I had to turn half round; fortunately I turned so soon, else I should never have left that glade alive.

As I faced in the new direction, I saw two men running towards us, sword in hand. A single glance told me they were guerrilleros. They were already within ten paces of the spot, and must have been seen long before by Ijaura. This was the key to his altered demeanour. Their
approach it was that had inspired him with courage to begin the fight, for he had calculated the time when they should be able to get up, and assail me from behind.

"Ho!" shouted he, seeing that I had discovered them—\textit{Ho! El Zorro—¡Juárez! anda! anda! Mueren los Yankees! al muerte con el picaro!}

For the first time, I felt myself in danger. Three swords to one was awkward odds; and the red giant, with a companion nearly as large as himself, would no doubt prove very different antagonists from the po"toon with whom I was engaged. Yes, I was conscious of danger, and might have retreated, had I deemed such a course possible; but my horse was too far off, and the new-comers were directly in the path I should have to take to reach him. I could not hope to escape on foot; I well knew that these men ran as lightly as Indians, for we had often proved their capacity in that accomplishment. They were already too near. I should be overtaken, struck down, pierced, with my back to the foe.

I had no time to reflect—just enough to leap back a pace or two, so as to bring all three of them in front of me, when I found my sword clashing against their blades, and parrying their another.

I can describe the unequal combat no further. It was a confused medley of cut and thrust, in which I both gave wounds and received them. I was wounded in several places, and felt the warm blood running under my clothes and over my face. I was wearied to death, and every second growing weaker and fainter. I saw the red giant before me with his hand raised on high. His cut had already drawn my blood, and was crimsoned at the point; it was about to descend with a finishing-stroke. I should be unable to parry it, for I had just exhausted my strength in guarding against a blow from Ijurra. My hopeless peril wrung from me a cry of despair.

Was it my cry that caused the blade to drop from the hand of my antagonist, and the uplifted arm to fall loosely by his side? Was it my cry that created the consternation suddenly visible in the faces of my foes? I might have fancied so, had I not heard a sharp crack from behind, and seen that the arm of El Zorro was broken by a shot!

It seemed like the awaking from some horrid dream. One moment I was battling, face to face, with three desperate men; the instant after, their backs were turned from me, and all three were running as for life!

I followed them with my eyes, but not far; for at twenty paces off they plunged into the thicket, and disappeared.

I turned in the opposite direction. A man was running across the open ground with a gun in his hand; he was advancing toward the spot where I stood. It was he who had fired the shot. I saw that he was in Mexican costume; surely he was one of the guerrilleros—he had aimed at me, and wounded his comrade.

For some seconds, I fancied that such might be the case. Evidently he was bolder than any of the three, for he continued to advance, as if determined to attack me alone!

I placed myself in readiness for this new antagonist, taking a fresh grasp on my sword, and wiping the blood from my eyes, that I might the better receive him.

It was not until he was close to the point of my blade, that I recognised the long spé-like arms, and crooked mattress limbs of Ejidal Queuckenlison!

\textbf{CHAPTER II.}

\textbf{AN OFFICIAL BLACK-LIST.}

The ranger, after delivering his fire, had not waited to reload, but ran forward with the intention of joining me in the hand-to-hand fight, though he carried no other weapon than his empty gun. But this would have been an efficient arm in such hands; for, despite his unsymmetrical build, Dutch Lige was stalwart and tough, and would have been a full match for any two of my assailants, had they stood their ground. But the crick of the gun had set them off like deer. They fancied, no doubt, that a stronger force was near; perhaps they remembered the terrible rifles of the trappers, and no doubt believed it was they who had arrived to the rescue. Indeed, such was my own belief, until I saw the oddly costumed ranger bounding towards the spot.

A glance satisfied me that I owed my preservation to Lige's love of botanical science. A large globe-shaped cactus plant, bristling like a hedgehog, hung dangling from the swivel of his gun—it was thus carried to save his fingers from contact with its barbed spines—while stuck into every loop and button-hole of his dress could be seen the leaves and branchlets, and fruits and flowers, of a host of curious and unknown plants. He had been herborizing in the woods; and coming by chance within earshot of the scuffle, had scrambled through the bushes just in time to spoil the coup-de-grâce intended by El Zorro.

"Thanks, Queuckenlison; my brave friend! you came in good time: you have saved me.'

'But a poor shot I've made, captain. I ought to have broken that red devil's skull, or sent my bullet into his stomach—he's got off too easy.'

'IT was a good shot: you broke his arm, I think.'

'Ach! 'twas a poor shot; the cactus spoiled my aim. You hurt, captain?'

'I am wounded by no mortal, I think. I feel a little faint: 'tis only the blood. My horse—you will find him yonder—among the trees—yonder, Go, Lige; bring my horse—my horse.'

For some minutes, I was out of the world. When consciousness came back, I perceived that my steed had been brought up, and stood near. The botanist was bending over me, and binding up my wounds with strips torn from his own shirt. He had one boot on; the other stood by, full of water, a portion of which he had already poured down my throat, and with the rest he proceeded to bathe my temples and wash the blood from my face.

This done, I soon felt refreshed and strong enough to mount; and having climbed into the saddle, I set out for the rancheria, my companion half guiding, half leading my horse.

By the path which we followed, we should have to pass close to the hacienda and within sight of it; but night had come on, and the darkness would hinder us from being observed. It was just what I now desired, though I had left the cerro with hopes and wishes directly the reverse. With a red gash upon my forehead—my uniform torn and blood-stained—I feared being seen, lest my invalid appearance should create unnecessary alarm. But we passed on without meeting any one, either by the hill or upon the main road; and in half an hour after, I was safe within my enzo in the house of the alcalde. * * *

The incidents of the day preyed upon my spirits, and I was far from feeling easy about the future. I knew that my betrothed would be true till death; and I felt ashamed that I had doubted her, even for a moment. About her loyalty I had no uneasiness, and I mentally vowed never more to give way to suspicion.

It was no thought of that that now troubled me, but an anxiety about her personal safety; and this grew stronger the more I pondered upon it, till it assumed almost the form of a fear.

The man who had used such bitter threats, and behaved with so much rudeness, would scarcely stop at anything. 'Tis true I had deprived him of much of his power over her, by stripping him of the dangerous
documents; but it was not the time, nor was he the man to stand upon nice distinctions of legality, where jealousy and caprice were the incentives to action. Having a sort of irritable skill as the chief of a band of what was less a patriotic guerrilla, than a band of brigands, it was difficult to tell what such a monster might or might not attempt. In our absence from the place the ruffian would have full opportunity. What deed might he not accomplish with impunity, holding his power directly from the unprincipled dictator, whom he was accustomed to imitate as a model, and who would indorse any act of villainy, provided it was the act of one of his own satellites? I shuddered as I reflected.

The reappearance of Jirrara and his band—for I doubted not that his followers were near—their appearance in that vicinity, and at such a crisis—just as we were being withdrawn—had something ominous in it. They must have known ere this of the plan of campaign designed for the American army. Wheatley's rumour had proved well founded. The new commander-in-chief, Scott, had arrived upon the ground, and three-fourths of the 'army of occupation' had been detached to form the expedition destined to act upon Vera Cruz. As this greedy general stripped our old favourite 'Rough and Ready' of only his best troops, he had the consolation of knowing that the 'rangers' were no longer 'picked'; though, for all that, many of us would have preferred remaining with the brave veteran who had already led us so often to victory. I can answer for Wheatley and myself; I might also vouch for Holingsworth, though far different were his motives for wishing to remain on the Rio Grande. His sweetheart was revenge—in his breast long cherished—to his heart faithful and true.

I have said that our design must have been known ere this; indeed the army was already in movement. Troops and brigades were marching upon Brazos, Santiago, and Tampico, there to be embarked for the south, and all that were to go had received their orders. The provinces on the Rio Grande were not to be entirely abandoned, but the army left there was to have its lines contracted, and would therefore cover much less ground. Not only was our little post to be deserted, but the neighbouring town, which had long been the headquarters of a division, also was to be evacuated. No force of our army would remain within fifty miles of the rancheria; and perhaps no American troop would ever again visit that isolated village. The reflection rendered me more than melancholy.

No doubt, if we find no fault with this ambitious appellation; for the island, like our own, has picturesque scenery, excellent harbours, climate and soil suited for agriculture, forests of fine timber, and unlimited deposits of coal, iron-ore, limestone, and so forth.

In March 1851, the total population of Tasmania was 69,187; of whom 34,070 were adult males; 15,906 adult females, and 19,121 children of both sexes. This was about two months before the surprising gold discoveries in the neighbouring colonies, and we see at once what were the consequences. The arrivals during the year numbered 6976; the departures, 6613. In 1852, the arrivals were 15,203; the departures, 21,917. In 1853, there was a pause in this process of depopulation: 14,977 persons came to the island, and 12,854 left it. At the end of this latter year, there was a positive decrease of 23 per cent. in the number of men, and a very sensible disturbing influence on the social and domestic condition of the colony was the result. On the other hand, the number of children had multiplied from 27 per cent. in 1851, to 36 per cent. in 1853—the germ of future increase.
population, as seen above, was much diminished. Who does not see in this the return of fortunate diggers from the gold-fields eager to find wives to share their sudden wealth?

We take a look at the convicts: of these, the servile class of the colony, there were, of both sexes, in 1851, 29,009; in 1852, 19,105, and in 1853, 16,745. Here we observe the effect of Her Majesty’s Order in Council for the stoppage of transportation to Van Diemen’s Land; the number decreases rapidly, and by the time the next census is taken, there will probably be no convicts as a class to enumerate. We find that in August 1854, the total number of convicts was 13,456; of whom 10,174 were earning their own living, and 3,282 only were maintained at the government cost. An estimate was then made—the verification of which we have not yet heard of—that 10,000 would be released from their convict condition in April 1856; while of the remainder, more than half would live by their own earnings. In 1854–5, the estimates for convict expenses were L.205,355; and L.182,555 in 1856.

Trade and commerce exhibit returns still more striking. In 1851, the value of the imports was L.641,609; in 1852, L.680,488; in 1853, L.2,723,597; an amazing increase, being at the rate of L.34, 9s. 4d. per head of the population—an increase only exceeded by that of the colony of Victoria. The exports for the same years amounted respectively to L.605,790, L.509,853, and L.759,316.

The whale-fishing declined woefully in the same period; from 46 colonial and 9 foreign ships, down to 7 and 2; adventurers, instead of chasing leviathans across the ocean, preferred the enterprise and excitement of digging for nuggets. The timber-trade, on the contrary, came out bravely. In 1844, the value of timber exported was L.3277; in 1853, nearly half a million. The trade suffered, as did many others, in 1851, being L.25,000 under 1850; but the demand for boards, planks, joists, &c., to shelter the thousands of emigrants who poured into Melbourne, sent it up to L.88,000 in 1852, and to the much greater sum in the following year. This was something like prosperity. It lured back to the Tasmanian forests many of the gold-seekers, who found that the gold-fields were, after all, less profitable, and much more precarious, than the rewards offered to steady labour in felling and sawing timber.

Agriculture suffered by the departure of all the farm-labourers who could get away; excepting potatoes, the exports in 1853 were not more than one-seventh of what they were in 1851. By the side of this decrease, it is remarkable that there is no decrease in the quantity of wool exported. There was also a slackening in ship-building, yet the number of steamers plying in the colony increased from two to five.

As regards money, the whole amount of coin in the banks and military chest, in 1850, was L.229,417; in 1852, it was L.621,419; and in 1853, L.373,302—all exclusive of bills of exchange and paper-currency. Taking the average of the population, the bank deposits in 1853 amounted to L.28, 8s. 10d. per head.

The penny-post experiment has proved not less satisfactory at the antipodes than here: the penny rate within the colony and compulsory pre-payment were established in 1853; and in that year the receipts were L.8800, while in 1852, they were L.8205.

Among industrial resources, we find sixty different trades and manufactures carried on in the colony, and how the gold rush affects as to the rate of wages. In 1851, the daily pay of carpenters, masons, and brick-layers was 5s.; in 1853, it was 15s., and a similar increase prevailed in all other trades, somewhat higher in towns than in the country. Simultaneously, there was a great rise in the price of provisions—500 per cent. in some instances; and we are informed that the trebling of wages was ‘not so very unreasonable when compared with the enhanced cost of provisions, fuel, and rent, and, indeed, of every article of consumption; and it may be affirmed that a mechanic with a family was much better off with his ordinary wages in the cheap times.’

Again: with the first rush to the Diggings, house- and property sunk so much in value, that it could only be sold with difficulty at a nominal price. ‘But ere long the streets of Hobart Town and Launceston began to swarm with lucky diggers and numerous visitors—the former bent on enjoying the fruits of their success with their families and friends, and the latter to take up their abode more or less permanently, attracted by our superior climate, and our more quiet and better protected towns.’ The consequence was a scramble for houses, and a rise of 400 per cent. in rents. The number of houses in the colony in 1848 was 7629; in 1851, it was 11,844.

Just one word about the climate, by way of conclusion. The mean temperature near Hobart Town, deduced from ten years’ observations, is 52°; and the mean rain-fall for the same period nearly 21 inches annually, which differs but little from the mean annual rain-fall of London.

The British looked down on by the Southern Cross as thus seen to an Englishman of reflection and instruction to the British over which the Great Bear casts his eye. In addition to the points of resemblance enumerated at the outset, the former has a Royal Society, active and learned, from whose Proceedings the facts and particulars have been derived for the present article.

LIFE RETURNING;
AFTER WAR-TIME.

O life, dear life, with sunbeam finger touching
This poor damp brow, or flying freshly past
On wings of mountain winds, or clasped fast
In links of visionary embraces, clutching
Me from the yawning grave—
Can I believe thou yet hast power to save?

I see thee, O my life, like phantom giant,
Stand on the hill-top, large against the dawn;
Upon the night-black clouds retreating drawn;
In aspect wonderful, with hope defiant,
And so majestic grown,
I scarce discern the image as my own.

Those mists lift off, and through the vale resplendent
Behold the pathway of my years prolong!
Not without labour, yet for labour strong;
Not without pain, but pain subdued, transcendent,
That by divinest laws
Heart unto heart, and all hearts upwards, draws.

O life, O love—your diverse tones bewildering
Make silence, like two meeting waves of sound,
And force a hush in this world’s noisy round:
I dream of wisely white arms, lap of children—
Never of ended wars,
Save kisses sealing honourable scars.

Peace! No more battles: save the combat glorious
To which all earth and heaven do witness stand:
The sword o’ the spirit taking in my hand,
I shall go forth, for in new fields victorious
The King yet grants that I
His servant live, or His good soldier die.

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THE FICTIONIST'S WORLD.

Fictionists usually profess to paint the world as it is—"to hold the mirror up to nature"; but it is certain they do not, and highly doubtful whether they could. It seems to be felt as necessary in a novel to assume the existence of men both better and worse than are commonly found in the ordinary world; also, that the reader will approve of views in social philosophy contrary to those he sanctions and acts upon in his daily life. The matter appears puzzling at first, for one would a priori suppose that a true counterfeit presentment of life was most likely to give the amusement which we look for in a work of fiction. Account for it as we please, the fact undoubtedly is so, that there is a traditional set of characters for the drama and the novel, readily recognisable as such, and standing quite apart from the actual people we meet with in society; likewise, a peculiar way of treating them and making them work, as conventional as common life, but considerably different.

Everybody will at once understand what is here meant, after he shall have seen a few illustrations.

In the actual world, as we well know, there is always a presumption in favour of people of wealth and station. If a society of a philanthropic nature is looking out for a set of directors whose names may give it respectability, it does not willingly adopt poor or obscure men. It takes men who are known to stand well with their bankers. If the said directors are called upon to consider the cases of certain applicants, whose certificates they will regard as the most to be depended on? Not those of poor obscure people, but those of men of substance and social distinction. When individuals of any rank whatever are choosing guardians for their children, or trustees to manage their estates, do they choose the poorest of their acquaintances for the duty? No, they select the very richest friends they have. Even in a case of evidence as to a simple matter of fact, suppose a gentleman testifies to one thing, and a poor person to another, shall we not find that the former is preferred almost without a moment of hesitation? Now, I think it may be fairly assumed that men would not proceed upon these principles in matters affecting their interests, unless experience had satisfied them that the principles are correct, and consequently safe. It is not that every poor man is held as necessarily dishonest or unscrupulous, or even rich men the reverse. We can readily understand it to arise from simply this consideration, that, supposing the natural tendencies of rich and poor to be equal, there is an influence in education, exemption from small temptations, fear of disgrace, and other circumstances, as affecting the wealthy, which is not to be looked for in equal force among the poor—and no discredit to them that it is so.

With the novelist, all this is reversed. In his narrative, the presumption is always in favour of the poorer party. Ten to one, the rich man is a grasping oppressor, and the poor one a noble fellow, a pattern of all the virtues both of his own and other classes, only unfortunate in suffering unjustly under his long-parsed neighbour. Very often the whole interest of the story depends on bringing some paragon of righteous poverty through frightful difficulties placed in his path by iniquitous opulence. I do not say that such circumstances are impossible, or that they never occur; I do not profess either to extol the rich or depreciate the poor. I merely remark, that when men of any grade whatever deliberate for a selection of persons to be intrusted with any important charge, they act upon an assumption exactly the opposite. They judge of men as bankers judge of them, which is precisely the reverse of the way they are judged of by the fictionist.

The fictionist makes a kind of acknowledgment that wealth is regarded with deference in the actual world, but sees in this nothing but a mean spirit of mammon-worship. Very likely, in his own actual life, he finds that poor friends are able to do him little service, and very often require loans from his purse, if he has one; while rich people give good dinners, are surrounded with objects gratifying to good taste, never require to lay his purse under contribution, sometimes can say a good word for him with dispensers of patronage, and are altogether persons whom it is useful to him to know. Such are, at least, the experiences of ordinary mortals in the world, and, while they have needs and appetites, they will continue to be actuated by such considerations. One does not see, in actual society, any great occasion to declaim about a matter so simple and so natural. In the novel, however, it is a great and prevailing sin, never enough to be condemned. There the writer who himself practise it, turns it into every conceivable form of ridicule for the gratification of readers who never think of acting upon any other principle.

And see how this works itself out in the special characters. In the real world, we are continually meeting with self-raised men, who display cultivated taste and good-manners, and who make a generous and rational use of their wealth. You will generally find, too, in such men, a moderation of tone in perfect keeping with their original humility, and anything but a disposition to overlook or slight old friends. In the novelist's world, I need scarcely remind you how the new rich man is described—from M. Jourdain to
Mr. Boudery, nothing but a vulgar, purse-proud fool. This is the more unreasonable, since there is nothing the fictionist is more solicitous about than to bring windfalls of fortune to poor men. Are we to understand that men are only respectable while poor, and become fools and tyrants when enriched? If so, can our novelist be justified in enriching anybody? It seems specially the delight of fiction to take up merit in lowliness and distress, and exhibit it pressing on through all difficulties to brilliant results. An obscure and nameless adventurer, who can sketch, and has no letters of introduction, that is the type of a novelist's favourite. He becomes prescriptively interesting in appearance, and by right of ancient usage, obtains, at a first and chance interview, the affections of the nasty rich gentleman's daughter. In actual good society, it is universally held as very naughty conduct in a young lady, when she opens her ears to lovers unrecognized as respectable persons by her papa and mamma; and there are plenty of reasons in morals and good taste why this view should be taken of the case. But in fiction, it seems to be supposed that nothing else will excite the same sympathy and interest. There, an approachable, above-board lover, who was making £1500 a year at the bar or as manager of a company, would never do. I have sometimes thought expedient to collect a collection of all the Belvilles, Altamonds, and Delacours who have been the heroes of novelists from first to last, in order to see if there was a single quality or circumstance about any of them such as a decent father might, could, or should have approved of. My belief is they would have all been found wanting in the first elements of eligibility. If such be the case, it is a mere mockery to ask gravely if fiction can be considered as representing human life.

Perhaps we may go a little further, and say there are connections of characters and circumstances frequently occurring in actual life, but which, though they are by no means devoid of interest in their own way, fiction never has taken, and never will take up. In the annals of law-courts, it is quite as common for the poor as for the rich man to be in the position of a persecutor. A man in difficulties imagines himself possessed of some claim upon a neighbour of substance, or, what is quite as serviceable, sees some chance of turning a quick of the chance of his fortune against the said neighbour, so as to extort a sum of money. With the aid of some inferior practitioner, he will raise an action, and put his substantial adversary to no small trouble and expense, not to speak of irritation of mind. Here there is a necessary injustice on the side of the plaintiff; for, whether he loses or gains his action, he will pay nothing, having nothing wherewithal to pay; so that the opposite party must at least lose the amount of his expenses. Such things occur every day, being simply speculative assaults of one set of men upon the property of another; and it is obvious that they must often involve curious circumstances, and many distressful emotions. But fiction knows well that any such case in its pages would wholly fail of effect.

Fiction, then, is not and cannot be a true reflex of life. Nor are the reasons, perhaps, discreditable either to the writers or their readers. In the actual world, we must be guided by worldly rules and maxims, or we perish. There is therefore no thought of a practical dissent from our social morality. But we at the same time see in social things much that leaves us unsatisfied, and the accidents which make one man rich and another poor, are of the number. We are all glad, occasionally, to be shown away into an ideal world, where good is dealt out on a different principle, where obscurity is no impediment to merit, where the woes of poverty are redressed, where natural qualities, above all external, assert a external, assert a supreme authority by whose fortune has conferred, where the conventional is overruled by the impulses of the heart. It refreshes us to be made, even for a moment, to believe in such a perfect system of things and we wish we were so remiss in taking the tos, the evils that remain unredeemed, and which, apparently, can never be wholly avoided, we make a painful imputation to it. Fiction, as by a charm, puts all to rights. It gives us the scheme of providence we should ourselves have chosen. Here, at least, we are at liberty to act—for we act with the actors—as our best feelings would dictate, however otherwise our practice must needs be in the real world.

Glimpses of Affairs in America.

What is to be done?

The reader has been conducted through a history—such as it is—of American slavery, and been made acquainted with some prominent features in its character. He perceives that, as a carefully nourished institution, it imparts a tone to the whole social system of the United States, interweaves itself with the national constitution, laws, usages, sentiments, the most vital principles of public policy.

Though marvelous in many respects, this institution has not as yet increased in full proportions. It is still growing. Sixty-seven years ago, under a million—now approaching five millions—soon there will be ten millions of human beings in the condition of 'chattels personal'—a nation of slaves within a nation of freemen, a people dangerous in their numbers and sense of wrongs, dangerous as an engine of intestine discord, in the event of hostilities with an unscrupulous foreign enemy.

Can no practicable measures be devised to arrest this monster evil in its desolating course? We may be better able to reply to this inquiry after gleaning at the causes which have conspired to bring about present results.

First, and at the foundation of the whole mischief, lie the provisions of the federal constitution, which, as formerly shown, pledge the whole states to maintain slavery inviolate in any individual state where it exists—which authorises a method of representation in the House of Representatives, based on certain numerical proportions whereby the majority of the states faction gains thirty votes—and which, by giving national efficacy to a fugitive slave law, bring the whole country within the operation of southern institutions.

Practically, the constitution of the United States is incapable of change. To amend it, there would need to be a very effective rousing of public feeling throughout the various states. Congress must be besieged with petitions—which would have little effect, constituted as that body now is. Supposing this difficulty to be overcome, a proposal for amendment must be concurred in by two-thirds of both branches of Congress—hopeless. Supposing this difficulty also overcome, conventions to take the matter into consideration must be called by the legislatures of the several states. Lastly, the decision of the conventions must be ratified by three-fifths of the states; by which is inferred the consent of six of the slave states—hopeless. To all appearance, therefore, reform is constitutionally impossible.

Second. With such constitutional advantages in its favour, as well as by superior address, the southern party has obtained such political supremacy, as enables it to secure new forms in the constitution. In Congress, it has from time to time, by legislative measures, extended slavery over newly acquired territories; and judging from recent elections, it has now a greater power over them than ever before.
independence are bartered for place, pay, commercial monopoly, and other material interests.

Fourth—although this might almost be placed first—there is the universal desire to support the Union, which, having attained great eminence and glory, is right or wrong, idolized to a very extraordinary degree.

Fifth. Fears of destroying this object of worship, along with the blinding effects of political partisanship, produce a Public Opinion that acts despotically in suppressing freedom of speech; wherefore, all who express a detestation of slavery, and agitate for its restriction or extinction, are proscribed as "abolitionists"—a name, in popular acceptation, synonymous with everything that is infamous.

Sixth. The propagation of corrupt doctrines by religious teachers of almost every denomination, to the effect that slavery is an institution beneficently designed by Providence for the spiritual welfare of its victims. And along with this agency may be classed the dissemination of pro-slavery sentiments, and the ridicule of anti-slavery efforts, by a great part of the press, which takes its tone from Public Opinion.

Seventh. The prejudice respecting colour throughout the greater part of the free states; and the notion, generally, that the negro is from nature of an inferior and servile race.

Eighth. The continually growing demand for cotton, before which every consideration of humanity, or dread of consequences, disappears.

Some other causes might be assigned; as, for example, the violence by the negro at elections, by which quietly disposed and respectable persons are driven from the field of politics, and power handed over to those who aim as much at selfish ends as the public advantage. And then, to account for these scenes of violence, as well as for such newspaper abuse, we might allude to the strange practice of discharging almost all government-officers and appointing new ones, according to political changes, by which a state of disorder is kept up in the country by all classes of office-seekers.

Out of this complication of causes, we leave one to say how American slavery is to be alleviated. Congress has only a power of restraining it from entering the territories—and even this power is not undisputed. Slavery can be legally abolished only by the positive decision of the state; and within each slave state there exists a dominating power, apparently impervious to any reasonable proposition on the subject. Not even the respective legislatures of the states, which rely on the diversity of the states, and without a very general consent of the people. In the matter of slavery, Vigilance Committees are above all law. And measures for emancipation, supposed them attempted, might be followed by revolution.

It is not to be supposed that an evil so conspicuous, so fraught with probabilities of mischief, and, to say the least of it, so damaging to the character of those by whom it is cherished, should have escaped the notice of Americans. But unfortunately, it has never attained the position of a public or generally discussed question—it seems as though an impression prevailed that nothing could be made of it, or that for certain reasons it was improper to speak of it at all. Slavery, in short, is a kind of tabooed subject in the States. It is not an agreeable thing to think of, certainly not to talk about.

When tourists, in their curiosity to arrive at the truth, refer to this grievous evil, they find little to put in their note-book. The best they get is the plains remarks, that slavery is a bad evil which will doubtless pass away in God's own good time. And, thus, worthy people consoling themselves with a highly edifying sentiment, go placidly to sleep, and leave slavery to take its chance. It must be deemed odd that this great people, renowned for their shrewdness, should for any reason shrink from the open discussion of a social question which so intimately concerns their welfare. "Abolition" haunts them like a spectre. Let us have a look at this terrible apparition.

A number of years ago, there sprang up anti-slavery societies, differing considerably in their views. Some of the older associations have disappeared, others with more vitality have become permanent. The American Anti-slavery Society, located at New York, takes the lead among existing institutions. Massachusetts has several associations in vigorous operation, the chief one, as we believe, being called the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, which began in 1832, and holds annual festivals of much oratorical importance. This society was formed 'on the ground of the Absolute Sin of Slaveryholding, and the Duty of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation.' The president is William Lloyd Garrison; and among the office-bearers or adherents are other leading abolitionists—Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Edmund Quincy, Maria M. Chapman, Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, and Theodore Parker. The abolitionists, represented in these and similar societies, will make no compromise on the subject of slavery; nor do they design to work through religious or political organisations. They declare, there is an inherent wickedness in slavery, with which there can be no association. It is not clear to us from their writings what is their plan for effecting immediate emancipation. We presume, they merely insist that the whole of the slave shall be instantly liberated, without compensation to owners, and without any preparation, educational or otherwise, for the enjoyment of freedom. A number of the members are Non-resistants—a class of persons who repudiate the federal constitution, and decline to take any part in elections. Those who entertain these ultra views, desire to dissolve the Union, in order to be entirely rid of any connection with the South.

Next comes the Liberty party, which also advocates immediate emancipation, but does not think so badly of the constitution, and accordingly is opposed to a dissolution of the Union. Its members do not withdraw from their church relations, on account of slavery, and hope to effect their purposes by moderate means. Many of the party are connected with societies and religious kno-ckers in the South as one of the best plans for promoting anti-slavery sentiments in that quarter.

We believe the Liberty party is now pretty nearly swallowed up in the new legal party. Everyone has heard much lately of the Republicans, and it is interesting to know what really is their anti-slavery doctrine. Properly speaking, they are not abolitionists at all. No doubt, many members would wish immediate emancipation, and their papers and orations in favour of liberty are unexceptionable. But the members generally are only Free-soilers. They disdain any intention of meddling with slavery where it exists, and will be satisfied with seeing it kept out of the territories, which would doubtless be a great point gained. They do not advocate a dissolution of the Union; though it is not unlikely, should other projects fail, that they will come to that. They have confident expectations of carrying Fremont as president in 1860, and live on in this hope. To this great political organisation belong Charles Sumner, Hall, Giddings, Chase, Henry Ward Beecher, Seward, and Horace Greeley.

Finally, we might mention the party called Union-savers, represented by Fillmore, who look upon slavery as a bad thing in principle, but depurate all agitation on the subject. By lending themselves politically to the democrats, they sink the question of slavery altogether, and serve materially to impose that restraint.
have pressed their opinions—believing they would
have more successfully promoted their aims by use-
milder persuasives—persons of enlarged views will
join us in looking beyond the Faneuil Hall and Exeter
Hall aspect of the anti-slavery cause. This cause is
not to be regarded merely as it affects the blacks, but
the whites—not merely the South, but the North—not
merely the United States, but the whole family of
mankind. All the communities on earth are interested
in the solution of this mighty question—which, like
other social questions of any consequence, has had to
pass primarily through the hands of agitators who care
little for conventional respectableities. The question,
we apprehend, has now got beyond the narrow sphere
of anti-slavery societies. Supposing that the whole
of the associations were dissolved and done with, that
no such men as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or Sumner
were in existence, we return to general principles, and
hope it will not be thought intrusive, if we ask the
American people to be so good as explain, what they
propose to do with four millions of negro slaves and their
progeny?

Abolition principles are said to be making progress
in the North. The protracted struggle in Kansas
affords evidence of the subject's rising importance, and from conscientious
but not extensively appreciated motives, men are not
scruple to denounce what they consider to be a great
national sin. Thus, they give offence. Their language
is occasioned by course not irreverent. For example,
one of Garrison's common expressions is, that 'the
United States constitution is a Covenant with Death,
and an Agreement with Hell'—an abuse of Scrip-
tural phrasingology not acceptable to eccentrics with modern
notions. It may be also allowed that the anti-
slavery cause has been assailed by unseemly party
differences, and that, assuming the worst qualities of
sectarians, its adherents have too often demonstrated
a spirit of intolerance and persecution.

Whatever may have been the opinions entertained
respecting abolitionist doctrines, the time has come
when they must be spoken of at least in terms of
extermination. The occurrences of the last twelve
months have immeasurably advanced the anti-slavery
cause in the minds of Europeans; and we may add,
that in the relative situation of abolitionists and slave-
holders a new and more distinct light has been thrown.
The recent declaration by leading organs in the South,
that slavery was there and there for ever—that no plan of
expedience would suit it—slave is a natural and proper institution—that free society
has been a failure—that the whole free coloured and poor
white population of the States should be reduced to perpetual bondage—that it
ought to be revived—together with eulogies on slavery by the
Governors of a state, and also by a President of
the United States—declarations by the highest authori-
ties that there is an inherent vitality in slavery
which will insure its immittable growth; and a distinct
avowal of the desire to absorb new countries for the
sake of protecting and greatly extending the institution
—these extraordinary announcements, along with
the unprovoked and unrebuked outrages committed
by Missourians in Kansas, the brutal assault of Brooks
on Mr Sumner, not to speak of other barbarities,
defended and gloried in—all this, we say, entirely
alters the aspect under which we are to view
the operations of the abolitionists. As long as the world
was under the impression that a calm consideration of
the question was postponed in consequence of the
intemperate harangues of what were deemed a body of
fanatics, the slaveholders commanded that degree of
sympathy which was thought to be due to their unde-
sienced and very unflattering situation. But now, with
the facts before us, we are at a loss to see how the
matter is to be treated in the same indulgent spirit.
Lamenting the past rudeness with which abolitionists
demand for American cotton, by lessening the demand for negroes, would affect the slave-breeding states, and dispose them to adopt freedom. By the removal of protection, the present compact between North and South would be greatly shaken. The former point is for the consideration of Englishmen; the latter for that of Americans.

There is another hope to which we may call attention. It is the possibility of creating a free state in Western Texas, by means of the German and other European immigrants who have settled in that slave section of the Union. Whether the Free-soilers in Kansas are re-enacted on a scale of greater desperation near the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

We would not willingly resign our faith in the capacity of Americans for overcoming dangers and difficulties. They possess a wonderful power of rallying when things are at their worst. Some grand movement, inspired by virtuous indignation and despair, may dislodge the oligarchy which controls public policy on the slave question. New Washingtons, Frémonts, and Quincys, and Fillmores and Todd, may arise, to sustain the cause of freedom, now basely pronounced to be a failure. It is consoling to know that sudden and unforeseen changes for the better take place in the social as in the physical atmosphere. Luther’s reformation was precipitated by the sale of some paltry indulgences. The fear of abolitionism, which now, like a superstition, hangs over the United States, preventing the dispensation of a subject of momentous concern, may, from some unforeseen cause, be specially and happily dispelled.

Looking at matters as they stand, however, making every allowance for contingencies, we sorrowfully admit that these events do not seem probable. To be quite plain: there appears—at least on the surface—to be but two expedients, by which this fearful and embittered question is to be solved—Reformation, Insurrection, both to be earnestly deprecated.

Lately, apart from the old-school abolitionists, there have sprung up societies in Massachusetts and other quarters, with the distinctly professed object of dissolving the Union; in order that the free states may no longer be associated, or made responsible, for slave institutions. Which states are to be disunited, these societies do not state; they apparently being left to chance. They expect to operate through petitions to congress—hopeless. The law, under the constitution, by peaceful means, is against them; and with the universally prevailing respect for the Union, which with Americans is a kind of sub-religion, we do not imagine that the doctrines of the Dissolutionists will meet with wider acceptance than those of the Abolitionists, of which they are but a new version.

By writers who have taken notice of this new movement, Dissolution is disapproved of, on the ground that if effected, slavery would be maintained with greater vigour in the South; they even speculate on the probability of some millions of abject whites in the southern states being made slaves. We think differently. The withdrawal of the northern states from the confederacy, whether peacefully or by armed force, would so shake and weaken the whole fabric of southern institutions, that an insurrection by the slaves would be inevitable—slavery would disolve in a sea of blood.

The South knows this. It has often, in its vaunting and reckless mode of speaking, threatened to quit the Union. Let it try.

Feeling its power, the North, if true to itself and animated by higher motives, could in a short space of time extinguish slavery. It could say to the South: Unless you proceed to follow our example, and make provision for the gradual emancipation of your slaves, the partnership between us must be dissolved; we must quit the confederacy, and be to you in future a foreign country. A resolute and friendly address in these terms from an equally determined northern state is what civilization would point to, instead of a resort to arms. But what a glow of patriotism—what an arousing of sensibilities—what a casting forth of selfishness—what a disruption of venerable traditions—what an enlightening of the masses—must ensue before the North assumes this grand attitude! It will not do so. The execution of the threat would be Revolution.

A declaration of independence by Massachusetts, or any other single state, is equally, if not more improbable; for that would be equivalent to civil war—an issue not likely to be contemplated. We would not, however, say, with any certainty, that Massachusetts would tamely submit to a very lengthened repetition of the indignities to which it has latterly been subjected by federal agencies. Spectators at a distance wait with some interest to see which is to be the last outrage that is to revive the spirit of Bunker’s Hill.

The consideration of pacific adjustment being deliberately rejected, and Dissolution, Revolution, or Civil War adjudged—the case is not mended. Slavery goes on uninterrupted in its course. The sore spreads, festers, and the longer a corrective is delayed, the disease becomes worse, the danger more imminent.

One trembles at the fatal alternative: Revolution—Insurrection. Can insurrection be avoided either way? Revolution would produce insurrection. Successful insurrection would be a revolution. We can scarcely expect that the North would remain in union with a nation of blacks.

But while the whole federal power may be brought to suppress revolt, how can the slaves be successful in insurrection? War with one of the great European powers would furnish the means at once! God forbid that we should advocate such a crisis; but the history we have been tracing lends the mind, however reluctantly, to such a possibility; and it is impossible to avoid seeing that events are within the range even of probability which would render insurrection, if it occurred, not only formidable, but successful. If these pages awaken, before it is too late, some of the more powerful minds of America to the catastrophe to which, in the eyes of dispassionate observers, the history of their country seems tending, it shall not have written in vain.

W. C.

THE SOFT-HEARTED POSTMAN.

Very true, sir, as you say; there are many more young lads employed as postmen than a few years ago. But how can you wonder at it, when you consider how the business has been degraded, sir! How could it be expected that men like me, who for years have taken an interest in their business, should be content to shove letters into boxes at the very doors that used to open so briskly to them! No, sir, it was more than my human nature, at any rate, could stand; and, bad as trade is, I’d fifty times rather die selling greens and now-laid eggs—when I’ve got them—than go rat-tatting down the street putting letters into boxes!

Well, sir, I can’t see the saving of time, always excepting the houses of the haristocracy, and only nigh all them had boxes before the general order was issued. But I don’t mean them. Where I felt the injury

The reader having now before him the salient points of a very important question, we must refer him for the rest of the author’s speculations, and the statistics that bear upon the subject, to a volume just published, entitled Dissolution, or America, by William Chambers, author of Things as they are in America, &c.
of the boxes, was in the comfortable easy-going kind of houses, or in the four delivery-a-day districts; pretty houses that kept their doors and servants, yet where the young ladies weren't too high to rush to the door before the servant could come and take the letters. Bless you, sir, boxes ain't no convenience at such houses; it was never being missed; and you'll see the difference of putting letters into a pretty white hand, which often belonged to a sweet face, and showing them into a hole. Ugh! no wonder I couldn't stand it! Yes, sir, I thought you'd understand the feeling. Besides, when a man has been long on one beat, he soon gets to know the sort of letters that are liked best, those that one doesn't care for, and those blue, thin, common paper ones that people would much rather be without. A man who takes an interest in his letters even gets to know certain handwriting; and when I was a young chap—not bad-looking either—many 's the turn I've given the pretty faces watching me round a square. If I got in my sorting a letter, the very brother to lots I had been delivering at one house for a month past—bold free writing, but with a lovely touch about the name, always Miss, and a fine firm seal—I used to put it last in my packet, and go past the house where a pretty face was watching me, behind the blind, and so right round the square. When I reached it, the pretty face was still watching me, only with an anxious clouded look; and then I'd give a start, and run up the steps, as though I had just discovered it; and the door would open suddenly before I reached it, and—oh, how I did long to stop and see her read it! But one grows softer-hearted as one grows older: at least I did.

Oh, of course, sir, we are not always welcome; and many a time I have seen calm faces that did not seem expecting anything, change to such a deadly pale, when I handed in a black-edged letter. I had a habit of touching my hat at such times; they didn't often see it; but it did no one any harm, and used to do me good, I think. Then, as I grew older, and saw a face at the window that couldn't bear much waiting, that looked real anxious, I got into a way of not looking at her if I had letters for the house, and not the one. If I did not look at her, I had to wait till the servant came; but if I looked up quick, I used to hear the little feet come through the hall; and sometimes, when I heard what I thought was a faint voice—or, I don't know what it was—yet I didn't write the letters. Of course they weren't all so kind as that. Some used to take the letters as though they were pieces of wood. I've heard the feet come along the hall, and the door would open slowly, and the letter be received as if it were no manner of consequence. Well, of course, I had my laugh at that when I had got away. No, the only boxes I knew at such houses were Christmas boxes, and capital ones they were, and given cheerfully too. I suppose grand people are too high to care for their letters like that, or else how they can bear to have them commented upon, and handed about from one servant to another, and at last served up all stale on a silver waiter, I can't think. I know their ways from a sister of mine who has lived in high families. Why, letters treated like that, ain't no better than my greens when they've been handled all day—they lose all their crispness.

Well, sir, I can't wholly agree with you there; there was interest in the city business, and a fearful one sometimes. Not so much of the softer kind; though I have seen young chaps fire up red-hot when I handed in a tiny little white note along with the blue ones. But I've seen men with a soft face, and beat their breath hard, as they tore open letters that were to carry life or death, as ruin or success followed their ventures. Ah, I've seen many a sad scene in the city; broken hearts and cases of real distress that I don't see, from what you do. I remember well a house in one of the narrow city-lanes, where the office was on the ground-floor, and the rest was a private house—a small one, altogether not more than six rooms. The woman who lived there were only five people, a gentleman and his daughter, and three servants. The clerks—there were four of them—had nothing to do with upstairs. The young lady was a very quiet sort; rather small, with beautiful fair hair, and dark blue eyes, with such a mouth—ah, she was pretty—and always dressed in such light pretty muslins, that I remember I used to wonder how she kept them so clean in the smoky city. I used to wonder, too, why she lived there, instead of in her proper place out in the country, for they were rich enough then for that; but I heard from an old crony, that she was the last of a large family, and had left a nice place they had in Surrey, to come and live in the city, that she might be more with her father. Of course, I did not like her the less for that. How I got to see her, was in this way. I came at last to go up the first pair of stairs pretty regular every day, with one of those letters I've been talking of, only somehow, I never quite liked the writing: there was a stroke now and then slipped out in the direction, more than in the name, that used to make me think him a hard one; and the sweet lady, like many another, soon got a habit of opening the door for me. I went on in this way pretty light and thought nothing of it till one day I happened to look through the glass door, when I saw the poor gentleman had fallen back in his chair, with the blood gushing out of his mouth, and a letter, that had fallen from his hand, lying open on the floor. All the clerks seemed cut off for he was alone, so I went in; and before I called any one from up stairs, I took the letter, folded it up, and as his desk was locked, put it in my pocket. It was a bold thing to do, certainly; but the feeling came strong over me that the crash had come, and that it would be better none of the clerks should see that letter. Then I went up stairs, and with a single knock, that sounded queer to me then, told the servant, who, I suppose, told her mistress as well as she could. Of course there was great confusion and sending for doctors, and I could not get a minute to give the letter to the poor young lady; besides, I did not see a great deal of letters to deliver; so away I went with the letter in my pocket, and many a sour look, and word too, I got for being so late that morning.

You may suppose, the next time I went through the hall, I had done, for I thought if the old gentleman came to his senses, and asked for the letter, and they knew nothing about it, it would spoil all, and make him worse. As soon as I could get done, I went and asked to see the young lady, for I was determined to give it only to her. They seemed to think it strange; but at last she came, looking so grave, but very quiet; and I told her, poor dear, as well as I could, as I gave her the letter, and said where I had found it, that I was afraid the news contained in it had made her father break the blood-vessel, and inquire if he had asked for it. She said no: he was not allowed to speak; but he seemed very anxious about something, and kept entreating her with his eyes. So I told her, if I might make so bold, I thought she had better say to him she had the letter safe, and no one had seen it. She asked, in a sort of maze, what did I think could be in the letter to make him ill, and why had I taken it? Well, I saw she had not a suspicion of what was coming on her, and so I just said that buttons had been out for teeth, and draw their breath hard, as they tore open letters that were to carry life or death, as ruin or success followed their ventures. Ah, I've seen many a sad scene in the city; broken hearts and cases of real distress that I don't see, from what you do. I remember well a house in one of the
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I could do it; but she seemed to take it quite naturally, and said no; there was no one she could ask, and she could manage very well; she—and she hesitated a little—had a kind friend. Well, sir, the news of the failure did not get abroad for a week, and I think that week of quiet error did great harm; and for that week I still went regularly up stairs with the letter to comfort the young lady; but the day of the failure I went up as usual, from habit, and not till my hand was at the knocker did I see there was no letter. I snatched my hand away, as if the knocker were fire, and slunk down the stairs as softly as I could, for it came upon me all at once. I knew then, for certain, that he was a hard one, and was so ashamed of him, that I could not bear all that day to think of the young lady. Next morning, though I was almost sure how it would be, I looked quite angrily for a letter, and, as I expected, there was none. At the end of a week, as I was sorting, I came on a great thick packet in his writing, and then I saw it was indeed all over. They were her letters—pretty loving ones. I am sure—which the soundard had sent her back. Well, sir, I was getting old then, as I said before, and I was such a fool, that for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to take them that delivery. However, I found where she had laid them up, for she had burned all it was against the rules; so the next time I went and gave, I'm afraid, a very poor knock, for I was dreadfully she might come, as I had heard the old gentleman was better. And then she was when the door opened, and when I tried to hold out the packet as if it were nothing, she—I shall never so long as I live forget her face—took them more steadily than I gave them, and quietly shut the door; but I did hear the sob for it. I never saw her after: they went away out of my beat; and though I have often asked, I never could get news of them.

Yes, sir, it's very true, postmen used to see something of life, but that's all over now. I don't suppose I could do much for you in the greenery line; but if you'd patronise my now-laid eggs, I've got some Cochin-Chinas that I expect will lay regular all the winter, and I'll be proud to supply you, sir.

PATENT WARFARE.

I find it extremely amusing to follow the monthly revelations of the Mechanics' Magazine, touching what is doing in the world of science. It is true I often meet with matters of no interest to me, and abstruse calculations which I do not even attempt to follow; but I turn with infinite pleasure to the monthly list of new patents for 'inventions and improvements.' There I dive into the very arcana of progress, and feel great satisfaction in reflecting that no one can keep his secrets from me, even if he chooses to secure to himself, by patent, the pecuniary advantages of them, with which, in fact, I have no desire to interfere.

It was in this way I came, last month, upon something in the way of invention, which so far transcends all my previous ideas of the legitimate functions and usual operations of the Patent Office, that I cannot resist the temptation of setting down a few observations upon it.

The subject to which I allude is neither more nor less than a proposed patent for war; I say, 'for war,' because, if everything goes on, as usual in such cases, according to the specification, no other sort of warfare but that carried on under the patent will be available.

I have sometimes thought that the specification, by which each intending patentee is obliged to declare what he proposes securing to himself exclusively, ought, if possible, to be kept secret at least for a time. It would have been peculiarly desirable in this case; because the gentleman seeking to secure the exclusive right to destroy his fellow-creatures by wholesale—to smother whole armies, and to burn whole fleets with certainty and dispatch, cannot, unfortunately, obtain his object without in the very act disclosing to the whole world how this work of extermination is to be accomplished. The application for this patent was actually 'hushed up' during the war, lest its publication should prove detrimental to Her Majesty's service; but it is now brought forward again, and, as I say, the murder is out with a vengeance. No human power can now recall the sound of trumpet which has gone forth, or snatch from the lips of mankind the fruit of this deadly tree of knowledge. It is now patent to all, that with a few barrels, more or less, of naptha, and a few pills of potassium, fortified places must be abandoned by the bravest and most resolute defenders; fleets, no matter how numerous, powerful, or well-manned, must be speedily enveloped in devouring flames, which all the waters of the sea cannot extinguish; and even armies on dry land can be shown that there is a fire which their fire surpasses, as much as that of the hero of Blackheath did that of the chemists.

Nothing can be more curious than the dry, scientific mode in which this subject is treated in the patent, waiting only on commerce and works and treaties upon military operations. I well remember the peculiar feeling excited in my mind by reading such works; that while my blood was curdling with horror at the anticipated results of certain deadly combinations, the writer coolly dismissed the subject by speaking of the enemy—always in such cases 'represented by unity;' as the sum-books say—in some such way as this: 'He had been driven back with great loss, or destroyed.' Still, in ordinary cases, the immolation was not entire, the enemy was not absolutely exterminated; and to find now, therefore, the destruction of whole fleets or armies at one swoop reduced to a cool scientific formula, impresses my mind in a proportionate degree. I feel at a loss to believe that I am reading what was written by a man; and I beg it may be understood that if I have treated the subject at all in a spirit of badeage, it is only because I am incredulous as to the efficacy of the means at the disposal of the patentee for effecting wholesale annihilation, and teaching the world at large to do the same.

'In order to carry out this invention,' says the writer in the magazine, 'he takes coal-tar, naptha, and other materials, and submerges them in sea-water, which causes the same to be conveyed to a hostile stronghold, naval battery, or fort, by the following means. In attacking the sea-faces of such strongholds or fortifications as Cronstadt, Malta, or Sebastopol, where there is scarcely any tide, but a sufficient depth of water, he freightes with the before-mentioned materials submarine steam-vessels, or vessels rendered shot-proof, having iron compartments or tanks specially adapted for containing the same, and despatches them to the enemy's works; in front of which, by means of pumps, hose, and suitable outlets, a sufficient quantity of the composition is discharged upon the surface of the water surrounding or bordering the fort or battery. He then places a ball of potassium in the entrance of the tube or hose, by means of suitable cork or taps, and repeats the pumping, so as to force the ball of potassium through the tube into the water, when, by its great affinity for oxygen, it will immediately take fire on rising to the surface, and infallibly the entire quantity of composition previously transmitted. The consequence is the formation of a dense, black, suffocating fog or vapour, which envelops the fort or battery, rushing into the stables or magazines, and driving away the sufferers and all engaged therein. He keeps up the supply of the composition for a sufficient period, so that the attacking vessels
can approach sufficiently near to destroy the enemy’s works, already rendered untenable and incapable of resistance. Fortresses such as the above named are to be rendered harmless by this process, and destroyed with less of life and loss of property than by using gunpowder: 1

I give the above as a specimen only. The same materials, we are told, may be combined in many ways, and applied to projectiles of various kinds. The principle is the same in all cases. The “suffocating fog” is to stupefy all who are not within reach of the actual fire; and submarine boats are to shoot to the surface on which floats a hostile fleet those deadly materials which are to insure its destruction without risk to those below. It is no longer a piny— as it was—that villainous saltpetre should be dug out of the bowels of the harmless earth, and many a good tall fellow destroyed by its agency: it is villainous potassium, and still more execrable naphtha, which some future popinjay shall denounce as the exterminators of tall and short fellows alike!

So curious do I think the article to which I am now referring, and which is merely an amplification of the specification itself, that I could willingly linger over it until I had exceeded reasonable limits. There is, however, one paragraph in it which especially strikes me as indicating a degree of nicety and perfection in the use of the formidable powers now placed at our disposal, which deserves a little further attention.

We are informed that “where the destruction of an enemy’s vessels is not desired, the hostile fleet is permitted to enter a channel, or to take up any position chosen for its attack; the inflammable material is then discharged, and ignites the moderate distances from the various vessels composing the fleet, precautions being taken to regulate the supply in such a way that, while the flames are not suffered to approach and injure the vessels, the black fog ensnare the fleet in inpenetrable darkness, and destroys their crews simultaneously with the stifling vapour. The operation being completed, the atmosphere is allowed to regain its natural purity, and possession of the fleet may then be obtained.” This precision and accuracy reminds me of what is said of Nasmith’s steam-hammer, which, while it can forge an anchor of many tons’ weight, may be used to crack a hazel-nut.

It would further appear that the shot-proof batteries of iron, worked on water by steam, are to be completely powerless in the hands of this patentee. He can, however, envelop them in noxious gases, which are sure to be drawn down into the engine-room by the draught of the furnace, destroying the engineers, and rendering attempt at escape hopeless.

One more quotation: “Landscape batteries furnished with well-served, long-ranged guns, firing the McIntosh shells, filled with combustible material, would effectually protect a town or harbour from the attack of an enemy’s fleet; or even a few shot-proof vessels having well-served guns, firing such shells, would not only keep a hostile fleet in check, but scatter on the vessels a vast shower of burning material, causing a general conflagration.”

Trops attempting to pass through a defile or mountain-pass have no chance at all. Masses of cotton, or other inflammable material, steeped in naphtha, are to be placed in their way, ignited, and the supply kept up by hose from some convenient high place; and so the men must all perish miserably from want of air—enshrouded in absolute darkness!

Such is the new character which war is destined to assume “under the patent.” The thing which strikes us most forcibly, is the disadvantage at which we shall compete with other nations. We are required, it would seem, to secure to an individual, by patent, and at advantages arising from the use of materials which other nations, now that the thing is made public, can use against us; just as if when gunpowder was first invented, and its composition made known to all the world, the country of the inventor could turn it against aggressors only by paying a royalty for permission to do so. I cannot but think that, in the event of a war, we would be placed in rather an awkward predicament.

This subject is, on the whole, very ‘suggestive,’ to use a favourite phrase; and no doubt it will be felt so before very long. The brilliant array of ‘conchmen and guards’ of my boyish days, has so completely gone down before the onslaught of the dusky corps of stokers and pokers, that I feel I ought not to wonder if the cavalry and infantry who still hold their ground on land, and the blue jackets who man our noble ships at sea, were to disappear in a short time, leaving their places to a Terry brigade of submarine boatsmen, a dozen regiments of wagon-train, destined for the transport of naphtha, and a corps of engineer chemists, to be employed in the concoction and administration of potassium pills.

I have treated this matter, according to my present view of it, as one which exhibits the lengths to which theory will sometimes carry its votaries, rather than as worthy of serious faith in the professions of the patentee.

If, upon further examination, however, his project is found to be practicable, because it is practicable in modern history, it may be the means of effecting an indirect good, through the power of insuring the total extinction of all who engage in war on either side. When the ingenuity of man shall have at length devised the means of effecting this, all war must cease as a matter of course; and nations must find some other mode of settling their quarrels and adjusting their differences. Would it not, then, be a good plan, if, by mutual consent, a general patent for peace was to be granted to this ingenious inventor, instead of a patent for war, and that all civilized nations were to bind themselves not to infringe his rights by making use of his discoveries without his consent? Thus he would become a grand arbiter and peace-preserver; and his power of allowing any one of the contracting parties, if aggrieved, to ‘pitch’ into the wrong-doer with this dangerous compound of bituminous substances, and smoke him in his fortresses like an old fox in his den, would be sure to act as a salutary check upon the rest, and keep them on their good-behaviour. This looks plausible, and may be useful; but the question may be asked: Would it pay?—What would the patentee say to it? It is clear that he proposes advantages, no doubt pecuniary ones, to himself, by the use of his invention; and I know the price at which he is willing to allow us to destroy our enemies: as for our enemies, they will destroy us by the use of his invention without asking permission.

In short, if this invention really answers to the specification, the inventor must have counted largely on the stupidity of the country in asking for a patent, and the country must have acknowledged his judgment to be quite correct by granting it.

LOUIS XVI. ON THE SCAFFOLD.

HISTORIANS of all political shades have till recently told us that Louis XVI. submitted himself with pious resignation to the fate which awaited him; and that, attended to the scaffold by the courageous Abbe Edgeworth de Firmont, a relative of the late Maria Edgeworth, he tranquilly surrendered his soul into the hands of its Maker, which, as it winged its flight on high, was accompanied by these famous words of the

* Firmont is the name of a small estate in the county of Longford, about five miles distant from the seat of the Edgeworth family at Edgeworthstown, celebrated the same thirty years ago by a philanthropic college, founded there in 1818 by the late Mr Lovell Edgeworth, and which was much admired and coveted by Sir Walter Scott, while on a visit to Miss Edgeworth during the summer of 1822.
Chambers’s Journal. 249

As a contrast to this statement, we shall here produce the narrative we have found in a work published in Paris about two years ago, entitled Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.*

The Execution.—People have been accustomed to read the account given of Louis XVI’s death by royalist historians; we prefer publishing the article of a republican journal of the time. As the editor of that journal had voted for the death of the king, he felt no sympathy for the victim; and should we possess no other version than the one we quote, the king’s last dying moments cannot appear otherwise than truly Christian-like, truly admirable. The article commences with an account of the prison-hours of Capet, as the republicans called the king, on the day when his sentence of death was notified to him; but as this does not differ materially from that of the common authorities, we pass on to the nearer preparations for the dreadful morrow.

The minister of justice had brought the confesser with him in his carriage, and when the former withdrew, the king asked for his own family. Thereon a municipal officer repaired to the female’s department, and said to Antoinette: “Madame, a decree authorises you to come and see him; and, who is it? It is for you to see you and your children!” At nine that evening the whole family visited him, when there were screams, and tears, and sobs for some time. After that, they were all a little calmer, and separated at half-past ten; but as they were leaving him, the king asked of his guards if he might see his family once more on the morrow-morning, to which he was answered affirmatively, and then he bade himself. During the family interview, the confesser had been concealed in one of the towers of the Temple prison, but when the family left, he joined Louis Capet. Some time after, this confesser presented himself before the sitting council, and informed them, that as Louis wished mass to be said, it would be expedient to have the necessary things got ready; whereupon the council gave their orders, and the vicar of Saint-François d’Assise supplied all the requisites. Louis supped as usual, spent a part of the night with his confesser, and both retired to rest, in different chambers, at two o’clock. Clery receiving his hair, and thus leaning on the arm of his confesser, he began, with a slow tread and sunken demeanour, to mount the steps of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he suddenly seized himself, and with a violent push, with all his force, and, turning towards the other side of the scaffold, when, by a sign commanding silence to the drummers, he exclaimed: “I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me.” His face was ashen, and his voice, of course, all that of a man who was about to die. He sighed deeply and, according to the custom of confessors, “his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Pont Tournant.” Some other expressions were distinctly heard: “I pardon the authors of my death; and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France!” He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comédien Dugazon, in anticipation of the order of Santerre. “Silence! Be silent!” cried Louis XVI, losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, seized a pistol, and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife, which struck off his head. This was immediately shewn by the executioners to the people, who shouted in reply: “Long live the Republic!”

When near the staircase, he wanted to speak privately to a person present, but was prevented from doing so by the lieutenant. "Oh, fear nothing," said he. He then descended the flight of steps, and crossed the court-yard on foot, through a double row of grenadiers. When he reached the carriage, which was the mayor's own private one, he went in first, followed by his confessor, and the lieutenant and sergeant-major; the former next to him, and the two latter placing themselves opposite to him. While on the way, he read the prayers for the dying and the Psalms of David. The greatest silence reigned around. On arriving at the Place de la Révolution (the square since called after Louis XV.), he several times recommended his confessor to the special care of the lieutenant, and then alighted. He was instantly given up to the executioner. He took off his coat and cravat with his own hands, and only kept on his plain swanskin vest. At first he would not allow his hair to be cut off or his hands to be tied; but after a few words from his confessor he submitted. He then mounted the scaffold, advanced towards the left side, his face being very red, and looking for some minutes on the objects around, inquired if the drums would not cease beating. He wished to go forward to speak to the vast concourse collected, but several voices cried out to the executioners, who were four in number, to do their duty. Nevertheless, while being strapped to the fatal plank, he distinctly pronounced these words: "I die innocent; and it is my wish that my blood may be of use to the French people, and that it may appease the wrath of Almighty God." At ten minutes past ten o'clock, his head was severed from his body, and then held up to the people, when from all sides the cry of "Long live the Republic!" was instantly heard. Louis's remains were placed in an osier pannier, taken off in a cart to the churchyard of the Madeleine, and interred in a grave between two layers of quicklime. A guard was placed over it for a couple of days.—Les Révolutions de Paris.

Let the reader 'look on this picture and on that,' and determine which of the two is the more consistent with the general character and bearing of Louis.

Perhaps we may close this brief notice by following the melancholy contents of that osier pannier to its grave of quicklime, and leaving the anxiety felt even by the recidives to treat the remains of the king with decency and decorum.

"On the 20th of January 1793," says Renard, "the executive power communicated to M. Picavez, the visar of the parish of La Madeleine, their instructions relative to the obsequies of his majesty Louis XVI.; but the worthy visar, not feeling himself equal to the weighing of a task so painful and so painful, feigned illness, and advised me, as his principal curate, to fill his place, and to take upon myself the responsibility of carrying out the orders of the executive power. My first answer was a positive refusal, because none perhaps ever loved the king more than myself; but I at last consented, as M. Picavez made me comprehend the disagreeable consequences which might accrue to us both, if I persisted in my refusal. On the morning of the following day, therefore, the 21st of January, after having made sure that everything ordered by the executive power—such as the quantity of quicklime, and the depth of the grave, which, as well as I can remember, was to be either ten or twelve feet—had been punctually attended to, I went, accompanied by the late Abbé Damoreau, and took up my position at the gate of the church, and there awaited, in solemn silence, the arrival of the royal corpse. When I claimed the body of his majesty, the members of the department and of the commune replied to me that they had received orders not to lose sight of it for a moment; so we were obliged to accompany them to the cemetery situated in the Rue d'Anjou St Honoré. When we reached and entered it, I obtained profound silence, and then the royal corpse was delivered up to us. It was clad in a white vest (pique blanc), gray silk breeches, and stockings of the same. We chanted the vespers service and recited all the prayers in use for the service of the dead; and truth commands me to say that the vast populace around, whose cries and vociferations but so lately rent the air and chilled the hearts, listened in the most religious silence to the prayers and orisons offered up for the repose of his majesty's soul. We then withdrew in silence, after so painful a ceremony, and a procès verbal (authentic record) was drawn up on the spot by the juge de paix. On my return to the church, I drew up myself, and inscribed a funeral act, in due form, in a plain register-book, which was sealed and carried to the special committee, on the compulsory closing of that church."

In the midst of a nicely laid out garden, formerly the cemetery of La Madeleine, at the extreme end of the Rue d'Anjou, and open to the Chapelle Expiatoriæ, erected after the Restoration in memory of Louis XVI.; and even to this day, after the turmoils of revolution and subversion, that expiatory edifice is always crowded on every 21st of January.

THE WAR-TRAIL. A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LII.—THE ROUTE.

It was a struggle between Aurora and the moon, which of them should rule the sky, when our bugler rang its clear récital, rousing the ragged from their slumber, and startling their steeds at the stall. The goddess of morning soon triumphed, and under her soft blue light, men and horses could be seen moving about, until the bugle again sounded; this time to 'boot and saddle;' and the ragged ones began to form in the plazas, and prepare for the route.

A single wagon with its white tilt and long team of mules, already 'bitched up,' stood near the centre of the square. It constituted the whole baggage-train of the corps, and served as an ambulance for our invalids. Both baggage and savage, the men of the corps would never speak to each other; the vehicle was ready for the road. The bugler, already in his saddle, awaited my orders to sound the 'forward.' I had climbed to my favourite 'smoking-room,' the azotea. Perhaps it was the last time I should ever set foot on those painted tiles. My eyes wandered over the plazas, though I little heeded what was passing there. Only the lonely points of the picture were noted by me—steeds under saddle and bridle; men buckling on folded blankets, holsters, and valises; a few already in the saddle; a few more standing by the heads of their horses; and still another few grouped around the door of the pulperia, having a last drink of mezcal or catalan with their swarthy Mexican acquaintances. Here and there, in front of some adobe hut, might be observed a few men leave-taking. The ranger fully equipped—with arms, haversack, and canteen—leaving against the heavy bars of a window, with face turned inward, as though he was talking to some prisoner through the grating of a jail. But he is himself the real captive, ensnared during his short sojourn, and still held in chains by the olive-skinned poblanos, whose dark liquid eyes may be seen on the other side of the roof, flash with love, or melting with sad tenderness at the prospect of parting.

Others, again, are bidding their adios in retired corners, under the eaves of the church walls, or in groups of four or five more openly in the plazas itself. Early as is the hour, the people have all arisen; and
not a few of the brown, rebozo-clad, short-skirted women already seated round the fountain. There the pitchers are filled, and lifted on their heads—perhaps for the last time—by the rangers, who perform the office with all the rude grace in their power. Then follows a procession of families and bow-wows, and a dialogue, on the ranger’s part extending to the whole of his Spanish, which consists of the phrase:

‘Mucho bueno, muchachu!’

The usual reply, accompanied with a display of pretty white teeth, is:

‘Mucho bueno, cavaliero! mucho bueno Tejano!’

given in like ungrammatical phrase, in order that it may be intelligible to the person to whom it is addressed.

I have often been surprised at the success of my great uncouth followers with these petite dark-eyed damsons of Anahua; but, indeed, many of the rangers are not bad-looking men. On the contrary, there are handsome fellows among them, if they were only put into clean shirts, and a little more closely shaven. But woman’s eye is keen-sighted in such matters; she easily penetrates through the disguise of dust, the bronze of sun-tan, and the shaggy mask of an ill-kept beard; and no eye is quicker in this respect than that of the fair Mademoiselle. In the big, apparently rude, individual, called a ‘ranger,’ she beholds a type of strength and courage, a heart that can cherish, and an arm that can protect her. These are qualities that, from all time, have won the love of woman.

It is evident they are not all friends whom we are leaving behind us. Hostile faces may be observed, many of them, peering from open doors or windows. Here and there a slyly whispered about in his blanket, or over the corner of the street, scowling savagely from under his broad-brimmed hat. Most of this class are absent—as long since ascertained—with the guerrillas; but a few still remain to give shadow to the picture. They regard the approaches towards the women with ill-concealed anger; and would resent this politeness if they dared. They confuse the exhibition of their spite to the dastardly meanness of ill-treating the women themselves, whenever they have an opportunity. No later than the night before, one of them was detected in beating his sweetheart or mistress for an account, was arrested, of dallying too long in the company of a Tejana. The Tejana, in this case, took the law into his own hands, and severely chastised the jealous pelado.

Even in hurried glance which I gave to these scenes of leave-taking, I could not help noticing an expression on the faces of some of the young girls that had in it a strange significance. It was something more than sadness: it was more like the uneasy look that betokens apprehension.

Perhaps the state of mind I was in magnified my perceptions. At that moment, a struggle was passing in my own breast, and a feeling of irresolution lay heavy upon me. All night long had my mind dwelt upon the same thought—the danger that menaced my betrothed—all night long I had been occupied with plans to avert it, but no reasonable scheme had I succeeded in devising.

It is true the danger was only hypothetical and undefined, but it was just this supposititious indefiniteness that caused the difficulty in providing against it. Had it assumed a tangible shape, I might more easily have adopted some means of avoiding it: but no—it remained a shadow, and against a shadow I know not what precautions can be taken. When morning broke, I was still struggling under the same nerveless indecision.

Problematical as was the peril my fancy had formed, there were moments when it appalled me—moments when I began to feel that my thoughts were above the reach of my control, and I could not cast the load by any act of volition. With all my philosophy, I could not fortify myself against the belief that ‘coming events cast their shadows before,’ and, spitefully, I kept repeating in thought the weird prophetic words. Upon my soul, certainly, there were shadows, and dark ones; if the events should have any correspondence with them, then there was misery by the score of the Spanish province had been for years in a distracted condition by revolution or Indian invasion, and war was no new thing to its people. In the midst of strife had the fair flower grown to perfect blooming, without having been either crushed or trodden upon. Isolina de Vargas was a woman of sufficient spirit to resist insult and cast off intrusion. I had just had proof of this. Under ordinary circumstances, I had no fear that she would be unequal to the emergency; but the circumstances in which she now stood were not of that character; they were extraordinary and to an extreme degree. In addition to the light thrown upon Ijorra’s designs by his own men, there was the particular of her. Holingsworth had helped me to a knowledge of this bad man, and that knowledge it was that rendered me apprehensive. From a nature so base and brutal, it was natural I should dread the worst.

But what could I do? I might have thrown up my commission, and remained upon the spot, but that would have been worse than idle. I could not have been here and there protected myself, much less the Rangers once gone from the place, my life would not have been safe there for a single hour.

Only one plan suggested itself that had the semblance of feasibility—to seek another interview with Isolina—her father as well—and adjure them to remove at once from the scene of danger. They might go to San Antonio de Bexar, where, far removed from hostile ground, they could live in safety till the war should be ended.

It was only at the last moment that this happy idea came into my head, and I reviled myself that I had not conceived it sooner. The chief difficulty would lie in the opposition of Don Ramon. I knew that he was aware of the friendship that existed between his daughter and myself, and furthermore, that he had opposed no obstacle to it; but how could I convey to him of the necessity for so sudden an expatriation as the one I was about to propose? how should I persuade him of the peril I myself dreaded? and from such a source?

Another difficulty I might encounter—in the proud spirit of Isolina herself. Much did I fear she would never consent to be thus driven from her home, and by such a poltroon as she knew her cousin to be. She had cowed and conquered him but the day before; she feared him not; she would not be likely to partake of my painful apprehensions. My counsel might be disregarded, my motives misconstrued.

The time, too, was unfavourable. We must be on the march by sunrise—so ran our orders—and already the day was breaking. I cared not much for this: I could easily have overtaken my troop; but it was a delicate matter—that could only be excused by a certain knowledge of danger—to awake a gentleman’s family at such an hour, even for the purpose of warning them. Moreover, should such an advice prove fruitless, I reflected that my visit—which could not be made in secret—might aid in bringing about the very danger I apprehended. A circumstance so extraordinary could not fail to be noticed by all.

It was thus that I was held in irresolution, while my troop was forming for the march.
At the last moment, thanks to the thoughtful Holingsworth, a compromise offered. He suggested that I should send my advice in writing. In that I could be as explicit as I pleased, and bring before my proteges all the arguments I might be able to adduce—perhaps more successfully than if urged by a personal appeal.

My comrade's suggestion was adopted; and in haste, but with a fervour resulting from my fears, I penned the admonitory epistle. A trusty messenger was found in one of the Agapitecas, who promised, as soon as the family should be stirring, to carry the letter to its destination.

With my heart somewhat relieved of its load, though still far from light, I gave the order to march. The bugle rang clear and loud, and its cheerful notes, as I sprang into the saddle, combined with the inspiration borrowed from my buoyant steed, produced a soothing effect upon my spirit.

CHAPTER XXXII

CAMP Gossip.

It was but a short-lived light—a passing gleam—and soon again fell the shadow, dark as ever. Strive as I might, I could not cast the load that weighed upon my bosom; reason as I would, I could not account for its heaviness.

It was natural that a parting like ours should produce pain, and misgivings as to the future. My life was to be staked in the lottery of war; I might fall on the field of battle; I might perish by camp-postillence—a foe that in the campaign kills more soldiers than sword or shot—the many perils of flood and field were before me, and it was natural I should regard the future with a degree of doubtfulness. But it was not the contemplation of all these dangers that filled me with such a terrible foreboding. Strange to say, I had a forecast that I should survive them. It was almost a conviction, yet it failed to comfort me. It comprehended not the safety of Isolina. No—but the contrary. Along with it came the presentiment, that we should never meet again.

Once or twice, as this dread feeling became most acute, I reined up my horse, half resolved to gallop back; but again I put the idea passed from me, and I continued irresolutely on.

Something of prudence, too, now restrained me from returning; it would no longer have been safe to go back to the rancheria. After the ceremonies, we could hear distant jarring, and cries of 'Mueren los Téjanos!' It was with difficulty I could restrain the rangers from turning to take vengeance. One, the worst of mouth, had said: 'So much for the influence of the drink, fancying himself secure. Him the pelado had 'bonnetted,' and otherwise maltreated. They would have murdered him outright, but that some of them, more prudent than their fellows, had counselled the mob to let him go—alleging that the Téjanos were yet 'too near, and might come back.'

Again I had strife with my men: they would have returned and fired the place, had I permitted them. Fortunately, he who had been ill treated was a good-for-nothing fellow—scarcely worth the sympathy of his comrades—and I was well satisfied at his having received a lesson. It might be useful, and was much needed, for 'struggling' was one of the ranger-crimes most difficult to cure.

Along the road, we saw signs of a guerrilla. Shots were fired at us from a hill; but a party sent to the place encountered no one. Horse-tracks were observed, and once a brace of mounted men were seen galloping away over a distant slope. It might be the band of tijeras, and doubtless it might be useful, and was much needed, for 'struggling' was one of the ranger-crimes most difficult to cure.

The prospect of a 'fight' with that noted partisan created quite an excitement in the ranks. To have captured Canales—the 'Chapparal Fox,' as the Texans termed him—or to have made conquest of his band, would have been esteemed a feat of grand consequences—only inferior in importance to a pitched battle, or the taking of 'Game-leg' (Santa Anna) himself.

I confess that to me the idea of measuring strength with the famed guerrillero was at that moment rife with charms; and the excitement derived from the hope of meeting him, for a while abstracted my mind from its painful bonds.

But we reached the town without seeing augurs of the Chapparal Fox. It was not likely that he was on that road; or if so, he took care not to show himself. Canales fought not for glory alone, and the rangers were not the foes he cared to encounter. Rich baggage-trains were the game he was used to hunt, and our solitary 'company-wagon,' filled with frying-pans, camp-kettles, sick soldiers, and tattered blankets—half alive with those charming little insects of the genera pulux and pediculada—had no attractions for the gallant guerrillero.

On reaching the town, we were surprised to find that the division had not yet moved. It was to have marched on that morning, but a countermand had arrived from head-quarters, delaying the movement for some days—perhaps a week.

This was rare news to me; and as soon as I heard it, my mind became occupied with projects and anticipations of a pleasant nature. I had hoped that we would be sent back to the rancheria; but alas! no—our orders were to remain with the division.

As every available building was occupied by troops, the rangers, as usual, were treated as 'outsiders,' and compelled to take to the grass. Half a mile from the town, a spot was shown us for our camp. It was on the banks of a pretty rivulet; and there, having picketed our steeds, stretched our canvas to the sun, and washed the dust from our faces, we made ourselves at home.

I did not remain long by the camp. As soon as our tents were fairly pitched, I left them, and walked back into the town—partly to get more definite information as to the future movements of the army, and partly with the design of indulging a little in the social feeling. I had some old comrades among the different regiments of the division, and, after a long span of rustication, I was not indisposed to refresh my spirit by the renewal of former fellowships.

At head-quarters, I learned definitely that we should not march, had been ordered to remain at least a week; and after hearing this, I proceeded to the fonda, the rendezvous of all the jovial spirits of the army. Here I encountered the friends of whom I was in search; and for a short while I found repose from the thoughts that had been harassing me.

I soon gathered the current 'camp gossip,' and learned who were the 'newspaper heroes' of the hour; over many of whose names my friends and I could not restrain either our satire or laughter. It appeared that the men of deeds were scarcely known beyond the limits of the army itself, while others, who in the field of battle had actually played the politroon, had at home become household words in the mouths of the people. One general, whom I myself saw hiding in a ditch during the rage of battle, was the theme of speech, sentiment, and song. The newspapermen were filled with praises, and the windows with pictures of a 'gallant dragon officer,' who had somehow obtained the credit of capturing a battery. My Rangers cried 'Bah!' when I told them of this; but I fancied at the time that Canales himself was near; and as an encounter with his large and well-organised force would be a very different affair from a skirmish with the other, we felt the need of cautioning this hand.

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‘Keeping an editor in pay’ was a standing sarcasm applicable to more than one of our generals; and the ‘army correspondent’ taking advantage of this prurience for fame, lived well, and swaggered in proportional importance.

Ah, glory! what sacrifices men make for thee upon the shrine of conscience! For my part, I do not think I could feel happy under the credit of a feat I had not performed... Surely the consciousness of having done a deed is of itself a sufficient reward? He is but an unhappy hero who is not a hero to himself!

Pleasant gossip I heard about the relations existing between our troops and the people of the town. Many of the inhabitants had grown quite Agenskiendos, in consequence of our excellent behaviour towards them. Our conduct was compared with that which they had lately experienced at the hands of their own army.

The latter is in the habit of seizing property at pleasure, on pretence of using it for the defence of the state. We, on the contrary, pay for everything—round prices too—in bright American dollars. The rice and merchants prefer this system, and would have no objections to making it permanent. Outrages are few on the part of our soldiery, and severely punished by the general. Our modest bearing of the American soldier with the conceited strutting and insolent swagger of their own gold-bedecked militiamen, who are wont on all occasions to ‘tako the wall’ of them. It is only outside the lines, between the stragglers and lepers, that the retaliation system is carried on so fiercely. Within the walls, everything is order, with a mildness too rare under martial law. Private property is respected, and private dwellings are not occupied by our troops. Even the officers are not billeted in private houses; and many of them have to make shift in rather uncomfortable quarters, while most of the soldiers live under canvas. This state of things is scarcely satisfactory to the troops; and some grumbling is heard. There is no complaint, however, from the Mexicans, who seem rather astonished at so much forbearance on the part of their conquerors.

I doubt whether, in the whole history of war, can be found a conquest characterised by equal mildness and humanity, as is the ‘Second Conquest of Mexico.’ It is principally for this reason the people have grown so well affected towards us. But there is another, perhaps, not less potent. From the extensive way we are being to undertake, they begin to see that we mean war in earnest; and the belief has become general, that a large ‘annexation’ will follow; that perhaps the whole valley of the Rio Grande will become an American nation under our rule. I have no doubt in them to do homage to the rising sun.

The ricos are better disposed towards us than the common people; but this enigma is easily explained. The latter are more patriotic—that is, more ready to fight for native tyranny, than accept freedom from a foreign hand. ‘Tis so in all lands. In the event of a war with England, the black slave of Carolina would range himself by the side of his master, and prove the bitterest foe to the enemies, not of his freedom, but of his country.

The familias principales of Mexico have good reasons for being friendly to us. They have a stake to lose, which, under their own government, has been ill guarded for them. No wonder they should desire to come under the broad protecting wings of the northern eagle.

I found that another species of ‘annexation’ had been going on during my absence. One of our officers had become annexed to a wealthy señorita of the place, and the marriage-ceremonies had been performed with great pomp and splendour. Another was talked of as being fiancé; and it was expected that the example would find numerous imitators.

I need not say that I was much interested by these novelties, and I returned with lighter heart to the camp.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RUINED RANCHO.

The pleasant excitement caused by my visit to my old comrades was soon over; and having nothing to do but lounge about my tent, I became again the victim of the same painful boilings. I could not shake them off.

Subtle and mysterious is the spirit-world within us; certainly does it seem to have prescience of the future. Is it an electric chain connecting what is, with what is to be? Or is it the second-sight of instinct? Certainly there are times when something within whispers a warning, as, in the physical world, God’s wild creatures are warned from without of the earthquake and the storm. How often do we experience the realisation of portentous dreams? Why should not the waking soul have also its moments of clairvoyance?

As I lay stretched upon my leathern chaise, I gave way to such reflections. I soon succeeded in reasoning myself into a full belief of the general. Odege; those vague apprehensions were proportionately strengthened. But I had conceived a design, and the prospect of putting it in execution somewhat relieved me from the heaviness I had hitherto felt.

My new project was to take a score of my best men, to ride back the road we had come, place the party in ambush near the hacienda, while I alone should enter the house, and further the plans I had committed to writing. If I should find that these had already followed, so much the better—I should be assured, and return content; but I felt almost certain that Don Remon had rejected them. At all events, I was determined to know the truth—determined, moreover, to gratify my longing for one more interview with my beloved.

I had warned the men and fixed the hour—as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our departure from the camp.

I had two reasons for not starting earlier—first, because I did not wish the party scouting to be known at head-quarters. It is true that in such matters we rangers had the advantage of regular troops. Though belonging to the division, our duty was usually detached from it, and we were generally ‘missed’ when absent. There was thus a sort of pleasant independence in my command, which I for one fully appreciated. For all that, I did not desire the whole terriër to know of an expedition like the one projected.

My second motive for going in the night was simple prudence. I dared not take the whole of my command along with me without permission from above. The absence of the corps without leave would certainly be noticed, even were it for but a few hours; and with the smaller party I intended to take, caution would be requisite. Should we move along the road before it was deserted, some swift messenger might carry the tidings en avant, and get us into trouble.

I designed to start at the earliest hour of darkness, so that I might not alarm the hacienda by a midnight visit. An hour and a half of constant riding would bring me to its gate.

At the last moment of twilight we were in our saddles; and rode silently through the chapparal that skirted our camp. After filing for some distance through a narrow path, we debouched upon the up-river road—the same that conducted to the rancheria.

The trappers, Rube and Garey, acting as scouts, went forward in the advance. They were on foot—their horses remaining behind with the party.

It was a mode of march I had adopted after some experience in bush-fighting. The scouts of a marching
force should always go on foot, whether the main body be dragons or infantry. In this manner they can take advantage of the ground; and by keeping under cover of the timber, are enabled to reconnoitre the angles of the road in the safer way than when on horseback. The great danger to a scout—and consequently to the party for which he is acting—lies in his being first seen, and the risk is greater when he is unmasked. The horse cannot be drawn under cover without an effort; and the sound of the hoof may be heard; whereas in nine cases out of ten, a man on foot—that is such a man as either Rube Rawlings or Bill Garey—will discover the enemy before he is himself seen, or any ambuscade can be attempted. Of course the scout should never advance beyond the possibility of retreating upon the party he is guiding.

With full confidence in the men who had been sent forward, we rode on, timing our pace, so as not to overtake them. Now and then we caught a glimpse of them, at the further end of a long stretch, skimming the bushes, or stooping behind the cover, to reconnoitre the road in advance. To our chagrin, it was clear moonlight, and we could distinguish their forms at a great distance. We should much have preferred a darker night.

The road we were travelling upon was entirely without habitations; most of it ran through light chapparal forest, with neither clearing nor homestead. One solitary rancho stood at about equal distances between the town and the rancharia; and was known among the rangers by the familiar sobriquet of the 'half-way house.' It was a poor hovel of yuccas, with a small patch around it Once grown yams, chile-pepper, and a stock of maize for whoever had inhabited it; but its occupants had long since disappeared—the prowling soldier-robbber from the camp had paid it many a visit, and its household gods lay broken upon the hearth. The tortilla stone and comal, red earthen ollas, calabash cups, bedsteads and benches of the carpa cooper, a whirling spindle, an old stringless jarana or bandolin, with other like effects, lay in fragments upon the floor. Mingling with these were cheap coloured wood-prints, of saints and Saviour, that had been dragged from the walls, and with the torn leaves of an old Spanish missal, trampled in dust and dishonour.

I paint this tableau of ruin, not that it was in any way connected with the events of our narrative, but that it was strangely affecting to me. On the day before, as we rode past, I had halted a moment by the little rancho, and contemplated the scene with a feeling of melancholy that amounted almost to sadness. Little thought I that a still sadder spectacle awaited me in that same spot.

We had approached within less than half a mile of the rancho, when a strange medley of sounds reached our ears. Human voices they were, and borne upon the light breeze we could distinguish them to be the voices of women. Occasionally harsher tones were heard mingling in the murmur, but most of them had the soft rich intonation that distinguishes the female voice.

We all drew bridle, and listened. The sounds continued in the same confused chorus, but there was neither song nor joy in the accents. On the contrary, the night-wind carried upon its wings the voices of lamentation and wailing.

'There are women in trouble,' remarked one of my fellows in a loud suggestive tone. 'The remark caused all of us simultaneously to ply the spur, and ride forward.

Before we had galloped a dozen lengths, a man appeared coming from the opposite direction, and advancing rapidly up the middle of the road. We saw it was the scout Garey; and, once more relying upon our speed, we awaited his approach.

I was at the head of the little troop, and as the trapper drew near, I could see his face full under the light of the moon. Its expression was ominous of evil tidings.

He spoke not until he had laid his hand upon the pommel of my saddle, and then only in a subdued and saddened tone. His words were:

'That's ugly news, capt'n.'
'O that terrible foreboding!' 'News?—ill news?—I heard out: 'what, for Heaven's sake?—speak, Garey!' 'They've been playin' the devil at the rancharia. They ruffles hes behaved wuss than injunctions would a done. But come forrad, capt'n, an see for yourself. The weemen are close by hys at the shanty. Rube's a tryin' to pacify them, poor critters.'
'O that terrible foreboding!'

I made no response to Garey's last speech, but rode forward as fast as my horse could carry me.

A brace of minutes brought me up to the rancho, and there I beheld a spectacle that caused the blood to curdle in my veins.

**CHAPTER IV.**

**A CRUEL PROSCRIPTION.**

The open space in front of the hovel was occupied by a group of women—most of them young girls. There were six or seven; I did not count them. There were two or three men, Mexicans, mixed up in the group. Rube was in their midst, endeavouring in his broken Spanish to give them consolation and assurance of safety. Poor victims! they needed both.

The women were all small—some of them simply en chemise. Their long black hair fell loosely over their shoulders, looking toused, wet, and drably. There was blood upon it; there was blood upon their cheeks in seams half dried, but still dropping. The same horrid red mottled their necks and bosoms, and there was blood upon the hands that had wiped them. A red-brown bleach appeared upon the foreheads of all. In the moonlight, it looked as if the skin had been burnt. I rode closer to one, and examined it: it was a brand—the fire-stamp of red-hot iron. The skin around was scarlet, but in the midst of this halo of inflammation I could distinguish, from their darker hue, the outlines of the two letters I wore upon my button—the well-known 'U. S.'

She who was nearest me raised her hands, and tossing back from her cheeks the thick clustered hair, cried out:

'Miralo, señor.'

'O Heaven! my flesh creeps as I looked upon the source of that crimson hemorrhage. Her ears had been clipped off—they were wanting! I needed no further uplifting of their hair to satisfy me that the others had been served in like manner; the red stream still trickling adown their necks was evidence enough.

The men, too, had been similarly abused. Two of them had suffered still farther mutilation. They held up their right arms before my face—not their hands.

'There were no hands.' I saw the hanging sleeve, and the blood-stained bandage on the stump. Their hands had been chopped off at the wrists. Horrid sight!

Both men and women gathered around me, clasping my knees, and uttering prayers and entreaties. No doubt, most of them were known to me by sight; but their features were now unrecognizable. They had been the friends and sweethearts of the corps, and my followers were already addressing them by name. The lovers of one or two were present, and embraced them.

One appeared more richly costumed than the rest, and upon her my eyes had fallen, as I first rode up. I almost dreaded to approach her, as she stood...
A FISH WITHOUT A POSITION.

What's in a name? I asked myself contemptuously as a passer-by exclaimed: 'What an odd fish!' Now, what is an odd fish? 'He whose father was a good old sole, and his mother a little common plaice,' a punster might reply; but not so the frequenter of the Crystal Palace: these will tell you that I am the oldest of odd fish, and that of all the wonders locked up in the water—that great storehouse of nature—there is none greater than myself. Perhaps, kind human, you may not have been among the number of my visitors, and consequently may not have seen me in the Crystal Palace, in one of those watery prisons called aquariums, where my confinement is rendered still more irksome by the gold and silver fish which share my captivity, only, like pert lackeys, to dazzle my eyes by their tinselled liveries, and disturb my repose by their purposeless activity. To you, then, to whom I will presume myself a stranger, I introduce myself as the Pegafisicus ancusus, or mud-fish, whose ancestral home is in the river Gambia, whose power of adaptation is so great, that, on the subsidence of the stream, it forms for itself a membranous covering, and enslaving itself, Cheops-like, in a cocoon of mud, awaits on the river's brink the return of the waters, continuing frequently for eight months in a state of torpor.

To exchange a mud-hut for a palace of crystal may be thought an exaltation not to be despised; but it was not thus with me. My Egyptian bondage was light indeed, compared with the confinement of the voyage, and the subsequent suffering in the Crystal Palace; where I was placed by Captain Chamberlayne, about six months since, in company with two other mud-fish, and the mummy of a grandfather, whose sarcoptopus and remains you may see, alas! at the foot of my aquarium. The is not, however, the bodily suffering of which I complain, though I have had enough of that; no, rather it is the mental disorder—the disorder so prevalent in England, and so dreaded.
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

THE EVENING-STAR.

The evening-star watched by the moon, In a sweet trance of sad devotion; Still fond and faithful all alone, Within the heaven's wide ocean—

Alone, uniting in her love,

She sat while dews were round her weeping, 'Mid all the heavenly sentinels, The only one unsleeping.

Thus I will be, dear love, to thee, When night and loneliness enfold thee; Still whispering low and fervently, What in bright days I told thee—

Still gazing from my heart's hearts, On that loved face divinely beaming, "Mid world and worldlings all alone, Wrapped in my golden dreaming!"

E. O. D.

PARADISE OF THE OLD.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportion of the ancient races that have never another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation. The age of ten is called 'the Opening Degree;' twenty, 'Youth expired;' thirty, 'Strength and Marriage;' forty, 'Officially Apt;' fifty, 'Error-knowing;' sixty, 'Cycle-closing;' seventy, 'Pure Bird of Age;' eighty, 'Rusty-ringed;' ninety, 'Delayed;' one hundred, 'Age of the Earthly.' Among the Chinese, the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to show their respect and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to serve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire—Sir John Bevering, in the Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Part V.

DRESS-PARTIES IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

One very usual subject in the tombs, is the reception of guests at a party; and Egyptian artists, fully alive to caricature, have sometimes imitated the little follies of gossip, display of finery, and conceit, were as common in those days as in later times. Here, a man of fashion arriving in his curricule long after the other guests have assembled, thinks to increase his consequence by this affectation, as well as by the number of his attendants and running-footmen; there, women examine, with the eyes of envy or curiosity, the jewellery of a neighbour; and the profusion of gold and silver vases set out on the sideboard, proclaim, by their utter uselessness on the occasion, that love of display alone procured them a place in the festive chamber. In another place, the consequence of the master and mistress of the house is indicated by the submissive obeisance made to them by the dancers and musicians hired to entertain the company; and as the principal people who gave these entertainments were of the priestly class, we learn, that however they might lecture the people on the propriety of considering this life a mere passage to a future state, and of mortifying their appetites for pleasure, they were themselves by no means averse to the good things of this world, and enjoyed their comforts like the rest of the community—William's Egyptians in the Time of the Ptolemies.
CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.

In the year 1815, there was launched upon the Clyde a vessel, whose name, when the history of ocean steam-navigation comes to be written, will be honourably remembered in connection with the first steam-voyage upon British seas. This vessel was the Argyle, a packet of seventy tons register, measuring in her keel seventy-nine feet, with sixteen feet of beam, and fitted with engines of fourteen horse-power, and paddle-wheels of nine feet in diameter. She had two cabins—one in the forecastle, the other in the stern. In her waist was the engine, with the boiler on the starboard side, and the cylinder and fly-wheel on the larboard. Her smoke was carried off by a funnel, which also did duty as a mast, and was rigged with a large square sail.

A gallery, upon which the cabin-windows opened, projected on each side so as to form a continuous deck, interrupted only by the paddle-boxers—an arrangement which had the further effect of making the vessel appear larger than she really was. On the outside of the gallery, eighteen large port-holes were painted, which, with the two she displayed upon her stern, made the Argyle look so formidable to those to whom a steamer was a novelty, that it was stated in a Committee of the House of Commons by several naval officers that, if they had met her at sea, they would have endeavoured to reconnoitre before attempting to bring her to.

The packet, such as we have described her, had been plying for a year between Glasgow and Greenock, when she was purchased by a London company with the intention of running her between that city and Margate. But a serious difficulty had first to be overcome. It was necessary to bring her round by sea from the Clyde to the Thames; and, notwithstanding the success which had six years before attended the enterprise of Stevens of Hoboken in navigating a steamer from the Hudson to the Delaware, it was the general opinion of nautical men that vessels of the new construction were unfit to brave the open sea. There was then in London a man of the name of Dodd, who had served in the navy, had afterwards distinguished himself as an engineer and architect,* and who finally, driven by misfortunes to intemperance, almost literally died in the streets a beggar. To him the task was intrusted. Dodd accordingly arrived in Glasgow in April 1815, and with a crew of eight persons—a mate, an engineer, a stoker, four seamen and a cabin-boy, boldly put to sea about the middle of May. His voyage at first was far from auspicious. The weather was stormy, the sea ran high in the strait which separates Scotland from Ireland, and, either through ignorance or negligence, the pilot during the night altered the course of the vessel, so that they ran a great risk of being wrecked. Dodd tells us that he had given orders that the steamer should be steered so as to gain the Irish coast by the morning; but at break of day a heavy gale was blowing; and it was discovered that, instead of being off the coast of Ireland, they were within half a league of a lee-shore, rock-bound, about two miles to the north of Port-Patrick. To attempt to beat off, in the teeth of the gale, by the united power of steam and sails, Dodd found to be impossible. Depending, therefore, entirely on the efficiency of his engine, he laid the vessel’s head directly to windward, and ordered the log to be kept constantly going. The plan succeeded. The vessel began slowly to clear the shore, going direct in the wind’s eye at the rate of something more than three knots an hour. Having thus acquired a sufficient o Gin, he bore away for Loch Ryan, and gained the Irish coast. On the 24th of May he entered the Liffey, being firmly of opinion that no other power than that of steam could have saved the vessel from destruction.

We have hitherto followed the account of the voyage as published by Dodd himself in the Morning Chronicle of June 15, 1815, and as afterwards embodied in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. Henceforth, however, in recounting the further fortunes of the adventurers, we shall avail ourselves, in preference, of the equally authentic, but far more picturesque narrative of Mr. Weld, the secretary and historian of the Royal Society, by whom Dodd was accidentally joined in Dublin. The following extract from that gentleman’s journal at once exhibits his reasons for embarking in the enterprise, and describes very pleasingly the excitement caused in the Irish capital by the arrival of the Thames, as Dodd, before leaving Glasgow, had re-christened the Argyle:

* On the 25th May 1815, I heard by accident that a steam-vessel had arrived at Dublin. I immediately went to see her, and found her on the point of starting with a number of curious visitors upon an experimental trip in the bay. I was so much pleased with all that I saw and heard concerning her, that, having previously intended to proceed to London, I determined to request Captain Dodd to receive me as a passenger, and to be permitted to accompany him throughout the voyage. He at once consented; and my wife having resolved on sharing the dangers of the voyage with me, we proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for our departure—arrangements which, we may add...
one blade in each paddle made no apparent difference in the progress of the vessel. Fortunately, however, the accident occurred, the sea was very calm, and all the shoals had been passed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after leaving Wexford, the steamer reached the Firth of Ramsey, betwixt the island of that name and St. David's Head. There the adventurers remained for three hours to oil the engine, and to give the stoker, who had not pitied his post for an instant since leaving Wexford, a little rest. There, too, as at Wexford, boats put out from different parts of the coast to the assistance of the vessel, which they believed to be on fire. Leaving Ramsey, they commenced steaming through the straits and across St. Bride's Bay. The weather had now become unfavourable, and the sea ran alarmingly high in the bay. 'The waves, indeed, were of such magnitude, that, when inguiled between them, the coast, although very lofty, could not be seen; but the vessel held her way most gallantly over all.' A small fleet of merchant-vessels left the Straits of Ramsey with the Stingers, but in the passage of the bay alone, the latter had left them so far behind, as to be able to see only their masts. On the south side of St. Bride's Bay, between Skomar Island and the mainland, there is a channel called Jack Sound. Their pilot warned them against attempting this passage excepting at high-water, and with a favourable wind, as there were several formidable whirlpools which would seize the vessel, and cast her on the rocks. Captain Dodd, however, who knew the power of his engine, insisted on going through the sound, in order to save five hours and another night at sea. 'The pilot,' says Mr. Weld, 'reiterated his remonstrances, at the same time trembling with fear; but we passed through all the whirlpools with the greatest ease. Nothing, however, could be conceived more frightful than the aspect of some of the rocks.'

The vessel steered towards the coast, and came to anchor at Milford Haven. As they were steaming up the harbour, they met the government mail-packet proceeding from Milford to Waterford with all her sails spread. They had passed her about a quarter of a mile when Captain Dodd determined to send some letters by her to Ireland. The Thanes was immediately put about, and in a few minutes she was alongside of the packet-ship, and sailed round her, notwithstanding the heavy weather under-way. The captain and passengers wrote a few letters, put them on board the packet, sailed round her once again, and then continued their course to Milford.

During the whole of the 21st of May and the 1st of June, the adventurers had ample occupation at Milford in satisfying the curiosity of numerous naval officers who were anxious to see the Thanes, and to examine her engine, as well as to test her sailing-powers. It became necessary also to cleanse the boiler, which had not been done since leaving Glasgow. It had appeared to Mr. Weld on the passage that it was becoming filled with degrees of salt, and he had questioned the engineer on the subject, but had been assured that not an atom had been formed there. Of course, when the boiler was examined, it was discovered that Mr. Weld was right, and the engineer wrong.

Lately on the evening of the 31st, they again put to sea, in company with the Myrtle sloops-of-war, whose captain (Singlamp) and a company of landing were on board the steamer. During the passage across St. George's Channel, one of the blades of the starboard paddle-wheel got out of order. The engine was stopped, and the blade cut away. Some hours later, a substitute for the larboard-wheel, which was remedied in the same manner. The loss of

The voyager soon left far behind them all the vessels which had sailed from Dublin with the same tide, and the following morning about nine o'clock were off Wexford. The dense smoke which issued from its mast-chimney being observed from the heights above the town, it was concluded that the vessel was on fire. All the pilots immediately put off to its assistance; and nothing could exceed their surprise, mingled with disappointment, when they saw that the ship was in no danger whatever, and that its hopes of salvage were at an end.

The weather had now become so stormy, that Captain Dodd determined to put into the port, his great object, as Mr. Weld says, being to navigate the vessel safely to London, rather than, by using great dispatch, to expose her to unnecessary risk.

At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 30, Dodd put again to sea, and steered for St. David's Head (the most western), and then for Wales. During the passage across St. George's Channel, one of the blades of the starboard paddle-wheel got out of order. The engine was stopped, and the blade cut away. Some hours later, a substitute for the larboard-wheel, which was remedied in the same manner. The loss of
beaten her. But our great superiority was yet to be shewn. Dodd, in his gallantry, determined to carry the point. Milford, the consigning them to an open boat; which he accordingly performed, and left the screw-boat far behind, and when we returned to go to sea, we found she had anchored, being unable, owing to the failure of the wind, 'to reach her former station.'

On Friday morning, the voyagers were in the middle of the Bristol Channel, with no land visible; but towards evening, they discovered the high coast which terminates England on the west. As the weather, however, again assumed a gloomy aspect, their new pilot—for the other had been discharged at Milford—judged that it would be imprudent that night to double the Land's End, so that Dodd determined to shape his course towards St Ives. On approaching the shore, a crowd of small vessels was seen making towards the steamer with all possible rapidity by means of sails and oars. At St Ives, as elsewhere, the alarm had been taken on seeing a vessel, supposed to be on fire, steering towards the town, and all the disposable craft immediately put to sea. 'The pilot-boats of this station,' says Mr Weld, 'are, without exception, the finest I have ever seen. They carry two sails and six oars. When they were told they were wanted, they tacked about, and severely sought to outwit each other. In the course of about seven miles, we outran all of them upwards of a mile. These sea-faring men then told us that our vessel was the first that could surpass them in swiftness, and that they easily approached ships-of-war and custom-house cutters, which are esteemed the quickest sailers. All the rocks commanding St Ives were covered with spectators; and when we entered the harbour, the aspect of our vessel appeared to occasion so much surprise amongst the inhabitants as the ships of Captain Cook produced amongst the islanders of the South Sea. This was no novelty to us, for wherever we had coasted along, we were the object of equal astonishment, until the public papers, in announcing the arrival of a steam-packet in the Irish Channel, and giving some explanation of the mode in which the vessel was moved, in some measure diminished the wonder of the spectators, though not their curiosity.'

The port of St Ives affords no shelter from the north-east wind, and as it began to blow very heavily from that point, it was found advisable to carry the vessel into the port of Hale, four miles distant, where anchoring, the mouth of the river, in a position of perfect safety.

The operation of doubling the Land's End had from the first been represented as by far the most difficult and dangerous part of the voyage; and Mr and Mrs Weld had accordingly gone across the neck of land to the south coast, where they thought of remaining until the vessel came round. But as one of the motives which had led them to undertake the voyage was its difficulty as well as its novelty, they resolved, instead of waiting for the Thames, to return to Hale, and to brave with the steamer's crew the dangers of the passage round the Land's End.

At four o'clock on Monday, the 5th of June, the weather appearing milder, they accordingly reembarked; but in doubling Cornwall Head, the most northern of those two great promontories which terminate England on the west, a tremendous swell from the Atlantic met them, whilst the tide, which ran strongly down St George's Channel, combining with the swell, raised the sea to 6 ft. in height, as to render their position in the highest degree alarming. The vessel seemed to suffer considerably, and the repeated concussions against the public-boxes terrified the pilot, who would now have landed the time—night, had we approached without any port being within reach, excepting that which they had left, and which was now too distant to think of regaining. Such was the state of things, when '“There'll be observed that the vessel sailed better before the waves than in any other direction; he therefore spread some sails, and made a long tack, close-hauled, so as to get out of the latitude where the swell struggled against the tide, and at the end of some hours, we doubled the Land's End, and found ourselves in a comparatively tranquil sea. We were then at the entrance of the British Channel, which is always calmer than the Irish Sea; the sun shone out in great brilliancy, and the coast unfolded all its beauties of woods, villages, and rich cultivation, as we glided along.'

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, June 6, the adventurers arrived at Plymouth. The harbour-master, who had never seen a steam-vessel before, was as much struck with astonishment when he boarded the Thames, as a child is in getting possession of a new plaything. 'The sailors ran to crowds to the sides of their vessels as we passed them, and mounting the rigging, gave vent to their observations in a most amusing manner.'

The whole of Wednesday was taken up in shewing the capabilities of the steamer to the port- and harbour-master, and to the naval officers who went on board.

At noon on the following day they left Plymouth, and steamed, without interruption, to Portsmouth, where they arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning of Friday, having accomplished 153 miles in twenty-three hours.

At Portsmouth, astonishment and admiration were, if possible, more strongly evinced than elsewhere. Tens of thousands of spectators assembled to gaze at the Thames; and the number of vessels that crowded around her was so great, that it became necessary to request the port- and harbour-master to assign the voyagers a guard, in order to preserve some degree of order. They entered the harbour in the most brilliant style, steaming in, with the assistance of the wind and tide, at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour.

A court-marshall was sitting at the time on board the Glatiator frigate, but the novelty of the steam-boat presented an irresistible attraction; and the whole court went off to her excepting the president, who was obliged by etiquette to retain his seat until the court was regularly adjourned.

On Saturday, the 10th of June, the port- and harbour-master, Sir Edward Thornborough, sent his band and a guard of marines at an early hour on board, and soon afterwards followed, in person, accompanied by twenty admirals, eighteen post-captains, and a large number of ladies. The morning was spent very pleasantly in steaming amongst the fleet, and running over to the Isle of Wight. The admiral and all the naval officers expressed themselves delighted with the Thames.

From Portsmouth the steamer proceeded to Margate, which was reached on Sunday morning the 11th, where she remained until the following day, when the captain and passengers embarked for their final trip, at half-past eight in the morning, and about six in the evening arrived at Limehouse, where they moored. As usual, they passed everything on the Thames—all the fast-sailing Gravesend boats, pleasure-boats, West-Indiamen, &c. The following table, taken from Mr Weld's journal, shews the distances from Dublin in nautical miles, and the time occupied in performing them: From Dublin to Kingstown, 8—1½ hours; Kingstown to Wexford, 67—15½ hours; Wexford to Ramsay, 63—11 hours; Ramsay to Milford, 18—4¼ hours; Milford to St Ives, 110—19 hours; St Ives to Plymouth, 118—19 hours; Plymouth to Portsmouth, 155—23 hours; Portsmouth to Margate, 129—20½ hours; Margate to Limehouse, 90—5½ hours; Limehouse to Gravesend, 758—total, 758 nautical miles, the length of time we may mention, carried fifteen tons of coal, her
consumpt being, on the average, a ton for every hundred miles. The distance between Portsmouth and Margate was, however, performed by a steam-boat on the open sea. And it seems strange that, with such satisfactory practical evidence in favour of ocean steam-navigation, steam-packets were not at once adopted, and that it should have been left for a Scottish company in 1818 to institute a line of steamers between Greenock and Belfast, the first of which, the *Ro Ro*, of about thirty horse-power, and ninety tons' register, was built and launched by David Napier in that year.

**A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF MOTTOES.**

The honourable and facetious Judge Haliburton, in the course of an address lately delivered by him at Manchester, is reported to have said, among other sly parodies in the national ribs which he took the opportunity of administering, that he had been *a good deal amused by looking over a book that applied to no part of the world but England, called the Peare-geek, and read some of the quainest mottoes of the nobility contained therein.* I confess to having been inexpressibly shocked when I read this irreverent paragraph. My attention was called to it by the extraordinary demeanour of my wife. Instead of the calm and supercilious glances with which that exemplary and highly connected woman usually skims through the columns of the *Morning Post* not containing the fashionable intelligence, I observed with astonishment that her light-blue eyes flashed with indignation, her aquiline nose curled with scorn, her flaxen ringlets quivered with emotion, and her whole slim and aristocratic, not to say bony, person underwent the feminine and expressive operation of *brailing up.* And no wonder! Every right-minded and well-regulated British matron would shudder with horror at such an unprincipled attack upon her favourite reading. Oh, sacred Sache Sam Slick! when you can connect the awful volume that forms a manual of devotion to thousands of the best families in England, with anything so low as fun or amusement—when you can treat the idol of the society, in this country, bows down and worships, with no more respect than if it were a ridiculous Chinese *joss*, your organ of veneration must, I fear, be very imperfectly developed. And oh, ye men of Manchester, oh, ye profane cotton-manufacturers! ye have much to answer for, if, as is reported of you, ye encouraged the colonial wag with shouts of applause! *No, no, Justice Haliburton,* I indignantly exclaimed. *You may laugh, and welcome, at our Peace Society—you may twit the heads of our colonial department with knowing nothing whatever about the colonies intrusted to their charge—you may crack your jokes about our army administration—you may even quiz our prime-minister! but there is one thing you may not do—you may not make fun of our Peare-book: that time-honoured institution, at least, must be held sacred.*

Such were my sentiments as I laid down the newspaper and opened Debreut, with a view of refuting the aspersions that had been cast upon its aristocratic pages. I say were, because, to my astonishment, I discovered that the illustrious Clockmaker was right. The mottoes of the nobility are quaint—very quaint. There are between 400 and 500 of them, and an exceedingly quaint and miscellaneous jumble of old and new, and ends they are—quite a literary hotch-potch, consisting of moral maxims, quotations from Horace, specimens of alliteration, battle-cries, jingling rhymes, patriotic sentiments, and wise sayings, in all languages—ancient, modern, and medieval.

Latin appears to be the favourite heraldic dialect, and then French; English comes third; and the remainder are—Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Italian, Spanish, and Greek. Of Irish mottoes, there are three specimens. *Las don dy Erin* is the red hand of Ireland that distinguishes the Lords O'Neill; and *Crom a loo* and *Shannet a loo* form the war-cries of the Duke of Leinster and Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey. *A loo*, which we recognise at once, from its eccentric termination, as a sample of the purest Mileian, means for ever; and *Crom* and *Shannet* are names indicating the respective families to which they belong. Crom was a castle in the county Limerick, that formerly belonged to the Dukes of Leinster. Of Italian mottoes, there are two instances—that of the Dukes of Bedford, *Che sarà sarà* (What will be, will be), and Lord Dormer's *Cio che Dio vuole, io voglio* (What God wills, I will). The only Spanish one belongs to the Duke of Marlborough: *Fiel pero destituido* (Faithful though unfortunate). Greek gets only half a motto, but of that I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and the English, French, and Latin ones are, like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement, 'too numerous to particularise.' The gems of the collection, however, that I have kept for the last as a kind of *boîte de bouche*, are undoubtedly Welsh. I venture to warn the reader not to make any attempt to pronounce the fearfully and wonderfully constructed syllables I am about to place before him. He is merely to wonder at and admire them, as he would some rare and precious animal in the Zoological Gardens, which he is requested by the keeper not on any account to touch. For instance, would anything short of a tetric convulsion of the epiglottis produce the sounds necessary to convey the meaning—if meaning it have—of Lord Mostyn's motto: *Heb ddaw Heb ddwydd gwngan?* Six poor unfortunate little vowels to eighteen tail consonants! They are like Falstaff's 'half-pennyworth of bread' to his intolerable quantity of sack. In the subscription of Lord Dinorben's coat-o'arms, *Rhod ddaw a rhyllid*, they are jostled in an even more unmannerly way. If mottoes are to be considered in any degree emblematical of the dispositions of their owners, the Welsh noblemen must be very eccentric characters indeed!

After a careful perusal of the *Peare-book*—and a very fatiguing occupation, the first thing the lover of the nobility may be divided into five distinct classes: the highly moral, the characteristic, lachon, eccentric, and comic.

The first-mentioned class, I am happy to say, greatly preponderate. Under this head I include the loyal, patriotic, philanthropic, and sentimental. *Dieu et mon droit* heads a long list of equally pious and manly sentiments; and there are no less than thirty mottoes commencing with the word *Virtue*, and praising its beauty and power. Supposing each nobleman to adopt his own motto: *Virtue*, says the Earl of Abingdon in Latin, 'is stronger than a battering-ram'; *Virtue is a sheet-anchor,* cries Lord Gardiner; *It is equal,* in the opinion of Lord Howard of Effingham, 'to a thousand shields'; *Virtue alone ennoble,* adds Lord Wallscourt; *It overcometh envy,* exclaims the Earl of Cornwallis; *It flourisheth for ever,* chimes in Lord Belmore with enthusiasm. There is nothing like virtue, cry half-a-dozen other noblemen. *Virtue and faith, virtue and labour, virtue and the protection of Heaven, virtue, and nothing but virtue,* sing this aristocratic chorus, is our watchword, our shield, our buckler, our guide, counsellor, and friend. It is gravitating to know that this most ample virtue is awarded as virtue by the hereditary nobility of England—*Faith and love, Faith and hope, Faith and courage, Faith and fortitude*, being the burden of a great number of their mottoes. The adjectives moral and Christian, and wise and true, are much insisted on, but generally in connection with one
or more of the cardinal virtues. *Forte et fidele* is the motto of Lord Talbot of Malahide: ‘Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful,’ embodies the principle of Lord Muskerry. Honour and honesty are of course in great request: ‘Honour is the reward of virtue,’ says Lord Talbot. For the Earl of Arran, ask Lord Boston; *Honesta quam splendida* eulogizes Viscount Barrington in a burst of admiration—‘How magnificent are the acquirements of honour!’ Others breathe the most devoted loyalty, the most exalted patriotism, the purest philanthropy—in fact, if the English nobility only act up to their mottoes, the House of Lords must be a perfect tabernacle of goodness!

Characteristic mottoes are principally the property of illustrious naval and military heroes, or distinguished lawyers, who have been raised to the peerage for professional achievements. Thus, Lord Nelson’s was *Pax sub tuum praesidio delenda est*, although a more appropriate one for Britain’s greatest naval commander would have been the immortal sentence imperiously connected with his name: ‘England expects that every man will do his duty.’ The Duke of Wellington’s, *Fortune, the companion of valour*, though applicable enough to the great captain’s career, bore no reference to his deeds of arms, it having been used by his family for many generations. The Duke of Marlborough or tried to get back, some motto for a soldier—short, sharp, and decisive; and Lord Hood’s *Ventis secundis*, a sailor’s grateful expression of how much he was indebted to the fickle element for his success. Now-a-days, however, an Admiral would be more inclined to sing the praises of steam. Peers sprang from the law have been generally either practical or legal in their choice of a sentence to illustrate their establishment. *Truth and Valor* is ascribed to Lord Tenterden. Lord Abinger’s is *Suis stat virtus* (He stands in his own strength). Lord Brougham is for ‘The king, the law, and the people;’ Earl Camden, ‘The judgment of our peers, or the law of the land.’ Lord Ellenborough, whose patronymic was Law, and who may be said to have been so both by name and nature, selected *Composition jus fasque amicitiam*, which Debrett rather freely renders, *Law and equity*, Lord Erskine, in his motto, upholds *Triumph by Jury*; and in *Urbs perpetui* (To push on and keep moving) is exhibited Lord Lyndhurst’s love of progress, and no doubt the secret of his high position. Bishops are supposed to be so upright and learned, so full of Latin, Greek, and morality, that they require neither mottoes nor support when the events, they have ever event, they have ever.

On the principle, I suppose, that brevity is the soul of wit, a number of mottoes consist of only one word. Lord Hawke has, very appropriately, a falcon for his crest, and *Strix* for his motto, as the first lord of that name did, most effectually, when he pounced upon the French fleet off the West Indies, in the year 1747. The adjective *Firm* characterizes Lord Stair; and the word *Furti* appears to constitute the rule of conduct of the pugnacious Earls of Rosslyn. *Thus* is the extremely short and incomprehensible watchword of Lord St Vincent; and the *Through of the Duke of Hamilton* is only partly explained by his crest, which is a tree with a frame-saw nearly through it. I have no doubt that there hangs a tale. Leaving the monosyllables, we come to the short but singularly expressive maxim of the Dukes of Buccleuch, who, judging from their motto, appear to think that the whole duty of man lies in the verb *Amo*. The Lords Bath and Jersey believe that they have to do to get on in the world is to try—*Esseque cry they, and I think they are right. The Earls of Elgin, descended from Bruce, are modest, yet proud: in *Favori* (We have been favored), they signalize that the Bruces were once the royal line of Scotland. *Grip fast*, say the tenacious Lords Roths, whose crest, to harmonize with their motto, instead of a mild-looking demi-griffin proper, should have been a bull-dog rampant. *I dare*, cries the bold Earl of Carnwath. *Je pense*, says the meditative Lord Wemys. *Je pense plus*, replies the Earl of Mor, in a friendly spirit of emulation. *Lord os* is the war-cry of Lord Hotham, which is hardly so chivalrous as the Marquis of Blandford’s. *Ready, eye Ready*, is the characteristic motto of the Napier family. If a pen could be substituted for the crescent which, grasped by a hand, forms their crest, the sentence would be still more appropriate. *Agincourt, St Vincent, and Algiers, are words commorative of deeds performed by the ancestors of Lords Wodehouse, Radstock, and Exmouth.*

The motto of Lord Melfborough, *Ine fast*, can hardly be considered good advice to the younger branches of the family, if the meaning of the word ‘fast’ be taken according to the modern acceptance of the term.

A great many will be found to merit more particularly the expression applied to them by the Attached. The *Fleti non frangii of Lord Palmerston is curiously opposed in spirit to the *Franquis non fletesc* of the Duke of Sutherland. *Bella, horrenda Bella is the queer motto of the ancient family of O’Bryen; and Let Curzon hold what Curzon hold, apparently points to some time when a Lord Howe, tenacious of his rights, refused to let go, the *Avance of Lord Property*. The least essence of eccentricity, however, is displayed in the incomprehensible motto of the Marquis of Conyngham; no one but Sir Bernard Burke could unravel the mystery that lies hid in the words, *O, da*.

Others derive their claim to notice from an absurd jingle or alliteration which appears to have been the principal object of the original framers of mottoes. The *Nunem heme, autem exstera* of the Earl of Balcarres is a specimen of the former, and *Dom spirito* of Viscount Dillon of the latter. A dozen such could be cited: the *Fortiter, fideltier, felicitier* of Lord Bathuleon—*Un reg, une joy, une joy, of the Marquis Charracardie—*Data fata secutas, Non quo sed quomodo, Nunc aut nuncquam, Via trita via tutis, Tache sans tache; and many more.*

I now approach a most distressing part of my subject. Dr Johnson’s opinion of punning is well known. ‘A man who would make a pun,’ said the great lexicon, a poor, ‘would pick a bone by this standard, the morals of the ancestors of many of our highest nobility must have been in a most lamentable condition. Such a collection of fragrant quibles and atrocious puns as are contained in the pages of Debrett, it has seldom been my lot to meet with even in Punch. There are some, indeed, which that privileged joker would not have the face to insert without the explanation, that they came from his inane contributor, or were dropped into his letter-box by some miscreant in the garb of a gentle- man, who made his escape before a policeman could be found to take him in custody. The least harmless of these heraldic outrages is the double-faced motto of the Vernon family—*Vernon seppem floret*, which may mean, as an interrogation, Does not the spring always flourish? or affirmatively, Vernon always flourishes. This is bad enough; but what will the unsuspecting reader say when I tell him that the motto unhesitatingly paraded before the world by the Lords Fortescue is *Fortes scervas, salus duarum* that *Caedivo tutus is a feeble and unprincipled pun on the family name of the Duke of Devonshire, whose patronymic is Cavendish? In the same way, the maternal appellation of the Earl of Erkintoun being Cole, his motto is *Deus coelum, regem serva!* In the apparently innocent sentences, *Ne viti vare* and *Ne viti velit* are embodied, I regret to say, the family names of the Earls of Wemyss, Liverpool, and Abercorn. *Panci and Neville* in the laudable sentiment, *Numini et patriae asio*, the designation of its proprietor, Lord Ashton, is surreptitiously shadowed forth; and it is
difficult to believe that in the Temple quae dicta of the Dukes of Buckingham, their hereditary cognomen of Temple designeth lies hidden. The malice aforethought displayed in the Faire face of Lord Fairfax, and the Pustina lente of Lord Onslow, will rogue the indignation of all honest men. I have much pleasure in dragging the two following literary man-traps to light; they might perhaps escape the notice of a casual observer; but they are none the less dangerous for being cleverly concealed. Lord Falmouth's motto is, Patience passe science, apparently indicating, in the French language, the simple maxim, that patience surpasses knowledge, but really covering an unworthy quibble on the word patience; and in Lord Maynard's Manus justa Xardna, the first and last syllable of his name are contained in the first and last word of his motto. After this, I seem to lose all confidence in human nature. I look through Debrett with a jaundiced eye, and fancy I can detect a pun lurking under every coat-of-arms. I fear to trace the innocent-looking armorial Bear and Forbien, to its heraldic resting-place, lest I should discover that its accompanying crest is a brun's head gules, or a couple of animals of the same species, standing on their hind-legs, and condemning each other. The first Marquis of Londonderry may have harboured no evil designs when he chose the motto Metuenda corollis draconis, but after the melancholy instances I have quoted, how can I be sure of his honesty? I know that an ancestor of his raised a troop of horse when Londonderry was invested in the reign of William III.—the family has always been a close family: they have few supporters and their coat-of-arms has not been perpetrated, and that the crest or plume of a dragon's helmet is not covertly alluded to? Again, is it my fault that I eye with suspicion the escutcheon motto of the Lyngby family? Instead of being the exclamation of some member of a medieval Peace Society inveighing against the atrocities of war, may not the words bear reference rather to a domestic combat, in which some noble and indignant husband has done his duty, and his beautiful better half as Bella, horrider Bella? The well-known fact that Arabella was a favourite name for high-born ladies during the middle ages, reduces almost to a certainty the derivation of the device. I say, look at a bar of gunpowder. My distrust is painfully augmented when I discover that the feminine element pertaining to the coat-of-arms is a gun-flint. As a crest, I find a lady richly attired, holding in her right hand the sun, and on her left hand a crescent, while, for supporters, are two mermaids holding mirrors in their hands, all proper. Is not this confirmation strong that some sublunary Phoebe is thus obliquely hinted at? But I will not pursue this melancholy subject any further. There is no necessity to multiply instances of the mental imbecility that must have prevailed society in general, when such lamentable attempts at jocularity were current among the upper classes. They were, indeed, the dark ages. One more example, and I have done. As a crowning specimen of heraldic depravity, I place before the reader the most deep-layered and designing double-entendre that ever shocked the susceptibility of an unfortunate antiquary. The family name of the Lords Henniker is Henniker-Major. Their motto is Deus major columnus, and not satisfied with this, over their crest is inscribed with shameless effrontery, and with total disregard of the true meaning of the term, for avies is but a KENNAH! Such atrocity requires no comment. It surpasses in duplicity the motto of the rich tobacconist who, on the advice of a wolf in sheep's clothing calling himself a friend, adopted as an inscription for the panels of his newly set up carriage, the appropriate but double-barrelled sentence, Quid ride? Running in Latin is bad enough in all conscience; but there is one offices that evinces a greater amount of moral turpitude—a lower depth of mental degradation—and that is, punning in Greek! The police ought to interfere in such cases. I close Debrett with a sigh, and agree with Sam Slick that the mottoes of our nobility, as recorded in the Peerage-book, are decidedly 'quaint.'

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

This is the courteous phrase in which the impossible contributor is addressed by the universal editor, with the cool malignity, perhaps, in addition, of the editor's complaisances; and it is like receiving your rich uncle's affectionate blessing as his last bequest, instead of something you had expected in the 3 per cents.

From the outside of the editorial letter, generally, nothing can be gathered except Hope, which builds her nest in the very loopholes of the direction, and in the official wafer wherein the name of the awful journal is inscribed. But sometimes the communication takes the form of a long parcel, with the incurable image of 'not yet approved' outside, so that the very postman sees it; and you know at once that it is your epic in twelve cantos, or your transcendental essay upon the Origin of Evil, come back to the talented author, with 'Two shillings, if you please, for overweight.' Or these immortal efforts never come back at all, from which circumstance you suppose them to be accepted, and take in the judicious manner for these three months running, whereas no expectation can have less grounds upon which to stand even on tiptoe. When you have written, at last, to know at what date to expect these lights to appear, and receive no reply, you request, in a great rage, that they may be returned immediately; whereupon you are informed by a neat lithograph, that the Megatherium Magazine is never answerable for its rejected manuscripts. Or, again, no lithograph comes; upon which you presently call at the sacred office, and a little boy standing upon his head behind the counter, reverses that position to inform you that he 'don't know what it is all about, and then bequeathes a better half as well as a posthumous reputation—and that, above all, you have made your friends believe so, too—how very distressing it is to be informed, and not without some little importance, that the Megatherium are such as to preclude any pecuniary compensation to its esteemed contributor.'

My favourite nephew, aged seventeen, being thwarted in his choice of a profession, which had fallen upon that of his beloved father, who keeps packhounds, fixed for himself, in the second place, upon literature, which he knew to be pursued by his gifted uncle, myself; and this was the dexterous way in which I threw him off that scent: I brought him into my study, and showed him my largest desk, which has been to him, I know, from early youth an object of mysterious awe and reverence. 'My son,' said I—adapting the style of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, the Arabian Nights, and Mr W. M. Thackeray, which I find to be as good as any for domestic didactic—I'd wish you to learn how steep and slippery is the road to fame, read here: Thou seest before thee more than one hundred manuscripts, written with pain, research, and application, upon as many different subjects. This, where the lines run evenly, two and two, beginning at the left of the page, is poetry, the language of the gods; this, where the words are often underlined or italicised, in order to shew where the point lies more
persecutously, is, of course, a humorous article; and this again, where the writing is interspersed with capital letters—such as Beauty, True, Undying, Ideal, Human, and the like—of course is a branch of metaphysics, at once and the most entertaining of sciences. Essays, sermons, statistics, novels, poems, and tragedies, I have tried my hand at all of them, and not, in my opinion, without credit.

I see,' cried the impetuous youth—'I see,' while his heart beat high with a noble emulation; 'and why should not I do the same as you, Junkey?'

'Listen!' said I solemnly. 'When was your age, I had already written as much again as you see here. At eight years old, I composed a heroic poem upon the subject of Hengst and Horas, our early conquerors; at nine, an essay upon their respective characters; at ten, a tragedy, terminating in their deaths. I did not fetter myself pusillanimously with the actual facts, but caused the royal brothers to expire at an eating-match for the sovereignty, in the presence of their assembled nobles. These three works are still in manuscript—unsung, unpublished, and unacted. During the above period, I answered the ornithological conundrum of the Cottage Beehive, in hopes of obtaining its premium of a thousand copies. I was awarded to our clever young correspondent B. It was awarded, my son; but whether it was ever given to B. or not to B., as the poet says—or whether B. existed, that is a question.

I composed also more acrostics for the Conservative Journal of my native county than you would easily imagine, and transfigured them—upon rejection by that most potent print—to the literary press, which infallible and revolutionary paper refused them likewise. I have, I flatter myself, at various times, written under the protection of every letter in the alphabet; but "D. A. M." was invariably remarked that blasphemy was not wit; or "K. L. S.," that there was a point where gaitiness degenerated into indecency. Nor was I more fortunate in my more ambitious almanacs. "Quill Pen" was always told to mend himself; "Juvenile," to buy a spelling-book; and "Paterfamilias," for in despair I tried that once—to stick to his home-affairs, and leave off writing rubbish. The idol of my heart was still, however, the periodical press; and I rose from beneath the wheels of its juggernaut-car a wiser devotee than ever. The hopeless passion of appearing in print was born with me, I believe, just as much as our family name of Waggles; and I rose, not only through the ladder of the lucid match of sympathy, applied by my dear mother, to cause it to burst forth into manuscript. She considered—bless her loving soul—my Hengst and Horas to be upon a level with any of the historical plays of Shakespeare; while your respected grand-father, whose tracts, as you remember to have heard, have had a European, and even an African reputation, and which disdained your papa for keeping bonds, insisted that there was not enough of the religious element in either author. His connection with the Weekly Scurril for Sinners, was not of the smallest use in introducing me into that periodical, an amusing little sketch which I had sent for consideration being returned by the editor with a marginal request, written in pencil, that I should take care of my precious soul.

You have heard it often remarked that your domestic circle that Uncle Waggles has written for the Times for many years, and you perhaps have revered him assuredly that it is so kind of your venomous good, then, that I now confess to you that the effect of these epistles—except in their secret influence upon the mind of the editor—has not been great, nor certainly of a general nature. Whenever a grievance has been detected, at home or abroad, or the least excuse has offered itself for addressing the leading journal, I was always indeed the first as well as the last in the field of correspondents; but the letters were none of them ever published. The Family Hodges, Poodles, yonder, was the fiftieth journals in which my soul has yearned to expand itself without success; and upon my failure there, I determined to leave all serial literature to its receipts and recipes for ever. Since then, however, and alas! I have been as constant a contributor—a rejected contributor, that is—to everything as I was before; I found myself, the very next day, composing a tale called the Screw, the Lower, and the Plummet-rule, which I afterwards sent to the Freeman's Intelligence, sealed with a pair of compasses, and signed—I regret to acknowledge—"Brother Smith."

"This disease of conceits scrofula, my son, is as hard to combat as dram-drinking or—which I am afraid will be a familiar image—cigar-smoking: avoid it while you may. I forgot to say that oftentimes my sorrow for these many disappointments poured itself forth in song; but I have not woeed the muse with any greater success than the young person, whoever she may be, who presides over unrhythmical compositions. Here are fifty lines for you if you'd like to read them—entitled "Never," sent a month ago to the Weekly Coronal, and, need I say, rejected. The time is gone by for poetry in this country, as it is for nervous groans.

'Now, my dear nephew, what do you think of literature as a profession, a livelihood? Quite right and sensible. Go, tell your father that you will be a bishop instead. I'm sorry to trouble you with the study, bat when I have finished this passage for Punch, I have got to scribble off a little entertaining something for the Ecclesiologist.'

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEGRO TOWN.
Having casually expressed a desire, or rather intension, to go over the town—Malaguetia in Western Africa—it appeared to have been, communicated to the king, and I very soon had a man in attendance, who announced himself as my deputed guide. He was one of the king's messengers, who, probably, had been selected for the office on account of his presumed proficiency in the English language: an acquirement which greatly embarrassed him, but which, upon his own estimation, as well as in mine; and this, with an expression of great good-humour in his countenance, was a tolerable set-off to rather unprepossessing features, of which a prodigious large mouth was the most conspicuous, with what is rather uncommon among Africans, very irregular coarse teeth: but here, again, nature or habit had counterbalanced the defect, by making that capacious organ the most indefatigable exponent of its owner's self-sufficiency. His costume comprised simply four articles—a long blue shirt, with the usual amplitude of sleeves; a pair of thick-soled native slippers; a small, black, close-fitting cap; and, of course, a gree-gree suspended round his neck. He manifested some impatience to be doing the honours of his office; and that I might judge of his pace beforehand, or gain some idea of his general energy, he continued taking rapid strides backwards and forwards in front of the piazza; stopping suddenly at intervals, and casting an inquiring look at my movements. I remained writing off the immediate coterie of my thoughts at the table, which had been removed from the inner chamber for my accommodation. In truth, just then, I had no very desire to go forth.

The piazza was unusually free from loungers, and, happily, the two or three it contained were taciturn; an agreeable coolness prevailed under the projecting roof, and with it a soft subdued light, quite different
from the broad hot glare of the mid-day sun outside, in which my expectant cicerone was taking his exercise.

But my impatient attendant at once settled the matter by coming to a full stop, taking a dead aim at me with his 'English,' and letting off an appeal to my sympathies which there was no resisting.

"Come, come, there!" exclaimed he, 'you go! See town, eh? Fine town, fine walk—berry fine, eh, yes!' and I at once yielded to the half remonstrance, half command, and put aside my papers.

Passing from the yard through the lodge, I was going to call it—but the zaddiga, the native designation, would be better—we proceeded to the right, between walls on either side, which defined the width of the streets at about ten feet, their height being about seven feet, covered at the top with dry palm-leaves and long grass overlapping, to counteract the influence of the sun's rays upon the consolidated mixture of mud and clay of which they were composed, and which presented a yellowish-brown surface, embellished here and there with some fissures and cracks. These street-walls ramify the whole town, extending to the outer wall which surrounds it. At every thirty feet or so, we come to a lodge or zaddiga, like the one I had just left; and this leads into a yard or enclosure containing a certain number of huts which may be set aside as a small walled portion of the town. One zaddiga occasionally serves for an entrance to two separate enclosures, by having two doorways in the inner wall. At a few of the open spaces which remain, the protection of the pichons, but consecrated to a Temple prayer. It was very evident, that general convenience had dictated the direction of the streets, rather than any regard to regularity, the necessary points of communication with the several separate establishments being the chief object. It seemed pretty evident, during my subsequent intercourse with the people, that a prescriptive right existed among them, maintained by mutual good-will and the simplicity of their habits, to pass and repass, without concern, through one another's premises, whenever occasion called for it. This, however, may be considered a prevalent custom among most African tribes, and, indeed, among most primitive peoples.

Notwithstanding the prevailing sameness in the formation of the yards and the structure of the dwellings, they presented distinctive features, and a general attention to orderliness calculated to arrest and gratify the attention of a stranger. In some instances, the houses were rather larger than the majority, thatched and finished with greater nicety, the raised terraces of the piazzas smoother on the surface and sharper at their angles, and many of them were decorated with ornamental borders and quaint figures, somewhat of the Egyptian character, generally worked in the mud composition when in a plastic state, and then coloured red or white. The interior of the houses was remarkable only for simplicity; even the domiciles of the chiefs, which presented no higher distinction than an assortment of firearms and other weapons ranged against the walls. In some dwellings, likewise, the rudely constructed chests common to all were in greater number and larger bulk. The contents of these chests were, probably, a scanty wardrobe, with a hoard of precious knick-knacks—free gifts that had lost their virtue, or whose virtue combined afforded greater security than a Bramah-lock; probably, also—most probably—new pieces of European cloths, some heads of American tobacco, and perhaps a copy of, or, more likely, some extracts from the Koran. In some instances, a few mats of superior quality were spread upon the floor, or upon a dais within a niche which occasionally appeared in the wall, or a platform projecting from it, forming a quadrangular space of about six feet by four, for sleeping.

The dwellings were always round, resembling stunted towers, with a beam placed horizontally across the top of the wall supporting an upright pole. Rough branches of trees rise from the wall to the near top of this pole; and being placed close together, and covered with layers of dried grass, constituting the thatch, they give the building the form of a tent; but occasionally, and more especially in the houses occupied exclusively by the women and children, several extra beams are placed across, on which coarse mats are spread for the reception of store rice or corn; and in the vicinity of these dwellings, the large wooden mortars for cleaning rice, wooden bowls, calabashes, mats, and baskets, with other simple household articles, are commonly to be seen, together with some fowls picking up their living, and giving the place a look of home.

The rafters are simply rough limbs of trees, and the flooring of earth. Wooden flooring would at once become the refuge and nursery of the vermin which so invariably abound within the tropics wherever Europeans locate themselves; while the ruuder habitations of the natives are comparatively, if not wholly, free from them. The raised terraces upon which the dwellings of which I am now speaking stand, and the hard compact texture of their composition further to ward off this nuisance, although the roofs are subject to the inroads of rats, which frequently find a secure retreat within the thick thatch.

In passing through these houses, I found the cool uniform temperature within them particularly striking; and for a moment it even produced an acute sense of chilliness. The air being admitted only through two opposite doors, a constant draught is kept up; and it may be questioned whether, with all our science and ingenuity, we could better succeed in accomplishing the object, or in constructing habitations more suitable to the climate and the exigencies of the people; whilst the luxuriant growth of fruit-trees in their vicinity dispenses here and there an agreeable shade, and gives a peculiar charm to their general aspect. One circumstance, however, struck me as militating in some degree against the promotion of coolness, and this was the close proximity of most of the houses in the yards; but within the tropics, it is shade rather than coolness which the native tribes most covet.

A town so laid out and constructed as the one I have thus attempted to describe, and which may be taken as a specimen of the cleanliness calculated to arrest and gratify the attention of a stranger, in these regions, presents, if not actual security from aggression, at least serious obstacles to a successful assault by native enemies. With the points of ingress through the outer walls barricaded, the fire of musketry, with which the people are pretty familiar, opens upon the assailants through small apertures; and small loopholes are also pierced at short intervals in the walls themselves. Suppose an entrance to be effected, however, the invaders find every wall in the town, and every zaddiga, pierced in a similar manner, and every separate yard a citadel in itself. Malagache is rather a large town, and the number of such 'citadels' is consequently considerable. Although the zaddigies have no gates, and the dwelling-houses no doors, these are scarcely needed, since, with forests close at hand, there is a ready supply of rough timber for barricades. I was much struck with the paucity of inhabitants visible, and these consisting chiefly of women and children. Some of the yards appeared wholly deserted, and others with only a few men assembled in the piazza of one house; the bulk of the male population being absent at their 'farms'—a designation given to every patch of ground appropriated to culture or following whatever other avocations necessary or
inclination had dictated. Collectively, however, the population was estimated at about 3000.

For these particulars, I am indebted to my own observations, but still I could have done little without my guide. Nor am I less indebted to him as master of the ceremonies betwixt the 'lion' he was leading and its interested beholders, than for his laudable efforts in pacifying the screaming infants, and the more lively apprehensions of the elder class of youngsters, who scampered off in all directions on my approach, and were to be seen here and there peering from some nook and corner which they had retreated. My red-flagon conductor seemed to have computed the precise number of 'yards' within the town, and the portion of time that required to be allotted to each of them, on the assumption that I was to visit them all; so that by the time I had eaten myself in a piazza, and shaken hands with the men, and he had beckoned to and joked with the women, and then discharged a voluble description of my characteristics and habits, his peroration was ended with a spring upon his feet and a transition from 800 to 800 to English in reiterating, on every occasion: 'Come, ole man! you come—fine yun, dinky doll—woman, eh?—berry fine!—yes!' and away he then went, with prodigious strides, his loose slippers clattering like castanets, and his long loose sleeves provoked into a mighty perturbation by the action of his arms. He was a character to amuse for a time, till the time came for putting him under some restraint; and that time arrived when we had reached the extremity of the town where the outer walls run parallel with the river. Conscious, perhaps, that, as a government officer, he was fulfilling his instructions by showing me only over the town, it was evidently not his intention to show me out of it; and so I became the leader in turn, and, passing through the public radiating, was at once interested upon the high-road, which runs parallel with the walls, and, to the right, leads to the head of the river, about fourteen miles distant. Unlike the ordinary beaten tracks which come under the name of roads in Africa, this was about forty feet wide, perfectly straight and level, and carpeted with grass as far as the eye could reach. It was flanked on either side by luxuriant forest timelike, 'Fine road,' exclaimed my companion, 'berry fine, eh?—os road—os here,' pointing to the spot where we stood—'os dere,' waving his hand towards the distance in the vista—'os back—os dere'; the latter was a notion, afterwards confirmed, that it was the race-course. I could not resist walking about a mile in the cool shade of this beautiful avenue, contemplating the several varieties of woodland structure, and the various wild luxuriance of the undergrowth; the treading upon the soft green- sward, and the breathing of a pure-tempered atmosphere, affording a grateful contrast after traversing the uneven streets in the open glare of the sun and the reflected heat from the walls and sandy soil. In returning, we still kept on the outskirts of the town at a right angle with the road, and leading towards another entrance, having the forest still on one side of us; and here my companion certainly brought me completely at fault as he directed my attention to what he termed 'berry bush' in his usual strain of commendation—'Fine berry-bush—you see—berry fine, eh?—yes!' Presently, however, I discovered, in a more open situation between the stems of the trees, several small hilllocks identical in form with our common graves; and which at once conveyed to me the fact, that this portion of the forest was the 'berry bush,' or buring- ground. On taking a more extensive survey of this region of death, I could not discover the slightest distinction in the manner of meauty, or any sign by which one might be identified from another. One and all alike, they collectively proclaimed to the living that 'underground precencecy is a jest,' and the Greek epitaph, slightly paraphrased, might serve for each of them:

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perchance I far surpassed all other men;
Suppose I fell beneath them—all is one.
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a grave.
Thou know'st its use; it holds—perchance a Slave!

Perhaps, after all, I might have acquired the needful information, or have fully satisfied my curiosity by sauntering leisurely through the town without a guide. I might, with perfect nonchalance, have entered the private enclosures, popped my head into this house or that, till I had established a preference in my own mind, or until some sable damsel, perhaps, had established that preference for me. I might have jumped into the first or best hammock that presented itself, called for light for my cigar, palm-wine, jelly-coco-nuts, or whatever fruits might be courting my wayward fancy from some neighbouring trees—frightened all the children out of their wits—played tricks with the women—tried the temper or temperament of the men—'pitched into' my guide for calling me 'old man'—invases the bivouac in the moonlight; finally, have subscribed my initials or my name upon the walls, in order to assist tradition in commemorating the visit of an 'Englishman' to the place. But I contented none of these things, and did none of them. The maxim, 'when at Rome, do as Rome does,' is not limited in its application to the eternal city; the proud boast of an Englishman, that 'his house is his castle,' simply enunciates a principle of constitutional liberty of which he is happily participant; but that boast becomes at once a reproach upon him who, whether Englishman or not, cannot reconcile patriotism with a regard to the rights of others, and who heedlessly, not to say lawlessly, invades the domicile of the unoffending 'savage.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LVI.
THE BIVOUAC OF THE GUERRILLAS.

I started to hear no more, but drove the spur against the ribs of my horse, till he sprang into full gallop along the road. Eager as were my men to follow, 'twas as much as they could do to keep up.

We no longer thought of scouts or cautious marches; the trappers had time to take their ease and smoke long pipes, and were galloping with the rest. We thought only of time.

We rode for the hacienda de Vargas, straight up the river. Although it was beyond the rancheria, we could reach it without passing through the latter—which lay some distance back from the stream. We could return to the village afterwards, but first for the hacienda. There I wished to arrive in the shortest time possible. The miles flew behind us, like the dust of the road.

Oh, should we not be in time! I feared to calculate the length of the interval since the boy had heard that rabble rout. Was it more than an hour? Five miles to the ranch, and he on foot. Had he travelled rapidly? Yes, here and there; but he had made a stop: some men had passed him, and he had hidden in the bushes till they were out of sight. He had been more than an hour on the way—nearly two, and one would be enough for the execution of the darkest deed. Oh, we should not arrive in time.

There was no delay now. We were going at top-speed, and in silence, scarcely exchanging a word. Alone might be heard the clattering of hoofs, the thinking of bits, or the ringing of steel scabbards.
Neither the slinky gutter nor the deep rut of carreta which stayed our advance, nor horses leaped over, or went sweltering through them.

In five minutes we came to the rincenada, where the road forked—the left branch leading to the village. We saw no one, and kept on by the right, the direct road to the hacienda. Another mile, and we should reach the house; a quarter of that distance, and we should come in sight of it; the trees alone hindered our view of its walls. On—on!

What means that light? Is the sun rising in the west? Is the chapparal on fire? Whence comes the yellow gleam, half intercepted by the trunks of the trees? It is not the moon!

"Ho! the hacienda is in flames!"

"No—it cannot be? A house of stone, with scarcely enough timber to make a blaze! It cannot be that?

It is not. We emerge from the forest; the hacienda is before our eyes. Its white walls gleam under a yellow light—the light of fire, but not of a conflagration. The house stands intact. A huge benfire burns in front of the portal; it was this that caused the glare through the forest.

We draw up, and gaze upon it with surprise. We behold a huge pile—the material supplied from the houses and stacks of dry crops—a vast blaze drowning the pale moonshine. We can see the hacienda, and all around it, as distinctly as by the light of day!

For what purpose this holocaust of cracking adobe?

Around the fire we behold many forms, living and moving. There are men, women, dogs, and saddled horses. Huge joints are roasting over the red coals, and others, roasted, are being greedily eaten. Are they savages who surround that blazing pile? No—we can see their faces with full distinctness, the white skins and black beards of the men, the cotton garments of the women; we can see sombreros and serapes, cloth cloaks and calzoneros of velveteen, sashes and sabres; we can distinguish their voices as they shout, sing, and carouse; we note their lascivious movements in the national dance—the fandango. No Indians they! 'Tis a bivouac of the guerrilleros—the ruffians for whom we are in search.

O that I had listened to the voice of prudence, and adhered to the strategy of a surround! But my blood was boiling, and I feared to lose even a moment of time, lest we might be too late. But one or two of my followers counselled delay, and, as the event proved, they were the wisest. The rest, like myself, were impatient for action.

The word was given; and like hounds, fresh loosed from the leash, we rushed forward with charging cheer.

It was the madness of the moment! We knew our enemy the horsed Texan 'hurrah!' It had been shouted to terrify them, when there was no need. They would never have stood ground.

The shout warned them, causing them to scatter like a herd of deer. The steep hill proved too heavy for our horses; and before we could reach its summit, the main body of the guerrilla had mounted and scamppered off into the darkness. Six of them fell to our shots, and as many more, with their she-associates, remained prisoners in our bands; but as usual that subtle coward had contrived to escape. Pursuit was silly; they had taken to the dark woods beyond the hill.

I thought not of pursuit; my mind was bent on a far different purpose.

I rode into the patio. The court was lit up by the glare of the fire. It presented a picture of ruin. Rich furniture was scattered about in the verandah and over the pavement, broken or tumbled down. I called her name—the name of Don Ramon. Loudly and earnestly did I raise my voice, but echo gave the only reply.

I dismounted, and rushed into the verandah, still vociferating, and still without receiving a response. I hurried from room to room—from cuarto to sala—from sala to sargento—up to the azotea—everywhere—even to the capilla in the rear. The moonbeams gleamed upon the altar, but no human form was there. The whole house was deserted; the domesticites—even the women of the cocina—had disappeared. My horse and I seemed the only living things within those walls—for my followers had remained outside with their prisoners.

A sudden hope gleamed across my heart. Perhaps they had taken my counsel, and gone off before the mob appeared? Heaven grant it might be so!

I rushed out to question the captives. They should know, both men and women: they could certainly tell me.

A glance showed me I was too late to receive information from the men. A large pecan tree stood at one corner of the building. The firelight glanced upon it; from its branches hung six human forms with drooping heads, and feet far from the earth. They had just ceased to live!

One told me that the herrelero was among them, and also the cruel matador. Pedro had identified both. The others were people of the town, who had borne part in the affair of the day. Their judges had made quick work, and equally quick had been the ceremony of execution. Lazos had been revolved over the limbs of the pecan, and with these all six had been jerked up without shift or prayer!

It was not revenge for which I panted. I turned to the women; many of these had made off, but there were still a dozen or more in the hands of the men. They looked haggard with drink; some sullen, and some terrified. They had reason to be afraid.

In answer to my questions, they shook their heads, but gave me no information. Some remained doggedly silent; others denied all knowledge of Don Ramon or his daughter. Threats had no effect. They either knew not, or feared to tell what had befallen them. O heaven! could it be the latter?

I was turning away angered and despairing, when my eyes fell upon a figure that seemed to skulk under the shadow of the walls. A shout of joy escaped me as I recognised the boy Cyprio; he was just emerging from his place of concealment.

'Cyprio?' I cried.

'Si señora;' answered he, advancing rapidly to where I stood.

'Tell me, Cyprio! where are they gone—where?

'Carrie señora,' these bad men have carried the dueño away; I do not know whither.'

'The señora? the señora?'

'Oh! cavalero! es una cosa espantosa!' (It is a terrible thing.)

'Quick, tell me all! Quickly, Cyprio!'

'Señor's, there came men with black masks, who broke into the house and carried off the master; then they dragged out Doña Isolina into the patio! Ay de mí! I cannot tell you what they did before—porque señoria! There was blood running down her neck and all over her breast: she was not dressed, and I could see it. Some went to the caballeros, and led out the white horse—the steed that was brought from the llanos. Upon his back they bound Doña Isolina. Vaya me dios! such a sight!

'Go on!'

'Then, señora, they led the horse across the river, and out to the plain beyond. All went along, to see the sport, as they said—ay de mí! such sport! I did not go, for they beat and threatened to kill me; but I saw all from the hacienda.

Loudly and hidden myself in the bushes. O Santísima María!'
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

Then, señor, they stuck cotes in the hips of the horse, and set them on fire, and pulled off the bridle, and the steed went off, with fire-rockets after him, and Doña Isabel tied down upon his back—padre se cortesía! I could see the horse till he was far, far away upon the llano, and then I could see him no more. Dios de mi abajo! La niños esta perdido!" (Alas! the young lady is lost.)

"Some water! Rube! Garey! friends—water! water!"

I made an attempt to reach the fountain in the patio; but, after staggering dizzyly a pace or two, my strength failed me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LVII.

TAKE THE TRAIL.

I had merely swooned. My nerves and frame were still weak from the blood-letting I had received in the combat of yesterday. The shock of the horrid news was too much for my powers of endurance.

I was insensible only for a short while; the cold water revived me.

When consciousness returned, I was by the fountain, my head leaning against its platform edge; Rube, Garey, and others were around me. From my dripping garments, I perceived that they had drenched me, and one was pouring a fiery spirit down my throat. There were men on horseback, who had ridden into the patio—the iron hoofs causing the court to ring. They were rangers, but not those who had left camp in my company. Some had arrived since, and others were still galloping up. Those girls had reached the ranger camp, and told their tale.

The men had not waited for orders, or even for one another, but rushing to their horses, took the road in twos and threes. Every moment, a horseman, or several together, came riding forward in hot haste, carrying their rifles, as if ready for action, and uttering loud cries of indignation.

Wheelhouse had arrived among the foremost. Poor fellow! his habitual buoyancy had departed; the gay smile was gone from his lips. His eyes were on fire, and his teeth set in the stern expression of heart-consuming vengeance.

Amidst the hoarse shouting of the men, I heard screaming in the shriller voices of women. It came from without...
my mind. Wide was the distance between the Ukraine and the Rio Bravo. Had the monsters who reenacted this scene on the banks of the Mexican river—had these ever heard of Mazeppa? Possibly their leader had; but still more probable that the fiendish thought was original.

The fashion at least was. Cyprio had seen and could describe it.

She was laid longitudinally upon the back of the steer, her head resting upon the point of his shoulder. Her face was downward, her cheek touching the withers. Her arms embraced the neck, and her wrists were made fast under the animal's throat. Her body was held in position by means of a belt around her waist, attached to a surcingle on the horse—both tightly buckled. In addition to this, her ankles, bound together by a thong, were fastened to the croup, with her feet projecting beyond the hips!

I groaned as I listened to the details.

The ligature was perfect—cruefully complete. There was no hope that such fastenings would give way. Those thongs of raw-hide would not come undone. Horse and rider could never part from that unwilling embrace—never, till hunger, thirst, death—no, not even death could part them! O horror!

Not without groans could I contemplate the hideous fate of my betrothed—of her whose love had become my life.

I left the tracking to my comrades, and my horse to follow after. I rode with loose rein, and head drooping forward; I scarcely gave thought to design. My heart was well-nigh broken.

CHAPTER LIV.
THE VOYAGEUR.

We had not gone far when some one closed up beside me, and muttered a word of cheer; I recognised the friendly voice of the big trapper.

'Don't be affraid, cap'n,' said he, in a tone of encouragement; 'don't be affraid! Rube an' me'll find 'em afore thar's any harm done. I don't believe the white hose 'll gallop fur, knowin' thar's somebody on his back. It war them gin-cracks that set him off. When they burn out, he'll come to a dead halt, an' then—'

'And then?' I inquired mechanically.

'We'll get up, an your black'll be able to overhaul him in a jump or two.'

I began to feel hope. It was but a momentary gleam, and died out in the next instant.

'If the moon 'ud only hold out,' continued Carey, with an emphasis denoting doubt.

'Rot the moon!' I said a voice interrupting him;

'she's a gwine to guv out. Wagh!' It was Rube who had uttered the unpleasant prognosis, in a peevish, but confident tone.

All eyes were turned upward. The moon, round and white, was sailing through a cloudless sky, and almost in the zenith. How, then, was she to 'give out'! She was near the full, and could not set before morning. What did Rube mean? The question was put to him.

'Look ee 'ander!' said he in reply, 'D'ee see that ur black line, drown low on the parairie?' There appeared a dark streak along the horizon to the eastward. Yes, we saw it.

'Wal,' continued Rube, 'thar's no timber ther—ne'er a stick—nor high ground neither: thar ur's a cloud; I've seed the likes afore. Wait a bit. Wagh! In jest ten minnits, the durned thing 'll kiver up the moon, an make thet putty blue sky look as black as the hide o' an Africin nigger it'll will.'

'I'm affraid he's right, cap'n,' said Carey, in a desponding tone. 'I war doubtful o' myself: the sky looked too near. I didn't like it a bit: thar's always a change when things are better 'n common.'

I needed not to give the consequences, should Rube's prediction prove correct; that was evident to all of us. The moon once obscured by clouds, our progress would be arrested: even a horse could not be tracked in the darkness.

We were not long in suspense. Again the foresight of the old trapper proved unerring. Cumuli rolled up the sky one after another, until their black masses shrouded the moon. At first, they came only in detached clouds, and there was light at intervals; but these were only the advanced columns of a heavier body, that soon appeared, and without a break, spread itself pall-like over the firmament.

The moon's disc became entirely hidden from our view; her scattered beams died out, and the prairie lay dark as if shadowed by an eclipse.

We could follow the trail no farther. The ground itself was not visible, much less the hoof-prints we had been tracing; and halting simultaneously, we drew our horses together, and sat in our saddles to deliberate upon what was best to be done.

The consultation was a short one. They who formed that little party were all men of prairie or backwoods experience, and well versed in the ways of the wilderness. It took them but little time to decide what course should be followed; and they were unanimous in their opinion. Should the sky continue clouded, we must give up the pursuit till morning, or adopt the only alternative—follow the trail by torch-light.

Of course the latter was determined upon. It was yet early in the night; many hours must intervene before we should have the light of day. I could not live through those long hours without action. Even though our progress might be slow, the knowledge that we were advancing would help to stifle the painfulness of reflection.

'A torch! A torch!'

Where was such a thing to be procured? We had with us no material with which to make one; there was no timber near! We were in the middle of a naked prairie. The universal mezquite—the ager- obia glandulosa—excellent for such a purpose, grew nowhere in the neighbourhood. Who was to find the torch? Even Rube's ingenuity could not make one out of nothing.

'Ecoutez, mon capitaine!' cried Le Blanc, an old voyageur—'écoutez! vy me no ride back, et von lanterne bring from ze ville Mexicanis.'

'True, why not? We were yet but a few miles from the rancheria. The Canadian's idea was a good one. 'Je connais,' he continued—'know I, pe gar! ze ver spok ci—vere—sont cachées—hid ze chandelles mag- nitiques—von, deaux, tree big candles—vax, vax—'

'Wax-candles!'

'Oui—oui, messieurs! tres grand comme un bâton; ze ver chos poor alimur la prairie.'

'You know where they are? You could find them, Le Blanc?'

'Oui, messieurs—je connais les chandelles sont cachées dans l'église—roy are in ze church hid.'

'Ha! in the church?'

'Oui, messieurs; c'est un grand sacrilège, mon Dieu! ver bad; mais n'importe cela. Eef mon capitaine permiss, v'lai allow pour ailer Monsieur Quack bosh, he go chez moi; nous chercherons; ze bring ze chandelles—pe gar ve bring him!' From the mixed gibberish of the voyageur, I could gather his meaning well enough. He knew about a depository of wax-candles, and the church of the rancheria was the place in which they were kept. I was not in a frame of mind to care much for the sacrilege, and my companions were still less scrupu- lous. The act was determined upon, and Le Blanc and
Quackenboss, without more delay, took the back-track for the village.

The rest of us dismounted, and picketing our horses to the grass, lay down to await the return of the messengers.

CHAPTER LIX.

TRAILING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

While thus inactive, my mind yielded itself up to the contemplation of painful probabilities. Horrid spectacles passed before my imagination. I saw the white horse galloping over the plain, pursued by wolves, and shadowed by black vultures. To escape these hungry pursuers, I saw him dash into the thick chaparral, there to encounter the red panther or the fierce prowling bear—there to encounter the sharp thorns of the searneas, the barbed spines of the cactus, and the recurring claw-like armature of the wild aloe. I could see the red blood streaming adown his white flanks—not his blood, but that of the helpless victim stretched prostrate along his back. I could see the lacertated limbs—the ankles chafed and swollen—the garments torn to shreds—the dropping head—the long loose hair tossed and trailing to the earth—the white wan lips—the weep-beaeking eyes—Oh! I could hear my reflections no longer. I sprang to my feet, and paced the prairie with the aimless unsteady step of a madman.

Again the kind-hearted trapper approached, and renewed his efforts to console me.

"We could follow the trail," he said, "by torch or candle light, almost as fast as we could travel; we should be many miles along it before morning; maybe before then we should get sight of the steed. It would not be hard to surround and capture him; now that he was half-tamed, he might not run from us; if he did, he could be overtaken. Once in view, we would not lose sight of him again. The saynora would be safe enough; there was nothing to hurt her; the wolves would not know the "fix" she was in, neither the "bars" nor "painters." We should be sure to come up with her before the next night, and would find her first rate; a little tired and hungry, no doubt, but nothing to hurt. We should relieve her, and rest would set all right again.

Notwithstanding the rude phrase in which these consolatory remarks were made, I appreciated the kind intent.

Gray's speech had the effect of rendering me more hopeful; and in calmer mood, I awaited the return of Quackenboss and the Canadian.

These did not linger. Two hours had been allowed them to perform their errand; but long before the expiration of that period, we heard the double trampling of their horses as they came galloping across the plain.

In a few minutes they rode up, and we could see in the hands of Le Blanc three whitish objects, that in length and thickness resembled stout walking-canes. We recognised les chandeliers magnifiques.

They were the property of the church, designed, no doubt, to have illumined the altar upon the occasion of some grand dia de fiesta.

"Volli! mon capitaine!" cried the Canadian, as he rode forward—volli les chandeliers! Ah, mon Dieu! c'est un grand sacrifice, et je suis bon Chrétien—buen Catolico, as do call 'm en ze dam Mexican; bien—ze bon Dieu we forgive—God ve pardon vill pour—

for ze well nécessitee; sure certaine he vill me pardon—Lige et moi—ze brave Monsieur Quack'mosh.'

The messengers had brought news from the village. Some rough proceedings had taken place since our departure. Hostilities had been issued; fresh victims had been found under the guidance of Pedro and others of the abused. The trees in the church enclosure that night bore horrid fruit.

The alcalde was not dead; and Don Ramon, it was supposed, still survived, but had been carried off by a prisoner by the guerrilla! The rangeras were yet at the rancheria; many had been desirous of returning with Le Blanc and Quackenboss, but I had sent orders to the lieutenants to take all back to camp as soon as their affair was over. The fewer of the troop that should be absent, the less likelihood of our being missed, and those I had with me I deemed enough for my purpose. Whether successful or not, we should soon return to camp. It would then be time to devise some scheme for capturing the leader and prime actor in this terrible tragedy.

Hardly waiting to hear the story, we lighted the great candles, and moved once more along the trail. Fortunately, the breeze was but slight, and only served to make the huge waxen torches flare more freely. By their brilliant blaze, we were enabled to take up the tracks, quite as rapidly as by the moonlight. At this point, the horse had been still going at full gallop; and his course, as it ran in a direct line, rendered it more easy to be followed.

Dark as the night was, we soon perceived we were heading for a point well known to all of us—the prairie mound; and, under a full moon, that the steed might have there come to a stop, we pressed forward with a sort of hopeful anticipation.

After an hour's tracking, the white cliffs loomed within the circle of our view, the shining solenite glancing back the light of our tapers, like a wall set with diamonds.

We approached with caution, still keeping on the trail, but also keenly scrutinising the ground in advance of us—in hopes of perceiving the object of our search. Neither by the cliff, nor in the groom around, was living form to be traced.

Sure enough the steed had halted there; or, at all events, ceased from his wild gallop. He had approached the mound in a walk, as the tracks testified; but how, and in what direction had he gone thence? His hoofprints no longer appeared. He had passed over the shingle, that covered the plain to a distance of many yards from the base of the cliff, and no track could be found beyond.

Several times we went around the mesa, carrying our candles everywhere. We saw skeletons of men and horses with skulls detached, fragments of dressers, and pieces of broken armour—souvenirs of our late skirmish—we looked into our little fortress, and gazed upon the rock that had sheltered us; we glanced up the gorge where we had climbed, and beheld the rope by which we had descended still hanging in its place: all these we saw, but no further traces of the steed!

Round and round we went, back and forward, over the stony shingle, and along its outer edge, but still without coming upon the tracks. Whether could the horse have gone?

Perhaps, with a better light, we might have found the trail; but for a long hour we searched, without striking upon any sign of it. Perhaps we might still have found it, even with our waxen torches, but for an incident that not only interrupted our search, but filled us with fresh apprehension, and almost stifled our hopes of success.

The interruption did not come unexpected. The clouds had for some time given ample warning. The big solitary drops that at intervals fell with pissing noise upon the rocks, ze ooz out the coasters of one of the great rain-storms of the prairie, when water descends as if from a shower-bath. We knew from the signs that such a storm was nigh; and while casting around to recover the trail, it commenced in all its fury.
Almost in an instant our lights were extinguished, and our boisterous search brought to a termination. We drew up under the rocks, and stood side by side in sullen silence. Even the elements seemed against me. In my heart's bitterness, I cursed them.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Looking on the surface of things, it might be thought there was nothing but politics to talk about—how the elections went, and so forth. However, science and art have not ceased to advance as an undercurrent: mathematicians have made further discoveries in their favourite science, and sent the results to the Royal Society in papers very learned, and very abstruse. Chemists have not been idle, as will ere long be demonstrated. Among them, Dr. Marceet is realising experiments which Gulliver the veracious once saw at Laputa; he, the doctor, being engaged in an elaborate investigation of the nature and properties of fatal matters, and not without important consequences. Some part of his researches has appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, and now he has carried the inquiry further, and exhibits beautifully formed crystals of a new substance, to which he gives the name excretine.—Dr. Herapath is studying the optical character of certain alkaloids, quinin and cincheinon, as chemists call them, and has obtained some singularly interesting results, which come in with the manifold phenomena of light.—Mr. Faraday's views on the Conservation of Force, as mentioned in our last, have already met a rejoinder from a partisan of the old doctrine; hence, we may hope ere long to see these views presented in a popular form. —And when we add that Major-general Sabine is occupied with a voluminous work on terrestrial magnetism, which is to embody everything at present known on that interesting subject, it will be seen that science has not abated her thoughtful labours while the nation has been speaking out its mind on political affairs. —The science of magnetism has suffered a loss by the death of Dr. Scorevy. He was devoted to it, and we hear that his decease was hastened by over-exertion in his late voyage to Australia, which resulted in confirming his theory for correcting the compass on board iron ships in both hemispheres.

We mentioned not long ago Professor William Thomson's theory for signalling rapidly by telegraph, by means of what he calls 'condensed pulses,' to be reduced to practice some day on the Atlantic telegraph. So far, everything promises well for success: the United States Congress have approved the measures for laying down the cable; and the government will lend two of their most powerful steamers to assist in the work. Our Admiralty will also lend two; and the project is, that the four shall meet about the middle of the Atlantic, when, two of them being laden with the halves of the cable, the wires will be united, and the vessels, steering in opposite directions, will pay out cable till the shore on either side is reached. The other two steamers are to keep near at hand to render assistance in case of need. —Meanwhile, Mr. C. V. Walker has discovered an ingenious method of signalling on a railway—in other words, of enabling the guards of a disabled train to ask for help from the nearest stations in either direction. It has been for some time in use on the South-eastern Railway—one of the most magnificent telegraph lines in the kingdom—and answers its purpose so well, that we do not see any reason why it should not be generally adopted. To describe it in few words, we must premise that by a peculiar arrangement of the battery apparatus, Mr. Walker keeps the 'line-wire' in what he calls a null condition. Suppose, then, that a train breaks down. The guard, who carries with him a slender iron rod, hooks one end of it to the null-wire, and with the other touches one of the rails; whereupon, seeing that magnetic currents are constantly passing along the rails, a shock or impulse is at once transmitted from the rail, through the rod, and along the line-wire to the stations. Each touch becomes a signal; and by a simple code combining six touches, the nature of the assistance required may be indicated, for, as is easy to imagine, such a method involves no spelling out of words on a dial-plate. Here, then, is a great desideratum accomplished; simple, and yet effectual. Its importance is recognised by an account of it having been read at a meeting of the Royal Society, as may be seen in the Proceedings of that learned body.

Apropos of the Society: we promised to report progress concerning them. They are now removed to their new and commodious quarters in Burlington House, where, for the benefit of science, the Linnaean and Chemical Societies are to lodge under the same roof. The apartments which the Society have occupied in Somerset House since 1780, will now, we believe, be converted into government offices; and so the memorable associations that hant therein, will be disturbed by the intrusion of bustling clerks, with tape, desks, and easy-chairs. Mr. Palliser's project for an exploration of parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory lying beyond the Red River Settlement and the Saskatchewan, is approved by government, and some of the party are already on the way to the scene of their labours. Among them there will be a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist; so that we shall get trustworthy information concerning the natural resources of the country, as well as its topography and capabilities. Some three or four years ago, we mentioned a report published by the Geographical Society on the region in question, in which its general features were described—a fertile land, rivers and lakes teeming with fish, immense wields. When the present expedition shall have accomplished its task, we shall doubtless hear of a brisk immigration from Canada West and the adjacent States. Among the instruments with which the explorers will be supplied, are those necessary for taking magnetic observations—the phenomena being, as is well known, of especial interest in the higher latitudes. Seeing that the instruments were verified at the Kew Observatory, and that a committee of the Royal Society gave counsel as to the scientific objects of the expedition, the best results may be hoped for.

Yet another is to be added to the list of travellers who have perished while exploring the interior of Africa, if the news be true that Dr. Vogel was assassinated after leaving Kuka with the hope and intention of reaching the Nile. As will be remembered, he went out three years ago accompanied by two sappers, to join Dr. Barth. The latter has returned in safety; and we trust that the rumour of his follower's death will turn out to be unfounded. —The Leichhardt exploring-party are still missing in Australia, and late accounts from the colonies mention a searching expedition as likely to be set on foot.

Another example of what can be done with coloured bricks and good workmanship towards improving street-architecture, may now be seen in Potter Lane—a site by no means favourable. It is a four-storied building, intended for a printing-office; and with its harmonious colours, arched windows, ornamental cornice and
chimneys, proves to demonstration that a place of business need not be ugly. The streets of London are so eminently capable of improvement in this particular, that we gladly notice a favourable fact.—We hear from time to time of Model Lodging-houses opened in provincial towns—as recently at Ipswich—implying an advance in social arrangements, yet, from some cause, these houses in London do not flourish. Either the rents are too high, or there is too much of going up and down stairs, or the regulations are such as not to leave sufficient freedom to the ordinary class of tenants. The latter is probably the most powerful cause. We heard recently of an eminent manufacturing firm in Suffolks who built comfortable rooms as lodgings for the single men in their employment. No objection was made to the amount of rent, or to the accommodation; there was everything that an artisan could require for comfort and self-respect, and yet the rooms were left untenanted. 'The men,' said one of the firm, 'prefer a pigsty with liberty, to decent quarters with regulations. And liberty has a wide meaning—from leave to be dirty, to license to tipple.'

The Institute of British Architects have submitted the name of Mr Owen Jones to the Queen, as one worthy of the Royal Gold Medal. The Society of Arts, and the Royal Academy, have also expressed a desire for Mr Jones's Medal of Merit for the two best designs for a metropolis hotel. They announce, moreover, as subjects for future prizes: 'The application of iron to structural purposes—The influence of local materials on English architecture; and they promise a tangible honour for the best design in not less than five drawings, for a marine establishment, as a tentative step towards the creation of a limited number of convalescents belonging to the middle and upper classes of society.' The Institute do not confine themselves to the merely useful, as Mr Papworth's paper lately read before them, 'On Beauty in Architecture and its Alliance with the Past,' abundantly testifies.

Certain agricultural chemists in France have discovered a new method of profitable cultivation of the land; and M. Paul Thénard is making experiments on a great scale with the pulvaised slag of blast-furnaces. This slag he believes to be equivalent to phosphoric acid, and, when attacked by the agents present in the soil and atmosphere, for the constituents are silicates, anhydrous potash, and iron. He has set up the necessary machinery for pulverising the slag, and has declared himself in readiness to publish his results as soon as they are justified by practice. Should they confirm the results obtained on a smaller scale, what an opening there will be for a new branch of industry, in the preparation of a fertiliser from heaps of refuse, at present regarded as a nuisance; and what profit Staffordshire will make out of its hideous mountains of waste.

Schoenlein, pursuing his experiments on ozone, finds certain facts, apparently unimportant in themselves, but not so in their relations to chemical science. He shows that an alcoholic solution of two kinds of mushrooms—Boletus jardius and Agaricus brunneus—colourless in itself, turns blue under the influence of ozone; and that the expressed juice of these same mushrooms contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone. A series of test-experiments for ozone, made last year at Birmingham, confirm the conclusions arrived at in other towns in England and on the continent. 'When the wind blew from the country,' says the observer, 'a fair, or probably a full quantity of ozone was indicated; but when the current of air had passed over the town, or came from the colliery district, there was no indication of it, excepting in high winds, when traces of it remained.'

The nursery established in Algeria by the French government, at the instance of the Société d'Acclimatation, prospers with some of its productions. Three plants of caoutchouc (Ficus elastica) brought from Coromandel twelve years ago, are now 'nearly ten metres high, and eighty centimetres in circumference at one metre from the ground, and the branches extending horizontally cover a great space.' These trees were tapped in 1855, in order that specimens of Algerine caoutchouc might appear in the Paris Exhibition. The Croton seliferum, from China, is also successful, having begun to yield fruit, and the sugar-sorgho. This latter plant, says M. Hardy, the director, 'secretes on the surface of its stalks, at full maturity, a white resinous powder, from which candles could be made. A hectare of sorgaho gives more than a hundred kilograms of this substance, and the attempts made to acclimatise wax and tallow-bearing plants, the guat-percha and Peruvian bark, have failed.

There is a project for starting a manufactory of perfumes in Algeria, originating in M. Millon's ingenious researches. In a description of his process, we are told that, 'to avoid the alterations which flowers undergo on drying or distillation, he separates the aromatic part by dissolving it in a volatile liquid, and the latter is afterwards expelled by distillation.' With such a solvent, the distillation is attended by no inconvenience, for it may be performed at a low temperature.

The best solvents are ether and sulphuret of carbon. 'Properly managed, there is very little loss of the solvent, and the distillation is rapidly performed, much more rapidly, and with a larger quantity of leaves and flowers, than by the ordinary method. But the gathering of the flowers should be done at the proper time of day for each flower. Thus, the carnation gives off its perfume after an exposure of two or three hours to the sun, but the rose or the lily should be gathered in the morning as soon as well open; the jasmine before sunrise.' By this process the perfume becomes isolated, and may be kept exposed to the air for years without alteration. The annual production becomes immense by the side of the fact, that the annual value of the perfumes exported from France is 30,000,000 francs.

Last year, in consequence of accidents arising out of the use of brine in food, the Council of Health of Paris were charged to inquire into the subject. We reproduce a passage from their report: 'The use of brine as a condiment or seasoning in the nutriment of man has hitherto had no injurious effect, and nothing authorises the opinion that an economical process so advantageous for the poor should be proscribed. The same is not true of the abuse which is made of this substance in the nourishment and in the treatment of the diseases of certain animals, especially swine and horses. Authentic facts and recent experiments show that the mixture of brine in considerable quantity with food may produce real poisoning. In all cases, brine preserved too long or in contact with rancid meat should not be employed except with the greatest care, and after it has been purified by skimming off all the scum which forms on the surface.'

By way of conclusion—Mr Tookes has published the last volume of his History of Prices. Having now exceeded the age of fourscore, he leaves the continuation of the interesting subject to younger hands. Three striking points come out on perusal of the book, which, in brief, are, that in Mr Tookes's opinion, the rate of
interest will not for a long time, if at all, be lower than at present; that the price of provisions will rise rather than fall; and that a great financial crash is imminent in France.

WOMEN’S RIGHTS.

The Amazons in New York have commenced this year’s campaign by petitioning the legislature for women’s rights. The petition is referred to the judiciary committee, of which it is supposed Judge Fort will be the chairman. Last session, this judge gave the following report on the same question: ‘The petitioners ask that there may be established by law an equality of rights between the two sexes.

The judiciary committee is composed of married and single gentlemen. The bachelors on the committee, with becoming diffidence, have left the subject pretty much to the married gentlemen. These have considered it with the aid of the light they have before them, and the experience married life has given them. Thus aided, they are enabled to state that ladies have the best piece and choicest titbit at table, the warmest place in winter, and the coolest place in summer. They have their choice on which side of the bed they will lie, front or back. A lady’s dress costs three times as much as that of a gentleman; and at the present time, with the prevailing fashion, one lady occupies three times as much space in the world as a gentleman. It has thus appeared to the married gentlemen of your committee, being a majority—the bachelors being silent for the reasons mentioned, and also, probably, for the further reason that they are still sullies for the favours of the gentler sex—that if there is any inequality or oppression in the case, the gentlemen are the sufferers. They, however, have presented no petition for redress, having doubtless made up their minds to yield to an inevitable destiny. On the whole, the committee have concluded to recommend no measure, except that, as they have observed several instances in which husband and wife have both signed the same petition—in such case they would recommend the parties to apply for a law authorising them to change dresses, so that the husband may wear the petticoats, and the wife the breeches, and thus indicate to their neighbours and the public the true relation in which they stand to each other.’

FISHING IN CHINA.

It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practised with success in China—even every variety of net, from vast seines embracing miles, to the smallest hand-net in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day—fishing in moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest seas—fishing by corromantes—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets, by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak, every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving if they do not sell to be returned to the pond or kept for another day.

IDENTITY OF DYAK AND EUROPEAN GAMES.

Games are practised among them, some of which astonished us by their similarity to those practised by the peasantry of Europe; particularly that of climbing up a large pole, previously greased to render the achievement difficult of performance, and to the top of which a piece of pork is attached. The meat is the reward of the person whose agility renders him the first to attain this eminence, and the frequent failures in the attempts call forth from the gaping crowds bursts of laughter as loud and long-continued as from those who gaze at the similar spectacle at an English country fair..... I observed the children, playing at peg-top precisely as do those of England; but their tops had no iron pegs, and more resembled those which at school we used to call whiffing-tops. I looked on the game with delight, and saw the spinning-top, the mark for the others, receive several smart blows; but they appeared to be of very hard wood, and though driven to some distance, were never broken.—Low’s Sarawak.

D A Y.

Night’s shades are waning fast—approaching Dawn,
A gray dim phantom, creeps along the sky,
With ashen lips, and face all blanched and wan,
And silver-dusky eyes of vacancy,
And spectral form revealed mysteriously.

Down to her ghostly middle, and the rest
All lost in pearly mist, that floatingly
Seems her gray garments trailing low on Earth’s expansive breast.

With cold wan breath that dims the shivering stars,
She parts the sable curtains of the night,
And the east portal of the sky unbars—
And straight a shower of faintest purple light
Plays strangely round her brow of dusky white
With mystic glimmer—and her waving form
Wanes in dissolving radiance from the night.

As grow the herald tints of day more eloquent and warm.

Pale amber waves of light, in billowy floods,
Surge grandly in upon the waking sky,
With soft faint green, like tinge of April woods,
And rich warm crimson, bent exquisitely—
Till misty hills blush with the brilliancy,
And on their glowing tops stands laughing Day
With outspread wings, steeped in each gorgeous dye,
And crown of radiant honey beans, that round his temples play.

Clad in his own bright loneliness he stands—
Blue floating eyes look on the world below,
And burnished hair, loosened from its gleaming bands,
Falls o’er his frame with undulating flow—
Red lustrous lips, and cheeks of rosy glow,
Fresh flowery zone, and fair green-sandalled feet,
And fleecy robes that flutter to and fro
In the pure healthful radiant glush of his own breathings sweet.

Laughing he stands, and floods of sunny light
From each fair burning tress shakes down on earth,
And views with smiles his seraph-like bright
That the sweet waking waters mirror forth—
Till Nature stirs, and with a smile of mirth
Unveils her placid face, all fresh with dews,
And lifts her temples for that gift of worth,
The crown of Light, flung sparkling down from those bright hands profuse!

E. H. C. D.

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A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SOMETHING TO DO.

I PREMISE that these thoughts do not include married women, for whom there are always plenty to think, and who generally think quite enough of and for themselves: therefore let them be! They have cast their lot for good or ill, have realised in greater or less degree the natural vocation of our sex—woman joined to man. They must find out its comforts and its responsibilities, and even make the best of both. It is the single women, belonging to those supernumerary pale ranks, which, political economists tell us, are yearly increasing, who most need thinking about.

First, in their early estate, when they have so much in their possession—youth, bloom, and health giving them that temporary influence over the other sex which may result, and is meant to result, in a permanent one. Secondly, when this sovereignty is passing away, the chance of marriage lessening, or wholly ended, or voluntarily set aside, and the individual making up her mind to what, as respect for Grandfather Adam and Grandmother Eve must compel us to admit, is an unnatural condition of being.

Why this undue proportion of single women should almost always result from over-civilisation, and whether, since society's advance is usually indicated by the advance, morally and intellectually, of its women—this progress, by raising women's ideal standard of the holy estate, will not necessarily cause a decline in the very unholy estate which is most frequently made—are questions too wide to be entered upon here. I have only to deal with facts—with a certain acknowledged state of things, perhaps impossible of remedy, but by no means incapable of amelioration.

But, granted these facts, and leaving to wiser heads their cause and their cure, I, a woman, have a right to say my say—out of practical observation and experience. And looking around upon the middle-classes, which form the staple stock of the community, it appears to me that the chief canker at the root of women's lives is the want of something to do.

Herein I refer, as this chapter must be understood especially to refer, not to those whom ill or good fortune—query, is it not often the latter?—has forced to earn their bread; but to 'young ladies,' who have never been brought up to do anything. Tom, Dick, and Harry, their brothers, has each had it knocked into him from school-days that he is to do something, to be somebody. Counting-house, shop, or college, afford him a clear future on which to concentrate all his energies and aims. He has got the grand pabulum of the human soul—occupation. If any inherent want in his character, any unlucky combination of circumstances, nullify this, what a poor creature the man becomes!—what a dawdling, moping, sitting-over-the-fire, thumb-twiddling, lazy, ill-tempered animal! And why? 'Oh, poor fellow! 'tis because he has got nothing to do!'

Yet this is precisely the condition of women for a third, a half, often the whole of their existence.

That Providence ordained it so—made men to work, and women to be idle—is a doctrine that few will be bold enough to assert openly. Tacitly, they do, when they preach up lovely uselessness, fascinating frivolity, delicious helplessness—all those polite improprieties and poetical degradations to which the foolish, lazy, or selfish of our sex are prone to incline an ear, but which any woman of common sense must repudiate as insulting not only her womanhood, but its Creator.

Equally blasphemous, and perhaps even more harmful, is the outcry about 'the equality of the sexes; the frantic attempt to force women—who, nine-tenths of them, are ignorant of and unequal for their own duties—into the position and duties of men. A pretty state of matters would ensue! Who that ever listened for two hours to the verbose confused inanities of a ladies' committee, would incontinently go and give his vote for a female House of Commons? or who, on the receipt of a lady's letter of business—I speak of the average—would wish thereupon to have our courts of justice stocked with matronly lawyers, and our colleges thronged by

Sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair?

As for finance, in its various branches—if you pause to consider the extreme difficulty there always is in balancing Mrs Smith's housekeeping-book, or Miss Smith's quarterly allowance, I think, my dear Paternal Smith, you need not be much afraid lest this loud acclaim for 'women's rights' should ever be more than a great cry and little wool.'

No; equality of the sexes is not in the nature of things. Man and woman were made for, and not like one another. One only 'right' we have to assert with the opposite sex—and that is as much in our own hands as theirs—the right of having something to do.

That both sexes were meant to labour—one 'by the sweat of his brow;' the other, 'in sorrow to bring forth'—and bring up—'children'—cannot, I fancy, be questioned. Nor, when the gradual changes of the civilised world, or some special destiny, chosen or compelled, have prevented that first, highest, and in earlier times almost universal lot, does this accidental fate in any way abrogate the necessity, moral, physical,
and mental, for a woman to have occupation, in other forms.

But how few parents ever consider this? Tom, Dick, and Harry, aforesaid, leave school and plunge into life; the girls likewise finish their education, come home, and stay at home. That is enough. Nobody thinks it needful to waste a care upon them. Bless them, pretty dears, how sweet they are! papa's nose-gay of beauty to adorn his drawing-room. He delights to give them all they can desire—clothes, amusements, society; he and mamma together take every domestic care off their hands; they have abundance of time and nothing to occupy it; plenty of money, and little use for it; pleasure without end, but not one definite object of interest or employment; flattery and flummery enough, but no solid food whatever to satisfy mind or heart—if they happen to possess either—at the very emptiest and most craving season for both.

They have literally nothing whatever to do, except to fall in love; which they accordingly do, the most of them, as fast as ever they can.

'Many think they are in love, when, in fact, they are only idle—is one of the truest sayings of that great wise bore, Imlac, in Rasselas, and it has been proved by many a shipwrecked life, of girls especially. This 'falling in love,' being usually a mere delusion of the fancy, and not the real thing at all, the object is generally unattainable or unworthy. Papa is displeased, mamma somewhat shocked and scandalised; it is a 'Goldah affair,' and no matrimonial results ensue, but there only ensues—what?

A long dreary season, of pain real or imaginary, yet not the less real because it is imaginary, of anger and mortification, of impotent struggle—against unjust parents, the girl believes, or, if romantically inclined, against cruel destiny. Gradually this mood wears out; she learns to regard 'love' as folly, and turns her whole hope and aim to—marriage! Matrimony in the abstract; not the man, but any man—any person who will snatch her out of the dulness of her life, and give her something really to live for—in short, something to do.

Well, the man may come, or he may not. If the latter melancholy result occurs, the poor girl passes into her third stage of young-ladyhood, frettters or murders away her existence, sullenly hears it, or dashes herself blindfold against its restrictions; is unhappily, and makes her family unhappy; perhaps herself crucially conscious of all this, yet unable to find the true root of her sorrow, in her heart, not knowing exactly what she wants, yet aware of a morbid, perpetual want of something. What is it?

Alas! the boys only had the benefit of that well-known juvenile apathetic, that Satan finds some mischief still

For idle hands to do:

it has never crossed the parents' minds that the rhyme could apply to the delicate digital extremities of the daughters.

And so their whole energies are devoted to the masquer of Old Time. They prickle him to death with crochet and embroidery needles; strum him deaf with piano and harp playing—not music; cut him up with morning-visiters, or leave his carcass in ten-minute parcells at every 'friend's' house they can think of. Finally, they dance him defunct at all sort of unnatural hours; and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, hush him in sleep for a third of the following day. Thus he dies, a slow, insensitive, perfectly natural death; and they will never recognise his murder till, on the confines of this world, or from the unknown shores of the next, the question meets them: 'What became of Time?'—Time, the blessed, bountiful, and unlimited gift bestowed equally on every living soul, and, excepting the soul, the only mortal loss which is totally irretrievable.

Yet this great sin, this irredeemable loss, in many women, arises from their ignorance. Men are taught as a matter of business to recognise the value of time, to apportion and employ it: women, rarely or never. The most of them have no definite appreciation of the article as a tangible divisible commodity at all. They would laugh at a mantua-maker who cut up a dress-length into trimmings, and then expected to make out of two yards of silk a full skirt. Yet that the same laws of proportion should apply to time and its measurements—that you cannot dawdle away a whole forenoon, and then attempt to cram into the afternoon the entire business of the day—that every minute's unpunctuality constitutes a debt or a theft (lucky, indeed, if you yourself are the only party robbed or made creditor thereof!): these slight facts rarely seem to cross the feminine imagination.

It is not their fault; they have never been 'accustomed to business.' They hear that with men 'time is money;' but it never strikes them that the same commodity, equally theirs, is to them not money, perhaps, but life—life in its highest form and noblest uses—life bestowed upon every human being, distinctly and individually, without reference to any other being, and which ever one of us, married or unmarried, woman as well as man, will assuredly be held accountable before God.

My young-lady friends, from seventeen upwards, your time, and the use of it, is as essential to you as to any fathers or brothers of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as they are. If you waste it, you waste not your substance, but your very souls—not that which is your own, but your Maker's.

Ay, there the core of the matter lies. From the hour that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden, not—as I once heard some sensible preacher observe—'not to be idle in it, but to dress it and to keep it,' the Father of all has never put one man or one woman into this world without giving them something to do there, in it and for it: some visible, tangible work to be left behind them when they die.

Young ladies, 'tis worth a grave thought—what, if called away at eighteen, twenty, or thirty, the most of you would leave behind you when you die? Much embroidery, dozens of legible letters; a moderate store of good deeds; and a cart-load of good intentions. Nothing else—save your name on a tomb-stone, or lingering for a few months over a heart-bitten memory. Poor dear——!

What a nice lively girl she was!' For any benefit accruing through you to your generation, you might as well have never lived at all.

But 'what am I to do with my life?' as once asked me one girl out of the numbers who begin to feel aware that, whether marrying or not, each possesses an individual life, to spend, to use, or to lose. And herein lies the momentous question.

The difference between man's vocation and woman's seems naturally to be this—one is abroad, the other at home: one external, the other internal: one active, the other passive. He has to go and seek out his path; hers usually lies close under her feet. Yet each is as distinct, as honourable, as difficult; and whatever custom may urge to the contrary—if the life is meant to be a worthy or a happy one—each must resolutely and undoubtedly be trod. But—how?

A definite answer to this question is simply impossible. So diverse are characters, tastes, capabilities, and circumstances, that we cannot lay down an absolute time of occupation for any six women of one's own acquaintance, would be the merest absurdity.

'Herein the patient must minister to herself.' To few is the choice so obvious, so plain, so unlimited, that she need puzzle very long over what she ought to
do. Generally—and this is the best and safest guide—
she will find her work lying very close at hand: some
desultory tastes to condense into regular studies; some
faulty household quietly to remodel; some child to
teach, or parent to watch over; all these being
needless or unattainable, to try and extend her service
out of the home, which perhaps never at any time so much needed the help of us women.
And hardly one of its charities and duties can be done
so thoroughly as by a wise and tender woman's hand.
Here occurs another of those plain rules which are
the only guidance possible in the matter—a Bible
rule, too—\(\text{Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with} \ \text{thy might!}\) Question it not, philosophize not over it—
do it!—only do it! Thoroughly and completely, never
satisfied with less than perfection. Be it ever so
great or so small, from the founding of a village-school
to the making of a collar—do it \(\text{with thy might!}\)
and never lay it aside till it is done.
Let each day's account leave this balance—of some-
ingthing done. Something beyond mere pleasure, one's
own or others'—though both are good and sweet in
their way. Let the superstructure of life be enjoyment,
but let its foundation be in solid work—daily, regular,
consistent; of no value in its essentials, but result as dis-
tinct as any 'business' of men. What they expend for
wealth and ambition, shall not we offer for duty and
love—the love of our fellow-creatures, or, far higher,
the love of God?
\(\text{Labour is worship},\) says the proverb: also—may,
necessarily so—labour is happiness. Only let us turn
from the dreamy, colourless lives of the women, old and
young, who have nothing to do, to those of their sisters
who are always doing something—women who, believ-
ing and accepting the universal law, that pleasure is
the mere accident of our being, and work its natural
and most holy necessity, have set themselves steadily
to seek out and fulfil theirs.
These are they who are little spoken of in the world
at large. I do not include among them those whose
labours should spring from an irresistible impulse, and
become an absolute vocation, or it is not worth following
at all—namely, the 'gifted' women, writers, painters,
musicians, and the like. I mean those women who
lead active, intelligent industrious lives: lives com-
plete in themselves, and therefore not giving half the
trouble to their friends that the idle and foolish virgins
do—no, not even in love-affairs. If love comes to them
accept it, emotionally, and happily, so much the better!—they will not make the worse wives
for having been busy maidens. But the 'tender
passion' is not to them the one great necessity that it
is to simple lives; they are in no haste to wed: they
have got something to do; and if never married, still
the habitual facility of usefulness gives them in them-
theselves and with others that obvious value, that fixed
standing in society, which will for ever prevent their
being drifted away, like most old maids, down the
current of the new generation, even as dead May-flies
down a stream.
They have made for themselves a place in the world:
the harsh, practical, yet not ill-meaning world, where
all find their level soon or late, and where a frivolous
young maid, sunk into a helpless old one, can no more
expect to keep her pristine position, than a last year's
leaf to flutter upon a spring bough. But an old maid
who deserves well of this same world, by her ceaseless
work therein, having won her position, keeps it to the
end.
Not an ill position either, or unkindly; often higher
and more honourable than that of many a mother of
ten sons. In home, where 'Auntie' is the univers-
al referee, nurse, playmate, comforter, and counsellor:
in society, where 'that nice Miss So-and-so,' though
never clever, handsome, nor young, is yet impossible
to be omitted or overlooked: in charitable works,
where she is 'such a practical body—always knows
exactly what to do, and how to do it': or perhaps,
in her own house, solitary indeed, as every single woman's
home must be, yet neither dull nor unhappy in itself,
and the nucleus of cheerfulness and happiness to many
another home besides.
She has not married. Under heaven, her home, her
life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or
sweet they may have been—it is not ours to meddle
with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide
or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has
exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good.
Whether great or small her talents, she has not let
one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current
of her existence may have been, and in whatever
circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily
wasted no portion of it—not a year, not a month, not
a day.

Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a
goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read
in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful,
and at ease; her unfailing interest in all things and all
people. You will rarely find she thinks much about
herself; she has never had time for it. And this her
life-chronicle, this work of her very fulness, has taught
her that the more one does, the more one finds to do
—she will never flourish in your face, or the face of
Heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extra-
orinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply
done what it was her duty to do.

But—and when her place is vacant on earth, this
will be said of her assuredly, both here and Otherwhere
—\(\text{She hath done what she could.}\)

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LX.—THE SOMBRE.

The horses covered under the cold rain, all of them
jaded and hungry. The hot dusty march of the
morning, and the long rough gallop of the night, had
exhausted their strength; and they stood with drooped
heads and hanging ears, dozing and motionless.

The men, too, were wearied—some of them quite
worn out. A few kept their feet, bridled in hand, under
shelter of the impending cliff; the others, having
staggered down, with their backs against the rock,
had almost instantly fallen asleep.

For me was neither sleep nor rest; I did not even
seek protection against the storm, but standing clear
of the cliff, received the drenching shower full upon
my shoulders. It was the chill rain of the 'norther,'
but at that moment neither cold nor heat nor shocco
could have produced upon me an impression of pain.

To physical suffering I was insensible. I should even
have welcomed it, for I well understood the truth,
proverbially expressed in that language, rich above
all others in proverbial lore—\(\text{en claro sans autre claro,}\)
and still more fully illustrated by the poet:

\begin{verbatim}
Tristecus me hacem triste,
Tristes solus a bucare,
A ver si con tristecus
Tristecus puelio olvidar.
\end{verbatim}

Yes, under any other form, I should have welcomed
physical pain as a neutraliser of my mental anguish;
but that cold norther brought no consolation.

Sadly the reverse. It was the harbinger of keen
apprehension; for not only had it interrupted our
search, but should the heavy rain continue but for a
few hours, we might be able neither to find or further
to follow the trail. It would be blinded—obliterated—lost. Can you wonder that in my heart I executed those desperate clouts, and that driving deluge—that with my lips I cursed the sky and the storm, the moon and the stars, the red lightning and the rolling thunder?

My anathema ended, I stood in sullen silence leaning against the body of my brave horse, whose sides shrivelled under the chilly rain, though I felt not its chill.

Absorbed in gloomy thought, I recked not what was passing around me; and for an unnoted period I remained in this speechless abstraction.

My reverie was broken. Some expressions that reached my ear told me that at least two of my followers had not yet yielded to weariness or despair. Two of them were in conversation; and I easily recognised the voices of the trappers. Tired, used to stern struggles—to constant warfare with the elements, with nature herself—these true men never thought of giving up, until the last effort of human ingenuity had failed. From their conversation, I gathered that they had not yet lost hope of finding the trail, but were meditating on some plan for recovering and following it.

With renewed eagerness I faced towards them and listened; both talked in a low voice. Garvey was speaking, as I turned to them.

'I guess you're right, Rube. The hoss must have got drunk or fell over. Ther's mud, if I remember right, all round the pool. We can carry the candle under Dutch's sombrero.'

'Yes,' drawled Rube in reply; 'an ef this nigger don't miskalkitato, we ain't a gwine to need eyther canal or sombraray. Looker yander!'—the speaker pointed to a break in the clouds—'I'll stake high, I kin mizurs this huyar shower wi' the tail o' a goat. Waghl we'll hew the moon again, clur as lady in the inside o' ten minutes—see ef we haint.'

'So much the better, old toss; but hadn't we best first try for the tracks; time's precious, Rube.'—

'In course it uz; git the cannon an' sombraray, an' we'll be off then. The rest o' these fellurs hex better stay huyar; th'z only bamfoozle us.'

'All right,' called out Garvey, addressing himself to Quackenboss—'Lige! git us yer hat a bit.'

A loud whoop was the only reply. The ranger, seated with his back against the rock, and his head dropping over his breast, was sound asleep.

'Durned sleepyhead!' exclaimed Rube, in a tone of peevish impatience. 'Prod im wi' the point o' yer bowie, Bill! Rib-roast im wi' yer wipin-stick! Lam im wi' yer laryette!—git 'im a kick i' the guta!—roust im up, durn im!'—

'Lige!—ho!—Dutchy!' cried Garvey, approaching the sleeper, and shaking him by the shoulder; 'I want your sombrero.'

'Ho! wo! stand still! Jingo, he'll throw me. I can't get off; the spurs are locked. Ho! wo! wo!'—

Rube and Garvey broke into a loud cussation that awakened the rest of the slumberers. Quackenboss alone remained asleep, fighting in his dreams with the wild Indian horse.

'Durned mulchhead!' cried Rube after a pause; 'let me go on that jest long's he likes it. Chuck the hat off o' his head, Bill! we don't want him—thet we don't.'

There was a little pique in the trapper's tone. The breach at the ranch had made, while acting as a faithful sentinel, was not yet healed.

Garvey made no further attempts to arouse the sleeper, but in obedience to the order of his comrade, lifted off the hat; and, having procured one of the great candles, he and Rube started off without saying another word, or giving any clue to their design.

Though joyed at what I had heard, I refrained from investigating them. Some of my followers who put questions received only ambiguous answers. From the manner of the trappers, I saw that they wished to be left to themselves; and I could well trust them to the development of whatever design they had conceived.

On leaving us, they walked straight out from the cliff, but how far they continued in this direction it was impossible to tell. They had not lighted the candle; and after going half-a-dozen steps, their forms disappeared from our view amid the darkness and thickly falling rain.

CHAPTER LXI.

The trail recovered.

The rangers, after a moment of speculation as to the designs of the trappers, resumed their attitude of repose. Fatigued as they were, even the cold could not keep them awake.

After a pause, the voice of Quackenboss could be heard, in proof that he was sleepy. 'Where is my hat? Boys, did any o' ye see anything o' a hat, did ye?' His shouts again awoke the sleepers.

'What sort of a hat, Lige?' inquired one.

'A black hat—that Mexican sombrero.'

'Oh! a black hat; no—I saw no black hat.'

'You damned Dutchman! who do you expect could see a black hat such a night as this, or a white one by th'gutter? Go to sleep!'—

'Come, boys, I don't want none o' your nonsense: I want my hat. Who's got my hat?'

'Are you sure it was a black hat?'

'Bah! the wind has carried it away.'

'Pe gar! Monsieur Quack'boss—votre chapeau grand—you great beeg'st—est il perdu?—is loss?—c'est vrai? Faridien! les loups—ze wolves have it carr'd away—have it mange—eat? c'est vrai?'

'None o' your gibberish, Frenchy. Have you got my hat?'

'Moi! votre chapeau grand! No, monsieur. Quack'-boss—vraiment je ne l'ai pas; pe gar, no!'—

'Have you got it, Stanfield? ask the botanist, addressing himself to a Kentucky backwoodsmen of that name.

'Dang yar hat! What shed do wi' yer hat? I've got my own hat, and that's hat enough for me.'

'Have you got my hat, Bill Black?'

'No,' was the prompt reply; 'I've got neery hat but my own, and that ain't black, I reckon, 'cept sich a night as this.'

'I tell you what, Lige, old fellow! you lost your hat while you were a ridin the mustang just now: the hoss kicked it off o' your head.

A chorus of laughter followed this sally, in the midst of which Quackenboss could be heard apostrophising both his hat and his comrades in no very respectful terms. He continued to scramble over the ground in vain search after the lost sombrero, amidst the jokes and laughter, uttered at his expense.

To this merriment of my followers I gave but little heed: my thoughts were intent on other things. My eyes were fixed upon that bright spot in the sky, that had been pointed out by Rube; and my heart gladdened, as I perceived that it was every moment growing brighter and bigger. The rain still fell thick
and fast; but the edge of the cloud-curtain was slowly rising above the eastern horizon, as though drawn up by some invisible hand. Should the movement continue, I felt confident that in a few minutes—as Rube had predicted—the sky would be clear again, and the moon shining brilliantly as ever. These were joyful anticipations.

At intervals I glanced towards the prairie, and I listened to catch some sound—either the voices of the trappers, or the tread of their returning footsteps. No such sounds could be heard.

I was becoming impatient, when I perceived a sudden flare of light far out upon the plain. It seemed to be again extinguished; but in the same place, and the moment after, appeared a small, steady flame, twinkling like a solitary star through the bluish mist of the rain. For a few seconds it remained fixed, and then commenced moving—as if carried low down along the surface of the ground.

There was nothing mysterious about this lone light. To Quakeness only it remained an unexplained apparition; and he might have mistaken it for the _fata morgana_. The others had been awake when Rube and Garey took their departure, and easily recognised the lighted candle in the kindling timber.

For some time the light appeared to move backwards and forwards, turning at short distances, or as if borne in regular circles, or in zigzag lines. We could perceive the sheen of water between us and the flame, as though there was a pond, or perhaps a portion of the prairie, flooded by the rain.

After a while the light became fixed, and a sharp exclamation was heard across the plain, which all of us recognised as being in the voice of the trapper Rube. Again the light was in motion—now flitting along more rapidly, and as if carried in a straight line across the prairie.

We followed it with eager eyes. We saw it was moving further and further away; and my companions hazarded the conjecture that the trappers had recovered the trail.

This was soon verified, by one of themselves—Garey—whose huge form, looming through the mist, was seen approaching the spot; and though the expression of his face was not one of joy or excitement, his bearing betokened that he brought cheerful tidings.

'Rube's struck the trail, capit'n,' said he in a quiet voice as he came up: 'yonder he goes, whar you see the kless o' the cannon. He'll soon be out o' sights, if we don't make haste, an' follow.'

Without another word, we seized the reins, sprang once more into our saddles, and rode off after the smiling face that had beaconed us across the plain.

Rube was soon overtaken, and we perceived that, despite the storm, he was rapidly progressing along the trail, his candle sheltered from the rain under the ample sombrero.

In answer to numerous queries, the old trapper vouchsafed only an occasional 'Waghi,' evidently proud of this new exhibition of his skill. With Garey, the curious succeeded better; and as we continued on, the latter explained to them how the trail had been recovered by his comrade—for to Rube, it appeared, was the credit due.

Rube remembered the mesa spring. It was the water in its branch that we had seen gleaming under the light. The thoughtful trapper conjectured, and rightly as it proved, that the steel would stop there to drink. He had passed along the stony shingle by the mound—simply because around the cliff lay his nearest way to the water—and had followed a dry ridge that led directly from the mesa to the spring-branch. Along this ridge, going even at the time, his hoof had left no marks—at least none that could be distinguished by torch-light, and this was why the trail had been for the moment lost. Rube, however, remembered that around the spring there was a tract of soft, boggy ground; and he anticipated that in this the hoof-prints would leave a deep impression. To find them he needed only a 'kiver' for the candle, and the huge hat of Quakeness offered the very thing. An umbrella would scarcely have been better for his purpose.

As the trappers had conjectured, they found the tracks in the muddy margin of the spring-branch.

The steed had drunk at the pool; but immediately after had resumed his wild flight, going westward from the mound.

_Why had he gone off at a gallop? Had he been alarmed by sight? Or had he taken fresh affright, at the strange rider upon his back?_ I questioned Garey. _I saw that he knew why._ He needed pressing for the answer.

He gave it at length, but with evident reluctance.

_Thar are wolf-tracks on the trail!_

**Chapter Lxii.**

**Wolves on the Track.**

The wolves, then, were after him! The trackers had made out their footprints in the mud of the arroyo. Both there was the large brown wolf of Texas, and the small barking coyote of the plains—a full pack there had been, as the trappers could tell by the numerous tracks. That they were following the horse, the tracks also testified to these men of strange intelligence. How knew they this? By what sign?

To my inquiries, I obtained an answer from Garey:

_Above the spring-branch extended a shelving bank_; up this the steed had bounded, after drinking at the pool. _Up this, too, the wolves had sprung after_: they had left the indentation of their claws in the soft loam.

_How knew Garey that they were in pursuit of the horse?_

_The 'scratches' told him they were going at their fastest, and they would not have sprung so far had they not been pursuing some prey. There were footmarks of no other animal except theirs, and the hoof-prints of the steed; and that they were after him was evident to the trapper, because the tracks of the wolves covered those of the horse._

Garey had no doubt of the correctness of his reasoning, than a geometer of the truth of a theorem in Euclid.

I groaned in spirit as I was forced to adopt his conclusion. But it was all probable—too probable. Had the steed been alone—unembarrassed—free—it was not likely the wolves would have chased him thus. The wild-horse in his prime is rarely the object of their attack—though the old and infirm, the gravid mare, and the feeble colt, often fall before these hungry hunters of the plains. Both common wolf and coyote possess all the astuteness of the fox, and know, as by instinct, the animal that is wounded to death. They will follow the stricken deer that has escaped from the hunter; but if it prove to be but slightly harmed, instinctively they abandon the chase.

Their instinct had told them that the steed was not ridden by a free hand; they had seen that there was _something amiss_; and in the hope of running down both horse and rider, they had followed with hungry howl.

Another fact lent probability to this painful conjecture: we knew that by the mesa were many wolves.

The spring was the constant resort of ruminant animals, deer and antelopes; the half-wild cattle of the _ganaderos_ drank there, and the tottering calf oft became the prey of the coyote and his more powerful congeners, the gaunt Texan wolf. There was still another reason why the plains may have late been the favourite prowl of these hideous brutes: the debris of our skirmish had furnished them with many a midnight banquet. They had ravaged upon the
blood of men and the flesh of horses, and they hungered for more.
That they might succeed in running down the steed, cumbered as he was, was probable enough. Sooner or later, they would overtake him. It might be after a long, long gallop over hill and dale, through swamp and chapparal, but still it was probable those tough, tireless pursuers would overtake him. They would launch themselves upon his flanks; they would seize upon his wearied limbs—upon him, the helpless victim on his back; both horse and rider would be dragged to the earth—bo the torn—pitted in pieces—devoured!

I groaned under the horrid apprehension.

'Look there!' said Garey, pointing to the ground, and holding his torch so as to illuminate the surface; 'the la her has made a slip there. See!—hyar's the track of the big— he has sprung up jest hyar; I can hear by the scratch of his hind-claws.'

I examined the sign. Even to my eyes it was readable, and just as Garey had interpreted it. There were other tracks of wolves on the damp soil, but one had certainly launched himself forward, in a long leap, though as in an effort to fasten himself upon the flank of some animal. The hoof-mark plainly showed that the steed had slipped as he sprang over the wet ground; and this had tempted the spring of the watchful pursuer.

We hurried on. Our excited feelings hindered us from pausing longer than a moment. Both rangers and trappers shared my eagerness, as well as my apprehensions. Fast as the torches could be carried, we hurried on.

Shortly after parting from the mess, there occurred a change in our favors. The lights had been carried under huts to protect them from the rain. This precaution was no longer required. The storm had passed—the shower ceasing as suddenly as it had come on; the clouds were fast driving from the face of the firmament. In five minutes more, the moon would shine forth. Already her refracted rays lightened the prairie.

We did not stay for her full beam; time was too precious. Still trusting to the torches, we hurried on.

The beautiful queen of the night kept her promise. In five minutes, her cheering orb shot out beyond the margin of the dark pall that had hitherto shrouded it, and her white disk, as if purified by the storm, shone with unswerved brightness. The ground became conspicuous almost as in the day; the torches were extinguished, and we followed the trail more rapidly by the light of the moon.

Here, still in full gallop, had passed the wild-horse, and for miles beyond—still had he gone at utmost speed. Still close upon his heels had followed the ravenous andunting wolves. Here and there were the prints of their clawed feet—the signs of their unflagging pursuit.

The roar of water sounded in our ears; it came from the direction in which the trail was conducting us; a stream was not far distant.

We soon diminished the distance. A glassy sheet glistened under the moonlight, and towards this the trail trended in a straight line.

It was a river—a cataract was near, down which the water, freshened by the late rain, came tumbling, broken by the rocks into hummocks of white foam. Under the moonlight, it appeared like an avalanche of snow. The trappers remarked an effluent of the Rio Bravo, running from the north—from the high steppes of the Llano Estacado.

We hurried forward to its bank, and opposite the frothing rapids. The trail conducted us to this point—to the very edge of the foaming water. It led no further. There were the hoof-marks forward to the brink, but not back. The horse had plunged into the torrent.

CHAPTER LXIII.

ACROSS THE TORRENT.

Surely it was so. Into that seething rapid the steed had launched himself—where the spume was whitest, and the rocks gave out the hoarest echoes. The four hoof-prints, close together upon the bank, showed the point from which he had sprung, and the deeply indented turf testified that he had made no timid leap. The pursuers had been close upon his heels, and he had flung himself with desperate plunge upon the water.

Had he succeeded in crossing? It was our first thought. It appeared improbable—impossible. Notwithstanding its foam-bejewelled surface, the current was swift, and looked as though it would sweep either man or horse from his footing. Surely it was too deep to be ford. Though here and there rocks were seen above the surface, the greater part was concealed by large boulders, and between them the impetuous wave ran dark and deep. Had the horse lost footing? had he been forced to swim? If so, he must have been carried with the current—his body submerged—his withers sunk below the surface—his helpless rider—

The conclusion was evident to all of us. All felt the conviction simultaneously. No—not all. There came a word of comfort from the old and wise—wiser—a word that gave cheer to my drooping spirit.

'Wagh! the hoss hain't swum a lick—he hain't.'

'Are you sure, Rube? How can you tell?' were the quick interrogatories.

'Sure—how kin I tell,—I'd see, how,' replied Rube, a little nettled at our having questioned his judgment. 'What the devil's yur eyes good for—all o' yur? Lookee, hyar! and I'll show ye how I tell. Do ye see the colour o' that water?—it ur as brown as a buffalo in the Fall; thurfor its fresh kim down; and jest afore the shower, thur want more'n half o' it in the channel. Then the hoss most a waded cross hyar, easy as falling off a log, and thar the hoss did wade across.'

'He crossed before the rain?'

'Sure as a shot from Targuts. Look at the tracks! Them wur made afore a drop o' rain kim down; ef they hecint, they'd a been a darned sight deeper in the sod. Wagh! the hoss gut safe across without wettin a hair o' his hips. So far as drownin goes, don't be skeerint bout that, young fellur; the gut's safe enough yet.'

'And the wolves? Do you think they have followed across the stream?'

'Ne'er a wolf of 'em—ne'er a one. The rambits had more sense. They knew thar legs wasn't long enough, an thar ur current wud a swep 'em on a mile afore thay kud a swum half-way across. The wolves, they stayed on this side, I reck'n. Look hyar—hyar's thur tracks. Wagh! thur wud a wnh o' the thay beasts. Gechosophat! the bank ur paddled like a sheep-pen.'

We bent down to examine the ground. Sure enough, it was covered with the tracks of wolves. A numerous band had crowded together on the spot; and as the prints of their feet pointed in all directions, it was evident they had not gone forward, but brought to a stand by the torrent, had given up the chase, and scattered away.

Pray heaven it was no more conjecture!

With Rube it was a belief; and as I had grown to put implicit reliance in the old trapper's wood-craft, I felt reassured. Rube's opinions, both as to the steed having safely crossed, and the discomfiture of the wolves, were shared by the rest of my fellows—not one of whom was a mean authority on such a subject. Garey—second only to his older comrade in the working out of a prairie syllogism—gave Rube's statement his emphatic confirmation. The steed was yet safe—perhaps, too, the rider.

With lighter heart I sprang back into the saddle.
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My followers imitated the example, and with eyes scanning the stream, we rode along the bank to seek for a crossing. There was no ford near the spot. Perhaps where the steed had passed over the stream might have been waded at low-water; but now, during the freshet, the current would have swept off horse and man like so much cork-wood. The rocks—the black waves that rushed between them—the boiling, frothing eddies—discouraged any attempt at crossing there; we all saw that it was impracticable.

Some rode up stream, others went in the opposite direction. Both parties met again with blank looks; neither had found a crossing.

There was no time to search further—at least my impatience would no longer brook delay. It was not the first time for both my horse and myself to cross a river without ford; nor was it the first time for many of my followers.

Below the rapids, the current ran slow, apparently ceasing. The water was still, though wider from bank to bank—a hundred yards or more. By the aid of the moonlight, I could tell that the bank on the opposite side was low and shelving. It could be easily climbed by a horse. I settled to reason no further. Many a hundred yards had Moro swum with his rider on his back—many a current had he cleft with his proud breast many times more rapid than that.

I headed him to the bank, gave him the spur, and went plunging into the flood. Plunge—plunge! I heard behind my back till the last of my followers had launched themselves on the wave, and were swimming silently over. One after another we reached the opposite side, and ascended the bank. Hurriedly I counted our number as the men rode out; one had not yet arrived! Who was missing?

'Cube,' answered some one. I glanced back, but without feeling any uneasiness. I had no fear for the trapper; Garey alleged he was safe to turn up.' Something had detained him. Could his old mare swim?

'Like a mink,' replied Garey; 'but Cube won't ride her across; he's afraid to sink her too deep in the water. See! yonder he comes!' Near the middle of the stream, two faces were observed riding rear, one on the bosom of the other. The foremost was the grizzled front of the old mustang, the other the unmistakable physiognomy of her master. The moonlight shining upon both rendered them conspicuous above the dark brown water; and the spectacle drew a laugh from those who had reached the bank.

Cube's mode of crossing was unique, like every action of this singular man. Perhaps he adopted it from sheer eccentricity, or may be in order that his mustang might swim more freely.

He had ridden gently into the water, and kept his saddle till the mare was beyond her depth—then sliding backward over her hips, he took the tail in his teeth, and partly towed like a fish upon the hook, and partly striking to assist in the passage, he swam after. As soon as the mare again touched bottom, he drew himself up over the croup, and in this way regained his saddle.

Man and man, as they climbed out on the bank—the thin skeleton bodies of both reduced to their slenderest dimensions by the soaking water—presented a spectacle so ludicrous as to elicit a fresh chorus of laughter from his comrades. I stayed not till the echoes had died away; but pressing my steed along the bank, soon arrived at the rapids, where I expected to recover the trail. To my joy, hoof-marks were there, directly opposite the point where the steed had taken to the stream. He must have waded then.

Thank heaven! at least from that peril has she been saved!

POOR NUMBER TWO!

If the poor 'creaking wheel' cannot be mended, it is too hard to deny it at least the privilege of complaint. There is something sweet and soothing in knowing that our sufferings are regarded with sympathy and compassion. I consider myself a very hardly used person; but I think my grievances might be remedied if they were only properly made known in the proper quarter.

This society of ours, in England, is composed, locomotively speaking, of numbers 1, 2, and 3. We are ticketed off in business-like style, and sent, with more or less of ceremony, to our respective ends of the train. 'First class higher up, sir; please walk this way!' says an obsequious official, with smiling countenance. 'Second class lower down; make haste!' cries another. 'Third class in front, by the engine; get along, will ye!' shouts a third; and thus we get to our seats at last. Now, I cheerfully take my place in the class number two, and all I ask is that the railway companies should hold to their bargain, and treat me as that number.

It is proverbial that corporations have no consciences, and I am quite sure that no individual shareholder would have the barbarity, if it rested with his individual vote, to condemn me to sit all the way from London to Edinburgh on a hard board, and know how small a fraction the use of a cushion would subtract from the fare I have actually paid for my seat. I am reminded that in highly civilised England alone is this misery inflicted on second-class passengers. In Germany, Belgium, France, and Italy, to my certain knowledge, it is not so; and what I require, in all humility, is, a reason why English arrangements are so different. It is, to say the least, an ungracious, grinding, hard-hearted proceeding, to tell all the respectable middling classes of England, that if they cannot afford first-class fares, they shall pay for their deficiency in stereo boxes. As I have said, economy cannot be the object, for the cost of a little more comfortable accommodation would be absolutely infinitesimal. The plain design is to force as many persons as possible into the first-class, and, by reducting the second-class as uncomfortable as may be. This argues a short-sighted as well as a selfish view of the matter, as I propose to show. As long as one class is cheaper than another, it will always be found that a great many persons will prefer the temporary suffering entailed by inconvenient travelling, to the outlay of a larger sum. They do this because they must do it; and it is contemptible to punish them for a laudable spirit of economy. In another point of view, it is short-sighted. As long as the families of clergymen, country doctors, and middling gentry of all sorts, can travel only by submitting either to the too great cost of first-class, or the manifold inconveniences of second-class carriages, so long they will stay at home, except when compelled by necessity to do otherwise. I conceive that if the directors of railway companies are ignorant of this, they know very little of the true state of the case. I have said that they, as corporations, cannot be expected to have either conscience or humanity; and therefore do not make an appeal to either quality. My object is to shew them that their present system is altogether a mistaken one as regards their dividends.

I speak from personal experience when I say, that their language to the public is: 'We make our own arrangements; you are not obliged by us to travel; and if you don't like what we offer you, you can stay at home.' This is the declaration of war held out by
the companies, and it remains to be seen whether they have adopted the wiser course. I am not one of those who wish to travel on the great railway lines, for all I wish them to understand is, that they get far less out of me in the long-run by taking up the tone they have assumed, than if they met me half-way in a compromising spirit.

It is my private opinion, that as railways are entirely a parliamentary institution, parliament should superintend all the details of the system which it has created and forced upon the public, as well as the daily government-train. Failing this, it only remains that those who feel with me should endeavour to obtain a fair consideration of their claims. The object I have in view is not that fares should be lower than at present. I may think that it would pay better to lower them, but I have not the same proof of the fact as of the other things I here allege. What I chiefly complain of is, that second-class passengers are subjected not only to the calm and deliberate infliction of the ‘horse-box’ system, but that, having paid the stipulated fare, they are not even allowed to enjoy what they have paid for. This is quite evident. It is just as much a trick of the directors to drive third-class passengers, properly so called, into the second-class carriages, as to force these latter into the first: consequently, most third-class passengers run only at the expense of public opinion; and those who are charged a certain price, for the express reason that it is proportionately high enough to keep them select, are compelled to travel with the class below themselves.

Every one knows that, especially in the manufacturing districts, mechanics and working-people are constantly passing and repassing at all hours of the day; they want to get home, or to their destination to-day, at a certain hour—they never think of waiting for the parliamentary train to-morrow. As the stages are commonly short, a few pence or even shilling makes but slight difference in comparison with the evil of delay, and the result is, that no third class being provided, they travel second class. Thus, I have seen, between Leeds and Manchester, for example, a constant succession of oily mechanics, some tipsy, some sober, along with homely farmLabourers, and females of anything but respectable appearance, thrust in at every station upon those, who, as I have just said, had paid a second-class fare, expressly with the intention and understanding that they were to be protected—in virtue of that fare—from travelling in company with that class of the community which conventionally is called the fourth class. It is easy for them to say: ‘These people pay as you do; it is not for us to turn them away.’ I know all that perfectly well; but I say that the inevitable result is, that since you will not have carriages by which this class of persons would willingly travel, and since you cannot force me, against my will, to spend money I cannot afford in first-class fares, the result is, that as far as possible, I stay at home. This is not only my own case as an individual, but it affects a numerous party, of which I am the type; and if the real sentiments of our middling gentry could be as frankly expressed in conversation as mine are now, it would be found that the hindrance to travelling effected by the present arrangements is far greater than directors would readily believe. The fact is, that when persons habitually use first class, they have no reason to complain; and those who do not, have a natural shyness in admitting this incident of their social position. I am fully convinced, that a great many people of the class I have in view, endure all the annoyance and suffering entailed on them when they do travel; that they and their families are restrained, just as I and mine are, in their excursions, by the causes stated above; and yet that they shrink from expressing the evil to the railway companies, by seeming, even, to know what are the grievances of poor number two. It is more genteel to talk about the luxury of modern locomotion, to praise the comfortable appointments of first-class carriages, &c., to complain of the shareholders, and the losses and violated proprieties encountered in second-class.

I know that John Bull is, in some respects, a much-enduring animal; the ‘Bos pigris’ is slow to anger, especially when everybody else is in the same pickle as himself; but I confess I never could account to my own mind for the apathy shewn to the grievances of which I complain, except on the principle, that, in the very act, the man who does complain, does so at the expense of his gentility.

Do you suppose that those young officers whom I travelled with the other day from Dover to London, who occupied the inner half of a divided ‘horse-box,’ would be heard at their club or mess-room inveighing against hard boards and a half-tipy groom in a shabby livery? No, my brother of the middle rank, we do the thing; we execute the ‘rascally system;’ we are up to all its iniquities; we would, if we could, put the whole body of directors for a month to ride, in a ballast-truck, and think it too good for them; in a word, brothers, we suffer; but we are too genteel to say anything about it. It is just because, for these reasons, there is no chance of bringing to bear on this question a regular and accurate statement of the simple truth, in a popular and widely circulated journal, may have the effect of giving an impulsive in the right direction of that mass of discontent, of whose existence I have ample proofs. It may thus come to be suggested to those in power, that they themselves suffer by their ungenerous treatment of the public; and possibly a better state of things may yet be brought about.

I, for one, do complain that, in the fitting-up of second-class carriages, such utter negligence is shewn of the comfort of the traveller; but, supposing the vehicles to remain as they are, is it not astounding and insulting to the last degree, that no accommodation should be provided in ordinary trains for that class of persons represented by number three? It cannot be expected that these people will be always inoffensive, and always even presentable; but so long as they submit to necessity, and pay the extra fare, they are voted on a par with all second-class passengers, and unhesitatingly预案 their company. This is not their fault; the blame lies entirely with the stupidity of railway managers, who gladly adopt this additional mode of driving people out of driving people, even in trains where there are nominally third-class carriages, there is constantly an insufficient number of them, and the surplus passengers are bundled into the second-class. So strongly is this abuse felt, that the project is seriously discussed, of forming a sort of compact among travellers to avoid as much as possible second-class travelling altogether. It is said, with great truth, ‘If we must travel without any selection of our company, we may as well save our money, and go third class at once.’ It is also certain that foreigners express the most unmitigated astonishment at the English system, and the patience of those who submit to it as if unaware of its hardships and injustice. Still, I am sadly mistaken if, but for their habitual tenderness for their poor gentility, they would not soon let it be known that they are fully aware of their position—that they cordially resent it, but that the only revenge they can take is to stay at home as much as possible.

It can scarcely be, that I am so isolated in my feelings, habits, and manners, that a vast number of persons of moderate fortune do not sympathize in the sentiments I here express. At the moment when I write this, I am leaving home for a journey to the north, as my affairs are not at all distant. But for the expense of first-class travelling, I should have formed probably a party of three
VISITING MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

Mr engagement with dearst Carry was a very long one indeed; there were tremendous obstacles in the way, by which the course of our true love was perpetually being brought up short and impeded. Carry is the offspring of a clergyman, and a gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Winkward; which were the son of Sir Ralph Winkward, knight; at which point that pedigree stopped, for good and sufficient reasons: but she is also the issue of Margaret Lorraine, which was the daughter of Edward, the king of England, and the wife of Colonel Slasher—of the Lady Blanche Trevel; which was the daughter of Lord Slightston—eighth baron—by which gap the Winkward family broke into Burke's Peerage, and even got connected in some extremely disgraceful manner with royalty itself.

Carry was therefore of course entitled to expect a good match, or, in other words, a husband with either blood or money. Now, my ancestral, or being the second of my race, I should rather say) my paternal, name is Biles, and there is little in my income to excuse it. I had nevertheless enough to live upon, and to maintain my wife in something more than gentility, which was the Winkward horror. I could afford her a pony-chaise, that is, and a lady's maid. The Rev. Claude had also a whole quiver full of daughters besides Carry. Claude had a daughter, and a son—both in the small-coal line—withdraw themselves, fortunately, to South Australia, and have gone under the general head of 'our colonial relations' ever since. They are now considered to be rather subjects of congratulation than disgrace; being always understood and described by my wife's family as a sort of merchant-princes, who head the untitled aristocracy of the other hemisphere.

Nevertheless, my connection with the Winkwardites is what a Biles, without my advantages, would describe as rather ticklish; and there are still such a number of 'ps' and 'qs' to be minded, and so many favourite expressions and quotations to be apologised for when amongst them, that I let the rectory and its inmates, as much as possible, alone. There was always some magnificent person being feet and flattered up there by Mrs Winkward, in preparation for the matrimonial sacrifice, and I felt that I was in the way. 'My eldest daughter, Lady Toppingtow,' was well enough to talk about to people who did not know that her husband was a voluptuary, a voluptuary, and visited his native land on Sundays only. But there was nothing attractive to a possible son-in-law in my dear child, Mrs Biles.' Carry was pitied, you see, for her condition in having parted with herself at such an alarming sacrifice to me. 'Poor dear Carry,' her sisters said, was very happy, they really believed—as if it were the eight wonder of the world that she should be so, and yet if I were inclined to tell tales, there were others of the same family, and I am afraid, of whom who laid themselves out pretty distinctly for—but the Bileses were ever a chivalrous race, and I will not be the first of their short line to justify myself at the expense of Blanche, or Rose, or Kitty—of whom, however, I must say one was as bad as the other. Emily, the youngest and prettiest of the Winkwardites, was very different from the rest also in everything else: she was my wife's twin-sister, and the two were as like one another—with the trifling exception of a little mole under Carry's left ear—as couple of peas. I could not, of course, be always looking for this mole, and I once put my arm round Emily at a picnic, and kissed her behind a lilac-tree, in mistake. 'I suppose, Mr Frederic, you meant it for Carry,' said she good-naturedly, and pretending to be disappointed. My wife took the greatest care after this circumstance to construct a code of signals, whereby we might recognise each other at once; and the accident, so far as I know at least, did not happen again. Emily was a dear good girl, and quite unspoiled, although she was the show-daughter of them all. It was quite clear to my respected mother-in-law that none of the rest would marry—Carry having already degraded herself—while Emily remained in the house single; so that it was determined she should do it at once, and give an opportunity to the three who had less time to spare. She received, however, extreme discomfort, twice the pin-money of any of her sisters, and was continuously appalled in the most gorgeous array. Her master's for all the arts were increased and multiplied, and she was—if I may be allowed the expression—trotted out before eligible visitors pretty considerably.

I had the privilege of being useful to the family in recommending my old friend Jack Carmelair to paint her portrait; and he achieved an admirable likeness. He and I had been great chums at school, but our walks in life had since diverged widely. I stuck from the first, like a respectable man, to business, and parted with it not till I could do so comfortably; he, from making clever caricatures of the ushers, had taken so to painting, poor fellow, as absolutely to lose the extreme difficulty in supplying every arrow with a beam. Above all, I was an orphan, and had not a relative upon the face of Europe. Anything of that sort would have made our engagement impossible; but my two both in the small-coal line—withdraw themselves, fortunately, to South Australia, and have grown under the general head of 'our colonial relations' ever since. They are now considered to be rather subjects of congratulation than disgrace; being always understood and described by my wife's family as a sort of merchant-princes, who head the untitled aristocracy of the other hemisphere.
This was the arrival of no less a person than Ambrose Slasher, Esq., connected by family ties with the Winkwerds, and by red tape with the government then in power, being the paid attaché to Her Majesty’s legation at Honolulu, and in a fair way to represent the empire there himself, when an opportunity should offer. He was not a wise man, he was not a good man, and he was not a rich man; but he was a stickling diplomatist likely enough in this glorious constitution of ours to become one of those three. The great mother Britannia is not wont to leave a scion of her Sleightravandis to wither on L600 a year, and Mrs Winkwerd knew it. Ambrose, although by no means ‘so bold that you might see his brains,’ was getting thin about the poll, grave in demeanour, slow of speech, pompous of aspect, and generally in accordance with his profession. I did not think he was at all a suitable husband for dear Emily, at first; and the more I saw of him the less I admired my respected mother-in-law’s choice; but I am aware that a Biles can scarcely be a judge of such high matters. I have a portrait of him by Jack Camellair, which I would not part with for L50, although I dare say Ambrose himself would give 5£ to have it burnt. If only knowledge puffed up, I should like to know what ignorance has done to the attaché, to give him such a swollen appearance. He put down the Rev. Claude with a prolix address; he received all Mrs Winkwerd’s servilities as his just dues, and was in no degree mollified or put in good-humour by them; he treated the young ladies with a sort of graceful scorn, and he was rude to Emily herself; yet all, except the last, seemed charmed with him. Jack’s most perfect motors were now unheard in the applause that greeted the great man’s heavy plateantries; his raciest anecdotes were cast into the shade by some dull reminiscences of the diplomatist’s foreign travel. I am afraid that Mr Thomas Moore’s epistyle on a tuft-hunter applies more to women than to men:

Apollo for a star they quit, and Love’s own brother for an earl’s.

I was angry at the change of behaviour among the Winkwerds generally towards Jack, on Mrs Slasher’s arrival, but I was sincerely grieved at that of Emily. She was in a very short time engaged to be married to this gentleman, it was true—it was in order to be present at the wedding that I was the unwilling guest at the rectory at this time; but this was no reason why she should follow Ambrose’s stupid lead in regard to the poor painter. My wonder was how he stood it at all, and I privately recommended him to depart and leave the Rev. Claude just as he was, without a complexion and with sketchy legs; but Jack said: ‘No; when he had taken an order, he liked to execute it;’ mimicking my best business manner, and quoting my favourite phrase. Emily had been once, I thought, the most pleased with him of all, but now she offered him the cold-shoulder—and a good deal of it, as her style of dress permitted her to do—upon all occasions. She never failed to give the poor fellow a set-down when the diplomatist chanced to be present, and laughed heartily at his describing some obscure street in Honolulu as the habitation of tailors and artists. As Camellair observed, indeed, in allusion to this delicacy, Mr Slasher was ‘a deuce of a fellow among eggs with a stick;’ which was the man as good as tongue could paint. Still there was no pretence of affection on the part of the bride-elect; she had been disposed of by private contract some five weeks ago, and was to be given away without reserve on the ensuing Friday to Cousin Ambrose: that was the agreement; and she had determined, apparently, to abide by it; only at times when the diplomatising partook—it was more rarely of a little too much of the entente cordiale. I observed later slaver, poor girl, as though, if I may so express myself, a goose was walking over her grave. She had been brought up in the Winkwerd school, however, and had well learned its lessons long ago; that was what I considered the chief with until the Wednesday evening before her weddingday—although, indeed, my wife was very miserable about the match; declaring that her sister was about to be sold into bondage, which she truly was, and to a mere government organ; but then, who was to put stop to it? I had sauntered out after dinner with a cigar, glad enough to escape from the bustle of the house, where everything was being got in readiness for the guests of the next day, and was strolling through that part of the grounds which is called ‘the Wilderness,’ when I came suddenly upon my wife, sitting upon a moss-bank bathed in tears.

‘Now, my dear Carry,’ said I, ‘do give over this wailing over your poor little Emily. If the girl likes the fool, it is all a matter of taste, about which, you know, there is no disputing; if she doesn’t like him, she should let him hang himself in his Honolulu ribbon before she should become Mrs Slasher. What must be, must be, and therefore I don’t make myself wretched about it; although, for my part, I’d just as soon see her married to,—I looked about for a sufficiently base comparison, and thought myself rather fortunate at last in saying—to that unfortunate peniless vagabond, Jack Camellair.

‘Would you, indeed, dear Mr Frederic?’ sobbed out little Emily—for it was the one without the mole under her left ear I had been speaking to. ‘O please, please, my good dear Carry, to help us!’ Poor passionate girl! The suffocating mask thrown off, and the weary part laid by for a little while, how different she looked from the Emily of an hour ago!—how infinitely wretched, and yet, to my mind, how far, far better through those tears! ‘I don’t like Mr Ambrose at all, for I am afraid of him,’ she went on pathetically. ‘I don’t think he is very kindhearted; and, and, oh, my dear brother, for your own loving wife’s sake, save me from this terrible man!’

‘My eye and so and so, said I, ‘apologising to you at the same time, Miss Emily, for the vulgarity, but this is a precious pickle. What can the voice of a Biles avail you, lifted up against the whole Winkwerd chorus and the Sleightravand echo in the distance? I am sure I will insult Mrs Slasher in any way you please, or even have a turn-up with him at flatcuffs—having been in trade, of course pistols are out of the question—when and where he chooses; but as for opposing your respected mother and the rest of your noble family in court and leave the Rev. Claude just as he was, without a complexion and with sketchy legs; but Jack said: ‘No; when he had taken an order, he liked to execute it;’ mimicking my best business manner, and quoting my favourite phrase. Emily had been once, I thought, the most pleased with him of all, but now she offered him the cold-shoulder—and a good deal of it, as her style of dress permitted her to do—upon all occasions. She never failed to give the poor fellow a set-down when the diplomatist chanced to be present, and laughed heartily at his describing some obscure street in Honolulu as the habitation of tailors and artists. As Camellair observed, indeed, in allusion to this delicacy, Mr Slasher was ‘a deuce of a fellow among eggs with a stick;’ which was the man as good as tongue could paint. Still there was no pretence of affection on the part of the bride-elect; she had been disposed of by private contract some five weeks ago, and was to be given away without reserve on the ensuing Friday to Cousin Ambrose: that was the agreement; and she had determined, apparently, to abide by it; only at times when the diplomatising partook—it was more rarely of a little too much of the entente cordiale. I observed later slaver, poor girl,
'Yes, Fred, she knows all that, and more besides,' said the rich, low voice of my handsome valet,"

said my young companion. 'I have heard something of what you have said to my dear love, and I think there is much truth in it, and am sure you meant it well. My art is not indeed a very exact science, but even in that respect, I am better off than you imagine. If I have my health, I shall do very well as to money-matters, I don't doubt; at present, however, I confess I want a little help. I have two companion-pictures, "The Wining," which you know, and the other, "The Winning," which has still some details to be worked in; you will lend me, Fred, I know L500 upon these two; that will suffice to last us in some quiet pretty place, less distant, if less fashionable, than Honolula; and for interest, Emery dear [think of this journeyman painter's having already cut it so short with this descendant of royalty as 'Emmy'], pay the usherer beforehand with a kiss.' And as sure as I sit here and write it, my cigar was thereupon tenderly removed from the corner of my mouth, and the prettiest pair of lips (save one) in the world applied them in its place five times before I could even think of saying 'Don't' or 'For shame.' 'There, that'll do,' said Jack, rather significantly, for I, with the air of a man who had conferred a favour: 'now, that's settled.'

Well, the name of Biles upon a check for L500 was as good, and perhaps better, than that of any Slasher or Sleight-of-hand of them all; and as I really felt for the poor girl, and hated the diplomatist, and knew Jack to be a thoroughly good fellow at heart, I gave him my autograph for the amount without more words, upon the condition that I should know nothing of their plans whatever, be they what they would; so that I might enjoy anything which might suddenly occur as much as anybody else, and afterwards be able to lay my hand upon my heart and deny everything; for I had that wholesome terror of Mrs Winkler, that I would as soon have been a party to a scheme of some Italian greyhound for carrying off the young of a lioness, as to the abduction of the glory of the Winkler's by Jack Camellair. Having thus washed my hands, then, of the whole concern, I finished my cigar, and stepping forth to where the attaché, over his third bottle, was patronising universal nature as perceived in her July glory through the open French windows of the dining-room. He was just the sort of man who had, not only got his beginning to compliment the general arrangements of Providence, and 'looking as 'twere in a glass,' who 'smooths his chin, and slicks his hair, and says the earth is beautiful.' He reached, in his heretofore laconic and an ornament of an ornament, his own speech, fabricated for his pleasure, calculated to adorn the Honolulu embassy, and do credit to his magnificence. 'She has much to learn, has Emily, Mr Biles,' he was good enough to confide in me that very evening; 'but she is pliant, and will become our position, we do not doubt.' 'Your excellency'—sighed I. 'Not yet, sir,' interrupted, with one of his most gracious inclinations.

'Your excellency'—I went on all the same—'is a great master, and the pupil is apt.'

The silly fat, state-functionary liked meaningless pomposities of that kind beyond measure, as I knew, and was set bowling like a mandarin for several minutes.

I arrived next day, most of the wedding-company arrived: Lady Toppingtower, the married sister, who bore a sort of painful resemblance to Emily herself—she brought a half-starved-looking French maid with her, who seemed to possess, in no little awe, and did not present a favourable example in any way of the bliss of high alliances: the Lord Sleightovand, a plump, jovial old nobleman, who seemed to have met with nothing up that long life-journey of his but carriages full of other jovial noblemen, and amusing beggars by the roadside, who stood on their heads for pennies, and were thankful for them: the Hon. and Rev. Swete Smirler, his brother, a gentleman of the most urbanic kind, had come express from Windsor to perform the mystic ceremony between his beloved cousin Emily, and his most respected and talented connection, HR Majesty's attaché—these two with a costly gift and a stilted phrase spoke for the young bride: and another Swete Smirler from his crack regiment at Gibraltar, with a Mediterranean jewel for her waist, and a kiss for his cousin's brow, which he claimed and imprinted to the astonishment of the groomsman, before us all. There were no fewer than five aunts—two of the Winkler, and three of the Trevor family, one of the latter of whom I was given to understand was made of money. She was made of a good number of other things besides, however; and Jack Camellair expressed to me a private wish to take two sketches of her, to be entitled 'Before,' and 'After,' which he reckoned would become popular: the one with her false eyebrows, hair, teeth, colour, and figure on; and the other without these accessories. There were also eight bridesmaids, selected exclusively from the families of the landed gentility; and the routery was full.

The Rev. Claude, I will do him the justice to say, was, with the exception of my dear Carry, the only person who did not seem thoroughly satisfied with the pending event: he was perpetually expressing his delight about it, and asking the opinion of everybody upon the subject, which he intended should be given only in one way. He came down from his pedestal so great a number of steps even, as to demand mine: 'Don't you think, sir, that Mr Ambroses gives one quite the lads of one of England's diplomats?' to which I assented fervently. He went about the house shaking hands with all sorts of people he did not care for, in a nervous fill-up-the-time sort of manner, and kissing his poor Emily perpetually, as though she were about to take some doubtful or hazardous step. Whenever this happened, all her stateliness melted away at once, and she rested on her dear father's bosom like a rose-touched with the setting sun. Once, I am perfectly certain, she was about to tell him something, and make a regular scene, only she caught two pairs of eyes fixed upon her at that very moment—Mr Ambroses, saying, 'That is very, very gallant, but with quite sufficient malice, nevertheless: 'What! you're sorry to go away from home, are you, and afraid to trust yourself to my tender mercies, young woman?'—appealing with the expression of his own 'Tullis Auffidius,' in last year's Exhibition, where he is evidently remonstrating with Cordilanus, besought by his mother: 'Now you won't go, surely, in a moment of filial indiscretion, and wreck all our little plans.'

What Jack's plans were, as I have said, I knew nothing about; but my fears for their discovery made the day pass wearily enough. I should have thought, if it had not been for a certain tender gratefulness in Emily's 'Good-night' that evening, that all hope of out-manoeuvring the attaché had died away. That great man sat up half the night in the library on an enormous desk, transacting the fig-ends of his bachelor-business—burning love-letters, and destroying locks of hair, as he would have had us believe, and did not retire till about one o'clock. I heard his staty step ascend the stairs with official regularity; and presently—for he slept in the adjoining chamber—the deep bass notes proclaim that one of Britannia's guardians was relaxing his state of vigilance. I thought I must keep awake to catch more interesting sounds which might betoken that his rest was being taken every advantage of. I thought I heard a fairy tread upon
the landing outside, then two soft voices whispering, and the French window beneath slide open, as though under the influence of salaul oil; but it may have been, as I told Carry, who heard it also, nothing but the cats. 'There the everybody getting into the house,' said she; but I gave her my word of honour that there was certainly nothing of that kind, but quite the reverse.

Early in the morning she got up tearful, to go to her sister's room. She came back, as I expected, almost immediately, white and trembling. 'Frederic, Frederic, what do you think has happened? Mr. Camellair and Emily have run away!' I was pretending to be fast asleep just then, but I could not help blurtling out: 'Well, I'm very glad to hear it;' then recollecting myself, and before she had time to attack me: 'Very glad that Emily has got a fine day; what did you say about Mr. Camellair? but I'm half afraid my wife suspected me.

What an awful row there was in a few minutes! I heard Mr. Slicher pulling on his patent-leather boots with the most undiplomatic expressions; I heard a tumult of sobs from the bridesmaids' chambers, who were sleeping four in a room, and I saw them like a Greek chorus, at their doors, in white; I caught a glimpse of Aunt Belinda Trevor, sans teeth, and almost sans everything, as she stood at her threshold, anathematizing the fugitives, and announcing her intention of erasing Emily from her will; I heard the man in the crack regiment laughing out of the next window but three, until exhausted, and afterwards he began again; I heard my own name uttered vehemently by my respected mother-in-law, and I locked my door and retreated into my bed at once. 'Mr. Biles, do you know anything about this? Mr. Biles! Mr. Biles!' and at that inoffensive monosyllable, the whole household seemed to rally round my door. 'When did they go? How did they get away? Where have they run to? Where's the key of the stable, Mr. Biles?' (Clever Jack, to hide the key of the stable!) 'I don't know, was my answer to everything that was asked of me, until I lost my patience, when I varied my reply by adding, and I don't care.'

Catching the young couple was luckily out of the question, for they had taken the only four horses—the horses that were provided for the other husband—five hours ago with them, and it was only thirty miles to the St. Helier border. I told Slicher it was of no use getting his into a passion with me, and he contended himself at last with abusing all painters, and Jack in particular. 'I saw rogue in her eyes when I first looked at him,' said he; but, as Camellair remarked when he heard of this, 'Perhaps it was only the reflection.'

The magnifico, indeed, although very savage, was not the sort of man to die of a broken heart; the three remaining Winkerd girls, indeed, set to work so vigorously to comfort him, that, in course of years, Blanche, the plainest, married and kept him in the family after all. Until that happened, the name of Camellair was forbidden to be breathed at the rectory, but there was soon afterwards a great reconciliation. I had got my L.500 back long before then—the 'Winning' alone, when finished, fetched the whole of the money— and Jack had found himself famous. To the original of his celebrated picture of 'The First Born,' which hangs in half the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, I had the pleasure of being godfather; and I brought the first 'proof before letters' down to the Rev. Claude with my own hands. 'Why doesn't he come and finish my picture?' said the old gentleman, with the tears standing in his eyes. 'I must have the image of his grandson.' Jack came down, like a good fellow, with his little family to the rectory at once. My respected mother-in-law set her—if she will pardon the expression—set her back up at him at first most uncommonly; but lately, since he has become an R.A., and is likely to be knighted, she has not been able to resist his delightful manners. He has given me the go-by in her good graces very easily, and she calls him 'John,' whereas, during the whole of my long connection with her honourable self, I have never passed the name of Mr. B.' Jack makes as much at home as his excellency himself—who is his excellency now—enjoys at Honolulu; and besides that, he has the satisfaction of working for it.

**SALMON AND THE SALMON-TRADE.**

Our recent observations on the science of pisciculture, showed that, by artificial aid, we could so restrict the operations of nature, as greatly to multiply our stock of fish; more particularly those belonging to the salmon family. The article Pisciculture traced the fish from the egg or spawn till it was a few months old, leaving it in its reception-pond as salmon-fry—a tiny little thing not more than an inch and a half in length. Even while in this state, the infant salmon has attracted great attention, and from its youth up has afforded as much scope for the learned speculations of our naturalists as any other branch of natural history. There has been no end of controversy about the genus Salmo; and from its birth, to the time when it finds its place on the table, in the shape, perhaps, of côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne, it has been the subject of innumerable wars—on paper—most of them carried on in the pages of the transactions of learned societies, and not therefore accessible to the general public.

The most important of the many controversies which have arisen in connection with the natural history of the salmon, is undoubtedly that relating to the parr, which some persons scarcely allow to be yet settled as the young of that fish, notwithstanding the evidence that has been brought before them in the course of the controversy. The question at issue was primarily, whether the plentiful little fish, known in Scotland as the parr, and in England as the smeltlet, was really the young of the salmon, and became in the course of time first a smolt, then a salmon, and hence a change of all, assuming the noble shape of the full-grown fish; and second, at what time the change from the parr to the smolt took place. As we have already hinted, the amount of controversy on the subject has been great, some writers contending that the parr is a distinct fish, totally unconnected with the salmon, living and dying, in fact, without changing its condition; while others asserted, and, as time tells us, with more truth, that it became in the course of nature a smolt, and then changed in due time to the delicious fish so prized by epicures for the table, and so valued by men of commercial tastes for its capability of being changed into gold. Considering the parr question as being effectively settled by the experiments at Stonefield, we propose in the present paper to address ourselves to a consideration of an equally important branch of the salmon question—supply and demand.

In recent papers, we indicated the vast food-resources which the skill of man might gather from the sea. The fecundity of fish in general is something so enormous as to be truly wonderful, and seems to offer us a continuous and almost boundless supply. This will be at once apparent, when we state that a single cod-fish has been estimated to contain 9,384,000 eggs, and a flounder weighing twenty-four ounces has contained
nearly a million and a half; whilst the herring, the mackerel, and other fishes are known to be equally prolific. The salmon is a most productive fish, the roe varying between 1500 and 5000. When we take into account this enormous power of replenishment peculiar to the fish-world, it is not easy to realise the fact of constantly decreasing supplies of salmon, a fish so carefully watched, and so strikingly protected by legislation; but a little inquiry into the matter affords a ready solution of the apparent mystery. We will enumerate some of the drawbacks which have led to the yearly decline in the supply of this valuable commodity.

One of the greatest causes of scarcity is the few fish which are now allowed to arrive at maturity. When the eggs are deposited naturally, Sir Humphry Davy calculates that only about 800 out of every 17,000 of them arrive at the phase of marketable salmon. Our readers are already familiar with the enemies of the spawned and the rivers, they are met with as they are exposed, when left unguarded at the mercy of its various enemies. The dangers awaiting the advent of the young fish into the river, when they are pond-bred, are no less destructive. The moment they escape from their nursery at Stormontfield, their sorrows begin, and they are certainly as numerous, if not more traditional, as those of the young bear. In the parr state, they are esteemed a dainty morsel by various other fishes, such as the yellow trout, the pike, eel, &c.; and even their own mothers and fathers—awful cannibals that they are!—swallow them by the dozen. In reference to the voracity of that fresh-water shark, the pike, Mr Buist, the superintendent of the Tay fisheries, relates the following facts. Some gentlemen having had a trout-net manufactured for Highland loch-fishing, asked leave to test its powers on one of the Tay fishing-stations. 'The trial was made about the middle of May, at a place in the Tay near to where the Almond joins it. At the first sweep, they hauled ashore sixty-seven pikes, and in killing them, they observed several vomiting salmon-fry. This raised the curiosity of those who were engaged in fishing, and the persons to whom the pikes were given were desired to examine their stomachs. This was done, and every one was found to have less or more of salmon-fry in different stages of digestion; many of them had five each. The destruction as this occurred at one place, what must it be in the whole of the Tay and its many tributaries? One great use of the breeding-ponds will be the protection afforded to these parr. They are not set at liberty till they have reached the smolt state, and are therefore better able to protect themselves; but even as smolts they cannot escape the numerous 'dangers of the deep' incidental to the way of life of all kinds of fish, which are notorious for preying on each other, and few of which ever reach the 'spear and yellow leaf' of old age. If the sea-going shoal of smolts escape the numerous dangers which beset them in the river they are menaced, on entering the salt-water, by a horde of enemies. Crowds of different kinds of fish of the gadidae family are lying in wait for them. That this is a trying ordeal for the shoal of beautiful young smolts may be estimated from the fact, that as many as seven or eight have been taken from the stomach of a single coal-fish. The dolphin, the salmon-fish, the porpoise, the coal-fish, and many others, are particularly remarkable for their penchant for all kinds of fish, and are particularly fond of the choicest cut of a young salmon or a tender grilse; indeed, the fish after being seized by this animal, is frequently found left at the side of the river, with only a bite or two taken out of the shoulder, and the rest quite good for food. Both the seethe (coal-fish) and the syth are found in shoals watching for the smolts, and numerous others of the great monsters of the deep lie in wait for the young of the salmon—their unerring instinct teaching them when these fish will appear. The perils of the salmon, from the day the egg is deposited, till the period when the fish reaches the fishmonger's counter, are so numerous as to prevent more than this allusion to them at present.

Another of the many causes which tend to decrease the supply is thus stated by Mr Daniel Ellis, in a résumé of the House of Commons' Report, which was published some years ago in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal. 'The evidence in this Report,' he says, 'goes to prove that the productiveness of the salmon-fish has decreased, and is decreasing, in almost all the rivers in the United Kingdom; but this decrease arises, not so much from the changes in the habits of the fish, or in the conditions of its existence, as from the operation of injudicious laws in relation both to the times and modes of fishing; from the prevalence of most destruc- tive practices and incredible abuses in almost all our rivers; and from the indulgence of a too greedy spirit of gain, which, instead of waiting for the natural production of the golden egg, cuts up at once the animal that can produce it.'

One of the 'destructive practices' above alluded to, is certainly a deadly drain upon the productive powers of the fish. We allude to the system of poaching, which is so extensively carried on during 'close time.' Few of our readers can have any idea of the immense numbers of salmon which are destroyed by this cause, and at the very time when they are at their greatest value, intent on the propagation of their kind; indeed, on the very spawning-bed itself, the 'deadly leister' is hurled, with unerring aim and mighty force; and the slain fish, safely hidden in the poacher's bag, is carried off to be sold and kipped for the English market. A party will start at nightfall, and dividing into two companies, sweep the Tweed with a net from shore to shore, and capture everything of the salmon kind that comes within reach. A person comes at a time arranged, and carries away the spoil, which he pays for at the rate of threepence per pound-weight. The thieves go on such occasions, average from ten to forty fish. The first night upon which our informer—a weaver—went out, the result was seventeen large fish—three of which weighed ninety pounds. Upon the second occasion, the take was much larger—thirty-eight salmon of a smaller size being the reward of their iniquity; weighing, in the aggregate, 640 pounds, and producing in cash L38 sterling, divided among eleven people. Single fish are frequently killed on the spawning-bed; the male salmon being preferred, as its flesh is not in so bad a condition as that of the female. Sometimes both male and female are transfixed at a single stroke!

The farm-servants at the farm-steadings near the river frequently indulge in the same 'sport'—sport which Mr Younger of St Boswells pitifully describes as being 'desperate, daring, devilish, and cruel.' The farmer, having no interest in protecting the fish, and sometimes not objecting to a share of the spoil, allows the matter to take its regular course. The necessary lights are furnished out of the restions roots of the pine-tree. These provided, a band of men, numbering twenty or thirty individuals, are collected; and disguised in ragged clothes, and with blackened faces or masks, they proceed to the spawning-places, and lighting their torches, begin their unholy work, undeterred by the water-balloons, some of whom, collected on an adjoining height, may perhaps be viewing the picturesque scene, afraid to interfere.
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We may just cite one other cause which must certainly affect the health of the fish, both in their infantile condition and in their more mature state—that is, the rapidly changing condition of our salmon rivers. It must be borne in mind, that since the time of the sitting of the House of Commons' committee, a perceptible change must have taken place in many of our streams in consequence of the erection of mills, manufactories, &c., which discharge all the used water, frequently poisoned with dye-stuffs, &c., into the very channels frequented by the breeding-fish. It is no doubt essential that manufactories should be erected within easy reach of water-power; but is it necessary that the used water should be again turned into the stream from whence it was drawn pure, poisoned with mineral or vegetable colours? Could it not be collected and used up as liquid-manure? Are there no chemical processes which would render it of value, or which might, at any rate, neutralise its baneful effects on fish? We noted, in the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, as to a recent water-bill for Edinburgh, that one of the gentlemen connected with some kind of manufactury on the banks of the Water of Leith, stated that he had never seen a living fish within a mile or two of the place. A writer in an agricultural work says, that 'draining the land on the banks of rivers is said to have injured them as fishing-rivers, by destroying their eel-habitat.' Is, before the draining, the rain that fell upon the land found its way to the rivers with difficulty, and so kept the streams equable for long; now it finds its way to the rivers at once, and consequently causes every fish in all at once, but that over, leaves the river habitually low.' The disappearance of salmon from the Mersey is stated to be in consequence of the river Irwell bringing down to it all the filth of Manchester; and the disappearance of the fish from some of the rivers of Norway is supposed to result from the immense quantity of timber-dust sent into the water from the various mills.

One other regulating element in the supply of salmon is the fact, that the parns are not afforded the same protection as we accord to the smolt. Hundreds of them are killed by juvenile anglers without the slightest remorse. A smart little fellow, spending his vacation on the banks of the Isis, writes home in triumph to his father that he and grandpapa had caught 260 'parties' in a day. Think of that! Why, if only the odd 90 fish had been allowed to arrive at maturity, they might, in the course of nature, have added a large sum to the national wealth of the country. We know a respectable widow, living on the banks of a salmon-river, who fed her pigs on the parns caught by her children. The Ettrick Shepherd waxes eloquent on the destruction of these infant salmon, and calls this spoliation 'a loss and a grievance of dreadful enormity.' In another part of an article on the subject, he says: 'Let the proprietors of rivers only think of the millions of these precious fry with which every Cockney angler's basket in the United Kingdom is stuffed, and without which that species of fishmen would get no sport.' The Shepherd estimates the destruction by each angler at about twenty dozen a day, or 40,000 per annum. 'It is worthy of legislative interference,' says Mr Hogg, and we quite agree with him. Smolts are protected with the utmost rigour of the law. Only a few weeks ago, a respected dealer from Edinburgh, angling in the Tweed, had the misfortune to capture a few—ten, we think, was the number—when, lo! he was pounced upon, and soon found out his error, by having to pay a fine of £50, besides bringing an advocate from Edinburgh to defend him in a local court. Why protect the smolts and neglect the parn, now that it is known to all to be the parent of the salmon? Twopence per pound-weight used to be at one time the usual retail-price of salmon in Scotland. That was before Mr G. Dempster of Dunnichen had discovered the art of packing it in ice, or the steam-boat or railway-engine had not come in, or the market to London, Manchester, or Liverpool, or the still more distant continental markets to which Mr Saunders of Billingsgate informs us it is now sent in its fresh state. This discovery has doubtless been the means of commencing the Scotch and Irish salmon-trade, which has proved so great a source of wealth to the proprietors, as the price soon began to rise when London came into competition with local markets. This discovery has undoubtedly been the inducement to that over-fishing which has been tending in later years to reduce the supplies. The great desire to obtain profit from the fishings, has led to a much greater anxiety to kill fish than to breed them. It is quite certain that we shall never again hear of salmon being sold at twopence per pound. In these days, a good fish, in one of the fashionable west-end fish-shops in the early London season, is worth as much as a prime sheep. Any person having access to a file of the Times will be able to trace the gradual increase in the price of salmon in late years, during which it has progressed from season to season, till it has reached the present rates of 2s., 3s., and sometimes even 5s. per pound-weight in London. And even to provincial towns much nearer the sources of supply, 2s. a pound can be readily obtained for the best parts. The old proverb of coals being dearer at Newcastle than anywhere else can also be illustrated from salmon-trade; as we have found, from experience that the fish is fully 10 per cent. dearer on the banks of the Tay, while it is caught, than in Edinburgh.

There can be no doubt of the great value of the salmon as an article of commerce. Princely revenues were at one time derived from the rivers in which this fish was wont to abound. Even yet, with a supply which is yearly diminishing, the money derived from salmon-fisheries must form a considerable item in some rent-rolls. We may instance the case of Lord Gray, who has drawn from the Tay a sum amounting to more than £100,000 during the last thirty-five years. The salmon and grilse supplied for this sum ran from 10,000 to 25,000 a year. As shewing what a mere lottery salmon-fisher can do, we may state, that in 1839, when 10,000 fish were taken, the rental of the station alluded to was £4,000; and that in 1842, when the capture was 26,453 fish, the rental was £1,000 less! Indeed, we have a set of fishery rentals, seeing that various economists who have written on the subject, say that for several years past the fisheries have been an annual loss to the lessees. If we calculate the income for the two years specified above, we have the following result: Averaging the fish at 5s. each, gives us a total sum of L2,500 for the 10,000, shewing a loss of L1,500; while on the other year there is a profit of upwards of L4,000. The average number of fish captured on the fishery of Kinfauns for ten years, about the end of last century, was—salmon, 8720; grilse, 1714. That was before the existence of stake-nets. In the first ten years of the present century, the average catch of salmon fell to 4666, and the grilse numbered 1816. After the stake-nets were removed, and in the ten years following, the salmon were 9010, while the grilse amounted to 8709. As a view of the value of the Tay fisheries, it is not unreasonable to mention that the stations from Perth to Newburgh, ten in number, give a net income for the years named—namely, in 1851, L7,815; in 1852, L6908; in 1853, L6922; in 1854, L7762; in 1855, L8147; and it may be stated generally, that although the rents drawn for some of the stations are less than before, the average shows an increase.
The difference on particular rents is, however, striking: thus, Lord Gray's, at one time as high as £4,000, was let in 1855 at little more than £200; whilst a different station, which was at one period let for £91 per annum, now brings in an annual revenue of £600.

The commercial fisheries on the Tweed, which are those of the lower part of the river, have been for some years past very productive, excepting the season of 1854. We need not extend our figures further back than from 1821 to 1825, when the average produce of salmon and grilse was, in round numbers, 100,000 per annum. Ten years after the latter year, the number caught was 22,642 salmon, and 87,707 grilse. In 1845, after a lapse of other ten years, the figures are 8962 salmon, and nearly 70,000 grilse; but in 1855 the take was much smaller, the numbers being about 6000 salmon, and only 15,000 grilse. The seasons of 1816 and 1842 are remarkable for the large takes of grilse both in this river and in the Tay, and it would be curious to ascertain from practical men the reasons for this—many of them, it is said, can foresee very good or very bad seasons. In 1842, the take of grilse on the Tweed was close on 110,000, which was certainly an immense number. But their destruction in such wholesale quantities is perfect madness; they should be allowed to continue their species before being killed. The two or three shillings derived from each of these grilse would have been as many pounds. No wonder the salmon gets every year more and more a rarity, when so many of the young fish are slaughtered in the grilse state. So far as the parents, fish is concerned, Lord's, and Sir John's, and those of some other proprietors, (on the Tay) seem equal to the whole of the commercial stations on the Tweed. The rental of this river was at one period as high as £20,000; it has been successively £12,000 and £10,000, but now it is less than £500; and fishing-stations which used to yield fish in tens of thousands, are now reduced to hundreds. At one station on the Tweed, where 17,000 fish have been taken, only a few hundreds can be caught. We may state, however, that a great number of salmon are taken before they can get into the river—because at stations five miles on either side of Tweedmouth, large numbers are killed, equalling perhaps half of the quantity taken by the river fishermen. An intelligent writer on the subject of the Tweed-fisheries says, in August last year: 'The tendency is still downwards, excepted a few years ago;' and he says that, so far as this season has gone, salmon are not more than one-third of what they were last year—grilse are considerably short of what they were last year, although it was the worst record.'

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics on the salmon-produce of our rivers in Scotland, there is so much jealousy on the subject between rival tacksmen, but this we have ascertained to be true, as was stated by witnesses before one of the committees of the House of Commons, 'that the skill and perseverance of the fishers are now so great, that, under the stimulus which ready markets and high prices afford, very few of the clean salmon which once pass up our rivers, are again permitted to return to the sea.'

The English salmon-fisheries are now so much decayed as to be unworthy of consideration as a source of national wealth. Although the Thames formerly produced a number of fine fish, we believe the capture of a single salmon in that river is an event of special rarity. Fish are still taken in the Severn and some of the other rivers of England, but not to any great extent. London and the English markets generally are therefore almost entirely indebted to Scotland and Ireland for their abundance and fishing for the general interest must suffer in the long-run. Could the whole proprietors of a particular river not form themselves into a joint-stock company for the purpose of breeding salmon, which would produce more than it would cost, which, by means of ice-pack and steam-carriage, is placed on the dining-tables of London and Paris, not only would the demand be far better than spoiling at particular stations, at the risk of impoverishing others. The upper portions of the river could be appropriated to breeding-ground, and the fishing could be managed at one or two particular

*Justice to Ireland* demands that we should devote a portion of our space to a notice of the Irish salmon-fisheries, which are of great antiquity, and which were, up to the year 1842, remarkably productive. And although they have fallen off in their productive powers since that period, a vast quantity of salmon is still derived from the rivers of green Erin. In Ireland, as in Scotland, there was at one time a perfect glut in the salmon-market. Antiquaries mention that the fishermen of Lough Neagh and the Bann complained more frequently of the bursting of their nets through the overgreat take of fish, than of any want. Indeed, salmon, Evelyn says, was so plentiful in the Irish rivers, as to be hunted and dived for by dogs. In these early days, most of the fish, as was the case in Scotland, must have been brought; and we know that in that state large parcels of it were sent to England, and still larger supplies to the Catholic countries of the continent, where it was profusely used on fast-days. The trade, upon the discovery of steam, and such modes of packing as admitted of its being sent in a fresh state to the English and other markets, received a new stimulus, and the fishers obtained better prices than when it was sold in its pickled or dried state. Salmon can be easily and expeditiously carried from Ireland to Liverpool, and the value of the fish, as retalied in its fresh state, is at present about four times that of the best must at the present time as many pounds. No wonder the salmon gets every year more and more a rarity, when so many of the young fish are slaughtered in the grilse state. So far as the parents, fish is concerned, Lord's, and Sir John's, and those of some other proprietors, (on the Tay) seem equal to the whole of the commercial stations on the Tweed. The rental of this river was at one period as high as £20,000; it has been successively £12,000 and £10,000, but now it is less than £500; and fishing-stations which used to yield fish in tens of thousands, are now reduced to hundreds. At one station on the Tweed, where 17,000 fish have been taken, only a few hundreds can be caught. We may state, however, that a great number of salmon are taken before they can get into the river—because at stations five miles on either side of Tweedmouth, large numbers are killed, equalling perhaps half of the quantity taken by the river fishermen. An intelligent writer on the subject of the Tweed-fisheries says, in August last year: 'The tendency is still downwards, excepted a few years ago;' and he says that, so far as this season has gone, salmon are not more than one-third of what they were last year—grilse are considerably short of what they were last year, although it was the worst record.'

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics on the salmon-produce of our rivers in Scotland, there is so much jealousy on the subject between rival tacksmen, but this we have ascertained to be true, as was stated by witnesses before one of the committees of the House of Commons, 'that the skill and perseverance of the fishers are now so great, that, under the stimulus which ready markets and high prices afford, very few of the clean salmon which once pass up our rivers, are again permitted to return to the sea.'

The English salmon-fisheries are now so much decayed as to be unworthy of consideration as a source of national wealth. Although the Thames formerly produced a number of fine fish, we believe the capture of a single salmon in that river is an event of special rarity. Fish are still taken in the Severn and some of the other rivers of England, but not to any great extent. London and the English markets generally are therefore almost entirely indebted to Scotland and Ireland for their abundance and fishing for the general interest must suffer in the long-run. Could the whole proprietors of a particular river not form themselves into a joint-stock company for the purpose of breeding salmon, which would produce more than it would cost, which, by means of ice-pack and steam-carriage, is placed on the dining-tables of London and Paris, not only would the demand be far better than spoiling at particular stations, at the risk of impoverishing others. The upper portions of the river could be appropriated to breeding-ground, and the fishing could be managed at one or two particular
stations. In connection with this, a great extension of the artificial hatching system might take place, and so the salmon would increase and multiply, and become a property of greater value than it ever was before.

STANZAS.

Still the same, ever the same, this outward face of things! Time but toucheth it gently; little the change it brings. Here we seat ourselves, spreadeth the self-same tree—
Curved and matted the branches, just as they used to be.
Even the rich-toned leaves keepeth its place and form,
Mellowing the old gray oak—bark, tinting it sunset-warm.
Grandly the dome of beech-trees archeth the old wood o'er;
Vividly fretteth the sorrel the deep brown beech-leaf floor.
Even the delicate flowers cling to the self-same spot;
Mellowness-replete decks the river, and blue forget-me-not;
Close to the feathery larch-tree the woodbine clingeth still,
The wild-rose scents the valley, the golden gorse, the field.
Cruel, O cruel Nature! put away the treacherous veil!
Put away the smile of mockery—tell us a truer tale!
Shatter the painful image of thy changeless trees and stones!
Thou art a whitened sepulchre all full of mouldering bones!
Green in the grass above our graves; dearer the death below;
No wood-songs bring our music back—it ceased too long ago;
Why should thy soulless beauty, then, thus everlasting seem,
The while our living flowers fade, and vanish like a dream?
Thus spake I, standing lonely in the old unchanging scene,
Marking the empty setting where the living gems had been;
But the solemn voice of Nature rose on the wind and said:
'Why wilt thou still be seeking the living amid the dead?
The seed and the berry moulder, and the hard stone mouldreth not;
But where rise the bounteous flowers?—where the seed and the berry rot.'

J. M. H.

LOW VALUE OF LIFE IN CHINA.

While so many elements of vitality are in a state of activity for the reproduction and sustenance of the human race, there is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence—inundations destroy towns and villages and all their inhabitants; it would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrificial of human beings by executions alone, are frightful. At the moment in which I write, it is believed that from 400 to 500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headman in the province of Kwang-tung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of so little concern, that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen corpses under the table of gamblers—often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall. There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. . . . Father Ripa mentions, that of aban-
donated children, the Jesuits baptized in Peking alone not less than three thousand yearly. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacle of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.—Sir John Bowring.

COAL-OIL.

The production of oil from coal is not a new discovery, but the discovery of coal-beds in this country of a character to yield a sufficient amount of oil to pay the expense of extraction, has but recently been made. In Scotland, the Boghead coal has for several years been used solely for distillation, being far too valuable for fuel. The oil from this coal is used upon the English and French railways, and the demand is always in excess of the supply. Railway managers prefer it to the best sperm-oil. In Nova Scotia, there is another deposit of coal at the Prince Albert Mine, which also yields a good quality of oil; and these, with the exception of the Breckinridge, are the only localities yet known where the coal yields a sufficient quantity of oil to pay the expense of manufactur-
ing. Since the experiments of the Breckinridge company were made with such a successful result, the whole country has been explored for oil-bearing coals, but thus far the experiments have resulted in disappointment. No coal has been yet found which could be made to yield much more than one-half the results of the Breckinridge, and of course could not come into competition with it. When experiments with this coal had fully satisfied the parties engaged in them of its great value as an oil-producer, a company was at once formed, under the management of the Messrs. Cairns, who made a contract for a series of years with the Breckinridge Coal-company for a supply of their coal, and commenced putting up works for manufactur-
ing oil at Claverport, Kentucky—the shipping port on the Ohio River of the Coal-company. When the whole plant has been set up, the product of the company will be 15,000 gallons crude, or 12,000 gallons refined oil, per week. This would give 780,000 gallons per annum.


NEW DECIMAL MONETARY SYSTEM.

This system (from the Argus Australian paper), based on the 6s. or crown-piece, has the merit of not distur-
bung the value of the existing paper, gold, or silver currency.

Paper, L.6. 6s. = 20 crowns = 2000 cents
Gold—
Sovereign, L.1. = 4 = 400
Half-sovereign, 10s. = 2 = 200
Crown, . = 1 = 100
Silver—
Five-shilling piece, = 1 = 100
Half-crown,. = 1 = 50
Florin, = 1 = 40
Shilling, = 1 = 20
Sixpenny-piece, = 1 = 10
Threepenny-piece, = 1 = 5

The author of the above proposes a new paper issue of L.2. 10s.—10 crowns, 1000 cents—and L.1. 6s.—5 crowns, 500 cents; but the less appearance of innovation there is at first, the better chance the decimal system will have.

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OUR FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.

We were bound for Madras direct, with liberty to call at the Cape of Good Hope. With the balmy atmosphere and sunny clime, long since been left astern. The warm sunshine, genial breezes, clear skies, and deep-blue waters of the tropics, wherein our gallant craft was wont to 'steal silently on her course,' were to us but as pleasant memories of the past, more to be longed for than enthusiastically received. We experienced from the keen and cutting blasts that too soon proclaimed the inhospitality of those dreary regions of the far south, whither we were slowly progressing. The change was anything but agreeable, especially when we found ourselves driven a long way out of our course by a succession of south-easterly winds. However, at this juncture, when every one on board was in despair from the tempest and monotony of a passage that was becoming absolutely insupportable, the old adage of 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good' was verified, in a way that was both agreeable to ourselves, as well as beneficial to the worthy individual whose strange history forms the subject of the present paper. How this was brought about was briefly as follows:

As was then frequently the case, we were one afternoon beating under double-reefed topsails against a strong south-easterly gale. A heavy sea was running. Dark masses of portentous-looking clouds swept rapidly across the sky, apparently pausing in their aerial flight for the purpose of warning us of the coming gale, of which they were the precursors. Still the old craft staggered on, and rolled and pitched, and lurched through the seething waters, in defiance of the storm, which momentarily increased in force, and the waves in size. It was a cheerless scene; and, save the officer of the watch, who paced the poop in gloomy meditation, and a few old salts who varied their pleasant occupation of knitting yarns under the lee of the weather-bulwarks, by skilfully dodging the little cutters that occasionally invaded their retreat, not a soul was visible on deck.

Between decks, everything was equally uninviting, and not the least, the close stifling atmosphere inseparable from closed ports and hatchets. Round the solitary storage-lanterns, whose oscillating rays dimly revealed the long and dreary perspective of cabin bulkheads, which, at every roll and lurch, creaked and moaned a melancholy discord to the shrill but musical treble of the gear aloft, were grouped a few of the more adventurous of the passengers, who, weary of the confinement of their cabins, determined to show themselves on deck, and brave the fury of the elements. Thither also the present writer repaired, and in their congenial society awaited the arrival of his respected commander, with whom, as midshipman of the watch, he had the honour of an invitation to dine that afternoon. Seven bells were struck: as the last sound floated away to leeward, the portly form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, and the hitherto almost deserted decks suddenly assumed a most animated appearance. Crowds of cuddly servants, headed by their chief, the steward, hurried forward laden with the good things our gallant host had provided; the prospect of enjoying them being enhanced by our hearing him give the order to the officer of the watch to 'let her fall off four points, and round in the weather-braces.' During the execution of this most welcome command, we entered the dining-cabin, which, to our gratification, was graced by the presence of some of the fairer portion of our fellow-voyagers, whose appearance was to be attributed to the late desirable change. At the conclusion of the banquet, and after the usual toast of 'absent friends' had been done justice to, Captain Soanso begged to propose as the next one, 'Our friend the governor.' This was also duly responded to by some, under the impression that it referred to their mutual friend at Madras, and by others in happy unconsciousness as to whom the honour was intended for.

'That you may not be under an erroneous impression,' said the captain, 'I must inform you that the social position of my governor is neither so high, nor his seat of government so distant as the personage you imagine.'

'Who is he then?' inquired Major-general Mango, leisurely sipping his glass of port. 'I thought you intended the compliment for my friend Sir Harry.'

'By no means, general,' replied the commander; 'I have not the honour of so distinguished an acquaintance. But to satisfy your curiosity, I may as well tell you that we are now steering a direct course for my old friend's seat of government, which is about 150 miles distant; and if the wind holds, I hope, in the course of to-morrow morning, to have the pleasure of introducing you all to Corporal Glass, the governor of the island of Tristan d'Acunha.'

'Dear me, how delightful!' exclaimed several of the ladies, excited at the bare prospect of even a temporary relief to the dreary monotony of their daily existence. 'Do, pray, Captain Soanso, tell us all about him. Is he a real Robinson Crusoe?'

'Almost,' replied the captain, who, in obedience to his fair friend's request, then proceeded: 'Tristan d'Acunha, Nightingale, and Inaccessible Islands, form a group at about an equal distance of thirty miles from each other,
and 1500 miles from the Cape. The two latter are desolate; the former inhabited by a few English, whose advent and subsequent career have quite an air of romance.

'Whilst Napoleon Bonaparte was a prisoner in St Helena, the British government imagining that the French might occupy Tristan d'Acunha, as an intermediate point of communication with that island, determined on frustrating any such intention, by sending a detachment of soldiers from the Cape to garrison the island. When all fear of the escape of Bonaparte was at an end, the men were withdrawn; but several of them, including Glass, who had obtained his discharge, had become so much attached to their island-home, that they begged permission to return to it, and provide for their families, by cultivating good ground without paying rent, and occasionally going out to sea after seals and sea-elephants, and exchanging the skins and oil thus obtained for necessaries, with passing ships. Permission being granted, they soon afterwards sailed for their destination, being, by the kindness of their officer, plentifully supplied with all sorts of seed and different kinds of stock wherewith to commence their new undertaking. Soon after their arrival at the island, an event occurred which caused the utmost excitement amongst the colonists, and for a time had the effect of considerably increasing their limited society. It was this. One November morning, in the year 1831, a strange-looking craft, of indescribable rig, was observed standing in towards the island. No one could make her out. What could she be? Where from? Whither bound? Several exclaimed the astonished gazers as the boxlike-looking affair slowly and wary approached their shores. To be in readiness to have the problem solved, and receive the strangers with the hearty welcome their evident state of exhaustion required, Glass and his companions proceeded to the landing-place, where the distressed mariners soon afterwards arrived. On landing, their tale was soon told. They proved to be a portion of the crew of the Blended Hall, East Indiaan, which had been recently lost on Inaccessible Island during one of those fogs that are so prevalent round its inhospitable shores. The greater portion of her crew and passengers still remained on the island, obtaining a precarious subsistence from the flesh of sea-elephants, seals, penguins, and their eggs, the island being destitute of anything else, with the exception of a small supply of brashwood for firing. Two months after their shipwreck, a boat, or rather a case, was formed of the planks of the wreck, for the purpose of going to Tristan d'Acunha to obtain assistance. Six of the huge crew embarked in her, but were never heard of afterwards. A second boat of a similar description was then built, which, as it will have been seen, was more fortunate in the perilous undertaking, and arrived safely at Tristan d'Acunha after a weary and dangerous pull of thirty miles.

'On hearing the foregoing account, Glass gallantly determined to effect the rescue of the forlorn party, and without delay launched two of his little-boats, and with a good supply of bread, butter, milk, and other necessaries, started with his companions on their humane expedition. After three trips, in which they ran the greatest danger of being swamped or blown away to sea, Glass had the satisfaction of bringing off the whole party, and landing them in his sea-girt home, where they received the utmost attention during the remainder of their stay. Here the united community assisted at the marriage of one of the seamen of the Blended Hall with a young maid-servant of one of the passengers, who determined on remaining on the island and sharing the fortunes of its inhabitants.

'For several years after this occurrence, nothing worthy of note disturbed the monotonous quiet of their lives. Their families increased, and their stock gradually improved and multiplied. They generally obtained a good supply of corn when the harvest turns out favourably, and an abundance of very large and fine potatoes. For a supply of clothes and many other necessaries, the islanders are entirely dependent on passing ships. So you may imagine, ladies and gentlemen,' continued the captain, 'with what joy an Indianan fall of passengers is welcomed in that distant part of her majesty's dominions, and how thankfully the most trifling gift is appreciated by these worthy people.'

'Captain Soanso having brought his narrative to a close, the dinner-party soon afterwards dispersed, profoundly impressed with the necessity of a cordial co-operation with our gallant host in his kindly plans for ameliorating the somewhat desolate condition of the poor islanders. Great was the commotion when the captain's intention became publicly known. The news flew through the ship like wild-fire. Nowhere was the excitement more intense than in the midshipmen's berth, and on no one had the intelligence a more surprising effect than on Bobstay, our junior youngster, who, having formed a romantic attachment for Elizabeth, the pretty lady's-maid, as a matter of course proposed an elopement at once, which, however, was most prudently negatived by the fair lady herself.

'Eight bells, there: come, bear a hand; and turn out, Harry—there's land ahead!' sung out one of my messmates the next morning at the early hour of four.

'Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, one jump from my hammock landed me on deck; a second, into my blanket-trousers; and a third, up the main-ladder to the upper-deck, where the tall conical form of the island of Tristan d'Acunha—rising some 800 feet above the level of the sea—could be plainly seen, looming like some monster phantom through the cold gray of the early morning light. During the night, the wind had considerably decreased, and the ship was running down towards the island under all plain sail. As the hours flew by, and the sun rose, and shone on the then tranquil and glittering sea, the scene was one of the most intense interest; and as we lessened our distance, the markings of the island became more and more distinct, and more and more intense red and gray with an extinct volcano, rose to an immense height above the sea, and then inclined inwards, covered with wood; only to rise again bare and sloping to the water, within, within the entire space, covered with a cloud as white as the snow beneath. Innumerable sea-birds, from the little petrel to the stately albatross, floated round the summits of the lofty cliffs; a dense cloud of mist rose from the depths of the sea, with the sun's light shining through it as a golden cloud; the great gulls swept over the ocean with a swift flight as the 'arrow's flight,' as the bird guided through the aerial space towards its wild retreat in the inaccessible crevices of the rocks of the island.

'As we rapidly advanced on our course, we could plainly see, by the aid of our glasses, numerous seals and sea-otters basking and playing on the ledges of rocks at the base of the cliffs, where, in close contiguity, gamed those shapeless masses, with almost human faces, known as sea-elephants. It was an exciting scene, and everybody was on deck enjoying the pleasant change attendant on a smooth sea and fine weather. Passengers were everywhere busy with their Dollonds, and asking innumerable questions of those who had previously visited the locality, the replies being scarcely heeded, as fresh novelties came crowding one after another.

'Presently, a wreath of smoke was seen rising from a point of low land, and floating away in wreathy volumes to leeward.'
'Do they usually make this kind of signal?' inquired one of the passengers.

'Ivariously,' replied the captain. 'Whenever a vessel heaves in sight, the islanders are always on the alert; and to voice their greeting, whenever a ship is near enough to see it, they set fire to a large heap of brushwood, constantly kept in readiness for the purpose.'

'Here comes the boat!' exclaimed several voices, as a large V-shaped bank of smoke from a distance as if four sturdy oarsmen, was observed dashing out from the land, and pulling rapidly in the direction of the ship.

'Round her to, and shorten sail, Mr Bowline: we will not venture in any further,' said the commander, as we opened the point, on which was proudly waving the Union-Jack, and saw the white surf rolling in on the landing-place, though it was comparatively calm outside.

As the ship came up sluggishly in the wind, dragging through the dense mass of sea-weed that surrounds the island, she quickly felt its force, which was not so perceptible while running. Sail was then reduced to the top-sails, jib, and spanker, for the weather round these islands is dangerous and deceitful in the extreme. At one moment, a ship may be sailing with scarcely enough of wind to fill her sails; and the next, a puff will come down the mountain, and carry everything by the board, unless precaution be taken in time. During our visit, the wind happened to be light while we lay to off the island, and the barometer was very high; but we had scarcely left it, when a gale came on suddenly from the northward, with the usual accompaniments of a heavy sea and thick rainy weather.

In the meanwhile, the state-large for the nonce, containing the governor, came alongside. On reaching the quarter-deck, both himself and comrades were received with a hearty welcome by every one who had the pleasure of a personal introduction. Glass was a stout, hearty-looking man, and appeared rejoiced to see us. Through the liberality of the passengers, he was presented with a good stock of clothes, blankets, and books, our kind-hearted captain adding a fine calf, and various sorts of grain for seed, besides other stores too numerous to mention. It appeared on inquiry that a large increase in the population had taken place since the captain's last visit; the number now amounting to forty-one, exclusive of the governor's son, who was absent on his travels.

The masts having taken place—that from the island being a magnificent pig, one of the numerous wild ones that luxuriate along its weed-bound shores, a leg of which, by the bye, fell to the share of our hospitality to the shore was determined on, which, with the exception of the ladies, was accompanied by the whole of the passengers.

Under the skilful pilotage of the governor in person, a rather fatiguing pull through the mass of tangled sea-weed soon brought the party to Falmouth Bay, where a landing was effected without difficulty. Ours being the first Indian that had called at the island for four years, the advent of so large a party caused considerable bustle amongst the delighted inhabitants, especially when it became known that a public ceremony, unprecedented in the annals of that solitary and distant spot, was about to take place.

After a pleasant stroll through the settlement, where every house was open with the most lavish hospitality, and a minute inspection of the live-stock, which amounted to fifty head of cattle, nearly a hundred sheep, besides pigs and poultry ad infinitum, the inhabitants were assembled in the presence of one of the passengers, who, availing himself of the opportunity to baptise twenty individuals of both sexes, from the infant of a few months old to the youth of eighteen. After an impressive address which was listened to with great attention, a baptismal register was made out, and delivered to Glass, as a lasting memorial of this important era in the uneventful history of these primitive people, the younger portion of whom had never even seen a clergyman before.

At the close of the service, as if in honour of the occasion, the boom of a gun from our gallant ship was borne across the water. From the lowering appearance of the distant horizon, we were very much wrong in interpreting it as a signal from Mr Bowline, who was evidently getting impatient at the delay. Even the old craft herself appeared to sympathise with her chief officer, and as if in depreciation of the danger of a more protracted stay in that wild locality, anticipated her departure by a series of low courtesies in a long farewell to its iron-bound coast. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, the party embarked, and after a lengthened farewell, their left-new-made friends to their pristine solitude. And with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, the little sloop struck out for its destination, which it reached in safety shortly afterwards. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the old craft was staggering along under as much sail as she could carry to a freshening gale, which soon carried her far from our friend the governor and his lonely isle.

**HOW TO FILL YOUR BASKET.**

How? Why, there are many ways.

The editor, for instance, as he sits at his desk poring over the voluminous manuscripts kindly proffered to him by aspiring poets, novelists, or moralists, discriminates between the suitable and unsuitable; and the result is, that the former are placed in the printer's hands, while the latter, if not returned, get into basket.

How? The rag-picker could answer the question, by informing us that his only chance is to be astir before the busy world has doffed its night-cap, that he may pick his rags in peace, and be sure to fill his basket.

The basket we allude to at present, however, is the angler's basket. Angling was a mania of ours in the olden time, and we laughed in our sleeve at those of our brethren who were content with a creel of medium size. We equipped ourselves likewise with flies of every hue, bait-hooks of every size, rods of the most ingenious workmanship, and we would not like to say how many spare tops; pocket-books with elaborate interiors, capable of containing tackle for a ten years' residence in Norway, pins, lines, and gut exhaustless; and with some dozen casts—each fly differing from its neighbour—would round our white beard; and so we would take our journey northward, inwardly resolved to leave an immortal line of glory behind us wherever our piscatorial steps should stray.

Strange, however, our success was never commensurate with our preparations; we had miscalculated the season, taken the river at its worst time; were harassed by others pertinaciously whipping the water a hundred yards further down the stream, or had failed to strike the precise infinitesimal degree of shade of the flies on the water that day. We never failed, in short, to find an ingenious excuse; and as we drew in our chair towards the fire in the snug parlour of the 'Gordon Arms,' to describe our sport to others of a similar persuasion, we blessed those never-failing apologies—thunder in the air, white clouds, and the clearness of the water. 'If,' exclaimed we, 'those white clouds had but cleared off, how gloriously must the fine fish half-pounders have rained out to our "Professors!"'

Angling having been, as we said, a mania of ours, we do remember how tedious was the month of April, and how often, whilst busied in our dusky counting-house in the city, recollections of that
glorious week in May last year would come over us; how often, too, we permitted the thrilling anticipation of our week’s holiday in the north, not yet enjoyed, to blend with our anxieties respecting the money-market, or dealings in the Corn Exchange!

May arrived; we bade, alas! too short an adieu to our comfortable ledgers and cash-books; and year after year, about the beginning of May, we were the envy of our brother-clerks for a whole fortnight.

We now find that nothing but—we must out with it—sheer ignorance was the reason why we never filled our basket! And we have lately received a complete solution of the way and wherefore: the truth is, that the generality of men was, up to the year 1857, devoid of the true secret of filling his basket with—trout!

Thanks to Mr Stewart, we have now before us a neat, handy little three-and-sixpenny volume, The Practical Angler, or the Art of Trout-fishing, more Particularly Applied to Clear Water,* containing certain hints and rules, which, had we known them when sojourning at the ‘Gordon Arms’ in those days, must, we are positive, have lent us the power of filling even our large basket, and saved us from resorting to the apologies of ‘thunder in the air’ and ‘clear water!’

But it is our firm belief that neither we, nor any one else, ever dreamed of the possibility of killing fifteen or twenty pounds’ weight of trout per diem, in a clear running stream. As for ourselves, we might fish ever so assiduously, and follow the course of the river for miles, casting our large gaudy flies far out on the stream, and following their motions with eager eye, without catching more than a couple of dozen by dinner-time. But then we erred in fishing down, since our intended prop is always looking up; we erred in using large gaudy flies; we erred in casting a long line.

Mr Stewart’s long and careful experience has taught him, and he has taught us, that we should have fished up instead of down; that our large gaudy flies ought to have been left behind us in the ‘Golden Fleece,’ and small, sparsely dressed ones used instead. He further informs us, and we feel intuitively that he is correct, that the speckled tenants of Yarrow or Tweed would have been lured, in spite of their teeth, towards a woodcock-wing with a single turn of a red hackle, dressed with yellow silk; that an able supporter would have been found in a long red body, with a corn-burning or chaffinch wing, and several other equally killing flies which he describes. Our authority, for we may swear by him, also places side by side with those the black spider, the red spider, and the dun spider, and when or again falling, from the time that the particles of the mud begin to subside, until the waters become of a dark porter colour, the minnow will be found very deadly. The water is full in moonlight, half-a-dozen of each of the above, dubbed by the hands of the Practical Angler himself, and presented to us along with his book.

We now see clearly, where all was mystery before, why we lost so many trout—and we were always sure they were the largest—when angling in the Tweed. We were somewhat proud in those days of our dexterity in throwing a long line, and of our management of a sixteen-foot rod; but now our pride has had a sad fall, since we learn that by the use of a short ten-feet rod, moderately stiff, with a short line, we might have doubled, perhaps quadrupled, our ‘take;’ and joined to this, we but fished up, used the woodcock-wings, dotterel-wings, or black and dun spiders, keeping all the while out of sight of our wary prey, what a pleasing load might we not have borne to the Gordon Arms—how patronisingly we should have cheered our less successful brethren—what glorious accounts imparted to our holiday-looking-forward-to-brother-clerks in the city!

Let not the reader imagine from the foregoing that

our hero’s forte lies in fly-fishing alone, or that he has
tested his skill upon one or more of our angling friends have only to refer to his little book to find that he has made observations from many a stream and loch; that he has gained also useful hints from the most successful professional and amateur
fishers of the day, and that he has not failed to turn them to account for the benefit of the angling world. His experience has taught him that successful anglers
have ever been keen observers. We never were keen
observers in the days we have alluded to, but are now
willing and ready to add as much as we can of that
indispensable to the other qualities of an angler—namely,
quickness of eye, energy, and boundless perseverance; so that we may hope some fine day to come home, as well as Mr Stewart, with our fifteen dozen and our basket full.

We will not dwell upon this, a favourite
theme, but will take the opportunity of remarking, that when our friends have carefully perused The Practical Angler, and after that, whether they take the train to the north or to the south, it will be their
own fault if they do not know how to fill their
basket.

We shall conclude with an extract shewing the practical style in which that gentleman
wrote, and that the extract may be universally useful, it shall contain a complete angler’s calendar, beginning with the present month: 'In the beginning of May it is of little use starting before eight o’clock in the morning, as the weather is generally cold; if the weather is warm, however, trout will take an hour or two earlier. When the waters are clear, the angler should commence with the creepers, and continue using it till he sees the take has commenced, when he should at once change to the fly, and make the most of his time. At this season, the take lasts longer than at any other, and if the day is favourable, the angler may kill the required quantity in a few hours in the fore
noon. During the afternoon—that is to say, from two or three o’clock till six or seven—the minnow will frequendy be found the best; and a good plan is to fish up with the creeper and fly, and then back over the same ground with the minnow. If neither the creeper, fly, nor minnow will take, recourse must be had to the worm; but this is rarely the case; and unless on the occasion of a full flood, the angler may never have occasion to use the worm till the end of June. When the waters are in full flood, recourse must be had to the worm, the dark porter, and the dun spider, and when or again falling, from the time that the particles of the mud begin to subside, until the waters become of a dark porter colour, the minnow will be found very deadly. The water is full in moonlight, half-a-dozen of each of the above, dubbed by the hands of the Practical Angler himself, and presented to us along with his book.

About the middle of the month, the May-fly makes its appearance, and with it the angler will have no difficulty in filling his basket. In streams where the May
fly is not to be had, the angler should use worms and minnow in the morning; and whenever he observes the trout rising at the natural insect, change to the
fly. The minnow will again be found effective in the evening. Even in streams where May-flies abound, minnow or worm will sometimes take better than they do early in the morning; and if the weather is very dark and stormy, the minnow will frequently be found most effective all day.

When the May-flies have been two or three weeks on the water, or about the middle of June, they are not to be found in such numbers; the trout also do not take them so readily, and filling even a twelve-pound basket becomes rather difficult. The trout have given
up taking fly readily, and have not yet begun to take worm; they appear to be resting after the high feeding they have enjoyed for the last six weeks. Loch-fishing being now in its prime, the angler would do well to give it a trial, as he will not lose much by a ten days’ absence from the rivers. In these, the worm and minnow in the morning, the fly in the forenoon, and the minnow and fly in the evening, will be found the best means of filling a basket; and in small waters and hill-burns, trout will now take the worm readily.

4. From the middle to the end of June, worm-fishing commences; and from this period to the end of July large basketsful of trout may be depended upon, no matter what the state of weather or water. A good arrangement for a day’s troutting this season is to start very early in the morning—the earlier the better—and fish down a few miles with the minnow, and then fish back again with the worm; or if the angler has not the gift of early rising, he may start about breakfast time, taking his dinner with him, and fish up with the worm, and down again with the minnow in the evening. If the weather is dark and stormy, the minnow will frequently be found most deadly during the whole day.

4. About the beginning of August, another change begins to take place in the inclinations of the trout. Unless the weather is showery, or particularly favourably, they will not take the worm readily; and frequently only take it for an hour or so in the heat of the day. There is also a visible falling off in the size of the trout caught with it—a sure sign with any kind of fishing that it is approaching a termination. Nor will the minnow, unless the streams are swollen, aid the angler in his emergency; there is nothing for it but to have recourse to the more backward districts and smaller waters.

4. About the end of August, trout begin to take the fly freely, and continue doing so all through September; and reliance can generally be placed upon it, particularly in coloured water: should it fail, recourse must be had to some hill-burn, where the worm will always be found effective.

4. By the beginning of October, all the spawning trout are out of condition; the small ones, however, which do not spawn, afford very good diversion until far on in the month, by which time even they are quite unworthy of the attention of the sportsman.”

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.
CHAPTER LXIV.—A LILLIPUTIAN FOREST.

On resuming the trail, I moved with lighter spirit. I had three sources of gratulation. The peril of the flood was past—she was not drowned. The wolves were thrown off—the dangerous rapid had deterred them; on the other side their footprints were no longer found. Thirdly, the steed had slackened his pace. After climbing the bank, he had set off in a rapid gait, but not at a gallop.

1. He’s been pacin’ hyar!” remarked Garey, as soon as his eyes rested upon the tracks.

Pacing?

I knew what was meant by this; I knew that gait peculiar to the prairie-horse, fast but smooth as the amble of a palfrey. His rider would scarcely perceive the gentle movement; her torture would be less.

Perhaps, too, no longer frightened by the fierce pursuers, the horse would come to a stop. His wearyed limbs would admonish him, and then—Surely he could not have gone much further?

We too were wearied, one and all; but these pleasing conjectures beguiled us from thinking of our toil, and we advanced more cheerfully along the trail.

Alas! it was my fate to be the victim of alternate hopes and fears. My new-sprung joy was short-lived, and fast floated away.

We had gone but a few hundred paces from the river, when we encountered an obstacle, that proved not only a serious barrier to our progress, but almost brought our tracking to a termination.

This obstacle was a forest of oaks, not giant oaks, as these famed trees are usually designated, but the very reverse—a forest of dwarf oaks (Quercus nano). Far as the eye could reach extended this singular wood, in which no tree rose above thirty inches in height! Yet was it no thickest—no under-growth of shrubs—but a true forest of oaks, each tree having its separate stem, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its bunches of brown acorns.

Shin oak,” cried the trappers, as we entered the verge of this miniature forest.

“Wagh!” exclaimed Rube, in a tone of impatience, “hyar’s bother. ‘Ee may all get out o’ yer saddles an rest yer critters: we’llhev to crawl hyar.”

And so it resulted. For long weary hours we followed the trail, going not faster than we could have crawled upon our hands and knees. The tracks of the steed were plain enough, and in daylight could have been easily followed; but the little oaks grew close and regular as if planted by the hand of man; and through their thick foliage the moonlight scarcely penetrated. Their boughs almost touched each other, so that the whole surface lay in dark shadow, rendering it almost impossible to make out the hoof-prints. Here and there, a broken branch or a bunch of tossed leaves—their under-sides shining glaucous in the moonlight—enabled us to advance at a quicker rate; but as the horse had passed gently over the ground, these ‘signs’ were few and far between.

For long fretful hours, we toiled through the ‘shin-oak’ forest, our heads far out-topping its tallest trees! We might have fancied that we were threading our way through some extended nursery. The trail led directly across its central part; and ere we had reached its furthest verge, the moon’s rays were mingling with the purple light of morning.

Soon after the ‘forest opened;’ the little dwarfs grew farther apart—here scattered thinly over the ground, there disposed in clumps or miniature groves—until at length the sward of the prairie predominated.

The trouble of the trackers was at an end. The welcome light of the sun was thrown upon the trail, so that they could lift it as fast as we could ride; and, no longer hindered by brake or bush, we advanced at a rapid rate across the prairie.

Over this ground the steed had also passed rapidly. He had continued to pace for some distance, after emerging from the shin-oak forest; but all at once, as we could tell by his tracks, he had bounded off again, and resumed his headlong gallop.

What had started him afresh? We were at a loss to imagine; even the prairie-men were puzzled.

Had wolves again attacked him, or some other enemy? No; nor one nor other. It was a green prairie over which he had gone, a smooth sward of mezequite-grass; but there were spots where the growth was thin—patches nearly bare—and these were
softened by the rain. Even the light paw of a wolf would have impressed itself in such places, sufficiently to be detected by the lynx-eyed men of the plains. The horse had passed since the rain had ceased falling. No wolf, or other animal, had been after him.

Perhaps he had taken a start of himself, freshly affrighted at the novel mode in which he was ridden—still under excitement from the rough usage he had received, and from which he had not yet cooled down; perhaps the barred points of the coltes rankled in his flesh, acting like spurs; perhaps some distant sound had led him to fancy the hooting mob, or the howling wolves, still coming at his heels; perhaps—

An exclamation from the trackers, who were riding in the advance, put an end to these conjectures. Both had pulled up, and were pointing to the ground. No words were spoken—none needed. We all read with our eyes an explanation of the renewed gallop.

Directly in front of us, the sward was cut and scored by numerous tracks. Not four, but four hundred hoof-prints were indented in the turf—all of them fresh as the trail we were following—and amidst these the tracks of the steed, becoming intermingled, were lost to our view.

' A drove of wild-horses,' pronounced the guides at a glance. They were the tracks of unhobbled horses, though they would scarcely have proved them wild. An Indian troop might have ridden past without leaving any other sign; but these horses had not been mounted, as the trackers confidently alleged; and among them were the hoof-marks of foals and half-grown colts, which proved the drove to be a band of mustangs.

At the point where we first struck their tracks they had been going in full speed, and the trail of the steed converged until it closed with theirs at an acute angle.

'Yee-es,' drawled Rube, 'I see how 'tis. They've been skeerat at the awkward look o' the hose, an' het put off. See! thar's his tracks on the top o' all o' them: he's been runnin' arter 'em. Thar!' continued the tracker, as we advanced—'thar he hez overtook some o' 'em. See thar! the vamites he scattered right an' left! Hyar again, they've galloped thegethers, some alike, an' some aflush. Wagh! I guess they know him now, an' ain't any more afcared o' him. See thar! he's in the thick 'o' the drove.'

Involuntarily I raised my eyes, fancying from these words that the horses were in sight; but no; the space was ridling forward, leaning over in his saddle, with look fixed upon the ground. All that he had spoken he had been reading from the surface of the prairie—from hieroglyphics to me unintelligible, but to him more easily interpreted than the page of a printed book.

I knew that what he was saying was true. The steed had galloped after a drove of wild-horses; he had overtaken them; and at the point where we now were, had been passing along in their midst!

Dark thoughts came crowding into my mind at this discovery—another shadow across my heart. I perceived at once a new situation of peril for my betrothed—new, and strange, and awful.

I saw her in the midst of a troop of neighing wild-horses—stallions with fiery eyes and red steaming nostrils; these perhaps anxious at the white steed, and jealous of his approach to the manus; in mad rage rushing upon him with open mouth and yellow glistening teeth; rearing around and above him, and striking down with deadly desperate hoof—O it was a horrid apprehension, a fearful fancy!

Yet, fearful as it was, it proved to be the exact shadow of a reality. As the mirage refracts distant objects upon the retina of the eye, so some spiritual mirage must have thrown upon my mind the image of things that were real. Not distant, though then unseen—not distant was the real. Rapidly I ascended another swell of the prairie, and from its crest beheld almost the counterpart of the terrible scene that my imagination had conjured up!

Was it a dream? Was it still fancy that was cheating my eyes? No; there was the wild-horse drove; there the rearing, screaming stallions; there the white steed in their midst—he too rearing erect—there upon his back:

'O God! I look down in mercy—save her! save her!'

CHAPTER LXV.

SCATTERING THE WILD STALLIONS.

Such rude appeal was wrung from my lips by the dread spectacle on which my eyes rested. I scarcely waited the echo of my words; I waited not the counsel of my comrades, but, plunging deeply the spur, galloped down the hill in the direction of the drove.

There was no method observed, no attempt to keep under cover. There was not time either for caution or concealment. I acted under instantaneous impulse, and with but one thought—to charge forward, scatter the stallions, and, if yes in time, save her from those hurling heels and fierce glittering teeth.

If yet in time—ay, such provisory parenthesis was in my mind at the moment. But I drew hope from observing that the steed kept a ring closed around him; his assailants only threatened at a distance.

Had he been alone, I might have acted with more caution, and perhaps have thought of some stratagem to capture him. As it was, stratagem was out of the question; the circumstances required speed.

Both trackers and rangers, acting under like impulse with myself, had spurred their horses into a gallop, and followed close at my heels.

The drove was yet distant. The wind blew from them—a brisk breeze. We were half-way down the hill, and still the wild-horses neither heard, saw, nor scented us.

I shouted at the top of my voice: I wished to startle and put them to flight. My followers shouted in chorus; but our voices reached not the quavering cadillacs.

A better expedient suggested itself: I drew my pistol from its holster, and fired several shots in the air.

The first would have been sufficient. Its report was heard, despite the open air; and the Mustangs, affrighted by the sound, suddenly forsakes the encounter. Some bounded away at once; others came wheeling around us, snorting fiercely; and tossing their heads in the air; a few galloped almost within range of our rifles, and then uttering their shrill neighing, turned and broke off in rapid flight. The steed and his rider alone remained, where we had first observed them!

For some moments he kept the ground, as if bewildered by the sudden scattering of his assailants; but he too must have heard the shots, and perhaps alone divined something of what had caused those singular noises. In the loud concussion, he recognised the voice of his greatest enemy; and yet he stirred not from the spot!

Was he going to await our approach? Had he become tamiced?—reconciled to captivity? or was it that we had rescued him from his angry rivals—that he was grateful, and no longer feared us?

Such odd ideas and above ram, and striking down with deadly desperate hoof—O it was a horrid apprehension, a fearful fancy!

Yet, fearful as it was, it proved to be the exact
was still a long way off—many hundred yards—when I saw him rear upward, wheel round upon his hind-feet as on a pivot, and then bound off in determined flight. His shrill scream pealing back upon the breeze, fell upon my ears like the taunt of some deadly foe. It seemed the utterance of mockery and revenge: mockery at the impotence of my pursuit; revenge that I had once made him my captive.

If overtaken I only implied I could have at such a moment, and galloped after, as fast as my horse could go. I stayed for no consultation with my companions; I had already forced far ahead of them. They were too distant for speech.

I needed not their wisdom to guide me. No plan required conception or deliberation; the course was clear: by speed only could the horse be taken, and his rider saved from destruction—if yet safe.

O the fearfulness of the last reflection! the agony of the doubt!

It was not the hour to indulge in idle anguish; I repressed the emotion, and bent myself earnestly upon the pursuit. I spoke to my brave steed, addressing him by name; I urged him with hands and knees; only at intervals did I inflict the cruel steel upon him.

I soon perceived that he was flagging; I perceived it with increased apprehension for the result. He had worn his saddle too long on the day before, and the wet sweaty night had jaded him. He had been over-wrought, and I felt his weariness, as he galloped with feverish stroke. The prairie-steed must have been fresh in comparison.

But life and death were upon the issue. Her life—perhaps my own. I cared not to survive her. She must be saved. The spur must be plied without remorse: the steed must be overtaken, even if Moro should die!

It was a rolling prairie over which the chase led—a surface that undulated like the billows of the ocean. We galloped transversely to the direction of the ‘swells,’ that rose one after the other in rapid succession. Perhaps the rapidity with which we were crossing them brought them nearer to each other. To me there appeared no level ground between these land-billows. Upon this hill in and upon that—hard killing gallop for my poor horse. But life and death were upon the issue, and the spur must be plied without remorse.

A long cruel gallop—would it never come to an end? would the steed never tire? would he never stop? Surely in time he must become weary? Surely Moro was his equal in strength as in speed—superior to him in both?

Ah! the prairie-horse possessed a double advantage—he had started fresh—he was on his native ground.

I kept my eyes fixed upon him; not for one moment did I withdraw my glance. A mysterious apprehension was upon me; I feared to look around, lest he should disappear. The souvenirs of the former chase still haunted me; weird remembrances clung to my spirit.

I was once more in the region of the supernatural.

I looked neither to the right nor left, but straight before me—straight at the object of my pursuit, and the distance that lay between us. This last I continuously scanned, now with fresh hope, and now again with doubt. It seemed to vary with the ground. At one time, I was nearer, as the descending slope gave me the advantage; but the moment after, the steep declivity retarded the speed of my horse, and increased the intervening distance.

It was with joy I crossed the last swell of the rolling prairie, and beheld a level plain stretching before us. It was with joy I perceived that upon the new ground I was rapidly gaining upon the steed!

And rapidly I continued to gain upon him, until scarcely three hundred yards were between us. So near was I, that I could trace the outlines of her form—her prostrate limbs—still lashed to the croup—her garments loose and torn—her ankles—her long dark hair dishevelled and trailing to the ground—even her pallid cheek I could perceive, as at intervals the steed tossed back his head to utter his wild taunting neigh.

I was near enough to be heard. I shouted in my loudest voice; I called her by name. I kept my eyes upon her, and with throbbing anxiety listened for a response. I fancied that her head was raised, as though she understood and would have answered me. I could hear no voice, but her feeble cry might have been drowned by the clatter of the hooves.

Again I called aloud—again and again pronouncing her name.

Surely I heard a cry; surely her head was raised from the withers of the horse. I could not be mistaken.

‘Thank Heaven, she lives!’

I had scarcely uttered the prayer, when I felt my steed yield beneath me as though he was sinking into the bosom of the earth. I was hurled out of the saddle, and flung head foremost upon the ground. I had broken through the barrow of the prairie marmot, and the false step had brought him with violence to the ground.

I was neither stunned nor entangled by the fall; and in a few seconds had regained my feet, my bridle, and saddle. But as I headed my horse once more toward the chase, the white steed and his rider had passed out of sight.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LOST IN A CHAPARRAL.

I was chagrined, frantic, and despairing, but not surprised. This time there was no mystery about the disappearance of the steed; the chaparral explained it. Though I no longer saw him, he was yet within hearing. His footfall on the firm ground, the occasional snapping of a dead stick, the whistle of the recoiling branches, all reached my ears as I was remounting.

These sounds guided me, and without staying to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to the edge of the chaparral—at the point nearest to where I heard him moving. I did not pause to look for an opening, but heading in the direction whence came the sounds, I spurred forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes that reached around his neck, or bounding over them, my brave horse pressed on; but he had not gone three lengths of himself before I recognised the imprudence of the course I was pursuing: I now saw I should have followed the tracks.

I no longer heard the movements of the steed—neither foot-stroke, nor snapping sticks, nor breaking branches. The noise made by my own horse, amid the crackling acacias, drowned every other sound; and so long as I kept in motion, I moved with uncertainty. It was only when I made stop that I could again hear the chase struggling through the thicket; but now the sounds were faint and far distant—growing still fainter as I listened.

Once more I urged forward my horse, heading him almost at random; but I had not advanced a hundred paces, before the misery of uncertainty again impelled me to halt.

This time I listened and heard nothing—not even the recoil of a bough. The steed had either stopped, and was standing silent, or, what was more probable, had gained so far in advance of me that his hoof-stroke was out of hearing.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much excited for cool reflection, I lanced the sides of my horse, and galloped madly through the thicket.
I rode several hundred yards before drawing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might once more bring my horse within earshot of the chase. Again I halted to listen. My recklessness proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my ear: even had there been sounds, I should scarcely have heard them above that issuing from the nostrils of my panting horse; but sound there was none. Silent was the chapparal around me—silent as death; not even a bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-excitation: my imprudence I denounced over and over. But for my rash haste, I might yet have been upon the trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pursuit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could have followed. Now he was gone, I knew not whither—lost—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several casts across the thicket. I rode first in one direction, then in another, but to no purpose. I could find neither hoof-track nor broken branch.

I next thought of returning to the open prairie, there retaking the trail, and following it thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact, the only course in which there was reason. I should easily recover the trail, at the point where the horse had entered the chapparal, and thence I might follow it without difficulty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in the direction of the prairie—or rather in what I supposed to be the direction—for this too had become conjecture. It was not far, and I had ridden for several hours, for more than a mile through glade and bush—not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the opposite direction—and then to right, and then to left—that I pulled up my broken horse, dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent in my saddle under the full conviction that I too was lost!

Lost in the chapparal—that parched and hideous jungle, where every plant that carries a thorn seems to have place. Around grew acacias, mimosas, gleditschias, robinias, algarobias—all the thorny legumes of the world; above towered the splendid joshua tree with spine stem; there flourished the 'tornillo' (prospect glandulosus), with its twisted beans; there the 'junco' (koehlerinia), whose very leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed yuccas and clawed bromelias (ayote and alligator); there, too, the universal cactiaca (guatita, mammlarla, cersus, and echinocactus); even the very grass was thorny—for it was a species of the 'mesquite-grass,' whose knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs.

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed unscathed; my garments were already torn, my limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and horns?

Of hers alone was I thinking: those fair-proportioned members—those softly rounded arms—that smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoulders bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear. Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my emotions; and once more rousing myself from the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my steed onward through the bushes.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ENCOUNTER WITH JAVAIL.

I had no mark to guide me, either on the earth or in the heavens. I had an indefinite idea that the chase had led westward, and therefore to get back to the prairie I ought to head towards the east. But how was I to distinguish east from west? In the chapparal both were alike, and so too upon the sky. No sun was visible; the canopy of heaven was of a uniform leaden color; upon its far expanse the cardinal points could have been discovered.

Had I been in a forest of trees, surrounded by a northern syrinx, I could have made out my course. The oak or the elm, the ash-tree or maple, the beech for acorn—all of them would have been compass sufficient for me; but in that thicket of thorny shrubs I was completely at fault. It was a subtropical flora, or rather a vegetation of the arid desert, to which I was almost a stranger. I knew there were men skilled in the craft of the chapparal, who, in the midst of it, could tell north from south without compass or star. Not I.

I could think of no better mode than to trust to the guidance of my horse. More than once, when lost in the thick forest or on the boundless plain, had I reposed a similar trust in his instincts—more than once had he borne me out of my bewildermens. But whither could he take me? Back to the path by which we had come? Probably enough, had that path led to a home; but it did not: my poor steed, like myself, had no home. He, too, was a range rider: for years had been flitting from place to place, hundreds, ay, thousands of miles from each other. Long had he forgotten his native stall.

I surmised that if there was water near, his instinct might carry him to that—and much needed it both horse and rider. Should we reach a running stream, it would serve as a guide. I dropped the rein upon his neck, and left him to his will.

I had already shouted in my loudest voice, in hopes of being heard by my comrades; by none other than them, for what could I be doing in such a spot, shunned even by the brute creation? The horned lizard (agama cortuna), the ground rattlesnake, the shell-covered armadillo, and the ever-present coyote, alone inhabit these dry jungles; and now and then the javail (dicoytes torquatus), feeding upon the twisted legumes of the 'tornillo,' passes through their midst; but even these are rare; and the traveller may ride for scores of miles through the Mexican chapparal without encountering aught that lives and moves. There reigns the stillness of death. Unless the wind be rustling among the pinnate fronds of the acacias, or the unseen locust utters its harsh shrieking amid the parched herbage, the weary wayfarer may ride on, cheered by no other sound than his own voice, or the footfall of his horse.

There was still the chance that my followers might hear me. I knew that they would not stray from the trail. Though they must have been far behind when I entered the chapparal, following the tracks, they would in time be sure to come up.

It was a question whether they would follow mine, or that of the steed. This had not occurred to me before, and I paused to consider it. If the former, then was I wrong in moving onward, as I should only be going from them, and leading them in a longer search.

Already had I given them a knot to unravel, my devious path forming a labyrinthine maze.

It was more than probable they would follow me—-in the belief that I had some reason for deviating from the trail of the steed, perhaps for the purpose of heading or intercepting him.

This conjecture decided me against advancing further—at least until some time should elapse, enough to allow them to come up with me.

Out of compassion for my hard-breathing horse, I dismounted. At intervals, I shouted aloud, and fired shots from my pistols: after each I listened; but neither shot nor shout reached me in reply. They must be distant, and not to hear the report of fire-arms; for had they heard them, they would have been certain to make answer in a similar manner. All of them carried rifles and pistols.

I began to think if, by some sign by which the cardinal points could have been discovered.

I again fired several shots; but, as before, echo was the only reply. Perhaps they had
not followed me? perhaps they had kept on upon the trail of the steed, and it might lead them far away, beyond hearing of the reports? perhaps there was not yet time for them to have arrived?

While thus conjecturing, my ears were assailed by the screeching of birds at some distance off. I recognised the harsh notes of the jay, mingling with the chatter of the red cardinal.

From the tones, I knew that these birds were excited by the presence of some animal. Perhaps they were defending their nests against the black snake or the crotalus.

It might be my followers approaching? it might be the steed—like me, still wandering in the chapparal?

I sprang to my saddle to get a better view, and gazed over the tops of the trees. Guided by the voices of the birds, I soon discovered the scene of the commotion. At some distance off, I saw both jays and cardinals fluttering among the branches, evidently excited by something on the ground beneath them. At the same time I heard strange noises, far louder than the voices of the birds, but could not tell what was causing them. My spirits sank, for I knew they could not be produced either by my comrades or the steed.

It was not far, and I determined to satisfy myself as to what was causing such a commotion in this little, silent place. I rode towards the spot, as fast as my horse could make way through the bushes. I was soon satisfied.

Coming out on the edge of a little glade, I became spectator to a battle between the red cougar and a band of javalis.

The fierce little hoars were 'ringing' the panther, who was fighting desperately in their midst. Several of them lay upon the ground, stricken senseless or dead, by the strong paws of the huge cat; but the others, nothing daunted, had completely surrounded their enemy, and were bounding upon him with open mouths, wounding him with their sharp shining tusks.

The scene around my hunter instincts, and suddenly unslinging my rifle, I set my eye to the sights. I had no hesitation about the selection of my mark—the panther, by all means—and drawing trigger, I sent my bullet through the creature's skull, at once stretching him out in the midst of his assailants.

Three seconds had not elapsed, before I had reason to regret the discovery. I had shot the wrong animal. I shot the cougar, and either held my fire, or directed it upon one of his urchin-like enemies; for the moment he was hora de combat, his assailants became frenzied. For God's dearest, my horse and myself, with all the savage fierceness they had just exhibited towards the panther! I had no means of punishing the ungrateful brutes. They had not given me time to reload my rifle before commencing the attack, and my pistols were both empty. My horse, startled by the unexpected assault, as well as by the strange creatures that were making it, snorted and plunged wildly over the ground; but go where he would, a score of the ferocious brutes followed, springing against his sides, and scoring his shanks with their terrible tusks. Well for me I was able to keep the saddle; had I been thrown from it at that moment, I should certainly have been torn to pieces.

I saw no hope of safety but in flight, and spurring my horse, I gave him full rein. Alas! through that tangled thicket the javalli could go as fast as he; and after galloping a hundred yards or so, I perceived the whole flock still around me, leaping as fiercely as ever around the limbs of the trees.

The result might have proved awkward enough; but at that moment I heard voices, and saw mounted men breaking through the underwood. They were Stanfield, Quackenbush, and the rest of the rangers.

In another second they were on the ground; and their revolvers, playing rapidly, soon thinned the ranks of the javalli, and caused the survivors to retreat grunting and screaming into the thicket.

W H A T  I S  H E R O I S M ?

Every tolerably forward school-boy is familiar with a number of stock anecdotes associated with classical names, and illustrative of the heroic virtues, self-sacrifice and fortitude. Many of these ana will scarcely bear criticism in point of authenticity; but it is one of the least grateful duties of the historian to withdraw from the domain of presumed reality those dramatic episodes and tableaux with which the Greek and Roman writers embellish the grammar-school instruction.

In our boyish days, we learn to venerate the ancient senators, awaiting in their curule-chairs with dignified gravity the intrusion of uncouth invaders. We garner up in our memories the gallantry of Curtius and Ccoles, the patriotic integrity of Regulus and Cincinnatus; and we are naturally loath to listen to Niebuhr and Arnold, when they assure us that these, our fancy-men, never had existence save in the imaginations of ballad-singers, or the traditions of an unlettered people; or if they really abode in the flesh, never performed the acts attributed to them. Independence of such 'points in mythic history, there are no doubt many similar incidents which, though ascribed to historical personnages, are nevertheless fictitious. Our ancient friends were extremely partial to narratives of this kind, and in default of sufficient of authentic facts, supplied themselves with circumstantial ad libitum. These were repeated from mouth to mouth, until they became, like travellers' tales, a part of the popular belief, and obtained admission to the grave pages of the biographer and historian.

The question, however, whether or not these anecdotes, and others of the same class, were records of actual events, is immaterial to my present purpose; it is enough that they have been handed down from generation to generation, from the old civilisation to the new, and have challenged and received more or less admiration and applause. They picture to us the kind of heroism most in esteem amongst the ancients, and not without honour in later days. Leonidas and his three hundred; Aristides inscribing his own name on the ostracism to re-eclect that of an ill-used citizen; Arris, by her own death, encouraging her husband to brave a similar fate; the elder Brutus, with a severe justice, scarcely enough tempered with mercy, condemning his own father's murderer for a trifle—breach of military discipline, are instances of the kind to which I allude; and we can trace in them all the stoical and dignified behaviour regarded by the men of those days as the height of human virtue.

If we seek further to determine the main elements which gave to these actions their eclat, we shall find them to be an enthusiastic abnegation of self, and a somewhat exaggerated development of a single virtue.

The actuating motive, whether patriotism, domestic affection, or a sentiment of honour, prevailed in an unusual degree, raised to the point of enthusiasm by peculiar circumstances of time and place, or peculiar character of mind. It would not be well to detract from the glory or quasi-glory of such exploits, by ascribing them to ignoble motives, or judging them according to the light of an after-age. Every action, however praiseworthy and virtuous in outward seeming, may be accounted for, if we so incline, by consummate hypocrisy, far-sighted selfishness, or immediate benefit. By hypothetical assumptions, we may attribute the public life of Washington to his greed for glory, or of Wilberforce to a puerile love of fame. He must be an intense sceptic in human nature who perversely refers every instance of apparent self-forgetfulness to
concealed self-love. I do not, then, doubt that such actions as I have been to possess that species of nobleness claimed for them; at all events, it is upon this assumption that they have been recorded as examples of heroism.

In modern times, illustrations of similar virtue are by no means infrequent, but they do not possess that classical sanction which is so powerful for good or ill, and too often elevates a sophism into a wise saw, and an act of dubious morality into a vaunted exemplar. For instance, a modern Scævola is scarcely entitled to approbation. I willingly admit the deserts of these heroes and heroines; nevertheless, a little consideration will shew, that examples of this type do not exhibit the highest forms of moral grandeur. It is obvious at once, that isolated acts, illustrating an impulsive virtue, and occurring at conjunctures of great emergency, are but doubtful guides to general character. The actors in such scenes are not necessarily so exalted or so high-spirited as we are at first likely to imagine. Wholesome experience has lately shown that the devotion of soliety is no rare attribute; and in order to create military heroes, we have only to provide a field of action. Neither are the self-sacrifices of affection peculiar to lofty characters. But there is a heroism of a higher kind, which is often not patent to the world, which has no grand stage and no dramatic incidents to give it lustre.

Charles Lamb tells an instructive story relating to the culinary discovery of roast-pig. John Chinaman found among the ruins of a house destroyed by fire a sucking-pig beautifully cooked in the course of the conflagration. Being enchanted by the succulent dainty, he proceeded to burn down another house containing another sucking-pig. After considerable destruction of valuable property, a sage friend of John Chinaman pointed out that in order to procure burnt pig, it was not at all essential to burn down a house. With regard to heroism, we are apt to fall into the illogical reasoning of the Celestial epicure, and imagine that great crises are necessary to its development. Enthusiastic British youth, moved by the recital of heroic deeds of ancient or modern times, yearn to become performers of similar exploits; they are filled with regret that their surrounding circumstances are comparatively placid, that they have no Thermopylae to defend and no Sebastopol to storm, that there is not the slightest occasion to imitate the Athenians under Themistocles, and embark their household gods. They cannot bear the inducement of a tragic glory and opportunity to create an undying fame by a single effort. But the higher heroism of which I speak, avoids rather than seeks the pomp and circumstance of war and the glare of publicity. It is true that this enthusiasm is for the most part respectable. Even when its results are most deplorable, it bears testimony to the moral and religious nature of man. It implies an acting up to principle, and a disregard of immediate selfish considerations. Enthusiasm, no less than laughter, distinguishes man from the lower creation; still, the self-sacrifices to which it impels, are not the most poble. We know it is not in moments of excitement that the voice of conscience is most readily heard and obeyed; we know that soldiers, after the first moments of the conflict, customarily lose all sense of danger, are urged on by a wild agitation of the spirits, and make the final assault in almost a state of delirium. The foundation of heroism of this kind is physical courage and common manly sentiment. We know, too, that enthusiasm in the form of a spirit of excruciating agonies without a cry: the lamas of Tibet inflict on themselves ghastly wounds; Hindoos suffer themselves to be hooked up by the muscles of the back, and swing about in that painful state of suspension, without murmur of complaint. Yet we cannot suppose these men to be brave, or possessed of higher moral qualities, than the European who groans with jealousy, and is terribly distressed by a simple fracture of the arm.

The truest heroism requires for its exhibition calm reflection and deliberate will, rather than excitement. Instead of the heat of the affray, or the ardour of a mistaken faith, its groundwork is a sense of duty able to contend with conflicting and base motives. Patient uncomplaining endurance—steady perseverance in overcoming obstacles—conduct always upright in good and evil report, when no human eye may see with commendation, and no human heart respond with sympathy—this is true heroism, and raises its possessor far beyond the ranks of those who plant the standard on a well-won breach. Such heroism as this requires no historical arena; it lies as much within the reach of the man of peace as of the warrior, of the private citizen as of the statesman or sage. If we were to obey the moral law unflinchingly, and learn to labour and wait, we should all be heroes, and earth all hallowed ground. From this point of view, the reflective mind sees more heroism in the endurance of soldiers in the trenches, than in their courage at the assault. From this point of view, the scene of the company of soldiers going down with the Ocean Monarch in parade order, with their colonel at their head, strikes us as a greater grand stage and no dramatic incidents to give it lustre.

A PARISIAN LITTERATEUR.

The voluminuous autobiography of Alexandre Dumas is in many respects a very noticeable work, but in none more so than in the minuteness of detail with which it depicts the career of a Parisian litterateur. If this detail were all, the material would be all the more acceptable. Dumas has been the contemporary of many remarkable literary men and artists—with all of them he has been personally acquainted; with many he has lived on terms of intimacy; and if he had chosen to confine within reasonable limits an account of his relations with these men, his impressions of their works, with the anecdotes and information current in the literary, artistic, musical, and theatrical circles of Paris from the death of Louis XVIII. to the revolution of 1848—when the break-up took place—he would have produced a book not only amusing to his contemporaries at home, and instructive to the public of Europe at large, but a valuable contribution to social history.

Instead of confining himself to this, Alexandre Dumas has been seized with the unfortunate idea of incorporating in his personal memoirs the general political and diplomatic history of Europe, which we have already had in newspapers and blue-books, and which we are in course of reading in the works of those professed historians whose business is politics, and who employ their leisure on subjects within their
speciality. Nothing more dry as the political history of M. Alexandre Dumas. M. Dumas, with its startleing poems and déconseillons; it is like reading his own Louis XIV. after laying down Mezeray, or possessing a coupon of Royal British Stock Bank compared with one of the Bank of England; but in the other part of his work we feel that he stands on his own ground, and that he is indeed a master. Like an oasis after a desert journey, nothing can be more agreeable than to go out of the dusty sandy atmosphere of politics to the verdant regions of art. A new poem of Hugo, a rehearsal at the Porte St Martin or the Odéon, a squabble with the critics, a soirée of artists; all such form the pleasant parts of the book.

The life of Alexandre Dumas commenced with the century; his father, whom he lost early, had rapidly risen to the rank of lieutenant-general in the republican armies; and we find, in the early part of the son’s career, a meritorious struggle on the part of both widow and orphan to make ends meet. At length the ardent genius of the son, impatient of a residence in a provincial town, invited him to try his fortunes in Paris, the mother having been compelled to sell her house and farm. His first impulse was to look up to the friends of his father—Marshall Victor, Duke of Belluno; Marshal Marmont; Marshal Bessieres; General Sebastien. He was admitted to Marshal Jourdan, who imagined that the father whom he had believed dead was paying him a visit. But he had never heard that he had a son; and, in spite of all that young Dumas could say, he was dismissed in a few minutes, without the marshall being satisfied of his identity, or disposed to commence acquaintance. But he was more successful with General Foy, the French historian of the Peninsular war, and the most impressive of the orators of the opposition in 1823. General Foy lived in the Rue Mont Blanc, and Dumas found him working at his Spanish military history. He wrote standing at one of those tables that may be raised or lowered at will. All around him, on chairs and sofas, was a heterogeneous mass of printer’s proofs, maps, books, and newspapers. The general himself was a man of fifty, thin, small, with his hair growing gray, a brow like the hemisphere of a cannon-ball, an aquiline nose, and a bilious complexion. He carried his head erect, his hand was firm, and his voice imperious: ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘are you the son of the General Dumas who was in the army of the Alps?’ to which an affirmative answer was given, with the presentation of the letter of introduction bearing the name of his father. ‘I am at your service,’ said the general, ‘I must first know what you are for good. Do you know anything of mathematics?—algebra?—geometry?—natural philosophy?—Latin?—Greek?—or book-keeping?’ To each of these interrogatories, enounced slowly by the general, a negative answer was given—the face of the aspirant youth dropping into the deepest scarlet, and the perspiration dropping from his brow. At last the general asked for his address, with some commiseration; but scarcely had he written his name, when the general said: ‘We are saved! You have a beautiful hand—writing.’ Dumas was not delighted in having a copying clerkship pointed out for his destination; but General Foy continued saying: ‘I dine to-day at the Palais Royal; I will speak of you to the Duke of Orleans, and let it be not possible to get you into his office.’ A petition was written out by the future dramatic poet. The leader of the opposition—dining with the future king of the French, in the palace built by Richelieu, after the death of Colbert, the first of the French architects; and the end of it was the appointment of Alexandre Dumas to a place of L48 a year, in the office of the Duke of Orleans; for his property was so vast as to require a form if it is not poison, to get you into his office.

The details of the forest cuttings of Villars-Cotterets, or the rents of the Palais Royal; and at night, visiting the theatres, reading translations of Schiller and Shakespeare, and casting about for the materials of a drama of his own.

We have no space for the many droll stories which he gives of this period of his life—one of the best of which is his account of a first visit to a theatre, when he paid for a place in the queue, and being obstreperous upon having to pay at the bureau again, was turned out of the theatre. At this period, Dumas made the acquaintance of Frederic Souillié, and he gives his opinion of this remarkable but unequal genius: he considers that Souillié had something secure in his brain; his thoughts being like the world, lighted only on one side, the antipodes of the illuminated side being plunged in darkness; and that, notwithstanding the scenes of extraordinary power he had produced, he never knew how to begin or end a drama or a romance. Souillié began timidly, and exposed his action painfully, so that his fine scenes were arrived at after a disagreeable apprenticeship of the reader’s or spectator’s patience. He lived on a small pension which his father allowed him, in a modest apartment in the Rue de Provence, among the furniture of which was a piano, on which he used to play. In this house he became a man of business, engaged in a mechanical saving establishment, and died some years ago, well off, his time divided between Apollo and Mercury.

The theatrical experiences of Dumas are the clearest portions of the memoirs. Talma was still on the stage, and its acknowledged monarch; Madoineuil Mars was at the height of her reputation and power. We have all the qualities of the old classical authors with the rising dramatists of the new school, who were declared to be not ‘sons of France, but bastards of England and Germany.’ As for Dumas’s collaborations and plagiarisms, we have his share in the former stiffly argued, and the latter freely confessed. Our deliberate opinion—after having seen represented or having read his best works, as well as learned the opinion entertained of him by his Parisian colleagues—is, that he is a man of most marvellous powers of invention, of great fertility of resource, of great skill in the construction of dramas, and of great capacity for labour, in addition to the natural gift of style and facility of production. He has not the high poetry of Lamartine or Hugo; but even if he had had no collaboration, he is still the man to have outstripped all others in abundance of effective dramatics. His national fortune has been habits of prodigality, which have injured his personal fortunes and literary reputation. From the first he shewed great powers of construction and animated dialogue—the one the body, the other the soul of the drama—but unfortunately this necessity for the requisites of a profuse hospital has compelled him, first of all, to involve himself in an extensive collaboration, and at last to lend his highly popular name to many works in which he had no hand whatever. He began with works of genius; he continued by the rearrangement of the raw materials of others with masterly skill; and at last arrived at such habits of labour as to be able to work from ten to fourteen hours a day, year after year. If we add to these enormous labours the number of works to which he lent his name without contributing a thought, his princely revenue and prodigal luxury cease to be a marvel.

Talma was the most important of his early theatrical acquaintances. This distinguished artist was born at Paris in 1766. His father was a celebrated dentist in London, who had among his patients the Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV.; and the début of the son was in 1795. From that time he retained an undivided possession of the first rank. Talma has the four great qualities of an actor—person, expression of countenance, voice, and intellectual capacity.
Without being what the French call un homme d'esprit of an acute and lively conversation, he had great erudition in relation to his profession. When he was on the point of creating a part, he grudged no historical research to throw light on the character, the transaction, or the nature of the epoch. In short, like our own Garrick, he appears to have been superior to all his predecessors and successors.

In high comedy, M. de Bravais, said to have attained the same elevation. Dumas pronounces her to be an honest woman, severely exact in the fulfillment of all her agreements, and as punctual at rehearsals as a post-office clerk at his bureau. "I beg pardon," said she on the single occasion of her having been absent for a quarter of an hour; "but I have just lost forty thousand francs. Vite, commençons!"

After many discussions, Dumas got his play of Henri III. accepted at the Théâtre Francais; but his entrance into the temple of Théâtre proved to be his exit from the service of the Duke of Orleans. M. de Bravais, the director-general of the affairs of the Duke of Orleans, gave Dumas politely to understand that literature and bureaucracy were two enemies who could not live together, and that he must choose between them. "I understand," said the poet, "that if I pursue my vocation of man of letters, I am dismissed."

"Yes," said the baron—whom the author, with a grace, described as being a baron with large red nose, and one shoulder higher than another. "Then I decide for the career of letters," rejoined the poet. "And how will you support your mother?" said the baron.

"Oh, that is my affair," added Dumas. And thus his independent career commenced.

But although no longer serving the Duke of Orleans in an economical capacity, he was by no means unwilling to have him for a literary patron. He therefore determined to ask him to be present at a representation of his piece. The future Louis-Philippe was a handsome man of fifty at that time, not so very fat as he subsequently became, with a lively, intelligent countenance, and affable manners, but which never went so far as to allow people to forget his rank, except when he had to do with some very vain member of the bourgeoisie, and had a point to gain. His voice was agreeable in speaking, but he had a habit in his familiar moments of humming mass-music with a false intonation. "Ah, Monsieur Dumas," said the Duke of Orleans, "what good wind brings you here?"

"My desire that your royal highness should be present at the first representation of Henri III."

"That is impossible," said the duke, "for I have to-morrow twenty or thirty people to dine with me."

"Ah, that is easily arranged," said the indefatigable Dumas. "I can delay the commencement of the play for an hour, by an arrangement with the manager, and if your highness can advance your dinner for an hour, my object is gained."

The duke consented. The proposed arrangement was entered into by the manager of the theatre; and on the evening of the performance, Dumas was congratulated in a letter from the baron with the red nose and the hump shoulder. But after a day or two, the play was forbidden, under the pretext that it was a covert allusion to Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans. However, the prohibition was removed, and the Duke of Orleans, calling Dumas into his box, said:

"You have nearly brought me into a scrape. The king sent for me yesterday, saying I am told there is a young man in your bureaux who has represented me as Henri III., and you as the Duke of Guise."

"Your highness," said Dumas, "could answer that this young man was no longer in your bureaux."

"No," said the Duke of Orleans; "I preferred another answer, for I retain you in my service. "Sire," said I, "you are mistaken; for I do not beat my wife; the Duchess of Orleans is not unfaithful to me, and your majesty has not a more faithful subject than myself."

He then added: "Come to the Palais Royal to-morrow morning; the Duchess of Orleans wishes to see you."

In short, Henri III. laid the foundation of Dumas's literary fortunes by a signal success.

Thus launched into the world of Paris society, Dumas became a dinner-out of the first lustre, and various lion-hunters sought his acquaintance. One of these was the well-known ex-director, Count Barras, who, after all the moving accidents of the earlier part of his life, saved 200,000 francs a year out of the wreck of his political fortunes, and spent his old age in giving literary dinners. He was a man of old family; and before the great rise of prices in France, this sum enabled him to live in a luxurious manner. Dumas was presented to him by Dr Cabarrus, son of the beautiful Thérèse Cabarrus, whom represented the name of Madame Tallien, the belle of the Directoire phase of French society, who married the Prince de Chimay for her third husband. Barras received them in his villa at Chaillot sitting up in his garden which in the last years of his life he never quitted. He was then seventy-four years of age (1829), and a fine-looking old man. He wore a cap on his head, only his face and his hands giving signs of life; for from time to time he fell into a lethargy, as if he were dying. When the hour of dinner came, the folding-doors opened, and Barras was wheeled to his place at table. The dinner was sumptuous; but Barras's only part in the entertainment was to dip his bread in a plate filled with juice of the cuttings of a leg of mutton. This was the extent of his share of the feast.

The Princess de Chimay was of the party, but styled citizeness. Her husband had a familiar valet-de-chambre who stood behind him, and, as in old plays, took part in the conversation, and on one occasion tapped a general on the shoulder with the apostrophe: "Général, je vous arrête;" and then proceeded, to the utter astonishment of the general, to correct his memory on some revolutionary fact. When Sir Walter Scott was in Paris, Barras wished to see him, and commissioned Dr Cabarrus to invite him to dinner; but Scott shook his head, and answered that in his forthcoming history of Napoleon he intended to take an unfavourable view of the character of Barras; and that if he were to dine with him, and then to abuse him, people would say, when he went back to Scotland, "that he had thrown the dinner-plates at his head."

Such as these, we think, present some glimpses of the life of a Parisian litterateur; and so we take our leave of Dumas.

ANT GOSSEP.

Long before the real natural history of ants was known, they did duty as models, examples, and illustrations for writers, both sacred and profane: often ignorantly, as in the ancient fables, which are devoted to the science of political economy, and prediguring the establishment of savings-banks; but always pleasantly—a pleasantness which a truer knowledge of their world and ways only augments and heightens.

Of course, every one knows how ants and bees are taken to represent the two great sects of human politicians; how republicanism is made to find its antitype in the formic community, and monarchy its exemplar in the aparian kingdom. But concerning this same republicanism, we have a word to say, which perhaps may give a different formula to the
constitution of some of the pismires, and destroy their claim to be considered as belonging to the Rouges.

Anyhow, it will be proved that their republicanism, if it exist at all, is of the Spartan and oligarchic character, and the utmost possible removed from any modern notions of socialism.

To begin with: Who, among the Red ants, are those four, or five, or eight, or ten ladies surrounded by guards and courtiers, who all reside together in the same large chamber, for all the world, like an eastern harem, solely occupied with the cares of futurity and the hopes of maternity? Wherever one of these royal ladies turns, she is received with respect and obedience; her guards, or rather her court, leap and dance before her, caressing her with their antennae, and talking to each other about her by means of the same organs. She is the centre of their world, the cynosure of their regards; and if you separate her from them, they soon form themselves into a dense body and enclose her in the midst. If you take her away altogether, they go mad outright. Their queens had once wings. One fine day they and their mates left the ant-hill, and flew up into the air. The ants—the workers, soldiers, and nurses—all followed them as far as they could, and as long as they remained in the neighbourhood; and even after they had flown off, parties of scouts and guards scour the country for—to miles round, waiting until one or more of the females should alight on the earth again; when, so soon as their feet touched the damp soil, their wings dropped off, and they were thenceforth under the care and jealous homage of the colony. As for the poor winged mates, their business in life was over. They might be entangled in spiders' webs, or fall into the ant-lion's den, or be devoured by huge feathered monsters, or lie on the ground and die of hunger—not an ant of the whole hill would stir an antenna to console or give them a mouthful of food to support them. Their work was done; their day was over; their only business now was to die as quickly as might be, and rid the world of their woes. If the luckier spores were to die, how different the treatment she would receive! Faithful attendants would lick and brush her lifeless corpse for days and days together; and it would be hard work to console them, of course, indeed, if there were not others to whom they might transfer their allegiance, and their love. What is all this but a gynocracy which brings to our minds the devotion of the days of chivalry—Lancelot du Lac, and all the rest of them?

Again: that lady and gentleman belonging to the White ants, carefully selected from a crowd of competitors, and kept by the community in the same kind of royal thraldom as the wingless ladies of the Red—also, like them, surrounded by guards and courtiers, and also occupied with the cares of futurity—what are they but elective monarchs, reigning on strictly constitutional principles, under the control and surveillance of their faithful commons? Then the slave-taking expeditions—when an army of Amazon or Legionary ants march out to the encampments of the Negro ants, attack, carry, and sack them, and return to their own city laden with slaves in embryo—what is this but republicanism, according to the charter of Lacedemon?—indeed, according to the charter of every modern republic as well, but by no means the ideal commonwealth of utopias or phalansteries. Is not the standing army, too, of some ants an institution anti-republican? and does it not violate the rights of the Negroes as freely, if not more, than the slaveholders of the North? the Negroes resist as long as they are able; but when they have fairly lost the field, they carry off as many of their papas and young females as they can; some even—more courageous than their brethren—will return alone, through the very thick of the
sacking army, down to the chambers where lie the unconscious grubs and eggs, and endeavour to rescue one or more of the mandibles of the enemy. In the very beginning of the fray, they had placed as many of their treasures as they could carry in comparative safety on the covered side of the hill. Those are the treasures they are carrying off now in full and rapid leaps. The Sanguine wretches chasing them virulently. The poor Negroes take kindly enough to serve it; and when their masters return home after a foray, bringing fresh prisoners even of their own tribe, they will carrass and offer the robbers food, with an utter obliviousness of patriotism, and a sad facility of chain-bearing. But it must be remembered, in mitigation of our contempt, that adult Negroes are never captured: the slave-owners are too wise for that. They take them young, indeed before they are born, and so secure themselves against inconvenient reminiscences. The Negroes are the workers, the squaws, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the nurses and factotums of their warrior-masters; while these huge, awkward, feckless fellows, sit at the bottom of their city waiting until another spell of soldiering calls them forth. Why, they cannot even feed themselves! The Negroes have actually to feed them; and as for taking care of their eggs or grubs, or building anything like a shelter for them or for themselves, they have about as much idea of what as a new-born baby.

In one experiment that was made, when warriors, pupae, and larvae were all thrown together into a box, where there was both earth to build with, and honey to eat, the huge helpless monster was rasmed about and about, in a wild distracted sort of way, looked at their grubs, and evidently did not know what to do with them, though all their materials were at hand. They died, some of these great creatures, and would soon have all perished in the very lap of plenty, had not the experimenter let in one tidy, industrious, canny little Negro; and this creature, alone and unassisted, built cells for the young, fed the gaping warriors, armed and smoothed and fashioned all into order, just like a dear little Ruth Pinch as she was, in the midst of a set of awkward helpless giants. The Negroes build the city, feed the warrior-citizens, nurse the grubs, whether warrior-grubs or Negro; in short, do all the loving, careful, and intelligent work of the community, and are faithful and devoted to the death; but, like all indispensible and spoiled sentiment, they are dictatorial. They will not allow one of their robber-masters to leave the city alone, nor before the proper time of bloodshed and rapine has arrived; and if they return from a raid without, or even with, expected loot, the Negroes give them the cold shoulder; and, if very incensed, will not allow them to enter the city at all. If they dare to enter, dogged and sulky, the little Negroes drag them out again with a lantern that sends the crest-fallen buccaneers a-soldiering again, by their leave or without it.

Some ants keep not only Negroes, but also the eggs of the aphids, their cow, of which they take jealous and incessant care. Every one knows how an ant treats an aphid: how it goes sidling up to the fat quiet thing, and caresses her with its antennae, till cowey, in a fit of gratitude and pleasure, gives out her drop of honey-dew, which pinnacre laps up—ants lap when they drink, something like a cat—then strolls off to milk another aphid-cow by the like means. But every one does not know that ants wrestle and play together, like a couple of boys let loose from school. Huber found out that fact, as indeed he found out most of the secrets of the ant-hill. He went one day to his formiciary of wood-ants, and saw at a glance that no work was being done that day, but he saw also that they were all in a state of extraordinary excitement. A little attention showed him his ants dancing on their hind-legs, patting each other with their antennae, in evident invitation to come out boys and girls to play, and playing, by seizing each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna; then wrestling with might and main, turning, closing again, hiding from each other, finding each other again; sometimes, when one was victor undoubtedly, he would attack many others in succession, overthrowing them all like nine-pins. Sometimes, too, especially the hill-ants, they amuse themselves by carrying each other pickaback, or in their mouths, as cats carry their kittens, or dogs their puppies. On graver occasions, as, for instance, if their pupae and grubs are buried under the ruins of their invaded city, they may be seen digging them up from the wreck, and carrying them off, like the old St Bernard dogs in the pictures, all snow and babies.

But our European ants are mere nobodies compared to the great white ant of India, that terrible fellow who will eat away the legs of your table in a night, and leave you only the simulacrum of a table, a superficial outside, a mere sham, as you find to your cost if you put anything on the top. The white ant lives chiefly on wood. He will excavate a tree, living or dead, a post, a table, a book-case, a cask of wine—and let all the wine out—the beams of a house—and anything, in short, made of wood, will he gnaw his way into, leaving the outside intact, so that it is only by a lucky experiment that his depredations are found out. If he eats away the supporting beams, however, of a section of the roof, the whole roof will fall; the support being withdrawn, would fall and crush him on the spot, he ingeniously repairs his damage with a kind of cement he makes out of clay and earth: so that he literally turns himself into a stone-cutter. He makes enormous nests five or six feet high; these nests, when only half finished, are strong enough to serve as stations for the wild bulls, the leaders of the herd, from whence they can better see their subjects feeding in the plain below. The Indians eat the white ants, and uncommonly good eating they are reported to be. One gastronomist said that they were like sugared marrows; another, like sugared cream and sweet almonds—smiles very exciting to one's organ of gustation. The white ants heard up large magazines of tree-gums for their queens and their young to extirpate, and make a great deal of noise and every variety. Some white ants build their nests something like toad-stools—these are called turrett-building; others build in trees; but the white ant is usually conical. He is one of the most wonderful insects, which we stated above, and construct covered-ways to wherever they want to go. So jealous are they of being seen, so modest, too, in their rapaciousness, that if they are not seen, they will not eat; and if they are walled and vaulted in, like noives or odoratques. They are monstrously unpleasant neighbours—as bad as a remove or a fire for one's furniture. The carpenter ants also exceedingly jealous of observation. They live in trees, and will not stay to be studied, not though bribes of honey or sugar be placed before their very mouths. The jet-ant is the most renowned of the carpenters; he dyes all his wood jet black, and makes a very dingy-looking city. But his carving is singularly delicate; and he constructs columns and arches, galleries, halls, and vaults, like the best trained architect in London. The mason-ant understands the principle of the arch, as the bees know the value of the hexagonal cell. He can balance his grains and blocks without cement, so as to form a perfect vault, fashioned on correct mathematical principles.

O the grand, the interesting world that lies at our feet, and skims above our heads! O the wisdom, the intelligence, the beauty and the power, shewn in the deep-set insect-world! But he saw also that they were all in a state of extraordinary excitement. A little attention showed him his ants dancing on their hind-legs, patting each other with their antennae, in evident invitation to come out boys and girls to play, and playing, by seizing each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna; then wrestling with might and main, turning, closing again, hiding from each other, finding each other again; sometimes, when one was victor undoubtedly, he would attack many others in succession, overthrowing them all like nine-pins. Sometimes, too, especially the hill-ants, they amuse themselves by carrying each other pickaback, or in their mouths, as cats carry their kittens, or dogs their puppies. On graver occasions, as, for instance, if their pupae and grubs are buried under the ruins of their invaded city, they may be seen digging them up from the wreck, and carrying them off, like the old St Bernard dogs in the pictures, all snow and babies.

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God made the world—none that we would recommend as a surer heal-all to the heart-sick and the weary, the loveless and the lovely! And the alpha of entomology we hold to be the ant-hill.

THE GHOST-PLAY.

It would almost seem as if every man in the French army was an Alsatian, so frequent is the reply, when you ask a soldier 'from what part of France are you?' 'From Alsace.' The warlike spirit once prevailing in that province may have become second nature to the inhabitants. Being an exposed frontier, it was, in former days, continually attacked by the rivals and enemies of France, and a prey to all the adventurers disbanded by belligerent powers; consequently, it was forced to be for ever on the defensive; and apparently not having enough of fighting with foes, the peasants and their lords filled up the intervals of contention with strangers by violent quarrels of their own. We may be sure, when in streaming through the country, a picturesque ruin on an inaccessible height is seen for an instant and lost again, that all between its crumbling walls and the nearest town has been, over and over again, pillaged, ravaged, burnt, and submitted to every kind of violence from the days of Attila to those of Napoleon the Great. Every one of the pretty vales of the Vosges has been, in its turn, the scene of a desperate battle and a bloody struggle. As the part of the story that is, the smallest bit of wall or cement should still remain to remind the antiquarian, the traveller who has travelled; for there is scarcely a woody hill which is not crowned by its castle, and which does not in its depths conceal enormous heaps of ruins, telling of the extent of its dependencies. As certain as you are to see these artistic bits, so sure, also, are you to perceive, immediately beneath feudal towers, the tall chimneys of some powerful manufactory, which now bears sway throughout this commercial district; and marvellous is the size of these intrusive but valuable buildings, with their long ranges of windows, and their immensely lofty walls. They are not at all picturesque, neither are the swarms of workmen, male and female, who pour out from their portals in haste to snatch a rapid meal, and return to their ceaseless occupation. Every hand in every village is employed; and whatever other occupations may be added to, none but the toil of occupation is not among the grievances. The proprietors of these extensive mills and manufactories are men of immense wealth; but those whose work has made them so, are a miserable and uncomfortable looking race as one could meet. A sentimental or philosophic traveller, perceiving this, might be induced to ask the difference between the lot of the peasant, whose existence is given up to the lord of the mills of the present day, and that of the vassal whose life was devoted to the lord of yonder castle some centuries ago. Perhaps the tyrant of those towers was forced to live on his estates; but certain it is that the rich proprietor now-a-days is spending his money, gained in these valleys, in some luxurious city far away, never visiting his 'native vales' except to assure himself that the grinding of gold is prosperously going on. Not content with usurping the sites of old castles, many of the manufactories are actually wedged into the indestructible walls, effacing them with newness and completeness. They say to the strongholds of the Lothaires and Childebert: 'Our turn is come;' and exulting wreaths of black smoke are sent sailing from huge chimneys, from the vales to the mountains, and from the still crowding forests. The Roman conquerors, who made attonias once upon a time along the line of road from Strasbourg to Basel, little contemplated the sort of stations which the railway has now strung upon their traces.

Where once stood the strongly defended monastery of Koenigshoffen, and its protecting neighbours of Geisbolzheim and Ostwald, the whole site is now occupied by a colony established by the beneficent mayor of Strasburg, M. Schuetzenberger, who, determined to utilise the very worst materials, and give a chance to the least respectable of the inhabitants of his magnificent city, has carried out his noble scheme of reformation, and has the triumph of finding his exertions entirely successful. Part of the forest which covers the range of hills was cleared, air and light were let into the landscape, the ground was drained and cultivated, and at this moment a productive district has taken the place of a mere desert. The peace and comfort now to be found in the colony of Ostwald are probably appreciated by the families of former pickpockets and housebreakers, who consented to try the experiment of the policy of honesty; for nothing can appear more respectable or well-to-do than those who carry on their occupations in the locality.

The plain at the foot of the hill, where cottages are beginning to group themselves, is the site of a desperate battle between Marlborough and Turenne; but the names of both these renowned generals are for gotten in that of the sensible and judicious mayor of Strasburg.

The good king Dagobert, if his spirit were permitted to revisit the spots in the country he formerly dwelt, would certainly be startled at the change in his monastic village of Geisbolzheim, where, if he got out of the train bodily, he would lose himself in endeavouring to find his monks; and in equal amazement would be the ghost of Charlemagne be, should he seek at the next station for his beloved city of Rosheim, for he would recognise little there but the beautiful tower of the church he built for his lieges. Nothing can be prettier than the position of this charming village of Rosheim, nestled at the foot of a high hill, on the summit of which stand the fine ruins of the Castle of Guibbaden. No doubt, by the name of it, there were always baths here. There is a very fine bathing establishment now, probably on the same spot where Charlemagne indulged in the luxury. It is quite worth while for a traveller, who is not in a hurry, to stop at the station and give an afternoon to the ruins, or rather to the delicious walk to them, which will repay him at every step by the fine views it gives over a most remarkable country of gorges and cragging rocks, and thick woods, and chains of mountains stretching into many distances; to every one of whose subject heights attaches some legend, reviving the poetical climber whose breath begins to fail him, and whose heart, again by packing up a little romantic lore in his head, as well as sandwiches in his basket, before he sets out on any excursion in a wild country like Alsace; for, after all, huge manufactories and gigantic chimneys, when often repeated, become as monotonous as stories of castles and of giants; therefore, it is not amiss to make sandwiches of the two classes of interest, and take them by turns during the journey.

To this Castle of Guibbaden attaches a very wild story, quite suited to the scene. It seems that in the seventeenth century, while fierce war was carried on between the Alsatians and Lorrainers, the castle was betrayed into the hands of the latter by a perfidious servant of the Countess of Guibbaden. Every year, since that time, on the anniversary of the fair of Haslach—the village at the foot of the hill—a sort of expiatory ghost-play is acted in the castle ruins, which lasts a whole week. The dramatis personae are the countess, the governor, the false vassal, and the men-at-arms concerned in the destruction of the castle, and the drama is as follows: At midnight, the governor rises from his tomb in the vaults, and hurries from gallery to gallery, summoning, in a hoarse and solemn voice, his garrison to be on the alert, and arise for
vengenance. Four of these descend the stone stairs of the
great tower to a vault so deeply concealed that no
human eye can now discover it. Here they take up
the coffin of the countess, and bear it to the great hall.
They then, together with the rest of the men-at-arms
and servants, arrange themselves round it in awful
silence. The governor takes his seat near; he is
habituated in a robe without sleeves; and the cavities
where his eyes should be are filled with blood. This
is in memory of tortures he underwent from the
Lorrainers to induce him to discover where the trea-
sure of the countess was hidden. The traitor who
betrayed the castle is then introduced, and his trial
begins. He is dressed in red, and holds in his hands
the huge key of the postern-gate by which he admitted
the enemy. He appears to be overwhelmed with
remorse and fear, and stammers forth excuses, and
pleads for pardon for some moments, no interruption
being offered; but when a quarter to two strikes from
an invisible clock, the judges proceed to the vote, and
after a period of deliberation, the governor slowly
approaches the coffin of the countess, and appears to
consult his dead mistress. Presently a harsh voice
proceeds from the crypt; and the words ‘Let him be
delivered to justice’ resound through the hall. This
occurs exactly at the moment the bell is striking
two, and at the same instant begins a terrible chase,
of which the wretched culprit is the object. He utters
the most piercing shrieks as he darts from the spot
pursued by the governor and all his attendants.
The latter rush to the outward walls of the castle, and
there, taking each other’s hands, they form a circle,
in which they whirl madly round, hemming in the
terrified criminal, accompanying their wild dance by
hideous howlings and executions, all the time the
great bell of the castle tolling as loudly as if it still
hung in the empty belfry, through which the stars
glimmer. This commotion lasts till four o’clock,
when, at the last stroke of the hour, the whole phan-
tom-crowd suddenly disappears, everything returns to
silence and repose, and the drama is ended for that
night, to be repeated nightly till the week is finished,
and the castle is restored to the moon and the owls
for another year.

The wheel, indeed, had a good deal to do with this
Castle of Guirbaden, which, in times more recent than
those when the real tragedy was acted which this
ghost-play shadows forth, was a place of much revelry
and hilarity. The guest was received by the lord
of the castle with cordiality, conducted into a state-apart-
ment, and there crowned with a certain bel-air-hat,
which bore the inscription of the castle to wear all the
time he remained. After this, he was invited and expected
to drink to the last drop the contents of a huge cup,
made in the form of an owl, in honour of his enter-
tainer; and according as he succeeded with facility or
otherwise, rose his fame amongst the jovial company of
the Castle of Guirbaden.

PREVENTION OF CASUALTIES ON GOODWIN SANDS.

Along the narrowest part of the English Channel, off
the Kentish coast, is a quicksand about twenty miles long,
and several miles broad. On the edge of this abyss, at
long intervals, are some scattered lights; but, during hazy
weather, accompanied with numerous other beacons, these
are worse than useless, while in storms they disappear
altogether. This abyss is the famous Goodwin, where
some noble ship, with her whole crew, is every now and
then engulfed. A more efficient, but very simple protec-
tion has been devised by Mr George Chowen; consisting
of a double line of buoys, each furnished with a large
sounding bell placed round the entire area, the outer line
two miles from the quicksand; the inner, a quarter of a
mile nearer; and the buoys 100 yards apart. On the
cost-side, one line would suffice, with the buoys 300 yards
apart. In stormy weather, the bells would be set in
motion by the sea; and in an absolute calm, so far as
steamers are concerned, the paddles would serve to draw
forth the warning voice.

EN AVANT!

Heavy and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet steady steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

A deep wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robbed chased—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Stil hopefully march on!

The day goes out—the fog upcrows,
Darkness the face of heaven embroils—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan’s strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

M. H.

‘CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.’

Since the article under this title in No. 173 was printed,
the writer’s attention has been drawn to certain documents
contained in the appendix to Señor Navarrete’s ‘History of
the Four Voyages of Columbus,’ and which are vouches
by the historian to be authentic extracts from the series
of Spanish records preserved at Simancas. They narrate
that, in the months of May and June 1543, Blascco de
Garay, a naval captain in the service of the Emperor
Charles V., conducted at Barcelona a series of experi-
ments upon the applicability to ships of a certain pro-
propulsive force which he alleged himself to have discovered;
that the mechanism which he employed consisted of two
wheels, one attached to either extremity of a movable
axis which traversed the vessel’s waist, and was connected
in a peculiar manner with a large caldron of boiling
water; that the experiments were conducted in the
presence of several persons of high birth depuited by the
emperor to witness them, of many naval commanders, and of
‘a crowd of curious persons capable of appreciating the
discovery;’ that on the seventeenth of the aforesaid
month of June, De Garay succeeded in taking to sea a
vessel of two hundred tons burden; that she was pro-
pelled neither by sail nor oar; and that her rate of speed
was about a league an hour. On the authenticity of these
documents, strong doubts were cast by the late M. Arago,
in the Annaire du Bureau de la Longitudes for 1828.
Whether it was ever successfully vindicated, the present
writer has been unable to learn; but if the documents be
genuine, as, from Señor Navarrete’s character, is not
improbable, there can be no doubt that De Garay had
actually solved an important physical problem, and was
the first to venture to sea in a ship propelled by the
agency of steam.

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DESIGNERS' ATELIERS IN PARIS.

There is hardly a phase of Paris-life—social, political, industrial, artistic, fashionable, or gastronomic—which is not familiar to general readers. All its picturesque cluster of social grades, from the faded régime that lingers in the Faubourg St Germain, to the chiselled population that stud the sloping pavements of the Pont Ste. Genevieve, have been sketched, caricatured, and moralised upon, in every possible aspect. Events, some of them gloomy, some pleasant, have familiarised that class of slippered and fireside travellers, who, as Cowper says, 'run the great circle, and are still at home,' with most of the celebrated spots and edifices of this beautiful city. Notre Dame and the Madeline are as well known to most of them as the cathedrals of Lincoln and Durham, or as the streets and squares of the nearest county town. The double belt of Boulevards, the Champs Elysées—with palaces and the noblest square in Europe at one end, crowned at the other with the Arc de Triomphe and 'Gate of the Star'—create no stranger feeling than connects itself with the mention of Rotten Row or the green slopes of Kensington. Amongst numerous word-photographs, however, of the different industrial classes of Paris, we do not remember to have seen any detailed reference to the designers for textile fabrics—a class of workmen-artists who help very materially to sustain the reputation of this city in all that relates to taste, novelty, and fashion. Under the present imperial sway, graced by a lady whose beauty loses nothing in comparison with that of a Josephine or Marie Antoinette, Paris does not seem likely to resign its long-standing privilege as the dispenser of fashions. Paradoxical as it seems, amid all other changes, Paris, in its most changeful character, remains unchanged. The repeated storms of revolution that have cleared away dynasties and time-honoured institutions, have left untouched the subtile despotism—la tyrée des femmes et des fets—that yet dictates to every corner of civilised Europe the code of ribbons, patterns, feathers, and flowers. The same source from which, during the reign of Louis Quatorze, we were supplied with patches, periwigs, and poetry, still furnishes our manufacturers with designs, and our metropolitan theatres with fancies. Sceptres have been shivered and thrones shattered, but the wand of fashion's 'fickle queen' is as potent as ever, most honoured when most capricious, most venerated when most ridiculous. There she continues to sit in undisputed honour, 'with quips and cranks and wreathed smiles,' fearless of powers either monarchical, republican, or imperial; with the fragments of countless and once-worshipped fancies scattered at her feet, thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.

Few better illustrations can be supplied of this state of things than those to which we are about to refer. The Parisian establishments for industrial design—those at least in connection with the printing of textile fabrics—are principally supported by their transactions with English manufacturers. After all the encouragement which has been given to the introduction and establishment of schools of design in our country, with a view to raising up a superior class of native workmen, English printers continue dependent upon foreign skill, and the trade in France for the exportation of Parisian designs is manifestly flourishing and increasing. Several new ateliers have sprung up very recently, chiefly dependent upon that miracle-working agency, British capital. The continuance of such a system is, of course, variously accounted for; some asserting that our art-education, as applied to manufacturers, has not yet had time to display its results; others, that the too direct and meddlesome interference of the potenates of Marlborough House with trade interests, has tended to retard the bud it should have more gently helped into flower; whilst another party of tolerably resigned temperament, accepts the fact of our obligations to French taste and invention as neither discomfiting nor humiliating, insomuch as it is supposed to represent a feature of that mutual national dependence which knits together the different parts of modern civilisation.

Be this as it may, the birds of passage are not more punctual in their migrations than English and Scotch printers in their personal pilgrimages to the shrine of fashion. The agreeable relaxation from the dull routine of commercial life which such a custom affords, thus combining both pleasure and profit, contributes no doubt to its perpetuation. As the spring or autumn season approaches, a few of the bolder and more adventurous leaders of the trade give the first signals of departure; the reward of whose more forward and speculative spirit consists in catching the budding novelty—the 'feeling' of the season—in all its virgin freshness, ere it has become multiplied in a thousand inferior ways, and whilst it possesses all the nascent bloom and attractiveness which belongs to an unhackneyed fashion. In the wake of these, come the timid and numerous progeny that exist and flourish upon the second-hand and half-exhausted fancies of the more courageous magnates of the market; and yet, wonderful indeed is the extent to which the individuals of this class push their claims to all the honours and merits of invention and originality. But the most pitiful era in the onward and downward history of the
characteristic ideas of any particular season, is when they fall into the hands of the ‘low-priced men’ and ‘jobbers.’ These men are content to possess themselves in patience at home, till wet and woof, and block and cylinder, have brought the hard-won novelty—and upon the original production of which so much wit and money have been expended—into the form of merchandise, already started upon its long journey to remote quarters of the globe. Then commences their unenviable, though often money-making vocation. Pitiéable are the transformations which many good things are destined to undergo when they reach such ruthless hands! The eagerness of these individuals to popularise and cheapen the ideas and labours of others, is as amazing as it is unconscionable. If some aspiring ‘high-art’ printer were to bring out the caricatures of Raphael at 6d. per yard, we have not the least doubt that one or more of this forward race would rest neither day nor night till they had transferred the designs to inferior cloth, and ‘put you them in’ at 5s. ! Some slight alteration of course would be made, sufficient to escape the mere letter of the law, and render the genius of the ‘great master’ still more questionable than has hitherto already done by the criticisms of Ruskin. With this brief tribute to such merits, recevons à nos moutons.

Several of the leading design-ateliers in Paris consist of from forty to fifty workmen, though they generally divide down to a quarter of the number during their morte saisons. These occur towards the end of the two annual seasons, after the demand for the light or dark styles has been nearly exhausted. To those designers who are in employment in the morte saison is frequently a time of wearisome attempts at creating, anticipating, and guessing the taste of the next busy period. No farmer feels greater anxiety at the approach of reed-time or harvest—no philosopher is more bewildered in attempting to predict from the ‘signs of the times’—no premier is more ‘at sea’ during a recess, than these caterers to novelty when the fashions are in a kind of transitional or chrysaline stage. There is more order and sequence, however, in the successions of the styles associated with textile fabrics, than some grave people imagine: of this philosophy, the French designers are remarkably cognizant; though the practical application of it during such times as those we have referred to, is attended with an unknown degree of uncertainty and embarrassment.

The hours of labour to which these workmen are accustomed are somewhat long, considering the artistic and sedentary character of their occupations, which might very fairly be said to be of those which waste the marrow and consume the brain.

In this respect, they are much less favoured than the designers employed in the print firms of Manchester and Glasgow. The ordinary hours of the French designers, in such establishments as are under our notice—very few of this class in Paris being in the exclusive employ of the printers—are from seven A.M. to six P.M.; though very often, when crowds of English customers are in Paris, waiting to return home with the products of Parisian skill, these workmen toll on, hand and brain, for weeks together, till into every night, and, under such circumstances, generally over a portion of the Sunday. Their intensity and capacity for close application, would be thought incredible by those who only know the French as they have seen them strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Champs Elysées; who measure their endurance by the patience and good-manners they display in waiting at the doors of a theatre, or the untiring energy they devote to the making frills of a bodice at the Opéra Comique.

We have seen a great amount of exaggeration and misstatement respecting the remuneration of French designers. Since manufacturers, instead of employing a staff of designers, each according to his requirements, have begun to depend upon large ateliers for their supply of designs, the rate of wages has gradually sunk. A chef d’atelier may occasionally receive six or seven thousand francs per annum, though an ordinary workman would consider himself handsomely remunerated at half such a sum.

The facilities which Paris offers to the attainment of varied excellence in design, and the temptations it offers in so many other respects, help to give a very motley aspect to the groups that compose these workshops. In the national, provincial, and individual varieties of which they are made up, they present faithful epitomes of the similarly diversified world of Paris itself. The principal supply of workmen is from the city and surrounding district of Mulhausen, in Upper Alsace, where the printing of textile fabrics—excluding silks—is carried on to a greater extent and to greater perfection than in any other part of France. Here they become acquainted with the practical operations and executive conditions of their art, a thorough knowledge of which is as necessary to the industrial designer as artistic excellence and taste. Though exceedingly skillful in all that directly relates to their business, these Alsatians are not remarkable either for intelligence or refinement. Situated on the borders of two great empires, and ceded to France only near the commencement of the present century, Alsace possesses neither the traditions nor the industries which its former or present rulers. Its inhabitants speak a German that would be as useless to Greek as to a Berliner, and a French that is a sore ruble to Parisians. Swizzians, who supplies its quota to these ateliers, of whom we may just as well observe, that they generally seem to manifest a much heartier love of the ‘beauties of nature’ which are to be found within the Parisian frontier, than ever they entertained for the lakes and mountains of their native land.

Besides these, there are a few Frenchmen from different provinces, a sprinkling of Germans, Dutch, Flemings, seldom more than one or two Parisians, and perhaps a solitary Englishman. After this general introduction, we may set the reader at once in the midst of one of these singularly miscellaneous laboratories of design.

There is a young fellow in a colour-bejewelled blouse, and a pointed imperial and beard—indicative, we suppose, of a certain political school—angrily defending some suspected policy of his political and the insinuations of an opposite party; and yet, amid argument and sarcasm, the rich and elaborate casemere upon which he is engaged keeps growing more finished and beautiful; colour after colour, and form after form, are being swiftly dashed in, as though there were some latent sympathy between the progress of design and the articles of the ‘thunderer’ of Le Progrès. Another, busy with the delicate flowers and gracefully trailing forms of a composition for muslin, is at the same time relating some mad freak of the previous night at a cheap masquerade; and yet, here again, the work both of a speaker and listener goes gaily on. A group of more critical character are commenting upon the last drama of Ponsard, or the last attraction at the Variétés; undisturbed by the proximity of a few other shopmates, who, amidst mingled humming and whispering, are trying to make out some half-remembered air from It Travevare. Two or three, whose phlegmatic aspects betray their nationality, are indulging in odd vocal reminiscences of Vanderlip; and, as though there should be some proof that fog-land as well as cloud-land is duly represented here, another workman who stammers out his French with a genuine British accent, is bold enough to assume the bowing, bens-worshiping Parisian that James Lowe had enpoisoned notre grand homme. Working away in silence—almost the only one who is doing so—we note a middle-aged individual, of a rather saddened and thoughtful look.
His history is not a cheerful, though a common one. In his youth, he dreamed of becoming a great artist; later, spent many years at Rome, Florence, Venice; returned to France, failed in his endeavours, met poverty face to face, and here he is, perpetrating silly fancies for a Manchester calico-printer, instead of embodying immortal imaginations on canvas! Another characteristic personage ought scarcely to be passed over—an unshaven fellow in a coarse blue blouse, who is grinding away on a large glass slab at a mass of ultramarine, an operation which he considers his claim to be ranked with messieurs les artistes. In literal truth, however, he is simply garçon of the establishment, to the duties of which humble position he gratuitously adds those of chief jester. On gastronomic themes he is almost as eloquent as the writer of the celebrated essay on *Roast Pig*, to credit which, it is only necessary to hear him expatiate upon the flavour of some smoked ham, which he managed to convey to Mont Parnasse from the cellars of the royal palaces, just after the 'citizen king' had taken *French leave*. Unphilosophic gourmand! The foregoing sketch—true to facts so far as it extends—may afford some idea of the confused conflux of nationalities and national dispositions, sentiments, and opinions which frequently characterise the design-ateliers of Paris. The discordant *tapage* of dialects and jargons in which all this material seeks and finds expression, certainly only more embarrassing than auxiliary to a novice in the French language. Fortunately, in this respect at least, the writer—who was a practical designer in one of these ateliers for a long period—is a young Parisian. Here, at least, was some chance of getting to hear a little unde-filed French. But our rovin', though heartless, was deep in socialism; and would have babbled all day long in defence and explanation of phalansterianism, Fourierism, and other ingenious systems, had we not hinted to him now and then, as gently as possible, that he was a thorough 'bore.' Whether in silence, however, or noisy confusion—the latter seems to act as a stimulus rather than a hinderance—the varied kinds of design upon which these workmen are engaged are actively, steadily, and earnestly going on; novelties are being generally interesting, and, in the eyes of the numerous and uncivilised peoples, from the Seine to the Ganges, from St. Petersburg to the Brazils, are being thoroughly and cleverly catered to. Nowhere do workmen go through anything like the labour with more cheerfulness and good-will, or with more ease and ready manipulative skill. The facility with which they pass from one class of tastes to another is really surprising. At once and always, too, that little fineness of touch, that disposition of colour and uncouthness of form, is precisely calcu- lated to throw the veriest Villikins and his Dinah* into raptures; and then immediately proceed to the execution of another, in every respect so entirely the reverse, that the most fastidious British matron could take no exception to it.

It is not within our present purpose to enter into any detailed description of the work in which French designers are engaged, and in which they so undeniably excel; but a few observations upon the character of industrial design in general, as relating to one of the principal branches of our commercial enterprise, may not be uninteresting.

To make anything like a classification of the *styles* associated with designing for printed fabrics, would be a task from which a Linnæus might shrink. We may count upon our finger-ends all the recognised 'orders' of architecture; but it would be a far more intricate task to number all the orders and dis-orders of modern garment-printing. If the patient few, at a few of the displays of some of the principal drapery establish-ments in St. Paul's Church-yard, or Oxford Street; and you will soon find that the home-trade patterns and styles, for a single season only, are bewildering both in number and character. Twenty millions of pieces, it has been estimated, are printed annually in Great Britain; scarcely a fourth, however, of this vast quantity are requisite for home consumption. 'What a vast commercial supply!' some one may exclaim; 'what important applications of art and science! what a prodigious outlay both of money, wit, and labour, merely to cater to caprice!' And yet, the first mechanicians and chemists of England and the continent have been proud to contribute to the perfection of calico-printing. No branch of trade has availed itself to a more varied extent of the rapid progress of science. Many can easily remember when a pattern of two or three colours was printed slowly by hand, with wooden blocks, and sold at 3s. *per yard*; now, a pattern of a much more complicated character, and far more beautiful both in design and execution, is thrown off at the rate of a mile of calico in an hour, and sold at—8s. *per dress*! To return: different nations have tastes as widely differing from each other as their laws, creeds, or climate. An acquaintance with the history of the styles executed in a single Parisian atelier, would afford a very fair index of the stationary, progressive, or changing characteristics which are being undergone perhaps extending of forms or colours, or a new class of designs, would be as great a shock to the conservatism of the Chinese, as an attempt to prevail upon them to adopt household saggage.

The most striking modifications and improvements in these respects, in connection with any of the places to which printed fabrics are exported, are to be found in the states and countries supplied through the Levantine market. The old yellow-ground and fantastic cashmere forms—far inferior to, though no doubt borrowed from the cashmeres of India—which not long ago constituted the only style patronised in this market, now hold company with many others of a totally different class—some of them such as are success-ful to a great extent in the English home-trade. The most complete manifestation of this tendency is to be found among the less passive nations of Western Europe and the Anglo-Saxon populations of North America. Here, society is under- going continual transformations, submitting itself to new influences, casting off old tastes and preferences, or, rather, never allowing any to become old. Change is sought, novelty demanded, because they always involve progression, but simply for their own sake. Fashion, indeed, is one of the truest characteristics of modern civilisation—an unquestionable result, though a questionable auxiliary. It acknowledges no authority itself, though it obtains unconditional allegiance. In the very heart and centre of the most refined and intelligent communities, it plays its least pardonable freaks, and passes from caprice to caprice with a most abandoned and unashamed disregard of the criticism to which it may be subjected. We will close this article by noticing one of the absurdities which it sanctioned in reference to printed fabrics, though instances far more striking, perhaps, might be brought forward from other departments over which fashion exercises an equally powerful influence.

Indeed, it would be a harder task than some lords of creation think, to tell where this influence is not exer-cised. We have a theory—a crotchet, if you will—not to be entered into at present, which inclines us to believe that fashion has about as much to do with the
last new novel from Mlle's, be it romance, history, poetry, criticism, or even metaphysics, as with the last new robe from Madame de — , though it be le japon à tuba d'air. To our story, however. A few seasons ago, a great novelty, or what we considered such, appeared in the French furniture and paper-hangings. It consisted in the introduction of landscape forms and effects, generally in large isolated masses, which, repeating along the piece at regular intervals, presented the appearance of so many islands—in fact, a complete archipelago. Without any consideration of its inappropriateness, and simply for the sake of a little novelty, this idea of 'gems of the sea' was applied to garments, under the fascinating title—in which matters the Parisians are thorough adepts—of Les Isles d'Amour. Dresses of every variety of material were to be seen dotted over with trees, lakes, valleys, and mountains, which—excepting of course the fair wearers—were pitifully unbefitting to behold. Sometimes the fancy of the designer led him to depict various little Arcadian scenes and hypothetical Eddies, where there was no end of terraces, vases of flowers, shady recesses, leafy arches, fountains, feu d'artifices, and all the usual elegant prettinesses which complete the illusion of a terrestrial paradise. The huddled, jostled, and broken appearance which such compositions presented when seen, not on a flat surface, but in the changing folds of a dress with two or three dimensions, was more than a weak vision could possibly sustain without feeling as though terra firma was becoming unusually insecure. A little later on, this extravagance was brought to a close by a peroration, which, however, it is to be feared, has been suggested only for the sake of patriotic feelings, was an equal burlesque of taste. Shawls were selected as the medium of this grand finale. Over their broad surfaces—which undoubtedly admitted of a more comprehensible display—were scattered faithful delineations of various edifices, citadels, and strongholds of war, but more particularly of Russian fortresses. Of these latter, a facetious contemporary observed, that they were not only 'taken,' but 'walked off' with a style that must vastly have humiliated our then brave defenders in the east. In justice, we ought to state that, except in paper-hangings, to which such applications were most suited, these ludicrous manifestations of taste were not transferred to this country.

THE GREAT MR WICKHAM.

An intelligent French nobleman, who visited this country at the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives us the following interesting account of a most remarkable personage. The details of whose achievements, it would appear, came under the narrator's own knowledge. His book of travels was translated into English, and published in 1719 (nearly thirty years subsequent to his sojourn among us); and this work is the more valuable, as a picture of the times, that the translator, John Orell, also the translator of Rabelais, eulogises the fidelity of his descriptions in the warmest manner—saying: 'Whenever our author mentions things of fact, he doth it with wonderful exactness and knowledge of the truth,' &c.; so that the following extracts may not be considered devoid of interest.

The history is introduced apropos of funerals, some of the details respecting which are curious enough to be mentioned here:

There is, it seems, says the author, an act of parliament which ordains that the dead shall be buried in a woollen stuff, which they do call flannel, nor is it indeed lawful to use the least particle of thread or silk. [The intention of this act is for the encouragement of woollen manufacture.] The shift is always white. To make these is a particular trade, and there be many that sell nothing else, so that these habits for the dead are always to be had ready made, of what size or price you please, for people of every age and sex. After they have washed the body clean and shaved it, they put it on the flannel-shift, which hath commonly sleeves and purfled at the wrists, and the slit down the breast done finely in the same manner. When these ornaments are not of woollen lace, they are at least edged, and sometimes embroidered with black thread. The shift should be a foot longer than the body, that the feet be wrapped in it as in a bag. When they have thus folded the end of this flannel shift, they tie the part that is folded down with a piece of woollen thread, as we do our stockings, so that the end of the garment is done into a kind of a tuft. Upon the head they put a woolen cap, which they fasten with a very broad chin band; then gloves upon the hands, and a handsome cravat around the neck, and all of woolen. That the body may lie the softer, most do put a layer of bran of four inches thick at the bottom of the coffin. The women wear a peculiar head-dress, with a forehead cloth. The body being thus equipped, it is visited a second time by the authorities, to see that it be buried in flannel, and that nothing about it be taken away. It is sworn with the mayor that no one shall take anything which is in the coffin, and remove from the face a little square bit of flannel. . . . The relations and chief mourners are in a chamber apart, with their most intimate friends, and the rest of the guests are dispersed in the several rooms about the house. When that they are ready to set out, they nail up the coffin, and a servant presents the company with sprigs of rosemary; every one takes a sprig, and bears it in his hand along the street, till the body is put into the grave, at which time they do all together throw their sprigs in after it.

Before they set out, and on their return, it is usual to give the guests drink, and much of red wine, boiled with sugar and cinnamon. Butler, the keeper of the Crown and Sceptre in St Martins Street, told me himself that there was a tun of red port drank at his wife burial, besides of mulled white wine.

Note.—No men ever go to womens funerals, nor the women to mens; so that I find there were none but women at the drinking of Butler's wine. Indeed, such women in England will hold it out with the men when they have a bottle before them, and also tackle infinitely better than they. . . . Then they return again in the same order that they came, and drink again before they go home. . . . It must be remembered that I always speak of middling people, among whom the customs of a people are most truly to be learned. . . . Among persons of quality, it is customary to embalm the body, and to expose it for more than a fortnight on a bed of salt.

Many of the obsolete customs here detailed may be observed in Hogarth's Harlot's Progress, the last of the series, where the wretched woman in her coffin is about to be carried to her last resting-place. They are all women who are assembled, the coffin-lid is open, and the face exposed to view. They are drinking, and each has her sprig of rosemary in her hand; and the mortuary head-dress, described as peculiar to women in the seventeenth century, may be observed on the forehead of Hogarth's corpse.

The article of funerals, proceeds our author, puts me in mind of that of the pretended Mr Wickham, who
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Dyed at London about six years ago, 1691, and whose history I must give you, by way of digression, believing that it cannot be unpleasing.

A good likely sort of rogue, that had been many years footman to a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, call'd Wickham, came to London, and took him to go to church in the morning. They met in the lane near Arundel Street in the Strand. He asked the baker what countryman he was, who straight reply'd from Banbury; and the rogue resolution'd to feign to be the great Mr Wickham, was mightily fond of the baker, calling him his countryman, and adding, that since he was of Banbury, he must needs know Mr Wickham. The baker, tho' he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, and indeed perfectly overjoyed when he was told that the very man he was talking to was Mr Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the part of the baker, and new confidences from the sham Wickham; nay, the family must be called up, that Mr Wickham might see them—ay! and they must drink a glass together, and smoke a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having the great Mr Wickham for a lodger; and yet he could not but marvel to see him without a footman or portmanteau, he therefore makes bold to ask him how a man of his estate could possibly be in such a state of poverty, and is of a sign to him to speak softly, told him that his servants were in a place where he could find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being seen, but that he was, so he came up to town to arrest a great merchant of London, who owed him much money, and was just going to break; also, that he did desire to be incognito for fear that he should miss his stroke, and so indeed begged that the baker would not mention his name. Next day, he went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, and it was concluded that this latter should appear as Mr Wickham's servant, and come privily from time to time to night to attend upon his master. That very night he came; and the sham Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in great rage at him for letting him be without money, linnen, or ought else by his negligence in not bearing of his box to the waggon in due time, when he was a debtor. It was this that said the baker might hear it, who hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, and carries Mr Wickham the best linnen he had, begging him to bear it to bed; and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon the table, that he might do him the favor to accept them also. He at first refused, but with much ado was prevailed upon.

As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colours as the true Mr Wickham, gave it unto another pretended footman, and also brought a box of goods, as coming from the Banbury waggon. The honest baker, more satisfy'd than ever that he had to do with Mr Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his respect and most zealous attent.

To be short, Wickham made shift to milk him of one hundred and fifty guineas (besides the fifty) in a very few days, for which he gave him his note.

It was scarcely three weeks from the beginning of this adventure, all which time he had properly plundered the baker, and no doubt was preparing for some crowning villainy, when this rogue was lording it at a tavern, he was taken ill. He got home to bed, where he was waited on by his pretended footman, and again assisted in everything by the good baker, who passed his word to the doctors, attended his papers, and to oblige, he was visited by Dr Smith and Dr Lowther, two of the most eminent physicians in London.

Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day he was given over.

Wickham heard the news as 'who' he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was there more piety, zeal, or affection in the name of Christ. Next day, the danger increasing very much, the impostor told the baker, who was edified to tears at the condition of his noble friend, that it was not enough to take care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and so desired that he might make his will, while he was yet sound of mind. A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms, and before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours [all specified], packs of hounds, ready money, with his house, with all its appurtenances and dependencies to the baker; almost all his linnen to the wife; 500 guineas to the eldest son; 300 to the four daughters; 200 to the person that had comforted him in his sickness; 200 to each of the doctors; and 100 to the apothecary; 50 guineas and mourning to each of his faithful footmen; 50 to embalm him; 50 for his coffin alone; 200 to hang the estate, and to defray the rest of the charges of interment; 200 guineas for gloves, gold-rings, and scarves and hat-bands; and then such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald unto another. Nothing more noble—nothing more generous. All this done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and all his family with benedictions, and presently after my gentleman falls into convulsions and dyed.

The baker at first thought of nothing but of burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will, so he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry with mourning-cloth; he gave orders for the making the clothes, the coffin, the rings, &c.; he sent for the embalmer; in a word, he omitted nothing; and having drained his purse to the last, he was in turn forced to borrow to buy little necessaries for this grand funeral.

Wickham was not to be buried till the fourth day after his death, and every day it seemed to the second. The baker had now time to go seek for the lawyer the dead rogue had at the last referred him to, before he put him in the ground; so, after his having reverently put on a rich coat, he goes to see the lawyer, who received him with the greatest civility, and showed him a room covered with velvet and huge plates of silver, which, indeed, all the town did afterward flock to see, he went to this lawyer, who was, in fact, really lawyer to the true Mr Wickham, and he was, indeed, strange surprised to hear of the death of Mr Wickham, whom, it seems, he had heard of but the day before; but we may easily imagine that the poor baker was far more surprised when he found that in all likeliness he was hit. To conclude, the baker was ere long convinced that the true Mr Wickham was in perfect health, and that the rogue he had taken for him was the most clever consistent villain and compleat hypocrite that ever lived.

Upon this he immediately turned the body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. It might have fetched more if it had not been made scandalous by the body that had been enclosed in it. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker; and, indeed, some took their things again, tho' not without great loss to him. He left off his fine mourning, and donned again his old mealy coat; and they dug at night a hole in Saint Clement's Churchyard, where they did throw in the body with as little ceremony as possible.

I was an eyewitness of most of the things which I have here related, and I shall leave the reader to make
his own reflections upon them; and I have since been assured, from several hands, that the baker hath since had his great losses pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr Wickham, for whose sake the honest baker had been so open-hearted.

This curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death is equalled in one of Maryat's novels; where a habitual liar and boaster in his last moments leaves to his friends by will a variety of rich and elegant bequests which had never any existence but in his own imagination. The stage is fertile in instances of a similar power of imagination. It is related of a popular actor of a former day, who was celebrated for his impersonations of George III., that he was on one occasion so carried away with the enthusiasm of his part, as well as with strong drink, that he acknowledged the applause of the audience with his hand to his heart, tears in his eyes, and 'God bless ye!'—God bless ye, my children!'

Another actor, at a transplanted theatre, was remarkable for his personification of the first Napoleon; and his resemblance in person to the departed Corssin increased the hearty plaudits with which he was always greeted when he enacted this part. On such nights, he carried the histrionic illusion into which he had worked himself at the foot-lights to the audience; and in the green-room he was not to be approached: he was 'glowy, grand, and absent,' sententious, and curt; he strode up and down, twirling his muff-box between his fingers, his hands being folded Napoleon-like in his breast; and thus he remained for an hour or two in a haze of empire and glory.

It is well known that a person feigning meanness for a lengthened period may become permanently insane; and on this principle we may account for 'the good likely sort of rogue' who personated 'the great Mr Wickham,' continuing his audacious deception to the very last, and actually dying in the part he had assumed, in the odour of piety and Christian resignation, and in the generous display of the most extraordinary and princely munificence.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.  
SELF-DEPENDENCE.

'If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send.'

This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a necessity on the part of helpless, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson, taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly or impliedly, has been preached to us all our lives. 'An independent young lady'—a woman who can take care of herself—and such-like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hasty-headedness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dress of bloomierism, cigarette-smoking, and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are 'the weaker vessel'—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this: it becomes man's duty and delight to shew us honour accordingly. And this honour, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is in itself an easy and pleasant thing: dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no longer any need of asserting one's rights or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly 'taken care of'—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother, or husband, to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salutary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntarily or not, one-half of our women are obliged to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

Of course I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercises of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated, or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpfulness, except in certain received forms of manifestation, unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are 'not proper for little girls.'

And herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but 'propriety.' A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being wimanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of existence, we are certainly independent, and all our life long are accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural—is it right even, that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences, duties, actions, opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind yeilded society? Is this society to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, or there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And, alack, most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an honest pride to hardest humiliations—every one of these might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly reared and tender-hearted woman—that if her riches made
themselves wings, as in these times riches will, she did not know anything in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitiable, and, in some sense, humiliating condition, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands, in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise: here is one:

Three young women, all educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realize a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, a delightful unpleasing one.

Of course, friends thought 'the girls' must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in whatever gentle poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But 'the girls' were wiser. They argued: 'If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all this; and what we have not, we will learn.' So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessnesses and pleasant idlenesses, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the store, and deal with customers—to do things most difficult, not to say distasteful, to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they did it well. Their father's hard-earned, delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young sister, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and 'improper' thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves!' from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils, children, friends, and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been treated as anything but a person of distinction, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

And here is answered the 'cui bono?' of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance, and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of 'being of use to a lady' has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the natural decorums of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which,

we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St Giles or the Gallowgate; we should rather despise if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honor to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humors of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly 'respectable,' would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensible, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being waited on by some foppish, clumsy, and uneducated and unskilled servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of the two. I have known anxious mothers, whose children were safe and well sustained, with a delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

We must help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our women and train them for anything—blind claimants to ill-defined 'rights'—into what is far better and far more politic—self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-delicacy for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.

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upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steedfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman’s hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its harshs its the weaker goes to the wall!—as so many alleys always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex, but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two-thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—each for himself, and de’t all the hindmost: but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, the right shall not ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulness, is gone by, for us women. We cannot now have men for our knights, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed-up dolls, pretty playthings, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither heroes nor demi-heroes; we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudibras’s keen truth, that

The value of a thing Is just as much as it will bring.

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it.

Perhaps at no age since Eve’s were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetical flattery or amatory depreciation; at no time in the world’s history perhaps so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honourable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. ‘Gentlemen don’t like such and such things.’ ‘Gentlemen fancy so and so unfinishing.’ My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man—a good man, in any relation of life, ever loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or, even if he did like it, is a woman’s divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the Foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels that, not as a vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs: she recognizes the glory, honor, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the All-Father; her only care being to so fulfil it, that while the world at large may recognize and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the very humility, reverence, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

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T HE W AR-T RAIL: 
A ROMANCE.

C HAP T ER LXXI.—THE WOODS ON FIRE.

The trappers were not among those who had rescued me—where were they? The others made answer, though I already guessed what they had to tell. Rube and Carey had followed the tracks of the steed, leaving the rangers to come after me.

I was pleased with the ready intelligence of my comrades: they had acted exactly as they should have done. I was myself found, and I no longer entertained any apprehension that the trail would be lost. By this time, the trappers must be far upon it; more than an hour had elapsed since they and the others had parted company. My zigzag path had cost my followers many a toil and a danger; but they had not ridden recklessly as I, and could find their way back. As it was impossible to tell in what direction Rube and Carey had gone, this course was the best to be followed; and under the guidance of Stanfeld, an expert woodsman, we commenced returning to the prairie. It was not necessary to follow back our own crooked trail. The Kentuckian had noted the 'lay' of the chaparral, and led us out of its labyrinths by an almost direct path.

On reaching the open prairie, we made no halt; but upon the tracks of Rube, Carey, and the steed, once more entered the chaparral.

We had no difficulty about our course; it was plainly traced out for us; the trappers had 'blazed' it. In most places, the tracks of the three horses were sufficient indices of the route; but there were stretches where the ground was stony, and upon the parched arid herbage, even the shod hoof left no visible mark. In such places, a branch of acacia broken and pendulous, the bent flower-stem of an aloe or the succulent leaves of the cactus slashed with a sharp knife, were conspicuous and unmistakable signs; and by the guidance of these we made rapid advance.

We must have the trackers themselves—for notwithstanding the freeness of the trail, there were dry spots and patches of cut rock over which it passed, and where it must have cost both time and keen perception to trace it.

As we were travelling so much more rapidly than Rube and Carey could have done, I looked forward to our soon overtaking them; with eager anticipation, I looked forward. Surely they would have some news for me, now that they had been so long in the advance! Surely by this time they must have come in sight of the steed?—perhaps captured him? O joyous anticipation!

Or would they return with a different tale? Was I to meet the report that he still hurried on—for ever? That he had swum some rapid stream? or plunged over a precipice—into some dark abyss?

Though hastening on after the trackers, there were moments when I feared to overtake them—moments when I dreaded to hear their tale!

We had worked our way about five miles through the hideous jungle, when I began to feel a strange sensation in my eyes—a sensation of pain—which is usually termed a 'smarting.' It first attributed it to the want of sleep, and complained that they were affected in a similar manner.

It was not until we had gone some distance farther, that we found the true explanation, by perceiving that
there was smoke upon the air! Smoke it was that was causing the bitterness in our eyes.

The denizens of the prairie never regards such an indication with indifference. Where there is smoke, there is fire, and where fire, danger—at least upon the broad grassy steppes of the west. A burning forest may be shunned. You may stand near to the forest on fire, and contemplate such a scene with safety; but a blazing prairie is a phenomenon of a different character; and it is indeed a rare position where you may view, without peril, this sublime spectacle.

There are prairies that will not burn. The plains covered with the short "buffalo-grass" (*séleria dactyloides*), and the sward of various species of "gramma" (*chondrosium*), rarely take fire; or if they do, horse, man, buffalo, or antelope, can easily escape by leaping across the blaze. "'Tis only the reptile world—makes, lizards, the toad, and the land-turtle (*terrapin*)—that fall victims to such a flame.

Not so upon the "weed-prairies," or those where the tall red-grass rises above the withers of a horse—its culms matted and laced together by the trailing stems of various species of bindweed, by creeping convolvulus, cucurbitaceous, and wild pea-vines. In the dry season, when fire has held upon vegetation of this character, there is danger indeed—where it rages, there is death.

It was smoke that affected our eyes, causing them to smart and water. Fire must be causing the smoke—what was on fire? I could detect apprehension in the looks of my followers, as we rode on. It was but slight, for as yet the smoke was scarcely perceptible, and if the fire, wherever it was, must be distant—so fancied we.

As we advanced, the glances of the men became more uneasy. Beyond a doubt, the smoke was thickening around us—the sky was fast becoming darker, and the pain in our eyes more acute.

'The woods are on fire," said Stanfield.

Stanfield was a backwoodsman—his thoughts ran upon "woods.

Whether forest or prairie, a conflagration was certainly raging. It might be far off, for the wind will carry the smoke of a prairie-fire a long distance; but I had an unpleasant suspicion that it was not distant. I noticed dropping around us the white fleo of burnt leaves, and from the intense bitterness of the smoke, I reasoned that it could not have floated far—its gases were not released far from its origin.

It was not the distance of the fire that so much troubled me, as its direction. The wind blew right in our teeth, and the smoke was travelling with the wind.

The conflagration must be ahead—directly upon the trail!

The smoke grew thicker and thicker—ahead, the sky appeared slushed with a lurid light; I fancied I could hear the crackling of the flames. The air felt hot and dry: a choking sensation came into our throats, and one and all were soon hoaking and gasping for breath.

So dark had it suddenly become, or rather, so blinded were we with the smoke, we could scarcely make out the trail.

My followers would have stopped, but I urged them on. With voice and example, I urged them on—myself leading the way. My heart was too sore to make pause.

Where in all this were Rube and Garey? We had come far and fast; we should now be nearly up with them—they could not be much ahead.

I hailed as we advanced.

'Hollow!' came the response, in the rough baritone of the younger trapper.

We hurried forward in the direction of the voice. The path conducted to an opening in the chippaer, in the centre of which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of men and horses.

With eager eyes, I scanned the group; a glance was sufficient: there were only two of each—only the trackers.

**CHAPTER LXIX.**

**SMOKE AND THISTLE.**

'Ah, Monsieur Roub!' cried the Canadian, as we hurried up, 'vat make ce de la diable d'une fumée—

smoke? Are ze woods on fire—you think—eh?'

'Wuds!' exclaimed Rube, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. 'Wagh! Thar's no wuds

yfur. Thar's a parara afire. Don't ce smell the

stink o' the grass?'

'Pe gar, oui! vraiment—c'est la prairie? You sure,

Monsieur Roub?'

'Sure!' vociferated the trapper in a tone of indignation—'Sure!—ye derned parley-voa-eat-a-frog, spit-

a-brick, soup-suckin Frenchman, d'yur think I don't know the smell o' a burnin parara? Wagh!'

'Ah, Monsieur Roub, me pardon. Vat I mean is—ze chapparal brulé—on fire—ces arbrez?'

'The chapparal ain't afire,' answered Rube, somewhat mollified by the apology: 'so don't be akeart,

Frenchy; yur safe enuf.'

This assurance seemed to gratify not only the timid

Canadian, but others, who, up to this moment, were

prejudiced that it was the thicket that was on fire.

For myself, I had no such fears; I perceived that

the chapparal could not burn. Here and there, patches of
dry mezquite-trees would have caught like tinder; but in

most places, a succulent endogenous vegetation

formed three parts of the jungle, and rendered it fire-

proof. This was especially the case around the glade

where the trappers had taken their stand, and which

was completely enclosed by a wall of the great organ

cactus, with aloes, opuntias, and other juicy-leaved

plants. In the opening, we were as safe from the fire

as though it was a hundred miles off; we suffered

only from the smoke, that now quite filled the atmos-

phere, causing a darkness that rivaled night.

I had no apprehension for our safety; it was not of

that I was thinking.

To the hasty dialogue between Rube and the Canadian

I had scarcely given heed; Garey had advanced to meet

me, and I listened with anxious ear to the tale of

the tracker.

It was soon told. Rube and he had followed the

trail, until it emerged from the chapparal, and struck

out into a wide grass-prairie. This Plate of the thicket

was close by; but they had gone a considerable dis-

tance beyond it and across the plains. They were still

advancing, when, to their consternation, they perceived

that the prairie was on fire directly ahead of them.

The wind was rolling both smoke and flames before it with the rapidity of a running horse, and it was with difficulty they escaped from it by galloping back to the chippaer.

And the steel—what had become of him? Had

they seen nothing?

I did not put these questions in words—only in

thought did I ask them; and in thought only were

they answered. Both the trackers were silent, and

that was an answer in the negative; yes, I read an

ominous negative in their looks of gloom.

We were compelled to halt; even the smoke

rendered further progress impossible; but we could

hear the fire at no great distance—the culms of the

coarse red-grass cracking like volleys of musketry.

Now and then, a scared deer broke through the

bushes, passing us at full speed. A band of antelope

dashed into the glade, and halted close beside us—the

frightened creatures not knowing where to run. At

their heels came a pack of prairie-wolves, but not in

pursuit of them: these also stopped near. A black

bear and a cougar arrived next; and fierce beasts of

prey and gentle ruminants stood side by side, both
tortured out of their natural habits. Birds shrieked among the branches, eagles screamed in the air, and black vultures could be seen hovering through the smoke with a ghastly ghoul-like motion. I thought of resting upon a quarry. The hunter man alone preserved his instincts. My followers were hungry. Rifles were levelled—and the bear and one of the antelopes fell victims to the deadly aim.

Both were soon stripped of their skins, and butchered. A fire was kindled in the glade, and upon sword-blades and saplings spits the choice morsels of venison and ‘bear-meat’ were roasted, and eaten, with many a jest about the ‘smokey kitchen.’

I was myself hungry. I shared the repast, but not the merriment. At that moment, no wit could have won from me a smile; the most luxurious table could not have furnished me with cheer.

A worse appetite than hunger assailed my companions, and I felt it with the rest—it was thirst: for hours all had been suffering from it; the long ride had brought it on, and now the smoke and the dry hot atmosphere increased the appetite till it had grown agonising, almost unendurable. No water had been passed since the stream we had crossed before day; there was none in the chapparal; the trackers saw none so far as they had gone: we were in a waterless desert; and the very thought itself renders the pang of thirst keen and heart rending. The fire was fuel.

Some chewed their leaden bullets, or pebbles of chalcedony which they had picked up; others obtained relief by drinking the blood of the slaughtered animals—the bear and the antelope; but we found a better source of assuagement in the succulent stems of the cactus and agave.

The relief was but temporary: the juice cooled our lips and tongues, but there is an acrid principle in these plants that soon act, and our thirst became more intense than ever.

Some talked of returning on the trail in search of water—of going back even to the stream—more than twenty miles distant.

Under such circumstances, even military command loses its authority. Nature is stronger than martial law.

I cared not if they did return; I cared not who led me, so long as the trappers remained true. I had no fear that they would forsake me; and my disapprobation of it checked the cheerless proposal, and once more all declared their willingness to go on.

Fortunately, at this crisis the smoke began to clear away, and the atmosphere to lighten up. The fire had burnt on to the edge of the chapparal, where it was now opposed by the sap-bearing trees. The grass had been all consumed—the conflagration was at an end.

Mounting our horses, we rode out from the glade; and following the trail a few hundred yards farther, we emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the edge of the desolate plain.

CHAPTER LXX.

A BURNT PRAIRIE.

The earth offers no aspect more dreary and desolate than that of a burnt prairie. The ocean when its waves are gray—a blighted heath—a flat sappy country in a rapid thaw—all these impress the beholder with a feeling of chill coldness; but the water has motion, the heath, colour, and the half-thawed flat exhibits variety in its motting of white and ground.

Not so the steppe that has been fired and burned. In this, the eye perceives neither colour, nor form, nor motion. It roams over the limitless level in search of one or other, but in vain; and in the absence of all three, it tires, and the heart grows cheerless and sick. Even the odour of the soil modifies; but the strong, tangy, new oozing from the surface black beneath, wears a dull livid aspect; or perhaps the eye, jaundiced by the reflection of the earth, beholds not the brightness of the heavens.

A prairie, when green, does not always glad the eye—not even when endowed with the fairest flowers. Even when you have crossed such plains, verdant or blooming to the utmost verge of vision, and longed for something to appear in sight—a rock, a tree, a living creature—anything to relieve the universal sameness; just as the voyager on the ampler ocean longs for ships, for cetaceus, or the sight of land, and is delighted with a molehill, polypri, phosphorescence, or a floating weed. Colour alone does not satisfy the sense. What has more charming than the fresh verdure of the grassy plain? what more exquisite than the deep blue of the ocean? and yet the eye grows weary of both! Even the ‘flower-prairie,’ with its thousands of gay corollas of every tint and shade—with its golden helianthus, its white argemone, its purple cleome, its pink malva—and its blue lupin—its poppy-worts of red and orange—even these fair tints grow tiresome to the sight, and the eye yearns for form and motion.

If so, what must be the prairie when destitute of all its verdant and flowery charms—when burned to black ashes? It is difficult to conceive the aspect of dreary monotony it then presents—more difficult to describe it. Words will not paint such a scene.

And such presented itself to our eyes as we rode out from the thorny pastures; even the smoke had ceased to rise, except in spots where the damp earth still reeked under the heat; but right and left, and far ahead, on the very hem of the horizon, the surface of the burnt plain was as if covered with a vast crape. There was no form of hope to be seen, living or lifeless; there was no life or motion, even in the elements; all sounds had ceased; an awful stillness reigned above and around—the world seemed dead and shrouded in its sable pall.

Under other circumstances, I might have stayed to regard such a scene, though not to admire it. On that interminable waste, there was nought to be admired, not even sublimity; but no spectacle however sublime, however beautiful, could have won from me a thought at that moment.

The trackers had already ridden far out, and were advancing, half concealed by the cloud of black ‘steam’ flung up from the heels of their horses. For some distance, they moved straight on with a will, without the tracks of the steed. Before meeting the fire, they had gone beyond the edge of the chapparal; after a while, I observed them moving more slowly, with their eyes upon the ground as if looking for the trail. I had doubts of their being able either to find or follow it now. The shallow hoof-prints would be filled with the debris of the burnt herbage—surely they could no longer be traced?

By myself, they could not, nor by a common man; but it seemed that to the eyes of those keen hunters, the trail was as conspicuous as ever. I saw that, after searching a few seconds, they had taken it up, and were once more moving along, guided by the tracks. Some slight hollows I could perceive, distributed here and there over the ground, and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding level. Certainly, without having been told what they were, I should not have known them to be the tracks of a horse.

It proved a wide prairie, and we seemed to be crossing its central part. Far and wide, we rode.

At one place, nearly midway, where the trail was faint, and difficult to make out, we stopped for a short while to give the trackers time. A momentary curiosity induced me to gaze around. A wild—everywhere was the scene—awful without sublimity. Even the thorny chapparal no longer relieved the eye; the outline of its low shrubbery had sunk below the horizon, and on all sides stretched the dreary waste, the burnt plain, the leaden canopy, black—black—illimitable. Had I
been alone, I might easily have yielded to the fancy, that the world was dead.

Gazing over this vast opacity, I for a moment forgot my companions, and fell into a sort of lethargic stupor. I fancied that I too was dead or dreaming—I fancied that I was in hell—the Avernus of the ancients. In my youth, I had the misfortune to be well schooled in classic lore, to the neglect of studies that are useful; and often in life have the poetical absurdities of Greek and Latin mythology intruded themselves upon my spirit—both asleep and awake. I fancied, therefore, that some well-meaning Anchises had introduced me to the regions below; and that the black plain before me was some landscape in the kingdom of Pluto. Reflection—had I been capable of that—would have convinced me of my error. No part of that monarch's dominions can be so thinly peopled.

I was summoned to reason again by the voices of my followers. The lost trail had been found, and they were moving on.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE TALK OF THE TRACKERS.

I spurred after, and soon overtook them. Regardless of the dust, I rode close in the rear of the trackers, and listened to what they were saying.

These 'men of the mountains'—as they prided to call themselves—were peculiar. While engaged in a duty as earnest as the present, they discoursed their thoughts, even to me; much less were they communicative with the rest of my following, whom they were accustomed to regard as 'greenhorns'—their favorite appellation for all men who have not made the tour of the grand prairies. Notwithstanding that Stanfield and Black were backwoodsmen and hunters by profession, Quackenbosh a splendid shot, Le Blanc a regular 'sage,' and the others more or less skilled in woodcraft, all were 'greenhorns' in the opinion of the trackers. To be otherwise, a man must have starred upon a 'sage-prairie'—run buffalo by the Yellowstone or Platte—fought 'Injun,' and shot Indian—have well-nigh lost scalp or ears—spent a winter in Pierre's Hole upon Green River—or camped amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains! Some one of all these feats must needs have been performed ere the 'greenhorn' can matriculate and take rank as a 'mountain man.'

I of all my party was the only one who, in the eyes of Rube and Garey, was not a 'greenhorn'; and even I—gentleman that I am—did not draw the line up either in their confidence or their 'craft.' It is indeed true—with all my classic accomplishments, with my fine words, my fine horse, and fine clothes—so long as we were within the limits of prairie-land—I acknowledged these men as my superiors. They were my guides, my instructors, my masters.

Since overtaking them on the trail, I had not asked them to give any opinion. I dreaded a direct answer—for I had noticed something like a despairing look in the eyes of both.

As I followed them over the black plain, however, I thought that their faces brightened a little, and appeared once more lit up by a faint ray of hope. For that reason, I rode close upon their heels, and eagerly caught up every word that was passing between them. Hence was speaking when I first drew nearly up either in their confidence or their 'craft.'

'Waghl! I don't b'liev it, Bill; 'tain possable no-how-so-ever. The parair wurr sot affire—must 'a been; thar's no other ways for it. It cudn't 'a tuak to b'lieve o' itself—eh?'

'Sartinnly not; I agree wi' you, Rube.'

'Wal—thar wurr a fellur as I met onceet at Ben's Fort on the Arkansaw—a old sort o' a critter he wur, an no mis'ry he cud ha' passed near the rancheria, gathering weeds an all sorts o' green garbitch, an spreadin'em out atween sheets o' paper—wet he called button-eyin—jest like thet ur Dutch doctur as wur rubbed out when we went into the Navag country, t'other side o' the Grand.'

'I remember him.'

'Wal, this hyr fur fellur I tell ee' about, he nee't to talk mighty big o' this, that, an' t'other; an he palavered a heap 'bout a thing thet, ef I don't disremember, wur called spuntanypyn kumbuxshun.'

'I've heerd o' t'; that are the name.'

'Wal, the button-eyever, he says thet a paraira must take affire o' itself, 'tis like anybody whatsomever hev got in' in it. Noow, thar's what this child don't b'lieve, nohow. In course, I knows that lightnin sometimes may eat a paraira a bleerin, but lightnin's a natral fire o' itself; an' it's only reasonzable to expect that the dry grass wud catch from it like punk; but I shud like to know how fire kud kindle by itself—thet's what I shed like to know.'

'I don't believe it can,' rejoined Garey.

'Ne'er a bit o' it. I never see a burnin paraira yit, thar thur wurrn't eather a camp-fire or a Injun at the bottom o' it—thet ur tepein whur lightnin had hed the bizness.'

'And you think, Rube, thar's been Injun at the bottom o' this?'

'Purty nigh sure; an' I'll gie you my reezuns. Fust, do 'ee see thur's been no lightnin this mornin' to 'a made the fire? Seconds, it's too fur west hyr for any settlement o' whites—in course I speak o' Texans—thar might be Mexikins; thern I don't cull white, nohow nosomider. An then, agin, it kin scare be Mexikins nether. It ur fur too nuth for any o' the yeller bellies to be a strayin jest now, seen as 'it's the Mexikins moos wi' the Kimanchees, an both thern an the Leepans ur on the war-trail. Wal, then, it's clur thur's no Mexikins 'bout hyr to hev sot the paraira affire, an thur's been no lightnin to do it; thurfor, it must 'a been did eather by a Injun, or thet ur dod-dotted spuntanypyn kumbuxshun.'

'One or t'other.'

'Wal, bein as this child don't b'lieve in the kumbuxshun nohow, thurfor it's my openyyn that red Injuns did the bizness—they did sartint.'

'No doubt of it,' assernt Garey.

'An ef they did,' continued the old tracker, 'thar about jest somethin' no fur off, an we've got to keep a sharp look-out for our har—we hev.'

'Safe, we have,' assernt Garey.

'I tell ee, Bill,' continued Rube in a new strain, 'the Injuns is mighty riled jest now. I never knows 'em so savagerous an fighty. The war hez gin 'em a fresh start, an thar dander's up agin us, by reezun thet the principal didn't take thar offer to help us agin the yeller bellies. Ef we meet wi' eather Kimanch or Leepan on these hyr plains, th'ill scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—theet'll be it. Wagh!'

'But what for could thay 'a sot the paraire on fire?' inquired Garey.

'Thet cre,' replied Rube, 'thet cre wur whut puzzled me at fast. I short it mout 'a been done by acciden—perhaps by the scatterin o' a camp-fire—for Injuns is careless enuf 'bout thet. Now, how'sover I've got a differnt ide. Thet story thet Dutch an Frenchy hev fetched from the rancheria, gies me a insight intet the hull bizness.'

I knew the story to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, when at the village, had heard some rumour of an Indian foray that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria, and we ourselves had left it. This party had 'called' at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the
guerilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

"You mean about the Injuns?" said Garey half interrogatively.

"In course," rejoined Rube. "Belike enuf, 'em Injuns ur the same niggers we gin sich a rib-rostost to by the moun. Wagh! they ain't gone back to thur mountains, as 'twas b'lieved; they dassent 'a gone back in sich disgrace, 'without takin eyther bar or horses. The squaws ud 'a hooted 'em."

"Sure enough."

"Sure sartin. Wal, Billee, 'ee see now what I mean: that party's been a skulkin 'bout hyur ever since, till they got a fast-rate chance at the Mexikin town, an thur they 've struck a blow."

"It's mighty like as you say, Rube; but why have they got fire to the parairy?"

"Wagh! Bill, kin ye no see why? it ur plain as Pike's Peak on a summery day."

"I don't see," responded Garey in a thoughtful tone.

"Well, this child do; an this the reazon: as I tell 'ee, th' Injuns hain't forgot the lambastin they held by the moun; an prehaps bein now a weak party, an thinkin that we as wolgged 'em wur still i the redchokers, they wur afraid thar turn on hearin 'othur pilledgin, we must be arter 'em."

"An they 've burnt thar parairy to kiver thar trail?"

"Prezistantly."

"By Gosh, you're right, Rube!—it's uncommon like. But what do you think thar trail's goin? Surely thar hoss hain't been caught in thar fire?"

I bent forward in the saddle, and listened with anxious eagerness. To my great relief, the answer of the old trapper was in the negative.

"He hain't," said he; "'ceer a bit o' it. His trail, do 'ee see, runs in a bee-line, or close on a bee-line; now, ef th' fire hed 'a begun afore he war crossed this parairy, he wud long since 'a doubled 'bout, an tuk the back track; but 'ee see he hain't did so; thurfor, I conclude he's safe through it, an' thar grass must 'a been set afore thar 'im."

I breathed freely after listening to these words. A load seemed lifted from my breast, for up to this moment I had been vainly endeavouring to combat the fearful apprehension that had shaped itself in my imagination. From the moment that we had entered the burned prairie, my eyes constantly, and almost mechanically, had sought the ground in front of our course, had wandered over it, with uneasy glance, in dread of beholding forms—lifeless—burned and charred.—

The words of the trapper gave relief—almost an assurance—that the steed and his rider were still safe—and, under inspiration of renewed hope, I rode more cheerfully forward.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"INJUN SIGN."

After a pause, the guides resumed their conversation, and I continued to listen. I had a reason for not mingling in it. If I joined them in their counsels, they might not express their convictions so freely, and I was desirous of knowing what they truly thought. By keeping close behind them, I could hear all—myself unnoticed under the cloud of dust that rose around us. On the soft ashes, the hoof-stroke was scarcely audible, our horses gliding along in a sweeping silent walk.

"By Gosh! then," said Garey, "if Injuns fired the parairy, they must 'a done it to wind'ard, an' we're travelin right in the teeth of th' wind; we're goin in a ugly direction, Rube; what do you think 'o', old hoss?"

"Jest what you seen, boyee—a cussed ugly direckshun—duration'd ugly."

"It ain't many hours since the fire begun, an' the redskins won't be far from t' other side, I reckon. If the hoss-trail leads us right on them, we'll be in a fix, old boy!"

"Ay," replied Rube, in a low but significant drawl; "ef it do, an' of this nigger don't a miskalke rated, it will lead right on 'em, plain straight cutrat into thar camp."

I started on hearing this. I could no longer remain silent; but brushing rapidly forward to the side of the trapper, in hasty phrase demanded his meaning.

"Jest what 'ee've beenern me say, young fellur," was his reply.

"You think that there are Indians ahead—that the horse has gone to their camp?"

"No, not gone thur; nor kin I say for sartin thur ur Injuns yet; though it looks mighty like. Thar's nuthin else to gav rezeen for the fire—nuthin as Bill or me kin think o'; an ef thar be Injuns, then I don't think the hoss hed gone to thar camp, but I do kalke rate it's mighty like he's been tek thar: that's what I thinks, young fellur."

"You mean that the Indians have captured him?"

"Thar's sprecisely what this child means."

"But how? What reason have you for thinking so?"

"Wal—just because I think so."

"Pray explain, Rube!" I said in an appealing tone. I feared that his secretive instincts would get the better of him, and he would delay giving his reasons from a pure love of mystification that was inherent in the old fellow's nature. I was too anxious to be patient; but my appeal proved successful.

"Wal, 'ee see, young fellur, the hoss must 'a crossed hyur jest afore this parairy war not afire; an' it's mighty reasonnable to s'pose thar whoseomedier did the bizness, Injun or no Injun, must 'a been to wind'ard o' hyur. It ur also likely enuf, I reckon, thar the party must 'a seed the hoss; an' it ur likely agin thar nobody want a gwine to see slat hoss, wi' the gurl stripped down long his hump ribs, 'without bein kewrions enuf to take arter 'im. Injuns 'ud be safe to go arter 'im, yelliin like blazing; an arter 'im they've gone, an' roped 'im, I reckon—thar they've 'e done."

"You think they could have caught him?"

"Sartin. The hoss by then must 'a been dead beat—thar ur, unless he's got the divrel in 'im; an by Geehurum! I gin to suspect—Gehuh—Gehosophat! just as I said: lookee—thar!"

"What is it?" I inquired, seeing the speaker suddenly halt and point to the ground, upon which his eyes also were fixed. "What is it, Rube? I can perceive nothing strange."

"Don't 'ee see en hoss-tracks?—thar!—thick as sheep-feet—hundreds o' 'em!"

I certainly noticed some slight hollows in the surface, nearly levelled up by the black ashes. I should not have known them to be horse-tracks.

"Thar 'ee," said Rube, "every one o' 'em—an Injun hoss-tracks sure."

"They may be the wild-horses, Rube?" said one of the rangers, riding up and surveying the sign.

"Wild jackasses!" angrily retorted the old trapper.

"What did you ever see a wild hoss? Do 'ee s'pose I've turned stone-blind, do 'ee? Stan' thar, my mar! He cried, flinging his lean carcass out of the saddle, at the same time talking to his mare: 'ee knows better than thar fellur, I kin tell by the way yar snifin. Keep yar grour a minut, ole grur, tell ole Rube shew these hysr greenhorns how a mountain man kin read sign—wild hosses! wagh!"

After this delirium, the trapper dropped upon his knees, placed his lips close to the ground, and commenced bowing at the black ashes. All had by this time ridden up, and sat in their saddles watching him.
We saw that he was clearing the ashes out of one of the hollows which he had pronounced to be horse-tracks, and which now proved to be so.

'Thur now, mister!' said he, turning triumphantly, and rattling the paper under the nose, his previous doubt being that the passerby was a horseman. The Lancet has been the principal medium through which the tobacco-stoppers have suffocated their anathemas against the fragrant plant; while its devotees—and their name is legion—have, in their own opinion, triumphantly confuted the arguments of its detractors in a cloud of letters, pamphlets, 'pleas for the pipe,' and other well-fumigated productions. I have before me a whole heap of these paper-pellets, one half demonstrating beyond a question that tobacco is a poison and a bane, and the other half proving as positively that it is a balm and a blessing.

Without attempting to decide this important question, and believing that the golden rule, medio tutissimus ibis, applies to smoking as well as every other gratification, I shall attempt to compress into the limits of a page or two a few of the facts concerning the history, cultivation, and manufacture of tobacco, which have been elicited in the course of the controversy.

One of the best volumes on the subject has been written by Mr Steinmetz, a barrister, who acknowledges himself to be an inveterate smoker, and who had a cigar in his mouth continually during the composition of his work, which extends to 174 pages. He says:—

As one learned gentleman starts with the dictum, that the natives of every country on the globe have had from time immemorial their own peculiar narcotic, either home-made or imported. Thus, in North America, they have tobacco; in South America, the thorn-apple, cocoa, tobacco, and hemp; in Europe, hops and tobacco; in Africa, hemp; and in Asia, amanita, betel-nut, and tobacco. Professor Johnson, the author of the Chemistry of Common Life, in illustration of the same idea, published a 'map showing the distribution of narcotics over the globe.' The tobacco-plant, in its numerous varieties, is found from the equator to the 60th degree of latitude, but the savages of America enjoy the credit of having originally discovered its narcotic properties. Sir Walter Raleigh, as everybody knows, gets the credit of having been the first to introduce it in England.\n
It is related of him, that having retired to his room to have a comfortable weed in private, he soon became completely buried in smoke and contemplation. Finding this employment but dry work, and totally

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* Raleigh may be regarded as connected with the introduction of tobacco into England, but not truly its introducer. The real history of the affair seems to have been briefly this. In the colonizing expedition sent out by Raleigh to Virginia in 1606, was Harriet, the inventor of the system of notation in modern algebra. While exploring the country, he observed the cultivation of tobacco among the natives, who used it for 'crudities of the stomach.' Fully believing in the supposed virtues of the herb, he accustomed himself to its use. Harriet is said to be regarded as certainly the first European who smoked tobacco. The colony lost heart under its difficulties, and when Sir Francis Drake came their way in 1596, on his return from a successful cruise against the Spanish settlements, Raleigh, the governor, asked and obtained a passage home for himself and the other colonists. With him came two or three of the natives, and a sample of Tobacco. The precipitate desertion of the colony by Lane was most unfortunate. Had he waited a few days longer, he would have received new colonists with ample supplies, which Raleigh had sent out. He therefore underwent heavy reproach, and sunk out of notice, though heretofore a man of some distinction. There can be no doubt that King James alludes to him in the following passage of the Courtier: 'It is not so long,' says he, 'since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this age can well remember, both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by a great conqueror, nor learned from a doctor of physic. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with a savage custom. But the pity is, the poor barbarous men died; but that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yes, in fresh vigour: so it seems a miracle to me how a custom springs from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant.'—Ed. C. J.
forgetting that his occupation was as yet a secret, he presently called out to his servant for a cup of malt liquor. On entering the room, the man, instead of giving it, dashed it violently into his face, and rushed down stairs to alarm the family with the dreadful news that Sir Walter's head was on fire, and the smoke pouring out of his mouth and nose.

Since its introduction into civilised society, tobacco has had to encounter many enemies, among kings, popes, and populace; and, judging from the late attacks in the Luceet, its persecution has not by any means ceased in the present day. James I., the British Solomon, as he was called, in his celebrated Counter-blast, written in 1616, characterises the practice of smoking as 'a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Strygian smokke of the pit that is bottomless.' The expense of smoking in these days may be imagined from the fact mentioned by Aubrey, that tobacco 'was sold then for its wayte in silver.'

'I have heard,' he says, 'some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham, they called their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.' The royal reformer also states in his Microcosm that 'some of the gentry bestow three, and sometimes four hundreds pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke.'

In its purer form, the unfortunate plant has been thinned against from the Vatican. In 1634, Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in church. Ten years afterwards, Russians convicted of smoking tobacco had their noses cut off. In Transylvania, the penalty for growing it was total confiscation of property; and for smoking it, a fine not exceeding 200 florins. In 1719, the senate of Strasbourg prohibited the cultivation of tobacco, for fear it should diminish the growth of corn; and Amurath, fourth king of Persia, made smoking a capital offence. They managed these things better in France: instead of cutting off people's heads and noses, the government put its hand into their pockets. A heavy duty was imposed on tobacco, and its cultivation converted into a monopoly. The consequence of this manoeuvre is, that last year our friends across the Channel paid into the crown's coffers, for the enjoyment of their narcotic, somewhere about £6,000,000 sterling. We are mulcted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to much the same amount. In the United Kingdom, in 1825, the consumption of tobacco was nearly 30,000,000 pounds, and the duty paid £4,751,760. In Hamburg, 40,000 cigars are consumed daily, the number of adult males in the population not amounting to 45,000. The average consumption for the whole human race—about 1,000,000,000—is said to be 70 ounces a head; the total quantity smoked being 2,000,000 tons, or 4,800,000,000 pounds!

America is the great tobacco-garden of the world, although great quantities are grown both in India and Europe. The choicest specimens are found in the island of Cuba, which is said to be the jewel of the Spanish crown—the fragrant Havana cigar being absolutely necessary to propel the blue blood of her gentility. Manilla tobacco is produced in the Philippine Islands, and Latakis in Syria. Tobacco was once extensively cultivated in Yorkshire; and it is the opinion of Mr. Steinmetz, that if it were not forbidden by law, its cultivation in this country would, with the aid of science in the matter of culture, prove a great speculation.

In America, the seed is sown in a hothed about the beginning of March. In May, the transplanting begins, each stick being allowed the space of three square feet to expand in. Tobacco, in its early stages, has many enemies, in the shape of frost, insects, and caterpillars; and instances have occurred in which three successive transplantings in one year have been ruined by one or other of these causes. After the third failure, the owner has disposed of his hogshead to lessen their loss; but the tobacco-grower has the consolation of knowing, that one successful season out of three pays. In September, the crop is gathered, and the leaves are hung up in covered sheds for six or seven weeks to dry perfectly and wither. In this state, tobacco is almost without smell, its peculiar aroma being produced by fermentation, for which purpose it is collected in heaps on the floor, and carefully covered with blankets for thirty-six hours or more, according to the state of the atmosphere. It is then pressed into hogsheads with a powerful lever, which pressure has the effect of distributing the oil uniformly throughout the mass; and in this state it makes its appearance in the London Docks.

Here it remains in bond till the duty is paid, when any part that is found to be damaged is cut off, and burnt in a huge kiln, called the Queen's Pipe. For its distribution, there are, in the first place, in London twelve wholesale tobacco-merchants, or brokers, to whom it is consigned; ninety manufacturers, who convert it into cigars, snuff, and the various sorts of tobacco for the pipe; and more than 1,500 tobacconists, or general dealers. There are, besides, eighty-two clay-pipe makers. Mr. Steinmetz states that 7,380 individuals in the metropolis are employed in preparing tobacco for the mouths and offices of its population. These cigar-makers are paid at the rate of so much per hundred; and a good workman can easily earn £2, 10s. a week. In Hamburg, the manufacture is the most important branch of its trade; and 150,000,000 cigars are turned out every year. It gives employment to 10,000 persons; and a printing-press, with a numerous staff, is exclusively occupied in printing the necessary labels for boxes and packets.

Having traced the plant from the hothed to the dock, let us follow it now to its eventual destination—the mouth of the smoker.

We will begin with cigars. On the tobacco being turned out of the hogshead, it is first damped, to make it pliable, and then sorted. The least likely-looking leaves are called fillers, and form the main body of the cigar; the second best go by the name of wrapper, or outer leaves; and the choicest put into the cigars. These are the so-called 'binders,' or outer leaves, intended to catch the eye of the customer. The actual manufacture occupies but a few seconds.

After having been sorted, the leaves are deprived of their stalks by the stripper, and handed by him to the maker. That functionary picks out a bunchwrapper, and cuts it into a form something like the stripe of a balloon; in this he rolls a quantity of filler, thus producing a rather disreputable-looking cigar; it is then cut to the required length; and, finally, he gives it an attractive appearance, by wrapping it neatly up in an unbleached outside, and fastening the tip-end with paste coloured with chincery, to keep everything in its place. A drying-store completes the operation.

Most of the tobacco for the pipe is cut into shreds by machinery. Shag derives its name from its rough and bushy appearance; bird's-eye is so called because small portions of stalk are mixed with it, which bear a fancied resemblance to the eyes of birds; canastiver is a nameakes of the American river; canonister was originally the name given in America to the baskets of rushes in which the tobacco was packed for exportation; and pigtail owes its appellation to its supposed likeness to the caudal appendage of the unclean animal. Its various qualities are like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement. In the manufacture of snuff, the stalks of tobacco are used as well as the leaves. The Scotch article is
composed almost entirely of the former, while the latter predominates in rapses and the darker varieties. Prince's mixture, and the whole of the 'fancy snuffs,' are scented to suit the taste of the customer. All great inventions are the result of accident. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by an apple tumbling on his head; the delicious flavour of roast pork was first made known to the world by a peasant whose pigsty had been burned down; and the peculiar and scorched odour of the celebrated landyfoot snuff is said to be owing to the negligence of an individual who, like King Alfred, forgot to 'turn' the batch that had been intrusted to his care. Good sometimes springs from evil: the man got drunk, and made his master's fortune.

Before the tobacco is ground into snuff, it undergoes a process of curing—like bacon—which consists in its being moistened with salted water and other preparations. This mixture is called sauz, and each manufacturer has his own peculiar condiment, upon which the flavour of his snuff materially depends. After having been sprinkled with sauce, the material is heaped into a bin, where much of the essential oil of the tobacco is got rid of by heat and fermentation. It is then turned out and suffered to cool; and if it is to be ground under heavy stones. Foreigners improve on this custom by cutting it into grain with machinery, or rasping it with a circular file, thereby avoiding the excessive friction which deteriorates English snuff, and interferes with its flavour.

Madame Pfeiffer relates that in the annual Sweden snuff is put into the mouth. In Iceland, it is applied to the legitimate receptacle, but in an extraordinary manner: 'Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no proper snuff-box, but only a box made of bone, and shaped like a powder-flask. When they take snuff, they throw back the head, insert the point of the flask in the nose, and shake a dose of snuff into it. They then, with the greatest amiability, offer it to their neighbour; he to his; and so it goes round till it reaches its owner again.'

'The practice of taking snuff is said to have been introduced into this country from France during the Restoration; but the custom did not originate with tobacco, as snuff is known to have been previously manufactured with herbs. In the matter of adulteration, the smoker has a decided advantage over the sniffer, as, out of forty samples of cut-tobacco examined by Dr. Hassall, not one was found to be mixed with any foreign leaf or deleterious compound; whereas, in many of the nose-tilting 'mixtures' submitted to his inspection, he found a number of oxides, chromates, and even wax, and he might as well, including iron, red lead, amber, potash, and a substance that looked like powdered glass! The only adulteration of tobacco for smoking consisted in salt, water, and sugar—the two first being actually necessary in its manufacture, and the last being beneficial to the human frame, as smoking tends to diminish the saccharine constituents in the blood. The ingenious compositions vended at races and fairs by itinerant tobacconists (?), who offer misguided youths 'a cigar and a light for a penny,' are of course made up of hay and coloured paper. As a general rule, however, tobacco next to eggs, is one of the least adulterated articles of consumption we can boast of in these terribly fast-going days. More than half of the learned council's work is devoted to the 'Influence of Tobacco on the Human System,' a subject on which I have neither space nor inclination to enter. There are one or two points, however, on which I must briefly notice. Mr. Steinmetz, with laudable impartiality, exhibits a chemical analysis by Professor Johnson, that appears calculated to put an immediate end to smoking. It seems that when the leaves of tobacco are mixed with water, and submitted to distillation, a volatile oil is produced, which, when applied to the nose, occasions sneezing, and when taken internally, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit. When tobacco-leaves are infused in water made slightly sour by sulphuric acid, and the infusion is subsequently distilled with quicklime, a volatile, oily, colourless liquid, named nicotin, is produced, a single drop of which is sufficient to kill a dog. But besides these two volatile substances which exist ready formed in the tobacco-leaf, another substance, also of an oily nature, is produced when tobacco is distilled, alone, in a retort, or burned, as we do it, in a pipe. One drop of this applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and in two minutes occasioned death. Of the truth of this analysis, which extends to a couple of pages, there can be no manner of doubt. Mr. Steinmetz admits it himself, and acknowledges the correctness of the theory that may be founded upon it—namely, that if tobacco contains such poisonous elements, smoking must necessarily be injurious; but he asserts that, like many other theories, it breaks down utterly when applied to practice; in proof of which, he consoles his smoking readers by assuring them that he finished two cigars while transcribing the analysis.

Propos of theories, this tobacco-loving barrister, while endeavouring to explain, with a profusion of jaw-breaking anatomical terms, the modus operandi of smoking, takes the opportunity, under cover of a cloud of such words as pneumogastric, medulla oblongata, stego-pharyngium, and the like, to start a theory of his own, from which, on national as well as personal grounds, I dissent: for, doubt is possessed of an enormous proboscis, has the audacity to say:

'The larger the surface of the mucous membrane of the nose, the greater the activity of the intellect, or the anterior lobe of the brain; and without a well-developed nasal organ, there never was a well-developed intellect. The nose of genius in every age has been conspicuous, in every sphere of its numerous manifestations.'

This may be a very pleasant doctrine for men who, like Mr. Steinmetz, have noses as large as pump-handles; but enjoying, as I do individually, a small but extremely useful olfactory organ, I beg to come forward on my own behalf, and that of the ordinary-nosed portion of the community in general, and offer an indignant protest against so monstrous a proposition.

I have not said anything in the course of this paper on the subject of chewing; but as this extremely unpleasant custom cannot be expected to disappear, I beg to extract an advertisement from an article on the subject of tobacco, I shall conclude with an anecdote shewing that the habit, dirty though it be, is not unattended with advantages. Commodore Wilkes, on the Exploring Expedition, learned, in the course of a conversation with an intelligent savage of the Feejee Islands, that, on one occasion, a vessel, the hull of which was still visible on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

'And what did you do with them?' asked Wilkes anxiously.

'Replied 'em all,' answered the savage.

'What did you do with them after you had killed them?'

'Eat 'em—good,' returned the anthropoplagopus, grinning at the remembrance of the horrible feast.

'Did you eat them all?' asked the commodore, feeling exceedingly unwell.

'Yes, we eat all but one,' I received the answer with far more sour

'And why didn't you eat him?' inquired the explorer, whose curiosity got the better of his horror.

'Cos he taste too much like tobacco. Couldn't eat him no how!'
There is no doubt that the individual who proved such a posthumous puzzle to the Fijian gourmants, owed his exemption from the fate of his comrades entirely to his partiality for foragin'. "Enjoyers of the 'quid,' therefore have the satisfaction of knowing that the juice of their favourite weed so completely satiate the tissues of their bodies, that, in case of shipwreck, they need be under no apprehension of ever being served up at a New Zealand dinner-party.

**IMPORTANT EMIGRATION ENTERPRISE.**

We see by the European, New York, paper, that at Albany they are organizing a new association, called the American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, the objects of which are worthy of being made widely public. Hibberto, emigrants for the most part have betaken themselves to the wilderness, family by family, to spend their lives there, cut off from the comforts and conveniences of civilised life, and thereby they are overtaken by the humanizing influences of society. It is the object of the company to reorganize emigration entirely: to tempt bands of adventurers, composed, if possible, of acquaintances and neighbours, to make the enterprise together, and thus bring society and its amenities with them into the wild, and provide themselves with a ready-made market for the produce of their industry. Such communities are to be composed of persons representing the social and industrial interests the colonists have been accustomed to at home: the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the artist, the labourers of every kind—all are to be assembled for the general good; and thus the mere fact of their settling in a village will convert the barest almost worthless land of the colonists into valuable property. The part the company are to play in this project is to furnish the capital; to purchase land cheaply, because in large quantities, and with cash; to erect the grist-mill, the saw-mill, &c., and generally make all necessary or attractive improvements; then sell allotments to the colonists, reserving, like the government, a section here and there for themselves. We lately printed a little article called Emigration made Easy (alluding to the through-ticket system of the Great Canadian Railway), but the scheme to which we now bespeak our readers' attention is Emigration made pleasant and profitable—emigration by which the adventurer forfeits none of his usual moral and intellectual privileges, and finds himself the master of profitable land by the mere fact of taking possession. All this, however, let it be said, is something in the future. These sanguine dreams can be realised only by talent, energy, and unfailing integrity on the part of the company.

**PHILANTHROPY IN WINE.**

The vine-disease has injured so much the production of wine in Portugal, that last year's vintage, as we learn from Ridley & Co.'s monthly circular, was virtually lost for commercial purposes, only 4000 pipes having been made. This state of things has given rise to a curious project, half-philanthropy, half-business speculation. Baron de Forriester has offered to take the vineyards of a parish in the Douro under his protection, on terms so favourable to the vine-growers, that at first sight one is at a loss to regard him as a Quixotic enthusiast in such works. He offers to be at the trouble and expense of applying certain remedies to the plants, without demanding any return for his capital and labour, unless the vintage should be more than double that of last year; and even then, to be satisfied with one-half of the grapes gathered above that double quantity, and to be at the cost of gathering them himself. Should the proprietor prefer paying the expenses himself, the baron undertakes to furnish him with the remedy at cost-price, and to manage personally the operations, for one-tenth part of the wine made in excess of double last year's produce. He likewise claims the preference in the purchase of whatever wine the proprietor may have to dispose of at the market-price. Notwithstanding all this liberality, it is said that the native farmers have no faith in the efficacy of sulphur, which is probably the chief part of the proposed remedies; while the English intend applying the antidote with the greatest vigour. Messrs Ridley & Co. are of opinion that if Baron de Forriester's overtures are listened to by the parish he has addressed, it will be the means of conferring extensive mutual benefits.

**THE WEDDING-DAY.**

O that my death-day were as nigh
As is my marriage-morn!
I marvel such a thing as I
Should ever have been born,
To sell my youth, my hope, my truth;
To be—what most I scorn.
It seems such long, long years ago
I had a little sister;
They laid her in her coffin lone,
And I stood there and kissed her;
But till this hour with its stern power
I felt not how I missed her.
She might, with cool and gentle hand,
Have quenched this life-long fever—
This aching brow have softly fanned,
And, though my sins might grieve her,
What would not she have borne for me
Who is so still for ever!
O sister!—lead so long ago,
Thou of the spirit calm—
Wave! wave! above my burning brow,
But once thy shining palm,
And gently pour, my spirit o'er,
One drop of Heaven's own balm.
Sweet seraph! when we meet at last—
Thou, with thy radiant brow;
Mine, seared with records of the past,
And that forsworn vow—
This withered heart in shame would start
From aught as pure as thine.
Oh! the true hearts I might have filled,
Even to their utmost fold;
The loving spirits I have chilled
With haughty words and cold;
And now for wealth I sell myself,
A little glittering gold.
And more! O! more torment me not
With those reproachful eyes,
Shewing what might have been my lot—
Stars of the past, they rise—
Enough of care have I to bear,
Without such memories.
Alas! I feel 'tis vanity
To rail against my fate,
For God hath given high gifts to me,
To make me good and great;
But I have sold the peace of old
For a little worldly state.
No more!—from all these idle words
But little help I borrow;
Proud thoughts have fled like summer birds,
And left me to my sorrow,
And this grief-stained brow; but folly now
Would be a sin to-morrow.

M. L. P.
COMMON SENSE.

'The Popkinses have a good deal of talent about them, but they have no common sense,' is the verdict universally passed upon our family; and it is a just one: everybody says so; and what everybody says—it stands to common sense—must be true. The virtue expired with a certain clerical ancestor of ours, a sort of vicar of Bray, who under the Houses of Cromwell, Stuart, and Hanover, was never out of favour with the reigning powers, and who at last, like a jolly fat canon as he was, went off peaceably in his stall. He could 'seek the Lord' with armour on, perform the lighted candle and genuflection business, or vex the soul of the habitués in sico of the period with Protestant oratory, all equally well. He was a man of the strongest common sense, and died worth £30,000; and 'Where would you be without him?' is a remark I have frequently made to members of my family, when they have been inclined to question his principles. It is quite certain that none of his descendants would have ever made that money: his second son was put in a madhouse, and ended there, because he was always experimentalising with fire and water, and persisted in asserting that carriages could be moved without horses; another member of his race proposed to keep off small-pox by means of the intervention of a cow; and a third spent a good deal of his time in building a room to sit in under water. There was a good deal of a certain sort of talent in all these persons; but what is so much to be regretted is, that what they did was contrary to common sense: the world never forgave them for it to their dying day.

My father, who might have stepped into a family living of £800 a year as soon as he left college, chose instead to join a marching regiment, and live in that, upon £90 per annum besides his pay, because he had religious scruples. Now, in the first place, all scruples are foolish; and religious scruples are worse than foolish—they're wicked; and in the next place, the living actually went out of the family! What harm would my governor have done to it? He was not an infidel—he was not a Radical—he was not a grossly immoral person; he would have hunted, I suppose, and shot, and fished—occupations which he delighted in, very naturally, more than in anything else in the world—and as for visiting the poor people, which, it seems, he considered himself unfit for, why, he might have got a curate to do all that, paying him very handsomely, and still residing £740 out of the living. He could have bought most excellent sermons—and it stands to common sense that these must be much better than what one makes for himself; he could—but in fine, he lost everything and did nothing, all through having scruples, or, which is the same thing, from the want of a little common sense. With all my regard for the governor, it positively makes me mad to think of what he threw away; not only the actual advantages, but the chances. Why, with our connection—I've got two first-cousins in the House of Peers, and our arms are the same as the Premier's—he might have been made a bishop, or even an archbishop—who knows?—the spiritual shepherd of the Church of England, with six-and-twenty thousand pounds a year! But then, he never could have said 'Nobis Episcopiis' for he had not the common sense for it.

Then my mother, she was my father's cousin, and a regular Popkins. At twenty-one years of age, and one of six, she refused Sir Tottenham Leger, a man who owned half a county, and was indirectly connected with the royal family. Are you and I, my Public, going to believe that any reasons, any possible circumstances, could have justified such conduct as that? I put aside the direct injustice done to myself; but was it the right thing for any woman to do, who contemplated the possibility of ever having children? What had she to urge against the man? His age? His somewhat convivial language? The absurd story of his having broken the hearts of his two former wives? The haughtiness which rather became a person of his rank and influence than otherwise? Nothing of the sort. 'I love dear cousin Henry, and he loves me;' that was her sole objection; and my uncle—Percival Popkins—positively let her have her way. Now, only mark the consequences: the baronet was seventy-five, and died the very next winter. Why, in the name of common sense, didn't she marry him first, and my father afterwards? She would then have had a title, a park, and a town-house. As it was, my beloved parents lived in barracks, and in barracks was the writer of this paper born. I positively believe that sometimes in the course of their wandering, and while my father was a subaltern, a curtain drawn across the apartment formed the sole partition between their sitting-room and bedroom. Now, is there a human being endowed with common sense who believes that love, or indeed any other mere sentiment whatever, could have compensated for such a position as that?

When my grandfather died—who had changed his name for that of Walker, and who was, I am thankful to say, the director of a joint-stock bank—we came into a property, and my father sold his commission. And how did Captain Popkins do that? By giving out that he was quite undecided about leaving the regiment, but was ready to go if the juniors made it worth his while? By getting an extra three hundred or so
out of the first purchasing lieutenant, two hundred out of the next, and so on, with nice little pickings from the first purchasing ensign, in the usual way. Quotations to this reverse I hold the captain's commission—if you can believe such madness—for regulation-price! Why? Oh, don't ask me, or I shall lose my temper: the high-flew considerations upon which my father acts, I am, says, gone out of my range of vision. I am no genius, thank goodness, but I do think I have a little common sense; I think I know the world; I believe I know the value of money. The idea of a man sinking £200,000, as my father did, in the funds and an estate in Westmoreland!

'Why, sir,' said I in remonstrance—for I know, I hope, how to be respectful to a parent, whatever may be his follies—in these railway-days, you might double, or at least make over so much more out of that money.'

'I don't want any more, Bob,' answered my father.

'Now, think of a person, sane, or at least not in confinement, openly avowing that he did not want any more money!'

'Sir,' replied I, with a little of that tact which—perhaps partial—friends have generally allowed me to possess, 'I was thinking of your responsibilities. Consider how much more good you might do with double your income!'

'Sometimes—I never can quite account for it—when I am talking to the governor, there comes over his face just such an expression as a very clever fellow might wear when a second-rate man is trying to do him, and he were it just then very dear.

'Do you think that likely, Bob?' said he slyly.

'How much do you spend a year in the practice of benevolence?'

'Sir,' replied I—and I felt somehow hot all over—'I hold the indiscriminate charity—'

'Stop, Bob,' said the governor interrupting; 'we won't enter into that subject. If I were to double your allowance, do you think you would spend twice as much in doing good? You seem to have a doubt about that; so have I. If the reason you urge in favour of speculation be valid—though most speculators, I am afraid, Bob, are far from having such noble aims as you—ought not the recipients of our present bounty to be consulted before we risk their interests? For if the fall, the well done, we succeed, Bob, we may sometimes forget to pay them their full dividends. You know we read that it's very hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

'Who, father,' said I, 'I am sorry I spoke to you.'

'Nothing gives me such a tremor—for my disposition is naturally reverential—as to hear the Scriptures referred to in the affairs of this world. I always attend my parish church, I hope, every Sunday, wet or fine, and listen to all the clergymen has to say; but it's not a layman's place, that's my opinion, to go preaching and teaching to people out of the Bible upon week-days. It has the very worst effects upon the lower classes, I'm confident; for I knew a tinker once who held the abominable doctrine, that one man was as good as another, and who had the blasphemy to tell me that he learned that for himself out of the New Testament. Of course there are expressions in it, here and there, about rich men and so on, but it stands to common sense that one isn't to take them literally. They're for instance, of it being my duty to give a half-naked fellow on the road one of the great-coats I'm sitting upon, is simply preposterous. What becomes of the rights of property? What becomes of political economy? What becomes, I should like to know, of common sense itself? Why don't my governor—if it comes to that—give all he's got to the poor? Why don't he cast his lasts shilling into the treasury, like the poor widow in the parable—which was a pretty example of political economy, by the by—and let us all come upon the parish at once? That would be being consistent, that would; and consistency I hold to be the very next best thing to common sense.'

'I hope I am a bit too hard on you than to call my brother John a fool; but I can't help having my own opinion about him for all that. He and his wife are absolutely living—no, existing—upon L.250 per annum out of the rents of their cottage-house, I think I know my duty to society, to the circle in which I move, better than to propose to any woman unless I have a thousand a year to offer her, at the very least. I feel my responsibilities, I trust, sufficiently strongly not to dream of asking her to live in the country unless I could keep her a carriage and pair. Even on the excellent salary I am now receiving at the Bank, I calculate that I shall not be in a condition to fail in love until I am fifty, but shall then fail in love immediately with some person of property and connection; by that time, John will have had six children, and have sunk in the social scale two degrees at least. It is of no use for him to say that he does not care fourpenny-piece for the social scale, because that isn't common sense. A man may say that he likes beer better than wine (John does); but I am not going to believe him any the more for that: that's what I tell my brother John—for it's hard if one can't say what one likes to a younger brother with L.250 a year, and a family too—whenever he tries to humbug one.

'Liberty and the beauties of nature,' said he upon one occasion, 'make up to me for the absence of all luxuries which I could procure only at their expense. You don't appreciate my pleasures—pleasures is a faint word for them—any more than I appreciate yours, Bob.'

'I knew what he meant by all this; he meant lakes and sunsets, and mountains, and birds, and books—in a word, what is called poetry. Now, I have read Lolly Rook myself—for I have always made it a point to be well informed—and I own that that sort of thing is pretty enough; but the idea of poetry having anything to do with real life—that's where John shows his utter disregard of common sense. Now, poets—this is what I told him—never possess any: your geniuses are for ever in jail, John; every sense but common sense, that's what all you fellows have.'

'We have common sense, too,' replied he, as cool as a cucumber; 'and if we could derive a satisfaction from the results of a clever stroke of business, made piquant perhaps by the least tinge of dishonesty, not only equal to that experienced by—no offence—yourself, Bob, but with a considerable margin of pleasure in addition as recompense for what we would tell uncongenial and prosaic, not to say dirty, work, you would, I think, find us rivals quite the reverse of despiseful both at change and market. You know how the Greek trades-people suffered, notwithstanding their well-established adulterations, when the philosopher of old set up his shop, to prove that he could be a man of business.'

'Oh, confound it,' said I, for I am none of your argufers, 'if metaphysics is your game, I'm off; only just answer me this: was there ever a poet yet who kept his own accounts, and left off in the world a better man—I mean, of course, a richer—than he began?'

'The majority of them,' answered he, lighting a pipe, 'have most certainly done so; a number of them, you will allow it to give a half-naked fellow on the road one of the great-coats I'm sitting upon, is simply preposterous. What becomes of the rights of property? What becomes of political economy? What becomes, I should like to know, of common sense itself? Why don't my governor—if it comes to that—give all he's got to the poor? Why doesn't he cast his lasts shilling into the treasury, like the poor widow in the parable—which was a pretty example of political economy, by the by—and let us all…'}
'perhaps, after that, you'll have the kindness to tell me what common sense is?' And this was his reply.

'This is common sense, sir—the one that imparts, as its name implies, which is common to everybody, and its office in us, according to general opinion, is to watch over and provide for our own interests and happiness. Men of striking intellect, perhaps, may outrace it; but we believe, this quality in greater proportion than ordinary people; these latter, however, being by far the most numerous, agreeing among themselves upon what are the objects to be desired in life, and perceiving the others to be striving after and delighting in quite different things, are inclined to deny them common sense; thereby making themselves judges of the interests and happiness of natures confessedly higher. Moreover, the vulgar, having thus flattered themselves that this quality is peculiarly their own, and possessing for the most part little other sense beside, are wont to exalt common sense to a most ridiculous degree.'

'Oh,' said I, 'since you choose to get rude and personal'—which is a thing I particularly object to in all argument—'I shall certainly not prolong the conversation.'

NATIONALITY.

What is nationality? Is there a distinct nationality for Scotland, England, Ireland? Are the inhabitants of England and Scotland—of Lowland Scotland at least—one and the same race, with hardly any appreciable difference, or are they two perfectly distinct peoples? It may not be uninteresting at the present time, when this subject is so much discussed—meeting us in every newspaper, and forming so frequent a topic of conversation—to take a calm review of the matter; to see what ethnology, that clearer up of the history of nations, has to say about the business. A slight sketch of the history of the population of the two countries, if it does not enable us to settle the question to our satisfaction, may help us to a better understanding of it—may keep us from a good deal of error, and may prevent us talking a considerable quantity of nonsense.

To begin, then, with the beginning: Who were the people who first colonised the islands of Great Britain and Ireland? That question, it must be confessed, does not admit of much dispute: it was the Celtic race—the first of the Indo-European family in Europe. If there was a Pre-Celtic people in Britain—an extension of the Finnic or Thracian, of which there is no doubt—it does not affect the present inquiry. It is sufficient for our purpose to commence with the Celts as the earliest inhabitants of Britain. Without going further back, we need only say that more than the shores nearest to our own, it is enough to say that Britain received its earliest population from France and Belgium; that at two distinct periods it received colonies from the two great branches of this family—the southern or Gaelic branch from France; the northern or Cymraeg branch from Belgium. The Gaelic or Gaelic branch appears to have been the earliest colonists, and probably spread over the whole of South Britain; but pressed upon by the next migration—that of the Cymri, they were eventually driven north and west. One portion, driven between the rivers Clyde and Forth, took refuge in the extreme northern part of the island, which received the name of Albyn; the other took their way through Wales, from whence they passed over into Ireland. The Cymri, or Cymraeg, then spread themselves over the greater part of Britain. They were the ancient Britons, whose descendants, the Cambrians, or Welsh, still exist in Wales, Cornwall, and more mixed in Cumberland. The former spread also, and got over the greater part of Scotland, encroaching upon the ancient kingdom of Albyn, and pressing upon the Gaels, drove them into the extreme Western Highlands. The Cymri in Scotland were identical with the ancient Caledonians or Picts. The northern portion of the island is, in fact, name implies, which is common to everybody, and its office in us, according to general opinion, is to watch over and provide for our own interests and happiness. Men of striking intellect, perhaps, may outrace it; but we believe, this quality in greater proportion than ordinary people; these latter, however, being by far the most numerous, agreeing among themselves upon what are the objects to be desired in life, and perceiving the others to be striving after and delighting in quite different things, are inclined to deny them common sense; thereby making themselves judges of the interests and happiness of natures confessedly higher. Moreover, the vulgar, having thus flattered themselves that this quality is peculiarly their own, and possessing for the most part little other sense beside, are wont to exalt common sense to a most ridiculous degree.'

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So far, then, the original population of England and Scotland rests upon nearly the same substratum—that of the Cymri or ancient Britons. That of Ireland is somewhat different, having a Gaelic rather than a Cimbric origin. The Gael is better known in Ireland under the name of Erse.

After this first colonization by the Cymri, there was the Belgian immigration, which was chiefly confined to the southern shores of South Britain. These drove the Cymri further north into the interior. They were the men who opposed Caesar on his expedition into Britain. The Belgae, however, although more civilised, from having left their centre at a later period, were of the same family with the Cymri who had preceded them, both being of the same northern branch of the Celtic family.

We have next the Roman Conquest, introducing, during an occupation of four hundred years, all manner of heterogeneous elements: besides the pure Italians, there were in the legions German, Sarmatians, Moore from Africa, and much more besides. Long as was the Roman occupation, it produced but a partial change in the blood of the population. The Romans, to do them justice, were conquerors, not exterminators, like some of the races that came after them. Partial as it was, it was confined chiefly to South Britain. Their departure left two distinct populations in Britain—the original and pure Celtic population, and the Romaniac Celts; the latter in the large towns and their immediate neighbourhood, the former constituting the rural population: the first demarcation between town and country thus early established, and felt even to the present day—good old country families versus upstart townsfolk.

Passing over the present the invasions of South Britain by the Scots and Picts, which were merely temporary raids, not altering the population, we come next to the Saxon or Teutonic invasion—differing, however, in its own ethnological character, and far from being one and indivisible. It consisted of two broad and well-marked divisions: the Saxons, properly so called, with Jutes and Frisians, in South Britain, south of the river Humber; and the Angles, more Scandinavian than German, occupying Britain from the Humber to the river Forth. The Saxons drove the Celtic Britains into Wales and Cornwall, or completely exterminated them. They refused to mix with them. The Saxon race, therefore, south of the Humber, were a purer race than the Angle colonisation north of that river, having less of the Celtic substratum than is to be found in any part of the kingdom. Their occupation of a country to the nearly total extermination of the original inhabitants, is one of the most complete in history. Still, even there there must have been some Celtic substratum, from the conquered Celts being retained as slaves and serfs; and considerable traces of the Celtic language can be shown to exist in our Saxon English, although slight as compared with that further north.

The Angles, settling north of the Humber, drove the
Celts into the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and extending to the Tweed as far as the Forth, conquered and intermixed with the original Celtic population much more than their allies did in the south. The Celts (Picts) of Lowland Scotland, who refused to submit to the conquerors, gradually drew off into the west of Scotland, where they founded the kingdom of the North Britons or Strathclyde, which extended from the Clyde to the Solway Firth, the most northern limit of which was Dunbarton. Those of the same race on the south of the Tweed, retired into the mountainous district in the west, and established the Celtic kingdom of Cumbria. Both of these maintained their independence for a considerable period.

The element superimposed upon the Celtic north of the Humber was Scandinavian rather than German. Angle rather than Saxon; and the dialect introduced was a branch of the Scandinavian rather than of the German spoken further south. Lowland Scotch is not, as has been frequently supposed, a dialect of the English; it was an offshoot from the Scandinavian family of languages, just as the English was an offshoot from the German branch. The large number of words peculiar to the Lowland Scotch, and which are not found in the English of any other period, are Scandinavian, closely allied to the old Norse of Norway, still spoken in Iceland. The Angle belonged to that branch; the Saxons to the Southern or Proper German.

Celtic or North Britain after this received a fresh influx of Celtic blood, this time Gaelic rather than Cymric, Erse rather than British—the Dalriad Gaels from Ireland. These settling in the west of Scotland, conquered and incorporated the ancient Gaelic race, of the same family with themselves, who had been driven into the extreme west by the Cymric Picts. Establishing themselves firmly in Argyllshire, these Dalriad Gaels, from that point d'appui, extended themselves over the Pictish portion of the island, and gradually conquered, coalesced with, and absorbed the Cymric Picts or ancient Britons, who cease to appear as a distinct people. This union of the Cymric Picts and Dalriad Gaels formed at one time the bulk of the population of the north and west of Scotland—of all, indeed, except the Angle kingdom of Lothian on the eastern side of the island. These Dalriadic Gaels were called by their neighbours, Scots or vagabonds, and eventually gave their name to the whole of Scotland, which after this ceases to be used except in poetry; and the northern portion of the island came to be known as Scotland.

It was an amalgamation or absorption of the two branches of the Celts, the Picts or Britons with the Gaels—not a complete conquest, far less an extermination. The Picts or Cymri lost their identity or nationality in that of the Gaelic Scots; hence the difference between the Scottish and the Irish Gaels—the former, a mixture of Cymri and Gael; the latter, pure Gael. The Welshman, again, is pure Cymraeg.

Such as it was, it had no effect upon the blood of Lowland Scotland, or upon its language; both remained what they had been since the Angle invasion, chiefly Scandinavian, based upon a British or Cymric substratum.

And now comes one of the most important crosses in our breed, introducing a new element into the blood of the nation, which has raised the United Kingdom to her high position as mistress of the sea, and converted the sluggish Saxon and somewhat heavy Angle into the enterprising Englishman and Scotchman—without which the Englishman might have remained as unenterprising as his parental Saxon, as little a maritime people as the Germans are to this day. This new element was the Scandinavian—Norsemen or Norwegians in Scotland; Danes in England. The mighty and enduring nature of this great colonisation was hardly appreciated by ourselves, until it was pointed out by Wm. II. of Denmark, who made us acquainted with the frequent invasions of Danes and Norsemen, but treated of them rather as partial inroads, carrying fire and sword through the land, than as great actions, and colonisations, which effected a radical change in the blood of the population.

History told us little more than of the rise and fall of dynasties—it took no note of the entire change of the people. These two different nations, the Danes and Norsemen, are generally confounded, both in tradition and history, under the common name of Danes. The complete conquest of England eventually by the Danes, and the subsequent union of Norway and Denmark, appear to have led to this confusion.

The Norsemen, Norwegians, or Vikings, conquered the north of Scotland—Caithness and Sutherland; hence its name—Sudreland, the most southern portion of the Norwegian possessions on the mainland, and afterwards extended over part of Ross-shire; the Orkney and the Shetland Islands; all the western islands, including the Isle of Man, with a portion of the mainland, Caithyre, &c. These they ruled over for centuries; at one time imposed upon them their language, and displaced the Gaelic, though it again, in its turn, resumed its place after the fall of the Norwegian race. In Caithness, however, the Gaelic was not again spoken; the population there being eminently Norwegian; and in Shetland and Orkney, Norse continued to be spoken till displaced by the English. In Shetland, it has only ceased since within the last hundred years, and the language yet retains many pure Norse words. This conquest has left numerous traces of its occupation in the names of bays, firths, rivers, and promontories of these countries, which they still retain. The word firth, from the Norse fjord, so common in Scotland, and unknown in England, marks the Norwegian occupation. The alteration in the blood of the people was no less remarkable. The under-sized Celt grew into a finely developed Norseman: instead of dreading the sea, and paddling along its shores in a miserable leather coracle, he became a bold seaman, although he has strangely forgotten or perversely ignored the source from whence he derived this superior development of frame, his blue eyes and light hair, and straight limbs, instead of the bowed legs of his ancestors. The blood of the eastern coast of Scotland was ever more completely changed by the Scandinavian conquest—here Norwegian-Danish, rather than pure Norwegian—and the fine sea-faring population along the eastern shores of Scotland, attest the improvement effected upon the breed. The greater number of names borne by that population, and especially the place-names of Denbighshire, a district of Norse extraction: Swansow (Swansden), Mansow (Mansun), Henderson (Henvrisen), Duncansen, &c. Johnson, one of the commonest names in England, is also very common in Iceland, both coming from the same source—Norway. Ronald and Ronaldson have the same extraction (Ragnvald).

The Celt or Gael was either completely incorporated with the Scandinavian conquerors on the sea-coast, or driven into the interior, where he took refuge in the fastnesses of the Highlands. A pure Celt in Scotland, if he exists at all, is only to be looked for in the Central Highlands.

No less marked and lasting was the effect produced upon the population in the north of England by the Danes. Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland and Cumberland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, were the great

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2. The Norwegian kingdom in the Hebrides was called the Sudreyar or Southern Islands, as that in Orkney and the Shetlands was the Nordreyar or Northern Islands. From their appellation the Hebrides came to be called the islands of Sodor and Man.
area of the Danish colonization—an historical fact, indeed, but one amply corroborated by the characters, physical and moral, of the people themselves. The south of England, afterwards conquered by the Danes, and direction of their dominion, was held more as a conquest than as a permanent colonization, and had its population little altered, although a considerable infusion of Danish blood took place along the whole eastern coast. The Anglo-Saxon race owes much of its bold spirit of enterprise, its love of freedom, and its maritime skill and daring, to this Danish strain.

Last of all comes the Norman Conquest, introducing the Frenchified Scandinavian—that wonderful race of men, half Norseman, half Celto-Frank, sprung from a band of adventurers from the shores of the Baltic—Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, who had settled in the west of France, and conquered Normandy. Here, intermixing with the native French, they compounded a race that at one time threatened to overturn Europe, and has given kings to half her thrones. Being comparatively few in number, and marrying French women, their descendants appear in a generation or two to have abandoned their native Norse for the language of their adopted country. The Danish portion of the kingdom, that north of the Humber, offered the most strenuous opposition to the Normans, and was the last to submit to their rule. It was this great split of England into two sections, the Anglo-Dane and the Saxon, that facilitated the Norman Conquest. Partial as it was in its effects upon the general population, from the small number of the conquerors, it has produced an important alteration upon the ruling families both of Scotland and England. Most of the English nobility date the foundation of their families from this race. The immediate effect upon Scotland of the Norman Conquest was sending a large portion of the Saxon and Anglo-Saxon population from England into Scotland. Malcolm III. of Scotland had married Margaret, a sister of the first heir to the throne of Edgwin Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line in England. To her court flocked all the Saxon nobility who refused to submit to the Norman rule. Many of the Normans, disheartened with their lot, or in search of new adventures, followed at a later period. From these two sources, many of the chief families in Scotland are descended; and a host of names, considered to be good Scottish families, are borne by the descendants of these Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Bruce, the Stewart race, the Sinclairs (from the Norman St Clair), Gordon, Hamilton, Ogilvie, Murray, Drummond, Hay (De la Haye), Fraser (De la Friselle), and a host of others, are all of Norman extraction. The head of the Campbells, the Argyle family, are of the same race: Beauchamp, or Campo Bello, a Norman, married the heiress of Awe, daughter of Sir Colin of Awe, and changed her name and that of all her clan to Campbell. Before that time, the clan had borne the name of their great founder, Sir Colin More, or Colin the Great, and were called the sons of Colin, or Colin the Irish, M'Callens. The Douglases, on the other hand, were a Flemish family; while some of the present Highland, or so-called Celtic clans, are descended from the Norwegian conquerors. The MacDougals and Ronalds are descended from one of the Norse vikings, Jari Sonerled, who, in 1156, made himself master of all the Hebrides, from Mull to the Isle of Man, and a portion of the mainland of Scotland. He left two sons. Dugal, the younger, succeeded to Argyle and Lorn as his patrimony, and founded the clan or family of MacDougals; while the eldest son, Ragnvald or Reginald, obtained Cantyre and the islands: from him sprung Clan-Ronald and the family of the Ronalds. The MacLeods or Skye are the descendants of another of these Norse vikings, and still use the family name of Torquig. Norman is also a favourite family name of the MacLeods.

These men soon identified themselves with the people they conquered. Amongst the Celtic race, they adopted the dress and even the language of the Celts, became completely assimilated with them, and are afterwards found as heads of Highland clans. Hence we have the Scandinavian and Norman clans of Sinclair, Stewart, MacDougall, &c., their descendants considering themselves Celts. Nor is this to be wondered at. It appears to depend upon a principle of our nature. Alexander the Great gave mortal offence to his Macedonian followers by adopting the dress and habits of the barbarians he conquered. The Norwegian king, Magnus, surnamed Barfoed or Bareleg, who made himself master of the Hebrides A.D. 1096, had this subriot given to him by his Norwegian subjects from his adopting the kill, and as Bareleg he stands upon the roll of history. Conquerors, if few in number, and especially when they intermarry with the conquered race, generally end by adopting the habits, dress, and language of their subjects.

In Scotland, so strangely has the ethnological history of our race been forgotten, that Lowland Scotsmen are apt to forget their origin, and claim for themselves the history and traditions and fame of the race they conquered. Descendants of Angle invaders, Norwegian Vikings, Saxons lords, and Norman barons, have donned the tartan, and taken their place among the Highland clans. It might be dangerous to tell a MacDougall that he was the descendant of a Norwegian pirate; or a Bruce, a Stewart, or a Sinclair, that they were sprung from Norman adventurers—men who swept the unfortunate Gael before them in their mail-clad strength, drove them into the fastnesses of the mountains, or ruled over them as serfs with a rod of iron. Our own fascinating novelist has, more than any other, tended to increase this unhistorical confusion—for three times are so completely within the historical age, that they can have relation only to the more uncertain realms of etymology—and has appropriated for his own race the fitful and transient victories the Celts gained from them. In our own day, patriotic Scotsmen often claim for the Tartan fellow-countrymen all the renown gained by our Highland regiments, supposing they were really composed of Celts, which, however, is more than doubtful.

This may be taken as a tolerably correct outline of the ethnology of Great Britain. The difference between the two sections is not so broad as some may have imagined; neither is it so close as others have maintained. 'It is not so broad as a church-door, nor so deep as a well, yet it is enough.' We see that there is a considerable difference of race between the Englishman and Scotchman; that although the Lowland Scotman is not a Celt, and far nearer akin to the Englishman than he is to his Highland fellow-subject, yet there is one great distinction of race between the two people. In the Scotman, the Scandinavian element preponderates; in the Englishman, the German. The old grudge between these two branches of one great stock, shows itself in its original area. It is constantly breaking out in Holstein, where the two elements are ever jarring—the German versus the Dane. It is this that separates the population of our island into two races, differing in dialect, habits, and
customs; but, above all, in their mental temperament, in their ideas and modes of thinking, looking often at the same subject from two entirely different points of view.

Ethnologically, the people of Great Britain consist of three, if not four, varieties of man—the Norman-Saxon, south of the Humber; the Anglo-Norman-Dane, north of that river; with the Celtic (Cymraeg) population in Cornwall and Wales; and the Celto-Scandinavian in Cumberland and the Highlands of Scotland. Where, then, is the true Englishman to be found—the Anglender, properly so called—the man from Angland or Jutland, whose race or breed is identical with his name? He will not be found in Saxon England, or England south of the river Humber—except in Norfolk and Suffolk, where the Angles also settled and founded the kingdom of the East Angles—but north of that river, between it and the rivers Forth and Clyde. The Scotsman, again, if race and name were synonymous, exists only in the descendants of the Dalriadic Gaels in the Western Highlands. Politically, these different people formed the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, the river Tweed separating the Scotsman from the Englishman. Now, then, came this distinct nationality, separated by the Tweed, to arise. How came the Anglo-Saxon-Norwegian, north of the Tweed, to separate so broadly, not the same Norman-Saxon south of the Humber, but from the Anglo-Saxon-Dane south of the Tweed, almost identically of the same blood with himself? The truth is, there appears to be a nationalism that springs up, independent of blood or pedigree. A political nationality may become stronger than an ethnological one. Separated by political boundaries, the men on the two sides of the Tweed, sprung from one race, in time grew into two people strongly opposed to each other. The Anglosaxons of the Tweed, separated from their own nearest kinsmen north of that river, and joined politically to the Saxons south of the Humber, soon came to entertain feelings of intense hostility to their brethren on its northern banks. The men north of the Tweed, Celt and Anglo-Saxon exile and Norman adventurer, grew and welded into one distinct nationality, which reserved its greatest antipathy for its nearest neighbours—those who were most nearly allied to it by blood, as well as nearest in position. The moor-foots of the north of the Tweed did not stop to inquire into ethnological affinities when he harried the lands of Northumberland; nor did the Northumbrian rough-rider feel any remorse of conscience when he plundered his brother kinmen in Roxburgh or Berwickshire. Mutual injuries, wrongs, and offences, soon rendered the animosity springing up between these near relations intense and enduring. And this is just what generally happens with sections of the same people politically separated. The Frank on the west bank of the Rhine came to regard the Franks on the eastern bank with far more jealousy and dislike than he had for people further from him, from whom he had received no injuries.

Nationality, then, is a something that may spring up independent of blood or race, and is soon formed by isolation, and in a few generations will impress upon a people an indelible character that no time can remove. As soon as a nation or portion of a nation, a tribe or section, or even a cluster of families, break off from the main stock, and become, in any degree isolated, they take a form of development peculiar to themselves: their language, if it was originally one, separates into two different dialects, which in time become mutually unintelligible; the physical characters undergo a change, and they acquire a peculiar and distinct physiognomy. This is much influenced by climate, latitude, altitude, by the nature of their food—its abundance or otherwise—and the habits of life induced by the different modes required to procure their sustenance. Hence, the fertility of the soil, its sterility, will exert a powerful influence in forming the characteristics of the man. It is acted upon by external agents, and directed into different channels. The inhabitants of a mountainous region differ from the dwellers in the plains frequently as much in mental temperament as in physical features.

The result of all this is, that, in a very few generations, the characteristics, physical and moral, of individuals become stamped upon the whole community, and a distinct nationality is produced, with habits, customs, feelings, language, laws, and government peculiar to itself. Wars spring up between the people so separated; national animosities soon arise, and widen the breach yet further. The Scandinavians and the German are themselves originally of one great stock—the Teutonic; though now so widely apart, and perpetuating their rival discords through their descendents. The Jews, with their distinct nationality, which they have preserved through all reverses to the present day, developed that nationality amongst nations closely allied to them in descent and language. Of the same sort were the Moabites, and Ammonites, &c., speaking the same language, or a closely allied dialect, and separated by the one element of religious belief, how intense became their antipathy to each other! And we have the same thing in America, in the extermination of the one by the other. In America, we have the same thing being repeated before our eyes—a nationality already complete, distinct, peculiar: sprung from the Anglo-Saxon races, how easily have they already departed from it, even in features and physical characters—still more in mental temperament; and already do we see this people of one race splitting into two great branches, the northern and the southern, placed in antagonism to each other, and developing in two most opposite directions. Language does not alter so readily nor so rapidly in these days, when it is kept more stationary by means of books, as it did in more remote times, when it was transmitted orally from father to son; yet, even in America, we may see a distinct nationality being formed. The more remote and isolated a nation is, however, the less does the dialect alter. The people of Iceland still speak the Norse of the ninth century, while the parent state, Norway, has greatly modified its language.

Nationality is simply the growth or development of any section of a people into its own peculiar form. It is much assisted by commerce, of rare; but it will often take place in spite of it, or in opposition to it, and sometimes in a most perverse form. In Ireland, the men who have always been lowest in their outcry against England, and strongest in their hatred of her, were not the unfortunate Celtic people whom the Anglo-Saxons had conquered and tyrannised over. No; they were the descendants of the Earl Strongbow and his English conquerors, who had settled in Ireland. Daniel O'Connell himself was more of a Saxon or Norman, than of the ancient Irish or Celtic stock. The abuse of the Saxons is a favourite subject with all the Celtic races, who call all Germans by this name; just as the Germans apply the term Welsh, Wallach, Wallach, to all foreigners, Celts, Romans, &c. But, after all, Ireland received no injuries from England, so long as England remained English; the physical characters undergo a change, and they acquire a peculiar and distinct physiognomy.

* The late Hugh Miller, in his First Impressions of England, remarks on the strong similarity between the Lowland Scotch and the population of the north of England. It was not until he had got into Saxon England that he felt he had come amongst a different race.
it never has existed, and never probably will. National
antipathies never entirely wear out, however closely
nations may become united. Nothing is more easy to
show than how much the strongest of the human
species are sprung
from nearly one and the same people; speak nearly
the same language; and politically united, are one, or
should be one, indivisible unity. Nothing is more
common to them than different characters, different
ideas, different idiosyncrasies, different
religions, or forms of religion, to which each are
strongly and sincerely attached. Even in France,
where the national fusion into one whole is perhaps
more complete than in any other nation composed of
so many diverse races, there are some broad lines of
demarcation yet to be seen. The peasant of Normandy
still shows in his sea-faring predilections his Scan-
dinavian origin, and differs widely from his Celtic fellow-
subject in Brittany, and still more from the Iberian
Gacson south of the Loire.

The Scotch are as much united as two people
to whose different can ever be; and he who would
force them into a closer union, will only separate them
more widely. Like two horses unaccustomed to run
in double harness, if they are too tight, they will
begin to kick and plunge; but if allowed to run
free, they may pull very well together. Let them remain,
therefore, as they are: two branches growing out of
one stem; arrows from the same bow, each aiming to
hit another; strengthening by their union the great
trunk from whence they both sprung.

ONE OF THE JEAMESSES.

Seasons of war, of civil strife, and of public tumult,
often draw forth the best, as well as the worst qualities
of human nature. The names of heroes who have
borne a prominent part in this world’s struggles, who
have shed their life-blood in their country’s cause, or
have dared to raise their voice in behalf of a sovereign
doomed to death by his people, have been handed down
with honour to posterity; and well is it that names
such as these should be immortalised. But in life’s
more hidden paths, how many a noble deed has been
achieved, how many an act of self-sacrifice silently
performed, which will never be known until that
day when every hidden thing shall be made manifest! It
is one of these unknown or long-forgotten heroes whom
we are now about to introduce to our readers, in the
hope that his brief but eventful history may not prove
uninteresting.

Amongst the attendants of the hapless Queen Marie
Antoinette, there was one named Valentin. In her
service he began the career of self-devotion which he
pursued through life. At the Tuileries, on the fatal
21st of June 1791, he fought in defence of his sovereign,
and was carried, wounded, from the palace. Time
passed on, and Valentin, recovered from his wounds,
served another service.

He offered himself to the Marquis de Caraccioli,
formerly Neapolitan ambassador to the French court,
but now a ruined man. The marquis at first declined
his offer; and his broken fortunes would not admit of
his keeping a valet; but Valentin seemed to feel a
singular attraction towards this Neapolitan nobleman,
and well-nigh insisted on attaching
himself to his fortunes. Evil days, however, were
in store for the once wealthy and popular ambassador.
Compelled by poverty to live in one of the most
crowded streets of Paris, he fell ill health, and
during this time of sickness, was unable to procure
the most ordinary comforts and even necessaries of life.

The faithful Valentin, who in his earlier years had
been a turner by profession, caused the marquis to be
removed to an airy apartment belonging to a chair-
maker in the Faubourg St Antoine. Here he not
only paid the rent of the room by working for the
landlord, but also earned enough to maintain his
suffering master.

Day by day, however, the illness of the marquis
assumed a more serious character, and more abundant
nourishment were required by the invalid. Poor Valentin, with mistaken, perchance,
yet generous pride, would not make known the desti-
tute condition of the man to whom he owed
former wealthy friends; but when his own earnings
proved insufficient, he appealed to the government of
the day for help; his application, however, proved fruitless, and Caraccioli died in penury and want.

When Valentin stood by his master’s corpse, he felt
as if he had never till then known how dear Caraccioli
was to his heart. He could not endure the thought
that this noble man, of illustrious name and ancient
lineage, should be committed to a pauper’s grave. He
accordingly hastened to a notary, sold, for the sum of
L 12, a small property which he had purchased with
the savings of his earlier years, discharged the few
debts contracted during the illness of Caraccioli, and
with the remainder of this sum, paid for the unre-
tenning funeral of the once honoured ambassador of
Naples.

About this time, Madame Junot, Duchess of
Abrantes, was setting up her establishment on her
return from Lisbon, whither she had accompanied her
husband on an embassy to Portugal. A good old abbé who had become acquainted with
Valentin, and knew the generous self-devotion he had
manifested towards his late master, mentioned the cir-
cumstances of his past history to Madame d’Abrantes,
and the very next day he was engaged in her service.

The heart of the faithful servant was quickly won
by the sympathising interest with which his new
mistress listened to his recital of the wrongs and mis-
fortunes of the marquis, and his gratitude knew no
bounds when she erected a monument over his master’s
tomb.

In this happy servitude, time passed quickly with
Valentin, until, in the year 1804, he inherited a small
property in his native province. He was then about
fifty-five years of age, and Madame Junot, on learning
his unexpected good-fortune, congratulated him
on being now in a position to retire from service, and
settle in a house of his own, with a modest competence.

‘Do you then, intend to dismiss me from your services, madame?’ exclaimed Valentin in a sorrowful tone.

‘Dismiss you! My poor Valentin, why, what on
earth could put such an idea into your head?’ exclaimed Madame Junot.

‘I thought my lady spoke of my going away.’

‘Only congratulated you on the prospect of being
henceforth your own master,’ rejoined the duchess;

‘but if you are not disposed to enjoy your liberty, that
is no business of mine, and certainly, if you wait for
me to dismiss you, you will remain with me for ever.’

Not long after this conversation, Junot, having
incurred the emperor’s displeasure, was superseded as
governor of Paris, and sent to command at Arras.
This change of position of course involved some alter-
ation in domestic arrangements; and, amongst other
changes, Valentin was dismissed from the service of the duke.

To Valentin, however, was deputed the confidential post
of superintending the establishment which Madame
d’Abrantes still maintained in Paris. He was chosen
for this post as being one in whose integrity the most
absolute trust might be reposed. Madame d’Abrantes
was therefore much surprised, on the eve of her
departure for Arras, to see Valentin enter the apart-
ment with an air of deep agitation. His countenance
was pale as death, and when he attempted to speak,
his voice faltered, and it seemed as though he could
not utter a word. Unable to endure the cure to his
distress, Madame d’Abrantes said, in a soothing tone:

‘I hope, Valentin, you are not vexed at being left
behind here in Paris: you know it cannot be helped; the time and I chose you for this post on account of the unbounded confidence we place in your integrity.'

'Oh no, madame, it is not so,' faltered forth the poor man; 'I know that it is right I should stay; indeed, I should have asked for it, but your grace had not commanded me to do so. It is not that; it is—that people say my lord and lady are in disgrace with the First Consul, just as my poor old master was in disgrace with the Napoléon court—and my lord and lady are going to take the children with them: it will be an expensive journey; and just at this moment the general has had such heavy expenses, this must take him by surprise. In short, madame, forgive me, but I have been to M. Tricard, the notary, and I asked him for my money, without telling him my reason for wanting it; and here it is. If my lord and lady will only be so good as to use it just as though it were their own.'

'Never,' exclaimed Madame Junot in her memoirs—never can I forget this moment: it is graven upon my heart rather than upon my memory, and time can never efface it. Had I needed the money, the recollection that Valentim was my own servant, would not have caused me to hesitate for a moment in accepting his generous offer. I felt that his noble conduct through life had raised him to an equality with myself—to the highest rank in the social scale.'

Junot himself had entered the apartment while this conversation was going on between the faithful Valentim and his mistress. He listened in silence to the generous offer of this noble-hearted man, who was not even aware of his presence. But when Valentim laid upon the table the four bags, containing his 3700 francs—his little earthly all—the kind-hearted general could no longer contain himself, but stepping forward, clasped the worthy valet to his heart, as though he had been his own brother. To Valentim's great sorrow, however, M. and Madame d'Abrantes declined the proffered sum, of which, in fact, they did not in the slightest degree stand in need. He pleaded, however, so deeply pained by their refusal of his offer, that at last Junot exclaimed: 'Well, Valentim, I will take your money, but only on one condition—my man of business shall pay you 10 per cent. for it so long as you live.'

This condition was faithfully fulfilled; but, upon the death of the duke, Valentim, knowing his master's property to be cumbered with debts, insisted upon not receiving more than 5 per cent. interest for his money. Madame d'Abrantes knew him too well to grieve his faithful heart by pressing the matter any further in this her own hour of distress; but, on the return of the money, she also paid him interest, to the amount of Angoulême, who bestowed upon him a pension of £50 a year, in consideration of the service he had rendered to the Queen Marie Antoinette in 1791.

About this time, Valentim's health becoming enfeebled, he retired from the service of Madame d'Abrantes, and settled at Belleville. Here he lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by all who knew him, and having nobly earned, in the course of his eventful life, the honourable title of a 'good and faithful servant.'

A BLESSED PROVIDENCE FOR OUR CONTINENTAL NEIGHBOURS.

A foreign gentleman remarked to the Rev. Dr Guthrie of Edinburgh: 'What a blessed Providence you Anglo-Saxons are a drunkard race!' He explained his meaning to be, that such was the outrivalling energy and industry of the Anglo-Saxon people, in England, America, every where, that but for this happy drawback, no foreigners had a chance in competition with them. The reverend gentleman declared that he felt the remark to be very well. It might be a jest; but there is many a splendid appearance of fear this is of the number. Perhaps no man has had more opportunities of studying the condition of the lower class of people in our large cities than this same Dr Guthrie; and he does say, in all his official notices amongst them in Edinburgh, he has met the vice of drunkenness at every step as a difficulty in the way of every reformation: it destroys more men and women, body and soul, breaks more hearts, ruins more families, than all other vices put together. In his visitations, nothing struck him more than to find more than half of the families in the church-yard. Numberless children, he says, are carried off, wholly in consequence of the drunken habits of their parents.

The teetallers almost seem to prove too much. They are fond of adducing Mr Porter's calculation, that fifty millions are spent annually on drink in the United Kingdom. One is at a loss to understand whence the money comes. Yet some of the separate facts are startling enough. In Musselburgh, a town near Edinburgh, containing 7000 inhabitants, fishermen, net-makers, &c., the number of public-houses and spirit-shops is 57, being one for every 120 people, or we may assume, for every 25 adult men. In Dunfermline, a town of 80,000 people, the spirit-shops and taverns are 364—more moderate, but still large proportion. In Edinburgh, wherever the poorer class of people dwell, places for the sale of liquor abound. In the central street of the Old Town, less than a mile long, there are 97; and in each of twenty-one of these, the amount of whisky dispensed, chiefly among the very poor, in a quarter of a year, was found to be 400 gallons. Wherever a poor street is intersected in the better districts of the city, it is found to be thickly planted with spirit-shops, most of which, in their handsome, goodly style of furnishing, speak strongly of what they do in the way of draining the pockets of the humbler classes. The writer had the curiosity, one day, to count those in a short street near his own residence, and found them nine in number, being a greater number than all the other shops put together. In a section of another street, about 150 yards in length, he found five. We are also informed of a district of the town, containing 500 families, where the number of licensed spirit-shops is 19. What a strange spectacle it forms in a land assumedly civilised, rational, and Christian—so much permitted temptation in the way of the poor, all looking so gay and so goodly, sanctioned by law, beyond even remonstrance from philanthropy, and yet manifestly leading multitudes to destruction, and forming a frightful counterpoise to every influence for good that the spirit of self-denial can bring. It may be foolish to suppose, as some do, that a direct extinction of the evil is practicable; but when we think of what the evil is, what appalling calamities in the forms of poverty, crime, and infectious disease it produces, we rather wonder that the political system of our country can bear its further existence for a day, than that a few enthusiasts have dreamed of its forcible suppression.

Our southern neighbours have strongly proclaimed their disinclination to have any shortening of the hours of public-houses, on Sundays or otherwise. In Scotland, an act imposing certain restrictions of this nature has been submitted to with comparative resignation. In Scotland, however, we must remember, the evil is of a dire kind, in consequence of the more demoralising character of the favourite drink. There was here a greater call upon the middle classes to endure certain inconveniences for the sake of their humbler brethren. It would be well, we are told, if all his fellow lovers of individual liberty can approve of; yet it has in this instance done some good, as far as the diminution of cases of people taken up as drunk and disorderly is concerned. Of that diminution, indeed,
doubts have been expressed, but, we believe, without just foundation. It is the one comforting circumstance in a wide-spread scene of degradation and woe.

**THE WAR-TRAIL:**

**A ROMANCE.**

**CHAPTER LXXII.—TRANSLATING THE ‘SIGN.’**

This discovery brought us to a halt. A consultation ensued, in which all took part; but as usual, the others listened to the opinions of the prairie-men, and especially to that of Rube.

The old trapper was inclined to sulk for some time, and acted as if he meant to withhold his advice. Nothing ‘sufficed’ him more than to have his word contradicted or his skill called in question. I have known him to be ‘out of sorts’ for days, from having his woolcraft doubted by some one whom he deemed less skilled than himself; and, indeed, there were few of his kind whose knowledge of the wilderness was at all comparable with his. He was not always in the right, but generally where his instincts failed, it was idle to try further. In the present case, the man who had thoughtlessly doubted him was one of the ‘greenest’ of the party, but this only aggravated the matter in the eyes of Old Rube.

“Sich a fellur as you,” he said, giving a last dig to the offending ranger—‘sich a fellur as you ought not to be within ten creeks of the party, but this only aggravated the matter in the eyes of Old Rube.

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As the man made no reply to this rather rough remonstrance, Rube, as usual, dropped down and once more getting cool, he turned his attention to the business of the hour.

That there had been Indians upon the ground was now an ascertained fact; the peculiar shoeing of the horses rendered it indubitable. Mexican horses, if shod at all, would have had a shoeing of iron—at least on their fore-feet. Wild mustangs would have had the hoof naked; while the tracks of Texan or American horses could have been easily told, either from the peculiar shoeing or the superior size of their hoofs. The horses that had galloped over that ground were neither wild, Texan, nor Mexican: Indian they must have been.

Although the one track first examined might have suggested the point, it was a fact of too much importance to be left under the slightest doubt. The presence of Indians meant the presence of enemies—foes dire and deadly; and it was with something more than feelings of more curiosity that my companions scrutinised the sign.

The ashes were blown out from several others, and these carefully studied. Additional facts were brought to light by those Champollions of the prairie—Rube and Garey. Whoever rode the horses, had been going in a gallop. They had not ridden long in one course; but here and there had turned and struck off in new directions. There had been a score or so of them. No two had been galloping together; their tracks converged or crossed one another—now zigzagging, now running in right lines, or sweeping in curves and circles over the plain.

All this knowledge the trackers had obtained in less than ten minutes, simply by riding round the place. Not to disturb them in their diagnosis, the rest of us had halted upon the spot when the new tracks had been first observed, and there awaited the result of their scrutiny.

In ten minutes’ time both came back to us: they had read the sign to their satisfaction, and needed no further light.

That sign had disclosed to them one fact of more significance than all the rest. Of course, we all knew that the Indian horsemen had gone over the ground before the grass had been burnt; but how long before? We had no difficulty in making out that it was upon that same day, and since the rising of the sun—these were trifles easily ascertained; but at what hour had they passed? Late, or early? With the steed, before, or after him?

About this point I was most anxious, but I had not the slightest idea that it could be decided by the ‘sign.’ To my astonishment, those cunning hunters returned to tell me, not only the very hour at which the steed had passed the spot, but also that the Indian horsemen had been riding *after* him! Clairvoyance could scarcely have gone farther.

The old trapper had grown expulsive, more than was his wont. It was no longer a matter of tracking the white steed. Indians were near. Caution had become necessary, and neither the company nor counsel of the humblest was to be scorned. We might soon stand in need of the strength, even of the weakest in our party.

Freely, then, the trackers communicated their discoveries, in answer to my interrogation.

‘The white hooss,’ said Rube, ‘must a been hyur ‘bout four hour ago, kakerlakin the rate at which he war a gwine, an kakerlakin how fur he hed ter kun. He hain’t a stopped nowwhur; an ‘coptin i’ the thicket, he hiz gallip the rest o’ the way—that’s cull. Wal, we knows the distance, tharfor we knows the time—that’s cull too; an four hour’s ‘bout the mark, I reck’n—reepahs a little less, an aler preacher a little more. Now, farremore to the point. Them nigguns hez been eether closst arter ‘im, in view o’ the critter, or follerin ‘im on the trail—the one or the t’other—an which ‘tain possable to tell w’i this hyur sign no-how-cum-somever. But thet they *now arter ‘im,* me an Bill’s made out cull as mud—that we earthily hez.’

‘How have you ascertained that they were after?’

‘The tracks, young fellur—the tracks.’

‘But how by them?’

‘Easy as eatin hump-rib: them as war made by the white hooss ur un’most.’

The conclusion was clear indeed. The Indians must have been after him.

We stayed no longer upon the spot, but once more sending the trackers forward, moved on after them.

We had advanced about half a mile farther, when the horse-tracks, hithereto scattered, and tending in different directions, became merged together, as though the Indians had been riding, not in single file—as is their ordinary method—but in an irregular body of several abreast.

The trackers, after proceeding along this new trail for a hundred yards or so, deliberately drew up; and dismounting, bent down upon their hands and knees, as if once more to examine the sign. The rest of us halted a little behind, and watched their proceedings without offering to question them.

Both were observed to be busy blowing aside the ashes, not from any particular track, but from the full breadth of the trail.

In a few minutes, they succeeded in removing the black dust from a stretch of several yards—so that the numerous hoof-prints could be distinctly traced, side by side, and overlapping and half obliterating one another.

Rube now returned to where they had commenced; and then once more leisurely advancing upon his knees, with eyes close to the surface, appeared to scrutinise the print of every hoof separately.

Before he had reached the spot where Garey was still engaged in clearing off the dust, he rose to his feet with an air that told he was satisfied, and turning to his companion, cried out:

‘Don’t bother furter, Bill: it ur jest as I thort; they’ve roped ‘im, by G—!’
CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE STEEP LAZEG.

It was not the emphatic tone in which this announcement was made that produced within me conviction of its truth; I should have been convinced without that. I was better half prepared for the intelligence thus rudely conveyed; for I was myself not altogether unskilled in that art of which my trapper-companions were masters.

I had observed the sudden convergence of the horse-tracks; I had noticed also, that, after coming together, the animals had proceeded at a slow pace—at a walk. I needed only to perceive the hoof of the steed among the others, to know that he no longer ran free—that he was a captive.

This the tracker had found; hence the decisive declaration that the Indians had 'rope'd' him—in other words, had caught him with their lazos.

'Sartint they've tuk' him,' asserted Rube, in answer to an interrogatory: 'sartint sure; hyur's his track clur as daylight. He's been led hyur at the end o' a laryear; he's been nigh the middle o' the crowd—some in front—some hev been arter 'im—that's how they've gone past hyur. Wagh!' continued the speaker, once more turning his eyes upon the trail. 'Thur's been a good gress on'em-twenty or more; an' ef this child don't miskalkelet, thet ain't the hul o' the niggurs; it ain't! 'Thur only one o' em as galillip out to rope the hoss. I'd lay my rife agin a Mexican blunderbox, thar's a bigger party than this nigh at hand somewhere hyur. By Geeboesophat, thar's boun to be, sartint as sumpr!' The suspicion that had half formed itself in my mind was no longer hypothetical; the sign upon the trail had settled that: it was now a positive intelligence—a conviction. The steed had been taken; he and his rider were captive in the hands of the Indians.

This knowledge brought with it a crowd of new thoughts, in which emotions of the most opposite character were mingled together.

The first was a sensation of joy. The steed had been captured, and by human beings. Indians at least were men, and possessed human hearts. Though in the rider they might recognise the lineaments of their pale-faced foes—not so strongly neither—yet a woman, and in such a dilemma; what reason could they have for hostility to her? None; perhaps the very opposite passion might be excited by the spectacle of her helpless situation. They would see before them the victim of some cruel revenge—the act, too, of their own enemies; this would be more likely to inspire them with sympathy and pity; they would relieve her from her perils position; would minister to her wants and wounds; would tenderly nurse and cherish her: yes; of all this I felt assured. They were human, how could they otherwise? Such was the first rush of my reflections on becoming assured that the steed had been captured by Indians—that Isolina was in their hands. I only thought of her safety—that she was rescued from pain and peril, perhaps from death; and the thought was a gleam of joy.

Alas! only a gleam; and the reflections that followed were painfully bitter. It could not help thinking of the character of the savages into whose hands she had fallen. If they were the same band that had harried the frontier town, then they were southern Indians—Comanche or Lipan. The report said one or other; and it was but too probable. True, the remnant of Shawanos and Delawarre, with the Kickapoo and Texan Cherokees, sometimes stray as far as the banks of the Rio Grande; but the conduct was not theirs; not that they might be called—who neither know, nor ever have known, other nations; nor their hereditary hostility for the pale-face has died out. Pillage and murder are no longer their trade; it could not have been they who had made the late foray. It might have been 'Wild Cat' with his wicked Seminoles, now settled on the Texan frontier; but the act was more in keeping with the character of the muscat-eating Apaches, of late years had been pushing their expeditions far down the river. Even so—it mattered little; Apaches are but Comanches, or rather Comanches, Apaches and whether the Indians on whose trail we were seeking were one or the other—whether Apache, Lipan, Comanche, or their allies Cayggin, Waco, or Pawnee, Pitt, it mattered not; one and all were alike; one or other of them, my reflections were bitterly the same. Well understood I the character of these red men of the south; so far differing from their kindred of the north—so far different from that ideal type of old continent it has pleased the poet to the water of romance to ascribe to them. The reverse of the mail was before my mind's eye; the memory of many a scene was in my thoughts, of many a tale I had heard, illustrating the luxuriant disposition, the wild unbridled wantonness of those lords of the eastern plains.

Not then did I dwell long on such thoughts; for they had their influence in urging me onward.

But there was another and a more arid subject of thought—what was to become of all of us under the extreme agony of thirst—literally gasping for water; and thus physical suffering impelled us to ride forward as fast as our jaded horses could carry us apace.

Timber was at length before our eyes, green flakes looking all the fresher and brighter from contrast with the black plain which it bounded. It was a grove of cotton-woods, skirting a prairie-stream; and beyond this the fire had not extended.

Wild joyous cries escaped from men and horses as their eyes rested upon the limpid stream. The sun leaped out of their saddles, and without a thought of drowning, rushed breast-deep into the water. Some lifted the crystal liquid in their palms; others more impatient, bent down, and plunging their faces in the flood, drank à la mode du cheval.

I noticed that the trappers behaved less recklessly than the rest; before going down to drink, the eyes of both were directed, with instinctive caution, along the banks, and into the timber.

Close to where we had halted, I observed a crossing, where numerous tracks of animals formed in the soil a deep, well-beaten path. Rube was upon it, and I saw that they were glinting with unusual excitement.

'Told 'ee so!' cried he, after a short survey; 'yander's thurr trail—sure-trail, by the Elzarnal!'
than that of their own chieftains. Even when Spain was at her strongest, she could never have 'Indios bravos' of her frontiers, who to the present hour have preserved their wild freedom. I speak not of the great nations of the northern plains—Sioux and Cheyenne, Crow, and Crows and Blackfeet, and Comanches. With these the Spanish race scarcely came in contact. I refer more particularly to the tribes whose range impinges upon the frontiers of Mexico—Comanches, Lipans, Utah, Apache, and Navajo.

It is not in the annals of Spain to prove that any one of these tribes ever yielded to her conquering sword; and equally a failure has been the attempt to wrestle them into a fanatical civilisation by the much-hated conquest of the mission. Free then, the praebis Indians are from white man's rule, and free have they been, as if the keels of Columbus had never ploughed the Western Sea.

But although they have preserved their independence for many centuries, for three centuries have they never known peace. Between the red Indian and the white Iberian, along the frontiers of Northern Mexico, a war-border has existed since the days of Cortez to the present hour—constantly shifting north or south, but ever extended from east to west, from ocean to ocean, the shin high dikes of a long-forgotten act, or rather of habit. North of this border ranges the 'Indio brave;' south of it dwells his degenerate and conquered kinsman, the 'Indio masno,' not in the tents, but in the towns of his Spanish conquerors, with the former, free; the prairie wind—the latter, yoked to a condition of 'peon' vassalage, with chains as strong as those of slavery itself. The neutral belt of hostile ground lies between—on the one side guarded by a line of Garrisoned forts (presidios) on the other, sheltered from attack by the wild and waterless desert.

I have stated that this war-border has been constantly shifting either northward or southward. Such was its history up to the beginning of the present cycle. Since then, a remarkable change has been going forward in the relative position of Indian and Iberian; and the line of hostile ground has been moving only in one direction—continually towards the south! To speak in less poetical phrase, the red man has been encroaching upon the territory of the white man—the so-called savage has been gaining ground upon the domain of civilisation. Not slowly or gradually either, but by gigantic strides—by the conquest of whole provinces as large as England ten times told! I have stated that the anacotactic hypothesis—scarcey well known, though strange enough. It may interest, if not surprise, the ethnologist. I assert then, that had the four tribes of North Mexican Indians—Comanches, Lipans, Apache, and Navajo—been left to themselves, in less than another century they would have driven the degenerate descendants of the conquistadores from the soil of Anahuac. I make this assertion with a full belief and clear conviction of its truthfulness. The hypothesis rests upon a basis of realities. It would require but very simple logic to prove it; but a few facts may aid illustration.

With the fall of Spanish rule in Mexico, ended the predominance of the Spaniard over the Indian. By revolution, the presidios became the shorn of their strength, and no longer offered a barrier even to the weakest incursion. In fact, a neutral line no more exists; whole provinces—Sonora, Chihuahua, Tamaulipas, Coahuila, and Leon—are but the least neutral ground, or, to speak more definitely, form an extended territory conquered and desolated by the Indians. Even beyond these, into the 'principias internas,' have the bands of chieftains of late carried off their forays—even to the very gates of Durango. Two hundred Comanche warriors, or as many Apaches, fear not to ride hundreds of miles into the heart of civilised Mexico—hesitate not to attack a city or a settlement—unabashed not to drag from hearth and home lovely maidens and tender children—only these—and carry them away captive to their wild fastnesses in the desert! And this is no occasional fray, no long gathering outburst of revenge or retaliation; but an annual expedition, forming part of the regular routine of the year, and occurring at the season when the buffalo have migrated to the north—occurring in that month in the calendar of these aboriginal brigands jocosely styled the 'Mexican moon!' Upon whose head falls the blow thus periodically repeated? Upon the poor and unprotected? No doubt you will fancy so.

A single fact may serve to undeceive you. Only a few years ago, Trías, a man of 'first family' in Mexico, and governor of the state of Chihuahua, lost one of his sons by an Indian foray. The boy was taken prisoner by the Comanches; and it was only after years of negotiation and payment of a large sum, that the father recovered his child. Thus the governor of a province, with means and military at his command, was not powerful enough to cause the surrender of his captive son: he was forced to buy him!

It is computed that at this moment there are 3000 white men who find their own position as white captives in the hands of the Indians; while the number of the North Mexican Indians—nearly all of them of Spanish descent. They are mostly females, and live as the slave-wives of their captors—If such connection may be dignified by the name. There are white men, too, among the Indians—prisoners taken in their youth; and strange as it may appear, few of them—either of the men or women—evidence any desire to return to their former life or homes. Some, when released, have refused the boon. Not uncommon along the frontier has been witnessed that heart-rending scene—a father who had recovered his child from the savages, and yet unable to reclaim its affection, or even to arouse it to a recognition of its parentage. In a few years—sometimes only months—the captives forget their early ties, and become wedded to their new life—become 'Indianized.'

But a short time before, an instance had come under our own observation. The wounded brave taken in the skirmish at the mound was a full-blooded Mexican—had been carried off by the Comanches, some years before, from the settlement on the Lower Rio Grande. In consideration of this, we gave him his liberty, under the impression that he would gladly avail himself of the opportunity to return to his kindred.

He proved wanting in gratitude as in natural affection. The same night on which he was set free, he took the route back to the prairies, mounted upon one of the best horses of our troop, which he had stolen from its unfortunate owner!

Such are the 'Cosas de Mexico'—a few of the traits of frontier-life on the Rio Bravo del Norte.

But what of the war-trail? That is not yet explained.

Know, then, that from the country of the Indians to that of the Mexicans extend many great paths, running for hundreds of miles from point to point. They follow the courses of streams, or cross vast desert plains, where water is found only at long intervals of distance. They are marked by the tracks of mules, horses, and captives. Here and there, they are whitened by bones—the bones of men, of women, of animals, that have perished by the way. Strange paths are these! What are they, and who has made them?

Who travel by these roads that lead through the wild and homeless desert?

Indians: they are the paths of the Comanche and Cayugas—the roads made by their warriors during the 'Mexican moon.'

It was upon one of these that the trapper was gazing when he gave out the emphatic utterance:

'War-trail, by the Eternal!'
CHAPTER LXXVI
ON THE WAR-TRAIL.

Scarcely staying to quench my thirst, I led my horse across the stream, and commenced scrutinising the trail upon the opposite bank. The faithful trackers were by my side—the Indians were singing behind. I had won the hearts of both these men; and that they would have risked life to serve me, I could no longer doubt, since over and over again they had risked it. For Garey, strong, courageous, handsome in the true sense, and noble-hearted, I felt real friendship, which the young tracker reciprocated. For his older comrade, the feeling I had was like himself—inexpressible, indescribable. It was strongly tinted with admiration, but admiration of the intellectual rather than the moral or personal qualities of the man.

Instead of intellectual, I should rather say instinctive, for his keen intuitive thoughts appeared more like instincts than the results of a process of rationalisation.

That the old tracker admired me—in his own phraseology, 'liked me mightily'—I was aware. He was equally zealous as the younger in my service; but too free an exhibition of zeal was in his eyes a weakness, and he endeavoured to conceal it. His admiration of myself was perhaps owing to the fact that I never attempted to thwart him in his humours nor rival him in his peculiar knowledge—the craft of the prairie. In this I was but his pupil, and beheld as such, generally deferring to his judgment.

Another impulse acted upon the trackers—sheer love of the part they were now playing. Just as the hound loves the trail, so did they; and hunger, thirst, weariness, one or all must be felt to an extreme degree before they would voluntarily forsake it.

Scarcely staying, therefore, to quench their thirst, they followed me out of the water; and all three of us together bent our attention to the sign.

It was a war-trail—a true war-trail. There was not the track of a dog—not the drag of a lodgepole upon it. Had it been a moving encampment of peaceable Indians, those signs would have been visible; moreover, there would have been seen numerous footsteps of Indian women—of squaws; for the slave-wife of the lordly Comanche is compelled to trudge the prairies a field, laden like the packhorse that follows at her heels!

But though no foot-prints of Indian women appeared, there were tracks of women, scores of them, plainly imprinted in the soil of the river-bank. Those slender impressions, scarcely a span in length, smoothly moulded in the mud, were not to be mistaken for the footsteps of an Indian's horse. There was not the mere divergency at the heels—the toes turned inward; neither was there the moccasin-print. No; those tiny tracks must have been made by women of that nation who possess the smallest and prettiest feet in the world—by women of Mexico.

'Captives!' we exclaimed, as soon as our eyes rested upon the tracks.

'Ay, poor critters!' said Rube sympathisingly; 'the cursed niggers hav' made 'em fut it, while thurr's been spare horses a plenty. Wagh! a good wheet o' weemen thurr's been—a score on 'em at the least. Wagh! I pity 'em, poor gurls! in such kumpya as they've got into. It ur a life they've got to lead. Wagh!' Rube did not reflect how heavily his words were falling upon our hearts.

There were the tracks of more than a hundred horses, and as many mules. Some of both were ironed; but for all that, we knew they had been either ridden or driven by Indians; for we saw the tiny foot-marks of tender age. The trail was significant of all this—even to me.

But my comrades saw more; they no longer doubted that the Indians were moccasins—a moccasin had been picked up, a castaway—and the leather tassel attached to the heel declared the tribe to which its wearer belonged to be the Comanche.

The trail was quite fresh; that is, but a few hours had intervened since the Indians passed along it. Notwithstanding the dryness of the atmosphere, the mud on the river-edge had not yet become 'skinned,' as the trackers expressed it. The Indians had forced the stream about the time the prairie was set on fire.

The horses we had been following across the burnt plain were those of a party who had gone out in pursuit of the steed. Just at the ford, they had overtaken the main body, who carried along the spoil and captives.

From that point, all had advanced together.

Had they done so? This was our first object of inquiry. It was almost too probable to admit of a doubt; but we desired to be certain about a matter of such primary importance, and we looked for the hoof prints of the steed with the piece chipped from its edge—easily to be identified by all of us. In the muddy margin of the stream we could not find it; but the steed may have been led or ridden in front of the rest, and its tracks trampled out by the thick crowd that followed.

At this moment, Stanfield came up and joined us in the examination. The ranger had scarcely bent his eyes on the trail, when a significant exclamation escaped him. He stood pointing downward to the track of a shod horse.

'My horse!' cried he; 'my horse Hickory, by Gosh!' 'Your horse?' 'May I never see Kaintuck if it ain't.' 'Yur sure o' it, ole hoss? yur sure it's yurn?' 'Sure as shootin'; I shod him myself. I kid tell that ere track on a dry sand-bar. I know evry nail that; I druv 'em wi my own hand—it's him sartin.' 'Whee-o-o-o!' whistled Rube in his significant way, 'that makes things a leetle plainier, I reckin; an so I thort all along—an so I thort—ye-es—an so I thort. The durned reennygad nigger!' he added with angry emphasis, 'I know'd we dud wrong to let em go; we oughter sivered im as I perposed; we oughter cut his durnation throat, an scalped im the minut we tuk im: curse the luck thet we didn't! Wagh!' Rube's words needed no interpretation. We knew whose throat he would have cut; the child of the Indianised Mexican taken at the mess; and I remembered that at the time of his capture such had been Rube's advice, overruled, of course, by the more merciful of his comrades. The trapper had assigned some reason: he knew something of the man's history.

He now repeated his reasons:

'He ur a true reennygad,' said he; 'an thur ain't on all the pariras a wusser enemy to whites than that ur—more particularly to Texan whites. He wurr at the massacre o' Wilson's family on the clur fork o' the Brazos, an wur consquisk'd in the skirmishin': a' more too—it ur thort he wrought off one o' Wilson's gurls, an made a squaw o' her, for he's mighty given thet way I've heerrn. Wagh! he ur wuss thun an Injun, for the rezum thet he unetrans the ways o' the whites. I never knew'd sich a foolish thing as he let im git clur. 'Ee may thank yer luck, Mister Stannafelt, thet he didn't take yer har at the same time when he wur atakin' o' yer hoss. Wagh! thet ye may! they, too, were captives.'

It was Stanfield's horse that had been stolen by the renegade, and the tracks now identified by the
The dredge is a bag of very thick netting, so close in its meshes, that scarcely the smallest shell can go through them. This is strongly fastened to an oblong frame of iron about thirty inches long by fifteen or eighteen wide, more or less, the edges of which are sharpened so as to scratch the rocks, &c., at the bottom as it is dragged along. The dredge pole is attached to cords in the same manner as the trawl, and is thrown over and managed much in the same way; but, being a lighter instrument, only one man is required to work it. Sometimes the dredge brings up nothing but sand and mud; at others, plenty of animals of sorts; and now and then matters that have been dropped from some ship or boat are thus fished up—as, for instance, my friend told me he had the night before dredged up several fathoms of good new rope, exactly what he had been going to buy for use, and which was at the moment he spoke doing duty on the dredge.

An excellent concomitant to the dredge is a square box, with a bottom of fine fly-wire, into which another, with coarser wire-net for its bottom, fits. When your dredge comes up laden with sand and mud, or the contents are otherwise dirty, put them by instalments into this box, and make one of your sailors hold it overboard in the water until all the sand and mud is washed away. You will then find the larger articles clean and clear in the uppermost shell, whilst the nitty-shells and other things will have sifted through, and be equally clean and nice in the lower box. This is a capital contrivance, and greatly facilitates the work. These implements, together with plenty of wide-mouthed pickle-bottles, glass jars, tin cans, &c., for receiving and separating the contents of the trawl or dredge as you receive them, are all that are requisite for the double purpose of trawling and dredging.

My impatience had made me reach the rendezvous on the quay long before the rest of the party; but I was not weary of waiting, for the scene was more than pleasant. The sea was all sparkle and beauty, the sky of unbroken azure; the finely wooded grounds of Tor Abbey lay on my left. Opposite to me was the pretty Strand, as the row of shops facing the sea at Torquay is called, with all its bustle of carriages, and pretty stands of red, and blue, and yellow donkey-chairs and flies, far enough off not to disturb me with its bustle, but near enough to amuse me by its liveliness; and between me and it was the basin, now full of water, and covered with vessels of different kinds. Just below, at the foot of the steps, lay the beautiful little yacht, the RBBLE, preparing to sail, with her smart crew all alive, and all her elegant equipments contrasting strongly with the heavy coal-schooner which was just easing herself off from her moorings, also preparing to sail the moment the way was clear.

It took but few minutes for the white sails of the RBBLE to fill, and bear her out with a spring into the bay towards Paignton. Then a sharp tack, and she dashed past us, cutting her way back with a velocity that was almost inconceivable across the bay towards the Naze, and was gone.

Meanwhile, the heavy collier had spread her dark gray patched sails and began to clear out. She moved off heavily, but sailing steadily with a grave dignity and grace quite unlike the active movements of the little yacht, yet very beautiful. She also took the course towards Paignton, then tacked, crossed our course, and again recrossed us—for by this time our party had assembled, and the little Mystery was on her way to the dredging-ground—and then disappeared behind Berry Head.

And now over went the trawl; and after arranging all our pots and pans, and dipping up a supply of fresh sea-water, so that everything might be ready just as the net coming up, we beguiled the time by watching the shifting lights on the shore, the birds on the water, or...
in the air above it, and the fleecy white clouds which just decked the blue of the sky, and were mirrored in those waves—until not one lay perpendicularly driven to haul up.

‘Look out for Nudibranchs,’ said my companion, a scientific friend, who had kindly taken the guidance of our work; ‘you will often find them sticking to the meshes of the net.’ So it happened that Nudibranchs—the naked-gilled mollusks which have their breathing-apparatus outside in the likeness of plumes of feathers—happened to be at present the objects of special interest to me, so that this announcement set me more on the alert than the cry of ‘Whales ahead!’ would a whaler: and not in vain. We picked off more than a dozen specimens of that beautiful little animal, Polycera quadrilineata, which, as they were handed to me, looked like little lumps of yellow jelly as big as a pea; but as I dropped them at once into a glass jar of clear water, their true form and colouring were displayed. This Polycera—I beg pardon for hard words, but it has no common name—is a little slug-like animal; that is, its foot is formed like that of slugs, and on it it creeps; but this foot is pure white, narrow, and long, tapering to a point behind. The body, of which the foot forms the lower part, rises in the middle, and sends out from an aperture in the back seven or nine pinnate, tapering plumes, richly dight with gold and crimson. On each of these, or branch of feathers, to which are, in fact, the gills or branchial tubes of the animal—is a single stout-pointed lobe, of white, tipped with chrome-yellow. The back is spotted and striped with a variety of rich tints, sometimes vermilion with black also. It has a pair of laminated tentacles, of bright yellow, rising from the top of the head, and bending backwards; and the frontal veil is extended into four elongated, pointed filaments of the same golden hue, which are ever in motion, and seem as if they acted as feelers. These pretty creatures swim on the surface of the water, foot upwards, or creep gracefully on the coral weeds in your tank, looking most elegant. But I am forestalling. As the trawl rose to view below the water, and before we could get it up, we were amused by the splash and dash of dozens of small flat fish, dab and flounders, and amongst them that ugly fellow John Dory—of whom tradition hints that he was once the aforesaid of Ana Chery, whose delicate flesh—also more flaked is, as the body—used to tempt the old fish-epicure Quinn to visit the coast every year for the purpose of eating John in his perfection. These were the prey of the boys of our party, and were very busily gathering them up. The sea was pretty rough, and plenty of the violet cross-fish (Uraster violacea) and of the common cross-fish (U. rubens), and of other things more than there is time to record; and then over went the trawl again, and we tacked, and sailed back across the bay towards our dredging-ground off Ansetey's Cove, dragging the trawl after us.

Whether it was the extreme speed with which we ran along, that kept the apparatus from reaching the bottom, I do not know; but it is probable it was so. Whatever might be the cause, the result was certain, for when we again hauled, we found not a thing worth having in our trawl. But we were now amongst the beautiful island-rocks which adorn the entrance of Torbay, and between them and the shore beyond Hope's Nose, lay our ground. This we prepared to search by fastening the trawl alongside, and throwing out the dredge.

‘Does it jump?’ asked the director of the sports of the man who held the rope. Now, jumping is the sign of lepworth. On every good rocky coast, as we were glad to hear the answer: ‘Capital, sir—goes along capital—can’t be better;’ and in five minutes or so, up came the bag with heaps of goods in it—goods enough to engage our attention for hours, if we had been free to give it. There were long tubes, six or eight inches in length, and about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, some straight as an arrow, others curled and twisted—the homes of that beautiful crustated worm the Serpula vermicularia. In some of them the serpula, or only its tube, was left a little while quietly in a glass of clean water, to expand their scarlet funnel-shaped tubes of branchie round the mouth of their cells.* Others were empty—the forlorn homes of the dead. There were some coiled on stones, and only partially rising free; and there was another species of a smaller kind, with pure white tubular cases, multitudes of them twisted, and wreathed, and knotted together like Gordian-knots of small cords, in strange contortions, heads and tails all mixed together. These are very properly named Serpula corticata. A number of very little semi-transparent prawns and shrimps of different kinds were in this haul, some tinged with red, some with green, and all with delicate fan-shaped tails expanded, and beautiful shining eyes on stalks. The stones and shells to which these serpula adhered were richly clothed with forests of elegant coral-weeds, which I cannot better describe than by quoting Kingsley's account of the garb of My Squinado, Esq. It is a spider-crab, of which he says:

* His whole back is covered with a little gray forest of branching hairs as fine as the spider's web, each branchlet carrying its little pearly tinged club, each club its rose-crowned lobe, each lobe its white point, as do the leaves of the tree in comparison—the unexpanded buds of the acacia. On that leg grows, amidst another cope of the gray polypes, a delicate straw-coloured sertularia branch on branch of tiny double-clubbed monad, each tooth of the comb being a tube containing a living flower; on another leg another sertularia, coarser, but still beautiful; and round it again has trained itself, plant upon plant of glass leaves, bearing crystal bells, each of which, too, protrudes its living flower; on another leg a fresh species, like a little heather-bell of whitest ivory, and every needle-leaf a polype-cell. Let us stop before the imagination grows dizzy with the contemplation of those myriad's of beautiful  atomies. And what is their use? Each living flower, each polype mouth is feeding fast, sweeping into itself, by the perpetual currents caused by the delicate fringes upon its rays—so minute these last, that their motion only betray their presence—each tiniest atom of decaying matter in the surrounding water, to the minute grains of the most refined of vegetable alchemy, into fresh cells and buds, and either build up a fresh branch in their thousand-tentanted tree, or form an egg-cell, from whence, when ripe, may issue, not a fixed zoophytic animal. Such fairy gardens as above described covered almost everything we drew from the waves. There were crabs decked with plumes of sertularia, shells living and dead costed with shrimps of pure white and laconedes of various kinds, all with each cell full of life, which as I dropped the shells one by one into pure clear water, and set the vessel where the sunbeams played on it, sent out their crystal stars of different forms in myriads—a glittering galaxy. Between these shrubs, the ground was incrusted with little mounds, and smooth-spread lawns, of a sort of cellular crust, from which issued elegant little bell-shaped flowers, some red, some white, some yellow, but always the same hue as the crust, composed of twenty or more shining filaments, each separate, but all rising together equal in length, and curving exactly to the same line of grace, so that the whole when expanded formed vase-shaped flowers, which stood as thick as blades of grass on the ground. There were different sorts of lepworth, great green and great white. The stony costing were grouped round a stem of sea-weed in lumps as thick as the finger, and the living bells stood out on all sides like the florets on a spike of Veronica.
But whilst I had been busy with my fairy shrubbery, the dredge had been at work amidst the rocks beneath me, and now few days, their lives; but these were, amongst the most beautiful and interesting of my possessions.

But whilst I had been busy with my fairy shrubbery, the dredge had been at work amidst the rocks beneath me, and now few days, their lives; but these were, amongst the most beautiful and interesting of my possessions.

The next haul of our dredge brought us more brittle stars, sand-stars, &c., and also more forests of sertularia, plumularia, isanodes, &c., and to me a great treasure, a tube-like branch an inch and a half long, and of extreme beauty. It was of a pale dove-colour throughout, each side of the back being furnished with five feathery plumes, partially retracted; and as it moved about on its slug-like foot, or floated on the surface of the water by means of hollowing in this foot, so as to make it act as a boat, these plumes were ever in motion, waving about three times in succession. I begged that he might be transferred to my jar, and two or three more were soon added to the party, all of whom danced about in my

vases at home with such a clatter, as to quite startle me. Their activity, however, soon ceased, and, after a few days, their lives; but these were, amongst the most beautiful and interesting of my possessions.

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Few people who have not kept and watched living specimens, have any idea of the beauty of the animals of the great scallop-shells that are sold in the markets for food. Between that pair of shells lies a creature, which, for delicacy of shape, and beauty of colouring, cannot be excelled in nature or art. As the lips open, you first see that there is a white pellicle fringe of tentacles round the inner edge of each, which wave about in the water. Some are long, some short, but the longest is about the length of half of the diameter of the shell. The valves open a little wider, and you see that a row of brilliant diamond spots alternate with each of the larger tentacles on each edge of the shell. They are formed of a ring of diamond light, with a centre of gem-like hue, which in some aspects is green, and in others blue, but always of metallic lustre. These rows of eyes look like a double row of jewels; they are supposed to be eyes, but whether they really act as such, is doubtful. But the valves open more and more; filling up the space between the shells, and putting one much in mind of the pin cushions which we have so often seen made with scallop-shells for covers, you see a soft, fleshy, and flesh-coloured veil, richly marked, and pencilled with chestnut-brown, its edge fringed with the delicate rows of white tentacles which I have described, and which, although they at first seem to spring from the edge of the shell, are in reality appendages of this organ, which is called the mantle. Leave the pretty creature quite in peace, and do not touch the jar as to startle it, and you will presently see it gape more and more, the mantle open, and a lovely sight display itself. Within the shelter of the mantle are spread two filmy snow-white sheets, beautifully crinkled like the most delicate muslin paper, gathered in a mould fine enough for ornamenting the garb of a fairy; and snug between these dainty sheets rests the body of the little creature, for whose comfort, safety, and adornment the Creator has supplied such a wonderful and exquisite amount of workmanship. This little body forms the beauty of the painted scallop (Pecten opercularis) most perfectly, for it is a smooth oblong lobe, like a bean, and of the most intense orange colour, which contrasts with the very pure white of the veil in a beautiful manner. The leaping, or, as I have termed it, dancing of this creature, is accomplished thus: as it lies on the ground with its valves open, it thrusts out a delicate white fleshy foot, and pressing this on the substrate beneath it, opens the valves of the shell, and springs upwards. Gosee conceives this action to be performed by the animal's drawing in water, and forcibly expelling it again; by means of which contrivance it forms a pressure against the side of the water, and springs in the opposite direction—an idea that affords a satisfactory solution to the question which has often been discussed, of how the leaping shell-fish effect their movement.
with large soft tubercles, its veil—as a prolongation of the body in front is termed—formed two large scallop-shaped lobes fringed at the edge, it had two massive tentacles like horns on the head, which rose from a sort of cup, and divided into bunches of branched filaments very lovely to behold. It kept me alive several days, and then by my companion's suggestion of one more cast met with glad acceptance, and over went the dredge, and came back to us with a fine heap of sea-hares (Aplysia punctata), as for other matters, but nothing of much interest. I found some strange little white sea-leeches sticking to the side of my glass of one end, the other being either stretched out straight into the water like a looper caterpillar, or else attached by its round sucker-aperture to a neighbouring part of the glass, so as to form a loop. Where we took these, I know not, as they, like the little Doto, crept out from the can as we went onwards; but I found one of them a day or two after acting the doctor, and phlebotomising a poor little saxicava rugosa, on whose body he had fixed, and on whose blood, or representative of that fluid, he was feasting—the consequence of which was, that my poor little stone-borer died next day.

It was now getting dusk, and we therefore sailed back to harbour and made our way homewards, richly laden with booty, and well pleased with our day's excursion.

At Eventide.

What spirit is't that does pervade
The silence of this empty room?
And as I lift my eyes, what shade
Gilds off, and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe, this moment past,
A known form filled that vacant chair,
That, here, kind looks were on me cast
I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away!
But thou—thou seemest strangely near:
Know'st all my silent heart would say,
Its peace, its pains, its hope, its fear.

And from thy calm eternal height,
And wondrous wisdom newly won,
Smallest on all our poor delight
And petty we beneath the sun.

From all this coil thou hast slipped away—
As softly as the cloud departs
Along the hillside purple-gray—
Into the heaven of patient hearts:
Nothing here suffered, nothing missed
Will ever stir from its repose
The death-smile on her lips unึก
Who all things loves and all things knows.

And I who, ignorant and weak,
Helpless in love and quick in pain,
De evere more still restless, seek
The unattainable in vain—
Find it strange comfort thus to sit
While the loud world unheeded rolls,
And clasp, ere yet the fancy flit,
A friend's hand from the Land of Souls.

* See Chamber's Journal, No. 60, p. 102.
THE ART PALACE AT MANCHESTER.

The great, smoky, busy city of Manchester has at length done a thing which, for a time, must make it the most observed place in England. Its Art Treasures Exhibition is a spectacle such as the world has never before seen—never, indeed, has been in circumstances to produce till now. Imagine that, leaving the murky town behind, you go out westward into a country of wide-spreading green meadows, interspersed slightly with villages and groups of pleasant suburban residences: there, beside a railway, rises a large building of peculiar aspect, reminding you generally of the magnificently looking Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, with a gay-coloured front in three lofty arches, where carriages are continually arriving and departing. This is the Art Treasures Exhibition of Manchester—a temporary palace, we may say, reared for the purpose which its name in some degree expresses. England, it has been declared on high authority, possesses not merely a great body of works of art, the product of its own genius, but the greater number of all the fine pictures that have been produced by foreign artists since the revival. To assemble these from the private and public galleries amongst which they are dispersed, in one great place, where you could at once see and study what it would otherwise take months to visit, and what practically it was impossible otherwise for any one to see, was the idea conceived by the originator of this singular spectacle, Mr J. C. Deane, and which the Merchant Prince of Manchester—wisely deeming it a worthy task—have worked out. The result is one which could only have been realised in a country or province of great wealth, and in a time of peace, prosperity, and general mutual amity and good feeling throughout the various sections of the community. As to the preparation of the house, there were 109 men of Manchester combining to guarantee the sum of L72,000 for expenses—thirty-six of them undertaking L1000 each! On the other hand, the object being the gratification and improvement of the People, the People of the whole country, there were nobles and men of wealth everywhere agreeing to take down the most treasured works of art from their walls, that they might be gathered together here; thereby undermining, it must be admitted, some inconvenience, and even encountering the risk of great and irreparable loss. When we consider these circumstances, we must be prepared to own that even the outward splendours of the place scarcely come up to the moral considerations connected with it. One feels it to be symptomatic of a social vanity as connected with the onward march of industry, seeming to indicate that our community, diversified as it is in pursuits and conditions, is still at heart one—the English People.

The house may be described as consisting of one central arched hall, 632 feet long, by 104 broad, and 56½ in height, crossed near one end by a transept of 200 feet in length, being thus so far in the form of a great cathedral; the small part beyond the transept being occupied wholly as an orchestra. The spaces left by the cross form of the building are, however, filled up by side-saloons, corresponding to ailes; so that the entire area occupied is a strict parallelogram in figure. The arched ceilings of these various apartments have a space glazed for the admission of light. Entering at the east end, we have the fine vista of the central hall full before us, terminated in the remote distance by the ornamental front of a large organ. Rows of statues, of figures in ancient armour, and of glazed cases for articles of ornamental art, run along in double line; while the walls on both sides are clothed to a great height with pictures, being the portraits of the historical personages of England. In the side-saloon to the left are hung 1100 pictures by ancient masters. That on the right is filled with the choice productions of our own national school. In a suite of smaller apartments at the west end, are upwards of a thousand of the finest water-colour drawings by English masters, including more than fifty of the chefs-d’œuvre of Turner. There is also a gallery around the transept and adjacent parts of the nave, containing an immense assemblage of engravings of all ages, besides numberless photographic miniatures. The general effect is gay, impressive, and beautiful.

Great was the excitement in Manchester when, on a gray day of May, with a cool east wind blowing, one who is in a sense 'the Prince of all the land' came to formally declare this magnificent exhibition open to the public. The streets, particularly those near the Art Palace, were full of the children of Labour, dirty but good-humoured, all eager to catch a glimpse of the royal visitor and the other distinguished persons concerned in the ceremony. Within the house were assembled perhaps 8000 ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of them holders of costly season-tickets, for such was the mode of selection adopted, in order that the crowd might be kept in moderation. Round a dais surmounted by a throne, in the centre of the transept, stood a row of ambassadors and English nobles, mingled with native gentlemen concerned in preparing the exhibition, several of whom wore court-dresses or the military uniform suitable to their character as deputy-lieutenants of the county. The scene was one of the utmost brilliancy and grace, chiefly by reason of
the abundance of ladies, who were in general attired in a style of elegance which seems to be in some degree peculiar to rich mercantile communities. There was nothing remarkable in the ceremonies of the occasion.

The Prince stood modestly up while listening to and repeating the prayer which was over by several of the chief persons. The Bishop of Manchester read an appropriate prayer; and the orchestra gave the Queen's Anthem and other airs with thrilling effect. Every outward demonstration sunk beneath the sentiment of the affair—the consideration of what had brought all these people together, and what might be expected to result therefrom.

The study or enjoyment of the exhibition itself, we found to be a matter for many days, and still the treasure was left unexhausted. Somehow one finds that he cannot live upon pictures alone. After an hour spent in surveying some particular department, he is glad to come to the transplant, and take a seat beneath the orchestra where Mr Halle is trying to regulate another taste; or mayhap he lounges to the refreshment-room for the sake of a sandwich or a jelly wherewith to restore his flagging strength. Then he goes back again, catalogue in hand, to the pictures, pursued upon his career by those pieces which have given him an hour, and then requires another interval of relaxation. So a day passes, and at the end one is rather surprised to find how little it has accomplished in making himself acquainted with the innumerable articles submitted to his gaze. Perhaps the most rational course of procedure is to go to the ancient masters first, and there trace the art from its rude and simple beginnings in the fourteenth century down to its glorious perfection in the sixteenth. The subjects being for the most part expressive of the religious ideas of a form of Christianity out of which we have advanced, are apt to be of little or limited interest to us. But viewing the matter simply with a regard to the human faculties concerned in art, it is certainly curious to observe the progress made from the stiff, hard, irrational figures of the times of Cimabue and Giotto, to the fine compositions and colouring of the days of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. And for this study, materials truly ample are here presented. Then come, in sections by themselves, groups of the works of Tintoretto, of Murillo, of Rubens, and his Flemish associates, shewing how art was affected by national peculiarities and tendencies.

There chances to be an uncommonly large assemblage of nearly all the masterpieces of the time of the Prince and his portrait of himself; and perhaps no special group in the exhibition is calculated to make a deeper impression. The feeling which this prince of the Spanish school has for his faces something like the love of curiosity which has been lost in the way by a large family, is here perfectly expressed, and the result of the Prince's study. One looks with reverence on the earnest, genius-lighted face of him who could create such images of beauty, to be a joy for ever. Of Raphael there are twenty-eight pieces, gathered out of nearly as many collections. Titian is represented by thirty works, amongst which will be found 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' a picture formerly belonging to the collection of Charles I. Rubens appears in great force. His famous 'Rainbow Landscape,' formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa, now in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, is here; so also is his magnificent picture of 'Prometheus tortured by the Vultures.' His contributions are in all forty. Vandyck, Teniers, and Rembrandt are all brought before us in scarcely less abundant illustration. It would be easy to speak of particular works.

The paintings of modern British artists afford, of course, an opportunity of judging whether we have advanced, in this art, upon the continental men of the middle point of the same blankness of subject, there can be no doubt of an improvement; and if the opinion of an individual were of any account, we should be inclined to say that, overlooking a few gems of the past, the workmanship has advanced also. However this may be, we have here a series of large saloons filled with the very choicest pictures produced amongst us since the beginning of the last century.

The choicest is verified by one circumstance of which many may judge—namely, the fewness of pictures from which we remember having seen engravings. The connoisseur has another proof of the fact, in recognising so many that have been the works of mark in the successive National Academy exhibitions of the last few years. It is evident, from the crowedness of the rooms, that this is the favourite part of the show, so far as paintings are concerned.

To come to particular masters—there are several of the prime works of Hogarth, including those of the singular connoislers, 'The March of the Guards to Finchley,' and 'The Southwark Fair.' There are many portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a few of his miscellaneous pieces. Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, and West, give numerous specimens of the age of the third George; while Lawrence, Stothard, Constable, Collins, and many other artists of the ensuing reign are not less abundantly represented. Of Wiltie we have here all the chief of those wonderful domestic pictures which have given us the 'Blind Man's Buff,' the 'Rent Day,' the 'Distraining for Rent,' &c.—besides several of his less happy, but still elaborate efforts in the historical line, and a portrait of his father and mother—the former in every respect the dour Scotch country parson: the latter, exactly the kind of person whom we might have expected to resemble, as she is said to have done, when she heard her son David so much spoken of: 'I wish they saw Andrew,' said Andrew being a good-looking-grocer. There are many works of Etty, of Landseer, of Leslie, of Danby, Maclise, Frith, Stanfield, Ward, and other men still or recently alive. That happy joke by Landseer, the 'Alexander and Diogenes,' also his 'There is Life in the Old Dog yet'—a grand work—arrest universal attention. The pitying eye is drawn irresistibly by Ward's 'Charlotte Corday led to Execution.' Roberts is here with his magnificent interiors of cathedrals. George Harvey, Sir John Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Faed, and others of the northern school, occupy the breadth that is due to their signal merits. Here, in especial, is Gordon's wonderful piece of life, 'The Proctor of Peterhead,' the very essence of Scotch sagacity and humour. Here, too, is Gillet's benefactress of Sir Walter, including his portrait of himself, in a court-dress; here, too, the exquisite 'Dr Wardlaw' of Macnee. To any one conversant with the works of modern artists, it is like meeting with old friends—old friends, many of whom have been for years lost to sight, imprisoned in distant private galleries or otherwise; here miraculously, and past hope, brought together before our eyes again, all as pleasant to look on and converse with as ever. If so enjoyable in recognition to the simple public, how much more so must many of these pictures be to their authors! It is one of the sad conditions of a painter's life that the cherished work of his talents leaves him; and only too glad is he when it does so, never perhaps to be seen by him more. Imagine the feelings of an artist on coming hither, and finding several of his most favourite pieces, parted with perhaps twenty years ago, and not since beheld even once, or expected ever to be seen again. The accomplishment of such reunions seems to us one of the most agreeable circumstances resulting from the exhibition.

The department of British historical portraiture, occupying the principal part of the side-walls of the middle and upper gallery, is of which it would have been well to form, even if alone. It commences with portrait of Richard II and Henry IV, and goes through the three
succeeding centuries, bringing before us the principal royal and other personages who have figured in the more picturesque and romantic part of our history. Henry VIII., and Elizabeth with the chief men of their court, are largely illustrated. So are the family and court of Charles I., whose portrait by Mytens, going out to hunting with his queen and the dwarf Hall, is an especial feature. The few pictures of the frail beauties of the subsequent reign, painted by Lely. The chief ministers, warriors, and men of thought of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries are here—and no small gratification it is to observe in them those particulars of complexion, colour of hair and eyes, which we look for in vain in the engravings of Houbraken and Lodge. In some instances, the portrait itself may be said to have a history. For example, that of Lord Falkland—the Falkland of Clarendon—full-length in a remarkably pale style, which, being in the possession of Horace Walpole, suggested to him the figure walking from the frame in his Castle of Otranto. As another instance, we have the identical picture of the Infanta of Spain which the Duke of Buckingham brought from Spain, to recommend her to the hand of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Still another—one of the celebrated portraits of the Kit-cat Club, painted for Jacob Tonson the bookseller, has been contributed by Tonson to the exhibition. The catalogue of this part of the collection has been prepared by Mr Peter Cunningham, with great benefit from his peculiar knowledge of English biographical anecdote, many of its problems being solved and its insights judiciously pointing out some interesting particular as to the subject, the circumstances under which the portrait was painted, or its subsequent history. Thus, with reference to Jonathan Richardson's portrait of Matthew Prior the poet, a letter of Prior to Swift, dated May 1720, is quoted: 'Richardson has made an excellent picture of me, from whence Harley (whose it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue.' This little sentence, it will be observed, brings before us at once the satisfaction of the poet with the portrait, and the fact of its being done for his friend and political associate, the Earl of Oxford. In some instances, men historically connected with each other, are curiously brought together on these walls. Boswell figures beside his Johnson; Lockhart succeeds Gifford, as he did in the Quarterly Review. Between a pleasing pair of heads, Prince Charles and his Clementina Walkinghaw, stands a small full-length of Rob Roy, represented with his broadsword in his hand, and his target on his arm, as he might have appeared at Sheriffmuir. There is a melancholy interest in the fates of many of the historical personages here depicted; and it is curious to cast the eye along the wall and say: 'Here is Charles I.—beheaded: here is his friend, the first Duke of Hamilton—beheaded: here is the Marquis of Huntly, a prince in his own land, and a steadfast friend of King Charles—all also beheaded. There is the Earl of Derby—beheaded. There is the Duke of Buckingham—assassinated. Here stands Hampden—in battle. Here is Cromwell, whose fate it was, after being virtually monarch of England, to be dragged from the grave, and hang on a gallows.' Not less impressive is it to turn to the many of comparatively little worth—self-indulgent, perhaps prodigal—with all the 'worse mannered ease, and came to gentle deaths at last. We may hope that, in the larger catalogue which is preparing, we shall have the means of drawing many a moral reflection from the part of the history which, when duly treated, it is fitted to impart.

The two rows of statues, which line the central avenue, have, or form, a feature of the modern British school of sculpture, may perhaps be thought limited and deficient in variety; but they include several of the works which have made the greatest impression on the public. We need only mention Baily's 'Eve at the Fountain,' Calder Marshall's 'Ophelia,' Gibson's 'Narcissus,' Westmacott's 'Port,' and Lawrence's MacDonald's 'Racshante,' to shew the nature of the collection. Their effect as objects in the general view of the nave is extremely fine.

There remains to be noticed a department of the exhibition which would require an article to itself—indeed a volume might be written about it—and yet we can give it only a few sentences. This is the Museum, as it may well be called, of ornamental art, occupying a double series of glazed cases behind the rows of statues. The beautiful crystal articles which were made at Venice in the sixteenth century, curiously decorated with internal lace-work or the most exquisite outward carving—the rich porcelain of Holland and France—the superb goldsmith-work of the middle ages—the numberless kinds of decorated utensils and furniture which used then to adorn great mansions—the arms and armour of the heroes of those days—are all here largely exemplified. One may spend hours over a single case of these valuables, many of which are unique. We must not name a single specimen, for it would be simple injustice to the rest; but we cannot pass from the subject without remarking the liberality of the directors in reference to this section. M. Soulages of Toulouse had devoted himself, some years ago, to the collecting of articles of ornamental art, chiefly in Italy, and he had been highly successful. Finding little taste for such objects advancing, and their value increased, he offered his collection for sale. It was bought by a set of English gentlemen, who trusted that it might be finally taken off their hands by the English nation, with a view to the improvement of art in our country. Being disappointed in this hope, they were on the point of selling it off by auction, when the committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition came to the rescue, purchased the collection, and placed it here. For a time, then, the hammer of destiny is suspended: the Soulages collection may yet be kept together.

And now, good friends, you know something of this great affair which has sprung up at Manchester. Live you near or far, we recommend you to try to pay it a visit. It is literally 'such an opportunity as rarely occurs;' indeed, it never occurred before in the world's history, and no one can say how many years or generations may pass before it can occur again. Let, then, no light obstacles stay you; nor expect difficulties, but take with you all over whom you have any influence, to see, to study, to profit by this wonderful assemblage of the works of fictile genius. You will infallibly return wiser and better men.

PEASANT-LIFE IN SYRIA.

The first dawn of day is ushered in by the cry of the goat's-milk vendors. 'Hailek il Gitchi' (milk of the goat) is the sure accompaniment to the clamour of early sparrows and equally noisy crows. We look out of the window, and see some half-dozen milch goats coming up the street, driven by a couple of village maidsmen, whose bare and dusty feet give indication of their having walked far before reaching the city-gate. If we had slept at the village last night— as we sometimes have done when travelling to and fro—we should have been awakened a good two hours before daybreak, by the bustle and noise in the household. In the first place, the old fool, or none under one roof, sometimes under one tent—the master and mistress; the sons and daughters; the stranger that chance may have thrown upon their hospitality; the old horse that carries goods, and the weekly supply of fuel; the yoke of oxen the son
drives before him in the plough; the long-bearded goats that supply milk enough for the household, in addition to yielding a very fair return from the nearest market; the hens that give profit and food by their eggs—suckles the geese and duck, and the invaluable dog and cat. The good man of the house is therefore at no great expense in building chambers and bedrooms, stabilising or pens for cattle; and his haylofts and warehouses are arranged on a like economic principle. The house, which consists of four mud-walls, is of an oblong shape, with one central door and two small windows on either side of it. At intervals there are niches in the wall, which half-a-hour's labour might convert into windows; but the peasant has built his house with an eye to warmth and comfort in the winter. What does he care about the heat or the flies in summer—Illhumel, illlah! He has a court-yard paved with hard manure, and nearly ten yards wide; here, if the weather be oppressive, the children sweep all up at sunset, and spreads a few mats; which mats first serve as a supper-table; are then taken up and shaken in the street, and being replaced, the mattresses are spread upon them for the night, and so the house is left entirely to its dumb occupants.

But to return to the structure of the building. The length of the room may be twenty feet; its breadth, twelve; its height, on a level with the side-walls, four feet; but the two end-walls rise considerably higher, and terminating in a cone, support the principal beam of the sloping roof, which is a thatched one. A brilliant idea struck the ancestors of our peasants some forty generations gone by; and it has been handed down from father to son, and acted upon by them all. No one but a mihjoom (madman) would ever want to stand on, or, at any rate, walk upright in his house; if he wants to do this, he can go out into the yard! he must be a madman if that won't suit him. So argues our peasant; and as timber is cheap, he has laid several beams across from the side-walls, which, having planks laid loosely over them, with an aperture here and there, constitute an up-stairs loft, and are exceedingly beneficial during very heavy showers of rain, in keeping out some portion of the wet. Most houses in the East are not famous for their water-tight qualities. This loft is devoted to a great variety of useful purposes. Here is a couple of the keepers of fodder for the cattle; here also are warehoused onions, garlic, dried herbs, succulent roots, cheese, barragul,* figs, walnuts, dates, and other indispensable necessaries of the peasant's; domestic that is, that he can buy; moreover, at least so it is whispered by his spiteful neighbour, 'Hadjji Phisook,' the Salbund—the peasant is more than half suspected of owing concealed treasure; nearly a dozen gold pieces, wrapped up in as many folios of rags, and carefully stowed away under the thatch-work. This rumour probably owes its origin to the fact of the peasant never suffering any one to ascend into the loft, unless accompanied by himself. Upon such occasions, an old ladder is set up with great ceremony, and verses from the Koran quoted aloud. Furthermore, the peasant has been detected up there after midnight, when all the rest of the family were supposed to be asleep. We are bound, however, to give full credit to his own explanation of his anxiety to keep intruders from the loft. None of the planks being nailed down, he is fearful that the women or children, by carelessly stepping on the ledge, might overbalance a plank, and entail destruction on a multiplied provision—to say nothing of broken limbs, and so forth.

Well, we are supposed to have passed the night under such a roof. I would not compromise fact by saying

* Ground boiled wheat.  * Native farrier.

that it has been a comfortable night for ourselves; not being accustomed to such strange bed-fellows, this could hardly be expected; but the peasant and his family have enjoyed invigorating and unstirred sleep, and, as, after closing all the blinds, doors, and the occupants of the hut; it is somewhat past four a.m., and the cocks of the establishment, which with the hens, as is their wont, have roosted in the loft, uncleared the morning, and got up with the dawn. This is the signal for the eldest daughter to bear herself; when she wakens her mother and sisters; and these women begin in earnest to set about the business of the day. The men are permitted to sleep for an hour longer, and the children as long as they can; they are hungry and clamorous when they awake, and only impede the progress of work.

One girl devotes herself to the goats: first of all, the kids are allowed to suckle, more to encourage the flow of milk than for their own sustenance, for they barely had a mohff or two, before they are dragged away and penned up somewhere in the court-yard. Then two or three goats are fully milked for the immediate use of the household; these are separated from the remainder, and will go out to pasture with the kids by and by. Meanwhile one has been gathering up the unoccupied mattresses, which she carries away and hides in a recess; another has swept away as much of the floor as she can get at; a third gives fodder to the oxen, the horse, and the donkey; a fourth light the fire and prepares the morning meal, consisting principally of boiled goat's-milk, for the household; and a fifth sits down and knocks the bread for the afternoon's consumption. When all these little tasks have been accomplished, the peasant himself wakes up, and shouts lustily to his son that another day of hard and labour has commenced. The son, yawning and stretching himself, unwillingly obeys the summons: his first care is the cattle, and he rushes down with a grasp of straw; then he opens the door, and looks out sleepily, more than half persuaded that he has been called at midnight instead of early dawn. The cool breeze and the stream of dull light that pour in convince him he is in error; wherever, to make amends for his loitering, he hurries on the breakfast, and, so as not to lose time, commences an onslaught on whatever may be ready.

All the cocks and hens fly down scampering with delight from their coops to the door into the welcome day. There they are very noisy over their early scratching; and one old cock, who is the pink of garrulity, cackles mightily to his twenty wives over the door. The donkey, moreover—at least his sturdy claws have brought to light. The old man seats himself with his morning pipe, soliloquising possibly on the mutability of human affairs. Here is he. Ben Ahmed, who only twenty years ago was an out-of-door lad in a cottage not half as big as his own. By perseverance and toil he has accumulated quite a fortune. His own house, his own wife and children, his goats, his poultry, his cattle, and his—No, no; he has no hidden store; he won't admit that fact, he is as yet so well established. The contentment of his face might betray it to some wealthy neighbour—some Turkish official. The idea is horrible, and he instantly relapses into the groaning, oppressed, ill-used vassals, you would suppose him to be, if you saw him only in the streets.

Presently, after the morning ablutions have been carefully attended to, the family eat heartily of their frugal fare; then the two elder girls, armed with milk-pots and a switch apiece, drive the goats before them and take their way to the distant town, where, if they are early and punctual, they may count upon earning a pretty good supply of piastres. But you have no conception of the difficulties these girls are to over come, even after they have cleared the streets of the
town. In the first place, the path they have to follow takes them out of the village, right away over an extensive heath, where brambles and briars grow luxuriantly, and where, as a natural result, it requires no little rambling to get them at all. The great advantage of their switches, to induce the goats to keep together or to go ahead at all: they have a natural propensity to briars, and will stray on every available opportunity. No sooner have they got out of their goats' feet, when compelled to run in amongst the heather to drive back some obstinate animal. But they are used to this kind of work; and the naked soles of their feet, from constant exposure, are as hard as ordinary shoe-leather. Eventually, the city-gates are reached, and as the general dust-heaps are the centre of the streets, the poor goats have great temptations held out to them in the shape of melon-rinds, cabbages-stalks, and other garbage, all which they will persist in investigating, despite the threats of the two damsels. The goats stop as naturally from the instinct of habit opposite the doors of regular customers; what remains of the milk is disposed of in the market-place; and by eight o'clock the two maidens are driving their flock homeward again; the goats trotting all the way, although the heat is already intense, and the flies incessantly plaguing; and so the poor girls reach home out of breath and weary, and, seated on the shady side of their hut, hand over the morning’s gains to their father, exacting, as usual, coin is doled out, a renewed promise from the old man about red shoes for the approaching festival.

But whilst these have been absent, what has been going on in the village? In the first place, the peasant has had his morning survey of the loft, for the purpose of handing down to his careful spouse the daily rations for household consumption, which done, he places the ladder on the roof of some outbuilding, far beyond the reach of the women. He then goes to the village coffee-house, which is not much of a building, being nothing more or less than a large tree in the centre of the village, with a thatched cover suspended from its boughs, and rough wooden benches round its roots. Here are congregated all the worthies, inclusive of the Salbund, who has a couple of nags to shoe for the kikih. The compliments of the morning are interchanged, coffee drank, and then the benches are cleared away and the place converted into a school, till evening, or mid-day. There are seldom many cases to occupy the court.

One or two minor felonies of eggs, a charge or two of assault, and the calendar is closed. Then the kikih and the elders pass the time in playing backgammon and talking politics. Sometimes there are large committee meetings to discuss the iniquities of some fresh imposed tax; but however important the subject may be, the parties disperse just before noon, and return to their respective homes for their mid-day meal, which is a substantial one, qualified with large draughts of cold spring-water.

But whilst the head of the house has been absent, the women indoors have had no sincere. The whole place, inside and outside, has been swept and well purified with water, the windows have been thrown wide open, the fire indoors has been extinguished, and lit out in the yard; the hens have been driven into a hen-house, and have noisy proclaimed every addition to the stock of eggs; the children have been stuffed with melon-rinds and melon-seeds, and the fields to play; the youngest girl has been to the butcher’s, and brought home the scraggy-looking joint of an ancient ram, which is forthwith mashed up in a pancake, and sent into their treat; the much liked koobays. Another girl has been to the kitchen-gardens—for all the peasants have little spots cultivated near their fields—and though the winter is on the ground, seed-time and harvest gone by, there is abundance of onion-tops and wild marshmallow; and these two cooked together, and then fried in fresh butter, constitute a savoury and wholesome repast. But in addition to this, there are the burghul and the kibbies, the pickled chilies, cucumbers and turnips; the buckmege and dried fruits by way of dessert, so that the whole family has a substantial repast. The mother cooks for the whole family. The eldest daughter takes a large earthen jar, which she fills with milk, and then hermatically closes; seating herself with this between her knees, she shakes it to and fro for a good hour and a half, by which time the butter is produced, and her arms ache again with fatigue. Another daughter turns laundress, for the extent of their wardrobe is limited to a single change, and they are consequently obliged to wash every alternate day. And a very astonishing lot of linen is hung out to dry in the court-yard: papa’s inexpressibles, which are only ten yards wide, ever so many folds; baby’s leggery, which, like Joseph’s coat of old, presents a remarkable mixture of colours and patchwork; and many other strange-shaped garments. The third daughter has been up to her eyes in needlework—just putting a few fresh patches into the brother’s everyday coat. Then, when these respective tasks, a heavy shadow falls upon the entrance-door, and the old man walks in hot and hungry. Two minutes afterwards, the son drives in his yoke of oxen, and deposits his plough against the court-yard wall. The oxen lie down in the shade and ruminate. The son, who is exceedingly exhausted, washes his hands, and feet, and face, and then sits down to dine with an appetite worthy of an elder—man—in this respect, they are all pretty well off—and having dined, the dishes are washed up, and the masts shaken. The two men fill their pipes, and sit under the shadest wall; the wife fetches them out a pillow apiece; and half an hour afterwards, when the heat of the day is intense, all the family go into the house, and closing doors and windows, enjoy an afternoon siesta.

It is good two hours after mid-day when the family are at rest again. Then the son goes back to his work, and the old man loads his horse with a few bushels of wheat, which he intends carrying to a neighbouring village, to barter for cotton and other stuffs necessary for household uses. He drives the horse before him, and bestrides the donkey himself, and as he may be several hours away, all the neighbours turn out to see the old man off, and wish him as many good wishes as though he were going a journey of a hundred miles instead of two.

The younger girls go out to look after the goats and kids. The elder one carries her butter to the town she visited in the morning, where she leaves it with a shopkeeper who always buys her produce. The children are sent to an afternoon school, where a fierce old muff in goggles teaches them, with a very nasal twang, selections from the Koran.

The sun sets in the west; larks and feathered songsters gather together in the hedges, where the peasant’s son has been ploughing wearily through the sultry afternoon, and they wake up echoes far and wide as they raise their grateful vespers for the blessings of another day. The young man shoulders his plough, and driving the oxen before him, plods homeward for supper and rest. The anxious children catch a glimpse suffused to repose, to the distance, and they shout lustily, for there are sweetsmells in perspective. The old horse is carefully rubbed down, the saddle-bags unpacked, and out of these some sugared almonds for all the youngest, who are in perfect ecstasy at the treat; but, above all, there are the promised red shoes for the two daughters, who have worked well and bravely, and merited the prize. The supper is partaken of in the open court-yard. The cocks and hens,
the dog and cat, all assist at this meal; the former committing frequent felonies on the portions of the smaller children. Darkness gathers around, and the peasant and his family retire for the day; they have all worked hard and wearily, and sleep needs no second courting to close their eyelids in healthy slumber.

A PHILOSOPHER EN ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

At the time famous Professor Scaliger was predlecting at Leyden University—that marsh among the marshes, as he pleasantly terms it—it came to pass that two young gentlemen of the family of Vasani presented themselves one morning before him. They were but newly arrived, and bore letters from their mother praying for them the advice and countenance of the terrible critic. They were also fortified with introductions to Casaubon and other magnates of the university, whose attentions were perhaps limited to the scanty measure that has found favour with 'dons' of all countries and all ages. But the grim professor soon took a fancy to the young men. They were eager and respectful listeners, and soon came to be privileged with what is known as the run of the house. They were to be met there at all hours of the day. At meals, and after meals—all through the long evenings they sat and heated while the professor spoke on, and, like Coleridge, delighted exceedingly in the sound of his own accents.

It is not to be supposed that our demure students were idle all this time. While the unconscious philologist was holding forth upon the world, bearing with him in their mails a certain manuscript volume filled in the questionable manner we have described. It was not to be doubted that, having sat at the feet of so great a man, they would turn out shining lights in their generation. But soon an ugly rumour was abroad abroad: a grievous scandal was wafted across the marshes to the walls of Leyden. The two chosen ones had proved but rotten branches after all, and had fallen away from the true faith. Worse than that, one had assumed the cowl in a monastery near Paris, where for years after he was visited by the curious and the learned.

Later, it was whispered about that there was in existence a volume of the great man's sayings and opinions—of most piquant flavour—and lying perdu somewhere in Paris. Instantly the whole world of savans and bibliophiliasts became wild with excitement. It was begged, borrowed, greedily devoured, passed from hand to hand, and, as it afterwards appeared, often transcribed; and not very long after, an intelligent pirate at La Haye—in those days, a famous Riff station for pirate booksellers—issued a neat hot-pressed edition, bearing title: Scro sees.

A strange book it is, written in a composite dialect, half French, half Latin. A singular kind of argot is the result, which is not, however, without a certain force and nervousness characteristic of the man. Let us now suppose him seated with his two admiring pupils at his feet, quiet ever long, and true, outside it is not altogether so quiet; for, as he once sorrowfully told them: 'In this place every one may disturb his next neighbour with impunity. They come and riot under my very windows, and I can do nothing to stop them.' [Where were the proctors!]

'Even on fast-days, they drink all day long, even from sunrise.' With all these désagrément, he is pretty well contented with the university. The only drawback is the loss of all his teeth—no doubt owing to the marshes. This was the more provoking, that there was to be seen in the town a stately dame who was fully ninety-nine years old, and yet boasted a handsome set.

But why not have recourse to the cunning artist who fitted the Italian nobleman with a fine ivory set in gold mountings? True, he would have to take them out at meal-times, which was an objection; and when he spoke, he would have to be putting his hand continually to his mouth to prevent their falling out, which was a further objection. So, perhaps, on the whole, he was quite as well off as the Italian nobleman.

The great scholar, albeit so devoted to his book, had travelled and spent with a few incident no worth noting. He had seen Mary Queen of Scots, whom he rapturously allows to have been une belle créature. He had had an interview with the great Henry of Navarre, who had been pleased to make him the following remark: 'Hold your tongue, monsieur; you don't know what you are talking about.' He took a peep into the royal library, and found the romance of Amadis reposing between Plato and Seneca. Of his queen, too, he has something to tell. A certain Sieur de Montpesat, who was a paragon of impudence (le plus glorieux esprit, met her at the battle of Béarn. 'The queen said to him: 'If I did not hold in all honour the king of France, your master, I should drive you from my domains sooner than you wot of!' Said he: 'Madame, I need not go far for that.' Then she: 'Begone, sir, this instant!' For this smart repartee, his own uncle volunteered to put him to death; but the queen generously interfered. Indeed, there appears to have been in those days a rather summary mode of execution with offenders. Thus, one unfortunate, named Spifame, was publicly executed for having been so indiscreet as to take a lady into his house whose husband happened to be still living. When he him, he told me, for I had not seen there, in a few days he was put to death under the blows. He seems to have had a morbid fancy for this subject, and is curious in scaffold lore. Thus: 'There was an executioner at Geneva called Maistre Louis, who was no other than a noble gentleman of Savoy, who had taken to this craft to spite his brothers, who had kept him out of his inheritance.' The Bordeaux Calicraft had grown so skilful from long practice, that very often the head remained upon the shoulders even after the blow!' The gentleman who filled that office at Paris was quite as dextrous; he had only to let his sword drop carelessly, and the head and trunk parted. At Venice, they had something very like the guillotine. 'The criminal places his head upon a block, and upon the back of his neck is laid a blade of iron, very sharp and heavy. It is then struck with a hammer, and the head is severed like a piece of wood.'

It is impossible not to suspect the great critic of a
little weakness for the good things of this life. How he yearns after the flesh-pots of Chambery! 'O what good cheer,' he says, 'we had in that town! Bread, wine, fish, all of the best! but the attendance, only indifferent. O the excellent wine, bread, and fish they eat at Chambery there than at Geneva! In no part of the world have I seen a market to compare with it—plenty of everything!' At Bordeaux they have excellent wheaten bread. The Gascans make delicious bread. Still Bordeaux must, on the whole, give way to Perigueux. There, the living is admirable; and also at Agen, far better than at Bordeaux. Still Perigueux had its drawback. There are spots upon the sun, and the cloth table-linen was not of the cleanest; so that, perhaps, it is to the Grande Chartreuse that he looks back with fondest regret; for there they live on claret and white wines, and serve up astounding omelets of a hundred eggs each: Languedoc, too, is a land running with milk and honey; for there is to be found the best oil in the world; not your common nut-oil, which, though used in the king's kitchen for dressing tricassees, still wants the delicate flavour of the Languedoc virgin oil with which they season their exquisite soups. Discouraging in another place on mutton, he once more fondly recurs to Languedoc, where it is unsurpassed. It seems there is a peculiar flavour about the Languedoc mutton owing to the sheep being fed upon thyme. 'O what delicious eating!' he exclaims with rapture. The university mutton was only pretty good; it had a disagreeable hircine taste, which could only be got rid of by keeping it a long time in pickle. But of all dishes in the world, commend him to a green goose and garlic! This he pronounces fare for a king!

The great scholar had a small trenchant way of disposing of those who ventured to differ with him. For instance, a certain man of the name of Snellius, 'once came to tell me that I was all astray in not reckoning dates after his method. I soon sent him about his business, with this answer: "Ass! why should I reckon dates after your method?"' This was like Mr Willet's manner of tackling Solomon Daisy.

An author, bearing the singular name of Popma, is thus despatched: 'Popma has written wretchedly on Varron O. Of what use is the name of Popma? With all he has written, he has only just been gathering so much dirt! What a butt I made of him at Geneva!'

Our Popma. The Emperor Rodolph is an utter hog; a certain Robertelli is found to be an ass, a beast, and a grand ratisser; while the Jesuits are, one and all, written down asses, fools, pedants, fads, devils incarnate.

One night the professor saw a ghost! He shall tell the story himself. 'Devils,' he says, 'only shew themselves to poor weak souls. They would take good care of coming near me, for I would destroy them, every one of them. When they appear to sorcerers, they take the shape of a goat, on which account I never eat of goat's flesh. My father never was afraid of the devil, neither am I. He used to say that the devil was afraid to come near him. One night I saw a black man mounted on a black horse standing in the middle of a bog, and my horse was just following him, as I was darting in the saddle. Count Duval and some others were on a good way before; whilst I had lingered a little behind. I called out to the dark man: he made me no answer. My horse was just in the bog and if it had been very hard, I should assuredly have been lost. I dragged him back just in time. The others heard my cries; and the whole of that night—for seven entire hours—we wandered about. The next day into marshes with a view to their destruction. My belief is, that this was a judgment on us, because one of our party was a dreadful blasphemer.' Perhaps, looking at the late hour of the night, and the strange fact of his being asleep upon his horse, it might be possible to offer a simpler but more profane solution of the whole business.

When he was in London, he was greatly astonished at seeing the bridge all stuck over with human heads and quarters as thick as the masts of the ships. He found there twelve excellent libraries. There were some good books among them, he allows, especially historical manuscripts. They had printed a catalogue of these latter; but, as usual, omitted about ten times as much as they printed. He had heard of the Bodleian, and passes judgment on it in this fashion: 'There was a certain knight who presented a famous library to Oxford. It was worth about £40,000. He must have been a rich man. I say I have looked over the catalogue: they are nearly all ordinary books. The doctrine as to library means and town was very lax in those days; at least, M. du Puy's conduct must be deemed questionable. 'O Pierre du Puy, what a good creature that was! He used to write to me such a store of things I was so anxious to know about. M. du Puy carried off some manuscripts from an abbey in this way; while some kept the door-keeper in conversation, others were lowering the books from a window where there were people waiting to receive them.'

But it is full time to let the ancient scholar depart in peace.

THE WAR-TRAIL:
A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXV.—THE WRITING ON THE MAGUEY.

The skill of the trackers was no longer called in need; the war-trail was as easily followed as a toll-road; a blind man could have guided himself along such a well-trod highway.

Our rate of speed was now ruled by the capacity of our horses. Alas! their power was nearly at an end. They had been two days and a night under the saddle, with but a few hours to refresh themselves by food or rest: they could not hold out much longer.

One by one they began to lag, until the greater number of them followed with tottering step hundreds of yards in the rear.

It was in vain to contend against nature. The men were still willing, though they too were weary to death; but their horses were quite done up—even whirp and spur could force them no further. Only my own matchless steed could have continued the journey. Alone I might have advanced, but that would have been madness. What could I have accomplished alone?

Night was fast coming down; it was already twilight. I saw by the clouded sky we should have no moon. We might follow the trail with our waxen torches—not yet burnt out—but that would no longer be safe. For myself, I was reckless enough to have risked life in any way, but the lives of my comrades were not mine. I could not give them—I should not wastefully fling them away.

Reluctantly I girded from my saddle, gave my steed to the grass, and sat down upon the earth. My followers coming up, said not a word, but picketing their horses, seated themselves around me. One by one they stretched themselves along the sward, and in ten minutes all were asleep.

I alone could not sleep; the fever of unrest was upon me; the demon of thought would not let me close my eyes. Though my orb ached with the long protracted vigil, I thought the dead and all the dreamy syrups of the world could have given repose to my nerves at that moment. I felt as one who suffers under delirium, produced by the intoxicating cup.
the fearful mania-a-petu. I could neither sleep nor rest. I could not even remain seated. I rose to my feet and wandered around, without heed of where I was going. I strolled over the recumbent forms of my sleeping companions; I turned the heads of my horses; I paced backwards and forwards along the banks of the stream.

There was a stream—a small arroyo or rivulet. It was this that had caused me to halt in that particular spot; for wild as were my thoughts, I had enough of reason left to know that we could not encamp without water. The sight of the arroyo had decided my wavering resolution, and upon its banks, almost mechanically, I had drawn bridle and dismounted. I once more descended to the bed of the stream, and, raising the water in the palms of my hands, repeatedly applied it to my lips and temples. The cool liquid refreshed me, and seemed to soothe both my nerves and my spirit. After a time, both felt calmer, and I sat down upon the bank, and watched for a while the clear rivulet rippling past over its bed of yellow sand and glittering pebbles of quartz. The water was perfectly diaphanous; and, though the sun was no longer shining, I could see tiny silver-dish, of the gossamer kind, spinning themselves in the lowest depths of the pool. How I envied them their innocent gambols, their life of crystal purity and freedom! Here, in this remote prairie-stream, dwelt not the alligator, nor the ravenous garfish; here came no dolphin or shark to chase them, no tyrant of the waters to put them in fear. To be caved, indeed, such an innocent, happy existence!

I watched them for a long while, till I thought that my eyes were growing heavy, and, after all, I might sleep. The murmur of the arroyo helped to increase this inclination to repose, and, perhaps, I might have slept; but at that moment clashing to look around, my eyes fell upon an object that again drove sleep far away, and I was soon as wakeful as ever.

Close to my elbow where I had seated myself grew a large plant of the Mexican aloe (Aloe americana). It was the wild magma, of course, but of a species with broad fleshy leaves of dark-green colour, somewhat resembling the magma of cultivation. I noticed that one of the great blades of the plant was bruised down, and the spine, which had terminated it, torn off. All this would not have drawn my attention; I was already aware that the Indians had made a halt where we were encamped, and their sign was plenteous around—in the tracks of their animals, and the broken branches of trees. One of their horses had mules might have markings at the magma in passing, and, viewing the bruised blade from a distance, I should have hazarded just such a conjecture. But my eyes were close to the plant, and, to myastonishment, I observed that there was writing upon the leaf.

I turned over upon my knees, and seizing the huge blade, bent it down before me, so as to obtain a better view of its surface. I read:

Captured by Comanches—a war-party—have many captives—women and children—ay de mi! pobres ninas! north-west from this place. Saved from death; alias I fear death.

The writing ended abruptly. There was no signature, but it needed not that. I had no doubts about who was the writer; in fact, ruse as was the chirography from the materials used—I easily identified the hand. It was Isolina de Vargas who had written.

I saw that she had torn off the terminal spine, and using it as a stylus, had written those characters upon the epidermis of the plant. Sweet subtle spirit! under any guise I could have recognised its outpourings.

Saved from death—thank Heaven for that!—alas!

I fear. Oh, what feared she? Was it worse than death? that terrible fate—too terrible to think of?

She had broken off without finishing the sentence. Why had she done so? The sheet was broad—would she have held many more words—why had she not written more? Did she wish to tell the cause of her fear? or had she been interrupted by the approach of some of her tyrant captors? O merciful Heaven! save me from thought!

I re-read the words over and over: there was nothing more. I examined the other leaves of the plant on both sides, concave and convex; I examined them—not a word more could I find: it was all she had written.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE SOUTHERN SAVAGE.

I need not tell how deeply I was affected by the unexpected communication. All at once were decided a variety of doubts; all at once was I made aware of the exact situation.

Isolina still lived—that was no longer doubtful; and the knowledge produced joy. More than this: she was still uninjured—able to think; to act; she was not only living, but well. The single 'hilo' was proof of all this. Another point—her hands must have been free—her hands at least, else how could she have traced those lines? and with such a pencil? I argued indigence or tender treatment on the part of her captors.

Another point yet. She knew I was in pursuit. She had seen me, then, as I galloped after. It was her cry I had heard as the steed dashed into the chapparal. She had recognised me, and called back. She knew I would still be following; she knew I was following; and for me was the writing meant. Sweet subtle spirit!

Once more I devoured the welcome words; but my heart grew heavy as I pondered over them. What had caused her to break off so abruptly? What was it her intention to have said? Of what was she in fear? It was my conjecture about this that caused the heaviness upon my heart. I gave way to buried imaginings.

Naturally my thoughts reverted to her captors; naturally I reflected upon the character of the prairie savage—so different from that of the forest Indian, as the latter is, as I considered, as little influenced by this very cause, though there are many others. Climate—contact with Spanish civilisation, so distinct from Saxon—the horse—conquest over wild foes—concomitance with white and beautiful women, the daughters of the race of Andalusia: all these have combined to produce in the southern Indian a spiritual existence that more resembles Andalusia than England—more like to Mexico than Boston or New York.

There is not so much difference between Paris and the prairies, between the habitués of the Bal Maine and the horse-Indian of the plains. No cold scepticism—no romantic savage, alike celebrated for silence and continence—no but a voluntary, gay of thought and free of tongue, amorous, salacious, humorous. In nine cases out of ten, the young Comanche is a bold Lothario as any flaneur that may be met upon the Boulevards; the old, a lustful sinner—women the object of both. Women is the constant theme of their conversation, their motive for every act. For them they throw the prairie dice; for them they race their wild mustangs. To win them, they paint in hideous guise to buy them, they steal horses; to capture them, they go to war!

Yet, with all their wanton love, they are true tyrants to the sex. Wife they have none—for it would be sheer sacrilege to apply this noble title to the 'squaw' of a Comanche. Mistress is scarcely a title...
CHAPTER LXIX.

A SUBTROPICAL FIRE.

In the midst of my meditations, night descended upon the earth. It promised to be a moonless night. A robe of sable clouds formed a sombre lining to the sky, and through this neither moon nor stars were visible.

It grew darker space, until in the dim light I could scarcely distinguish the forms of my companions—neither men nor horses, though both were near me. The men were stretched along the grass in various attitudes, like so many bodies upon a battle-field. The horses were too hungry to sleep—the constant 'crop-crop' told that they were greedily browsing upon the award of gramma-grasses that, by good-fortune, they had found. They chewed luxuriantly around. This would be the best rest for them, and I was glad to think that this splendid provender would in a few hours recruit their strength. It was the chondrion fuscum, the favourite food of men to warm them by their condition almost equal to the bean or the oat. I knew it would soon freshen the jaded animals, and make them ready for the road. At least in this there was some consolation.

Notwithstanding the preoccupation of my thoughts, I began to be sensible of a physical discomfort, which, despite their low latitude, is often experienced upon the southern plains—cold. A chill breeze had set in with the night, which in half an hour became a strong and violent wind, increasing in coldness as in strength.

In that half-hour the thermometer must have fallen at least fifty Fahrenheit degrees; and such a phenomenon is not rare upon the plains of Texas. The wind was the well-known 'norther,' which often kills both men and animals that chance to be exposed to its icy breath.

I had endured the rigor of a Canadian winter—have crossed the frozen lakes—have slept upon a snow-drift amidst the wild wastes of Rupert's Land; but I cannot remember cold more intensely chilling than that I have suffered in a Texas norther. This extreme does not arise from the absolute depression of the thermometer—which at least is but a poor indicator of either heat or cold—I mean the sensation of either.

It is more probably the contrast arising from the sudden change—the exposure—the absence of proper clothing or shelter—the state of the blood—with other like circumstances, that cause both heat and cold to be more sensibly felt.

I had oftimes experienced the chill blast of the norther, but never more acutely than upon that night. The day had been sweltering hot—the thermometer at noon ranging about the one-hundredth degree, while in the first hour of darkness it could not have been far above the twentieth. Had I judged by my sensations, I should have put it even lower. Certainly it had passed the freezing-point, and sharp sheet and hail were borne upon the wings of the wind.

With nerves deranged from want of rest and sleep—after the hot day's march—after the perspiration produced by long exposure upon the heated surface of the burnt prairie—I perhaps felt the cold more acutely than I should otherwise have done. My blood seemed to stagnate and freeze within my veins.

I was fain to wrap around my body a buffalo-robe, which some careless savage had dropped upon the trail. My followers were not so well furnished; starting as we had done, without any thought of being absent for the night, no preparation had been made for camping out. Only a portion of them chanced to have their blankets strapped upon the cantles of their saddles; those were now the fortunate ones.

The norther had roused all of them from their slumbers—had awakened them as suddenly as a douche of cold water would have done; and one and all were groping about in the darkness—some seeking for their blankets, some for such shelter as was afforded by the lee-side of the bushes. Fortunately there were saddle-blankets, and these were soon dragged from the backs of the horses. The poor brutes themselves suffered equally with their owners; they stood cowing under the cold, with their hips to the cutting blast, their limbs drawn close together, and their flanks shaggy and silvery. Some half sheltered themselves behind the bushes, scarce caring to touch the grass at their feet.

It would have been easy enough to make a fire; there was dry wood in plenty near the spot, and of the best kind for burning—the large species of mesquite. Some of the men were kindling fires at once,
regardless of consequences; but this design was overruled by the more prudent of the party. The trappers were strongly against it. Cold as was the night, and dark, they knew that neither the norther nor the darkness would deter Indians from being abroad. A party might be out upon the prowl; the very buffalo-skin we had picked up might bring a squad of them back; for it was the grand robe of some brave or chief, whose whole life-history was delineated in hieroglyphical painting upon its inner surface. To have made a fire, might have cost us our lives; so alleged the trappers. Rube and Garey. It would be better to endure the cold, than risk our scalps; so counselled they.

But for all that, Rube had no idea of being starved to death: he could kindle a fire, and burn it upon an open prairie, without the least fear of its being seen; and in a few minutes’ time he had succeeded in making one that could not have been discovered by the most sharp-sighted Indian in creation. I had watched the operation with some interest.

He first collected a quantity of dead leaves, dry grass, and short sticks of the mezquite-tree—all of which he placed under his saddle-blanket, to prevent the rain and sleet from wetting them. This done, he drew out his bow and knife, and with the blade ‘crowed’ a hole into the turf about a foot deep, and ten inches or a foot in diameter. In the bottom of this hole he placed the grass and leaves, having first ignited them by means of his flint, steel, and ‘punk’ tinder, all of which implements formed part of the contents of Rube’s pouch and possible sack—ever present. On the top of the now blazing leaves and grass he placed the dry sticks—first the short ones, and then those of larger dimensions—until the hole was filled up to the brim—and over all he laid the piece of turf, originally cut from the surface, and which fitted as neatly as a lid.

His furnace being now finished, the trapper ‘hunkered’ down close to its edge—in such a position as to embrace the fire between his thighs, and have it nearly under him. He then drew his old blanket over his shoulders, allowing it to droop behind until he had secured it under the salient points of his lank angular hips. In front he passed the blanket over his knees, and both ends reaching the ground, were gripped tightly between his toes. The contrivance was complete; and there sat the old trapper like a handglass over a plant of spring rhubarb, a slight smoke cooing through the apertures, the scant blanket, and curling up around his ‘ears’ as though he was hatching upon a hotbed. But no fire could be seen, and Rube shivered no longer.

He soon found imitators. The young trapper had already constructed a similar furnace; and the others were soon warming themselves by this simple but ingenious device.

I did not disdain to avail myself of the extra ‘shaft’ which the kind-hearted Garey had sunk for my accommodation; and having placed myself by its side, and drawn the ample robe over my shoulders, I felt as warm as if seated in front of a sea-coal fire.

Under other circumstances, I might have joined in the merriment produced in my companions by the ludicrous spectacle which we presented—a comical spectacle indeed; nine of us squatted at intervals over the ground, the blue smoke escaping through the interstices of our robes and blankets, and rising around our heads, as though one and all of us were on fire.

Wind, sleet, and darkness continued throughout the whole night—cold wind, sharp icy sleet, and black darkness, that seemed palpable to the touch. Ever so eager, ever so fresh, we pressed along the trail. Grand war-trail as it was, it could not have been traced under that amorphous obscurity, and we had no means of carrying a light, even had this been safe. We had no lantern, and the norther with one blast would have whisked out a torch of pitchpine.

We thought no more of going forward, until either the day should break or the wind come to an end.

At midnight we replenished our subsistence fell, and remained on the ground. Hail, rain, wind, and darkness. My companions rested their heads upon their knees, or nodding slept. No sleep for me—not even the repose of thought. Like some forlorn sufferer on his wakeful couch, I counted the hours—the minutes. The minutes seemed hours.

Rain, hail, sleet, and wind seemed, like darkness itself, to belong to the night. As long as night lasted, so long continued they. When it came to an end all vanished together—the norther had exhausted its strength.

A wild turkey—killed before nightfall—with some steaks of the peccary-pork, furnished us with an ample breakfast. It was hastily cooked, and hastily eaten; and as the first streak of dawn appeared along the horizon, we were in our saddles, and advancing upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A RED EPISODE.

The trail led north-west, as written upon the maguey. No doubt I had heard her captive for some time speak their plans. I knew that she herself understood something of the Comanche language. The scrimmage may appear strange, and not strange either when it is known that her mother could have spoken it well: with her it was a native tongue.

But even without this knowledge she might as well have learned the designs of the savages—for the southern Comanches are accomplished linguists: many of them can speak the beautiful language of Ambrosia! There was a time when a portion of the tribe submitted to the teaching of the mission priests, besides, a few among them might boast—which they do not—of Iberian blood!

No doubt, the captive in their midst had ordered them discussing their projects.

We had ridden for two hours, when we came upon the ground where the Indians had made their night-camp. We approached it warily and with stealth, for we were now travelling with great caution. We had need. Should a single savage, straying behind, set eyes upon us, we might as well be seen by the whole band. If discovered upon the war-trail, our lives would not be worth much. Some of us might escape; or if all, at least our plan would be completely frustrated.

I say plan, for I had formed one. During the last vigil of the night, my thoughts had not been idle, and a course of action I had traced out, though it was not yet fully developed in my mind. Circumstances might yet alter it, or aid me in its execution.

We approached their night—encampment, that warily and with stealth. The smoke of its smouldering fires pointed out the place, and warned us from the Feud it quite deserted—the gaunt wolf and the eagle alone occupying the ground, disputing with each other possession of the hide and bones of a horse—the debris of the Indian breakfast.

Had we not known already, the trappers could have told us the sign of the camp to what tribe the Indians belonged. There were still standing the poles of the tent—one only—doubtless the lodge of the head-chief. The poles were temporary ones—saplings cut from the adjacent thicket. They were placed in the ground at an angle, and meeting at the top were tied together with a piece of strong cord, so that, when covered, the lodge would have exhibited the form of a perfect cone. This was the fashion of the Comanche tent.
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Ev't hed 'a been Kickapoo,' said Rube, who took the opportunity of displaying his knowledge, 'thud 'a bent thur poles in'ard, so's to make a sort o' roun top, d'ee see; an' ef 'ed 'a been Wacoes or Witchoooses, thud 'a held 'em up to let out thur smoke. Delawars an Shawnees wud 'a hed tents, jest like white; but thet ur ain't thur way o' makin' a fire. In a Shawnee fire, the logs 'ud 'a been laid wi' one end turned in an the other turned out, jest like the star on a Texas flag, or the spokes o' a wagon-wheel. Likeways Cherokee an Choctaw wud 'a hed reg'lar tents, but thur fire wud 'a been afer diff'runt. They 'd 'a not the logs purrealte, side by side, by an itt'em only at one end, an' then pushed 'em up as fast as they burn. Thet's thur way. 'Be see these hyur logs is diff'rent—thur lit in the middle, an' thees' Kimanche for sartin—it ur.'

Rube's knowledge extended further. The savages had been asart as early as ourselves. They had decamped about daylight, and were now exactly two hours away from our trail. Where were they travelin' so rapidly? Not from fear of pursuit by any enemy. The soldiers of Mexico—had these been regarded by them—were too busy with the Saxon foe, and were not anxious to push on ahead. They would hardly make an expedition to rob them of their captives. Perhaps they were driving forward to be in time for the great herds of buffalo, that, at this season, the child northerners, might now be looked for in the northern part of the Comanche range. This was the explanation given by the trappers—most probably the true one.

Under the influence of singular emotions, I rode over the ground. There were other signs besides those of the savage—signs of the plunder with which they were laden—signs of civilisation. There were fragments of broken cups and musical instruments—torn leaves of books—remnants of dresses, silks and velvets—a small satin slipper (the peculiar chaussure of the Mexican manola) side by side with a worn-out mud-stained mocassin—fit emblems of savage and civilised life.

There was no time for speculating on so curious a confusion. I was looking for signs of her—for traces of my betrothed. I cast about me inquiring glances. Where was it probable she had passed the night? Where?

Involuntarily my eyes rested upon the naked poles—the tent of the chief. How could it be otherwise? Who among all the captives like her? grandly beautiful to satisfy the eye even of a savage chieflain—grandly, magnificently beautiful, how could she escape his notice? There, in his lodge, shrouded under the buffalo skins and buffalo devices—in the arms of a painted, keel-babaded savage—his arms, brown and greasy—embraced—oh!—

"Young feller! I ain't much o' a skollor; but I'd stake a pack o' beaver pel' agin a pung o' Jeneus River, thet this hyur manuscript wur intended for yerself, an nobdy else. Thur's writin' upon it—thet's clur, an mighty kawnous' ICK I reck'n thet ur. Once ov a time I kul a read write or print eythur as easy as fallin' off a log; for thur wur a Yankee feller on Duck Creek thet kep a putty consid'able school thur, an' he kep a comm'nt thar. Mr. Rawlin's, he bed thid child put thr' a regular coorse o' the Testymint. I remem'ers readin' bout thet ur cussed nigger as tayed the possible sacker—Judeas, of I recollect right, wur the dunned raskull's name—of I kud 'a laid claws on him, I'd a raised his har in the shakin' o' a goat's tail. Wagh! thet I wud.'

Rube's indignation against the betrayer having reached its climax, brought his speech to a termination.

I had not waited for its finale. The object which he held between his fingers had more interest for me, than either the history of his own or the story of the betrayal. It was a paper—a note actually folded, and addressed 'Warfield!' He had found it upon the grass, close to where the tent had stood, where it was held in the crotch of a split stick, the other end of which was stuck into the ground.

No wonder the trapper had remarked upon the ink; there was no missing the character of that livid red: the writing was in blood!

Hastily unfolding the paper, I read:

'Heur! I am still safe, but in dread of a sad fate—
the fate of the poor white captive among these hideous men. Last night I feared it, but the Virgin shielded me. It has not come. Oh! I shall not subdue—I shall die by my own hand. A strange chance has hitherto saved me from this horrid outrage. Not it was chance, but Heaven that interposed. It is thus: Two of my captors claim me—one, the son of the chief—the other, the wretch to whom you granted life and freedom. Would to God it had been otherwise! Of the two, he of white blood is the viler savage—bad, brutal—very demon. Both took part in the capture of the steed, therefore both claim me as their property. The choice is not yet made: hence I have been spared. But, alas! I fear my hour is nigh. A counsel is to be held that will decide to which of these monsters I am to be given. If to either, it is a horrid fate; for neither, a doom still more horrible. Perforce you know their custom: I should be common property—
the victim of all. Dios de mi alma! Never—never! Death—welcome death!—

'Fear not, Heuri, lord of my heart! fear not that I shall disown your love. No—sacred in my breast, its purity shall be preserved, even at the sacrifice of my life. I shall bathe it with my blood. Ah me! my heart is bleeding now! They come to drag me away. Farewell! farewell!'

Such were the contents of the page—the fly-leaf of a torn missal. Upon the other side was a vignette—a picture of Dolores, the weeping saint of Mexico! Had it been chosen, the emblem could scarcely have been more appropriate.

I thrust the red writing into my bosom; and, without waiting to exchange a word with my companions, pressed forward upon the trail.

Chapter LXXI.

More Writing in Red.

The men followed as before. We needed no trackers to point out the way; the path was plain as a drover's road—a thousand hoofs had made their mark upon the ground.

We rode at a regular pace, not rapidly. I was in no hurry to come up with the savages; I desired not to get sight of them before nightfall; it would be better not, lest they might also get sight of us.

The plan I proposed to myself for the rescue of my betrothed, could not be accomplished in the daytime; darkness alone could avail me in carrying it out, and for nightfall must I wait.

We could easily have overtaken the savages before night. They were but two short hours in the advance of us, and would be certain—as is their custom on the war-trail—to make a noon-bait of several hours' duration. Even Indian horses require to be rested.

We calculated the rate at which they were travelling —how many miles to the hour. The prairie-men could tell a furlong, both the gait and the distance.

The tracks of the poor captives were still seen along the trail. This showed that the party could not have been going faster than a walk.

The prairie-men alleged there were many horses without riders—led or driven; many mules, too—the product of the foray. Why were the poor captives not permitted to ride them?

Was it sheer cruelty, or brutal indifference on the part of their captors? Did the inhuman monsters glot over the sufferings of these unfortunate, and
deny them even the alleviation of physical pain? The affirmative answer to all these questions was probably the true one, since harsh manners—no better, indeed—is the behaviour of these savages towards the women of their own blood and kind—their own squaws.

Talk not to me of the noble savage—of the simplicity and gentleness of that condition falsely termed a 'state of nature.' It is not nature. God meant not man to be a wild Ishmaelite on the face of the earth. Man was made for civilization—for society; and only under its influence does he assume the form and grace of true nobility. Leave him to himself—to the play of his instincts—to the indulgence of his evil impulses—and man becomes a brute, a beast of prey. Even worse, for wolf and tiger gently consort with their kind, and still more gently with their family: they feel the tenderness of the family tie. Where is the savage upon all the earth who does not usurp dominion, and practise the meanest tyranny over his weaker mate? Where can you find him? Not on the blood-stained shores of Africa, not upon the forest-plains of the Amazon, not by the icy shores of the Arctic Sea, certainly not upon the prairies of North America.

No man can be noble who would in wrath lay his finger upon weaker woman; talk not, then, of the noble savage—fancy of poets, myth of romancers!

The tracks of riderless horses, the footsteps of walking women—tender girls and children—upon that long tiresome trail, had for me a cruel significance—those slender tiny tracks of pretty feet—pobres niñas!

There was one that fixed my attention more than the rest: every now and then my eyes were upon it; I fancied I could identify it. It was exactly the size, I thought. The perfect symmetry and configuration, the oval curve of the heel, the high instep, the row of small graduated globes made by the impression of the toes, the smooth surface left by the imprint of the delicate epidermis—all these points seemed to characterize the footprint of a lady.

Surely it could not be hers? O surely she would not be toiling along that weary track! Cruel as were the hearts of her captors, brutal as were their natures, surely they would not inflict this unnecessary pain? Beauty like hers should command kinder treatment, should inspire compassion even in the breast of a savage! Also! I deemed it doubtful.

We rode slowly on, not desirous of overtaking the foe: we were allowing them time to depart from their noon halting-place. We might as well have stopped for a while, but I could not submit to the repose of a halt. Motion, however slow, appeared progress, and in some measure hindered me from dwelling upon thoughts that only produced unnecessary pain.

Notwithstanding the incumbrance of their spoils, the Indians must have been travelling faster than we. They had no fear of foes to retard them; nought to require either spies or caution. They were now in their own country—in the very heart of the Comanche range—and in dread of no enemy. They were moving freely and without fear. We, on the contrary, had to keep our scouts in the advance; every bend of the road had to be reconnoitred by them, every bush examined, every rise of the ground approached with extreme care and watchfulness. These manoeuvres occupied time, and we moved slowly enough.

It was after mid-day when we arrived at the noon-camp of the savages. They had kindled fires and cooked flesh. The smoke, as before, warned us, and approaching under cover, we perceived that they were gone. The bones, clean picked, were easily identified, and the mid-day meal shewed that there had been no change in the diet of these hippophagiasts: dinner and defemer had been alike—drawn from the same labourer.

Again I searched the ground; but, as before, the eyes of the tracker proved better than mine.

'Hyrn's a other billit-dux, young feller,' said he, handing me the paper.

'Another leaf from the missal!' I seized it eagerly—eagerly I devoured its contents! This time they were more brief:

'Once more I open my vision. The council meets to-night. In a few hours it will be decided whose property I am—whose slave—whence—Sanctius Maria! I cannot write the word. I shall attempt to escape. They leave my hands free, but my limbs are tightly bound. I have tried to undo my fastenings, but cannot. O, if I had a knife! I know where one is kept: I may contrive to seize it, but it must be in the last moment—it will not do to fail. Henri, I can fire and rendate; I do not yield to despair. One way or the other, I shall free myself from the hideous embrace of—They come; the villain watches me; I must—'

The writing ended abruptly. Her jailers had suddenly approached. The paper had evidently been concealed from them in haste; it had been crumpled up and flung upon the grass—for so was it when found.

We remained for a while upon the spot, to rest and refresh our horses; the poor brutes needed both. There was water at the place, and that might not be met with again.

The sun was far down when we resumed our march—our last march along the war-trail.

TOADYISM OF GENIUS.

This grand era of literary flattery in England was in the early dawn of our literature; when readers, however courteous and gentle, were few in number, and a patron was the more necessary to an author for whom as yet there existed no public. Thus we find that Spencer, not satisfied with the protection of his royal mistress for his poem, addressed with it a commendatory sonnet to each person of eminence to whom he presented a copy of the work. The Faerie Queene is inscribed (1596), both in prose and verse, to 'Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queen of England, Franchise, and Ireland, and of Virginia, &c.'

O goddess heavenly bright,
Mirrors of grace and majesty divine,
Great ladies of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phoebus' lamp, throughout the world dothshine.

To celebrate, without infringing on the claims of this 'goddess,' the praises of her attendant nymphs,
Was a delicate task, which the poet performed, however, with great adroitness, in his sonnet to 'all the gracious and beautiful ladies in the court.'

The Chian peintre, when he was required
To pourtrait Venus in her perfect hue;
To make his works more absolute, desired
Of all the fairest maides to have the vers:
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant true
Of beauties queene, the world's sole wonderment:
To sharp my sense with sunry beauties sweet;
And steale from each some part of ornament.

Spenser did not pay his homage to the fair and the great unrewarded: Lord Grey of Wilton, his especial patron, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, bestowed on the bard the secretaryship to government in that country, and a grant of 3028 acres of land, from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, near Cork.

The queen, indeed, dealt out her bounties more sparingly. 'There passeth a story,' wrote De Thomas Fuller in 1662, 'commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil (Burleigh), her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, "then
give him," quoth the queen, "what is reason?" to which the lord consented, but was so busy, belike, about matters of greater concernment, that Spenser received no reward.

The poet seems to lay a trembling hand on the lyre, when commending his verse to the grave 'Lord High Treasurer:"

To you, right noble lord, whose careful breast
To manage of most grave affairs is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders must desth rest
The burden of this present government.
As wide the compass of the firmament
On Atlas' mighty shoulders is upstayed;
Under this heaven, the labor of lost time, and wilt unstayed.

If poets are accused, not without reason, of giving unduly flattering titles, much allowance may be made for them, in their struggles to obtain some advantage from their productions, through private favour or patronage, in addition to the profits derivable from the liberality of 'the trade;' and it is only just to remark, that even sound divines have shown no mean dexterity in the supple arts of dedication. A remarkable instance of this occurs in a work of far less a work than Walton's Polyglot Bible. Walton, who was chaplain to Charles I., and a prebendary of St. Paul's, having been deprived of his preferments on the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, found leisure, in those troubled times, for the commencement of his literary undertaking, and was encouraged in his task by the approbation of Cromwell. In the preface to the Polyglot, the author acknowledges the favours which he had received 'A Serenissimo D. Protecorum, operis promovendi causa,' &c. On the Restoration, however, Walton not only cancelled the praise which he had bestowed on the late sceptical prince, but substituted some pretty sharp invectives against him; hence the distinction, well known to bibliographers, between the 'republican' and the 'royal' copies of the Polyglot. Charles II. rewarded the loyalty of the author with the bishopric of Chester.

A proof of honest indissolubleness is presented in the refusal of Dryden to inscribe his Eneid to William III. It should be remembered that the pecuniary necessities of the bard were great, and that his age was one in which dedications bore golden fruit. Nor is his independence of conduct in this transaction the less vindicated, because 'the hero William' would not have given sixpence for the finest composition of the sort ever penned. Tonson, for ends of his own, exhausted every motive and inducement to persuade Dryden to dedicate his work to William, but in vain. The attempt on the part of the bookseller to dictate to the poet on this point was a manifest case of trespass on the paternal domain of authors.

Swift, who prefixed to his Tale of a Tub an Epistle Dedicatory to his Royal Highness Prince Posterity, added a second, which might have afforded a profitable hint to Jacob Tonson:—

'The Bookseller to the Right Hon. John Lord Sommers.'

My Lord—Although the author has written a large dedication, yet, that being addressed to a prince whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under to the caprice of authors; I think it a wise piece of precaution to insert these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of your servant's name on the front, in capital letters, will at any time get off one edition; neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship. I should now, in right of a dedicatory, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself...

It is no wonder that the fever of dedications, which was at its height during the reign of Queen Anne, experienced some abatement under the Hanoverian dynasty, which, at its outset, gave even less encouragement to polite letters and the fine arts than had been shown by our Dutch ruler. With consummate candour, George II. said: 'I hate boors and beggars.' It is probable that the next epigramm of Dr. Johnson on this sovereign was fully justified:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's praise let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

Goldsmith has given, in the Vice of Walpole, a lively picture of the abuses to which the dedication-system was still subject in his time. 'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes (it is young George Primrose who says), a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition. He was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, "I see," said he, "you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creole arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe really the first time, I renew my request for a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coats-of-arms at the top."' It is with a good grace that Goldsmith ridicules the devices of parasites and flatterers. Himself above sordid calculations, instead of seeking a patron among the wealthy or noble, he followed the dictates of his affections, by inscribing the work which first gained him distinction to his brother—a man who, despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, on an income of forty pounds a year.*

A grave rebuke to the toadyism of authors and the vanity of patrons is administered by Johnson in his manly letter to the Earl of Chesterfield:

'Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it

* Goldsmith's dedication to The Traveller.
is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should be owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

We must not expect that even in times of 'literature for the million,' the favour of a 'discouraging public' will entirely supersede the pursuit of particular patronage. The writer of this article remembers being told by the poet Campbell that he had regretted through life the mistake which,

In the fire of his youthful emotion, he committed, by dedicating the Pleasures of Hope to a mere personal friend, 'who could do him no good.' On the whole, however, it is matter of congratulation that the dedicatory effusions of our own days are, in great measure, short of the servility which marked those of past ages; while, on the contrary, the sister-art of puffing by advertisement, in the hands of modern practitioners, has attained a degree of luxuriance eclipsing the efforts in that line of all former generations.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

One of the important matters talked about during the past month, was Mr Allan's interview with the Emperor of the French to exhibit an electro-magnetic machine, which, if rumour may be relied on, will do real work, and avoid the defects of machines which have preceded it. Although the result, however, is said to be satisfactory, as we have not yet been made acquainted with particulars, we are unable to describe the merits of the contrivance. Meanwhile, the question has been considered at a meeting of the Civil Engineers, in Mr Robert Hunt's paper 'On the Application of Electromagnetism as a Motive Power.' It was treated comprehensively, and reasons were given why the attempts hitherto made have failed. Engines acting by a direct pull will not answer, because the iron, under the repeated blows it receives, alters in character, until in time it becomes something like steel, and then retains an amount of permanent magnetism. Hence it was that Jacobi of St Petersburg set himself to find a way of producing an immediate rotary motion, and constructed an electro-magnetic machine which propelled both boat laden with passengers about three miles an hour on the Neva; but nothing came of it, owing to heavy cost and other difficulties. Mr Hunt explains what these difficulties are; shows how one magnet will counteract the other, and that as the speed of the engine increases, there is curiously a corresponding diminution of available mechanical power; a falling off in the duty of the engine as the rotations become more rapid. Moreover, there remains the important consideration, that to produce mechanical force of any kind, there must be a change in form in the matter producing. In the case of electro-magnets, the zinc employed in the batteries is the element that undergoes the change; and it has been proved by experiment that six grains of carbon in the fuel produce a motive power equal to thirty-two grains of zinc in the battery, and that, under the best possible conditions, an equal result would be secured by the combustion of six pounds of anthracite coal—the most carbonaceous fuel—as by the conversion in the battery of thirty-two pounds of zinc into oxide. Another way of putting the case is, that the thirty-two pounds of zinc burnt in the furnace will develop precisely the same quantity of heat as that which would be obtained from burning six pounds of coal in the same furnace. Whether producing heat during combustion, or electricity during chemical change, the mechanical force obtained is precisely the same. Hence the commercial question of cost is greatly in favour of steam, and adverse to the use of electricity. It is possible that endeavours after really useful electro-magnetic engines will occupy the heads and hands of inventors and mechanists for many a year to come. The question is one that will not be given up until some practical solution has been arrived at; and the amateur and scientific investigator will be alike benefited by the publication of trustworthy data.

Chief among things talked about are the Art Treasures Exhibition; the great Hanold festival which is to be held at the Crystal Palace; the Great Eastern steam-ship which is to be launched next August; the telegraph cable, of which many miles are raised every week at Greenwich, for submersion in the Atlantic. With respect to this last, opinions have been expressed that the manufacture of selenium telegraph cables is open to considerable improvement, and that the only way to insure durability is to have stout iron wires for the core instead of thin copper ones. Such a cable, it is said, could be twisted for L.70 a mile. There is some talk of a new company to carry out the improvement, if not be, the project being an under-sea line to the Azores and thence to Halifax. For England, one uniform rate is proposed of a shilling per message. This system is found to answer well in Switzerland, where every message can be sent to any part of the country for a franc, and we see no reason why it should not be adopted here. Let the public but once feel assured of secrecy and secrecy, as well as cheapness, and they will not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages of instantaneous communication. Proof exists in the fact, that on the last Saturday of March, while the elections were in progress, 3,000 messages were received at the telegraph offices in the Strand and Leith, and the country offices were busier than ever. The look at Canada—60,000 messages were flashed back the line passing through Montreal in 1856.

Let us mention, while on the subject of communications, that 478,000,000 letters passed through the Post-office in 1854. The number is astounding; it is published by the Duke of Argyle, Post-master General, in his Report for last year. It is an increase of 22,000,000 over 1853. In 1839, the number of letters was 76,000,000; and there were certain prophets at that time who foretold that penny-postage would never answer. What do they say now? And last year a sum of more than L.1,000,000 was sent by Post-office orders. We are well aware before us, we are glad to notice that the name of Rowland Hill appears in the list of the fifteen candidates selected by the council of the Royal Society for admission into that learned corporation. Mr Grant is another; Mr Whithworth another; Professor Plat, Snyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, another. The total number of candidates this year is forty-two.

The new Reading-room of the British Museum, having been thrown open for a week to everybody, is now restored to the habitual readers and students, and by not a few new ones; for the comfort and conveniences of the room are so great, that members will now be attracted who wish to gratify curiosity, without undergoing the hardships of the old room. One very gratifying fact remains to be noticed; it is, that up to letter Q there therewithal be but one catalogue instead of two; so that a student looking into that one will be sure to find whatever he may seek in the library. The hieroglyphics are the edges of the volumes of the catalogue—and numerous they are!—are shed with iron, to prevent wear and tear.

The president of the Geographical Society, in his anniversary address, pronounced an eulogy on Dr Kane, whose name, as our readers will remember, was made
famous through arctic discovery and adventure, and whose untimely death occurred but a few months ago. In the same address, particulars were given of the exploration, which, as we intimated, is about to be undertaken to discover, if possible, by one last effort, the fate of the long-lost Franklin expedition. Lady Franklin has purchased the Fox screw-yacht, aided by which she plans to make several expeditions; and as Captain McClintock is to have the command, we may be sure that all that human skill and endurance can do to reveal the dread secret will be done. May success attend the effort, though it be to disclose a tale of disaster, privation, and death.

Seeing that we were threatened with the importation of a murrain from Northern Europe, the Royal Agricultural Society, in co-operation with the Agricultural Societies of Scotland and Ireland, have sent Professor Simonds, a competent veterinarian, accompanied by a German aide-de-camp, to examine into the nature of the disease on the continent, and gather all possible information respecting it. It is again repeated in communications to the Society, that the only way of preventing potato disease is to plant whole tubers. And Professor Way shows how to destroy all traces of weeds and the serpents, and even when no difference is perceptible to the eye. Put a slice from each suspected lot into separate portions of new milk, each about a quarter of a full cup, and let them be kept warm for three or four hours. The milk containing sound slices remains unaltered, while the rest is curdled.

To some people, a notice of a new star is now scarcely interesting, as a variety of suggestion, concerning a big gooseberry; we, however, think it worth while to mention that another little planet, the forty-third, has been discovered by one of the observers at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford.—Another interesting astronomical fact is that, within the past few weeks, there has been a reappearance of spots on the sun. It is interesting, because it tends to confirm the theory which associates the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism with solar spots. The phenomena, as we have more than once explained, go through their various manifestations from maximum to minimum in a period of ten years; the sun-spots do the same; and the more spots, the more marked the phenomena. Last year scarcely a spot was observed, and now that spots begin once more to show themselves, the attention of astronomers is being turned towards the fate of the earth's axis in space. I have ascertained that in spite of the egregious rolling of the yacht, which must be par taken of by the observer, but is happily not par taken of by a telescope mounted as ours, there is no difficulty in keeping the eye on the heavenly object, and observing it with a telescope. The man who has brought the horizon of the sea into the field of view, I was delighted to find it remain there absolutely unalloyed by the rolling and pitching of the yacht. The telescope had been securely fixed on the wire sufficiently long for the captain, the first and second mates, and several of the sailors, to look in and bear witness of the fact. They saw this consummation long desired at sea, and they took kindly to the instrument, though it was an innovation on nautical practice.

The importance of this invention to navigation can hardly be overrated. After long-continued gales, it sometimes happens that the mariner can only ascertain his true position, or check the rate of his chronometers, by observations of the stars, or an eclipse of one of Jupiter's moons. With Professor Smyth's apparatus, the observations can be taken as accurately as on shore. He himself was about to observe an eclipse of one of the Jovian satellites, when, by working too eagerly, broke the handle of the driving-wheel. We hope to see the subject taken up by the Admiralty, and practically carried out in the navy; and, as was said by the chairman of the meeting at which the paper was read, 'If her Majesty had occasion to take
a voyage in rough weather, she could not have a
greater favour conferred upon her than a seat mounted as
Professor Smyth had described, unmoved by the agita-
tion of the waves, and in perfect repose amidst
the fury of the tempest.

We call attention to Mr Niven's paper, brought
before the same Scottish Society. 1 On the Manufacture
of Japse and Paper from the Stem of the Holly-buck.
This plant produces a great quantity of available fibre,
which can be broken down and prepared for pulp by
any of the usual methods. It grows from eight to ten
feet high under ordinary circumstances, and produces
numerous stems as it advances in age. An acre of
holly-bucks would yield from three to five tons of fibre
fit for ropes, or fifteen tons from which paper could
be made. And, as Mr Niven states, 'when the crop
requires renewal, the roots, which contain a large
amount of farina, should be bruised in the manner
of making starch from the potato, and the fibre left is at
once suitable for the fabrication of a quality of paper
stronger even than that which can be produced from
the stems, the farina being also available either as a
substitute for starch or food for animals. It is also
known that the holly-buck contains a large amount of
colouring matter, which, being little inferior to indigo,
might be extracted, and thus the whole plant appro-
priated to useful purposes.

The Government of New Zealand has set apart a
sum of L.1000 to found prizes for inventions by which
the hemp and other fibrous plants of that island may
be brought into articles of commerce. The first person
who shall show any means or contrivance of his own
manufacture 100 tons of merchandise from the Phor-
ienia tenax, or other native plants, is to have L.2000.
To the second, L.1000 will be awarded; and the first
five who, under the same condition, produce 25 tons
of merchandise, will receive L.150 each.

By a vote of the colonial parliament, the decimal
system of money is to be adopted in Canada. A report
on the question, as regards England, has just been
published by Lord Overstone. At a late meeting of
the Geographical Society of Paris, the gold medal was
awarded to Dr Livingstone; and a communication was
read showing how to carry on trade from Algeria to
Senegal by way of Timbuctoo.

BENEFIT AND SICK CLUBS.

A tract on this subject has been published at Sheffield,
by Mr Charles Hamilton, which challenges attention.
An important subject it truly is; since the members of
such societies, including Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, Recha-
blers, Shepherds, &c., number more than three millions and
a half of the population of England, and contribute
four millions and a half to their funds, which sometimes
amount in the aggregate to upwards of twelve millions
sterling. The majority, however, of those apparently flour-
ishing Benefit Societies are at this moment, according to
Mr Hamilton, mistaken. But that need not hinder them
from going on for a term of years yet; although the final
crash, supposing no energetic steps be taken to avert it,
is inevitable. Between 1792 and 1836—forty-one years—
14,975 clubs broke on want of funds, and they were
then re-established on the very same system of construc-
tion and management. The main cause of the mischief
is the unfair and childishly absurd plan of average pay-
ments. In insurance offices, on lives from 25 to 60, the
premiums range from about L.3, 2s. to L.7; but in these
benefit clubs, where the claims accruing increase with age,
just as in the other the man of 25 and the man of 60
pays the same. A few of the clubs have corrected this
du; but in most of the other cases where the evil
has been observed at all, the only step taken in the way
of reform was to refuse to receive members beyond
the age of 45. One half the existing clubs are illegal,
because their rules and tables have not been prepared
by an actuary, although the cost of this is trifling. As
for the legal enrolling of the society, that does not now

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

Low to the song of the mountain stream,
From its old rocky chamber springing;
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,
With its frolicking—sparkling—singing:
'Oh, it's a glorious thing to bound
Through a world of such wondrous beauty;
The flowers are breathing sweet odours around,
And hark! the old woods with gay music sound:
Pleasure is glancing,
Sunbeams are dancing,
Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!' 1

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As its murmurs are gently swelling,
Bounding along with its moonshine theme,
Of the glory of labour telling.
'I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,
Set the young grass blades growing;
I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,
And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.
The lambs shall come skipping,
Birds shall stoop sipping;
All shall be glad for my pure limpid flow.'

List to the song of the mountain stream,
As it rolls with its heaving motion,
Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,
Ere it loses itself in the ocean.
'No more through the beautiful vale I shall run;
I have finished life's changeable story;
Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,
Where with my main, my small tribute shall bow.
Sighing—not sighing,
Singing for ever His greatness and glory.'

CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.

The writer of this article has fallen into a horrible
mistake in stating that the Mr Weld, who accompanied
Captain Dodd, was the present secretary of the Royal
Society—who was not yet born at the time. The
now deceased Mr Weld was his half-brother, Mr Isaac
Weld, was fifty years his senior; the father having been
married—once when very young, and again in adult
age. Mr Isaac Weld was the author of the
voyage was written by Mr C. R. Weld.

PAPERS FOR SALE.

We mentioned, a few days since, the custom of
enormous bids for keeping the public panpers which prevailed in
some parts of New Jersey. We were not then aware that in some parts of New England—that land of school
and Puritans—the same custom prevailed. In Rhode
Island and Vermont, the poor of some towns may occa-
sionally be seen at 'the auction-block,' to be struck of the
lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get some
little compensating work out of them, or feed them in the
refuse of his table, and many times on that which he has
thought fit to be brought into his house. It is not
since some of the papers of Rhode Island and Vermont
enjoyed the attention to some outrageous abuses in the same
would not he well for some of our New-England states
to take measures for preventing the sale at auction of
some of the mothers of New England?—New York
Tribune of June 10, 1863. (The system is still kept up.

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Bookstalls.
PICNICS.

This is not a pretty word, by any means, nor, so far as I know, a word used in any pleasant memories it awakens. As I never can see a hearse, with red-nosed driver, and all the paraphernalia of simulated sorrow—sadder to think upon than even that heavy vacant burden within—without my mind reverting at once to the thoughtless merry time when I was school-boy, and managed to be present at a certain Derby, by paying half-a-crown for the privilege of clinging to a funeral plume; as I never smell a herring, fresh or otherwise, but the waving woods of Inverary, and the long blue waters of Loch Fyne, pass before me like a dissolving view, with all their summer prime of youth and pleasure; so, at this word picnic, formed of two ill-assorted monosyllables, I hear the distant murmur of the seas, and the hurr of shadowy rivers, and the trumpets of the bees upon moorlands, and the whisper of autumn woods, with the voices and the laughter of those I love, ringing, year behind year, through all. There are but few touchstones of our poor human hearts which can elicit any past remembrance wholly without pain; but I think this simple word, that is born of pleasure, and nicknamed in drollery, is one: poverty, ill-humour, illness, all things that deform or imbitter our existences, are forgotten in the sound. Care, it is said, killed a cat; but I never heard of its having hurt a picnic: otherwise, the salt would not be left behind so often. Mirth—if he travels even in the hamper with the bottles—is sure to be there; love, who is very light and portable, is carried by the ladies; appetite, like charity, never faileth; and digestion—well, digestion sometimes comes to a picnic a little late, in consequence of having been obliged to go back for the dinner-pots. I have sat at rich men's feasts, which were partaken of in the open air, whereat powdered footmen have waited upon us decorously, and a bishop said grace; where every one had a cushion to sit upon, and a napkin folded upon his plate; but I see what all that picnicking. And I have taken my reast—brown bread, and eggs and onions, with a flask of the most ordinary wine—outside Disten's, in the valley of the Grisons, and ate it upon the hillside by myself, because the town, and the inn, and the people all smelt so execrably: but I don't consider that a picnic either. I have been one of a party of three hundred, whose various contributions to the common stock have been decided upon three weeks before the day of meeting, at a lottery, wherein mustard, and bread, and pepper were the prizes; where there were two military bands to dance to, under a thousand Chinese lanterns; where champagne corks went off like platou-firing; and where it took half an American lake to ice the wine. And I have joined mighty pleasure-companies of the people, where everybody kept his pocket-handkerchief; and having cut it up with clasp-knives, and devoured it, seized everybody else's hands, and ran down grassy hills at speed; but these things, too, I consider foreign to the picnic, which seems, somehow, to signify something snug and well selected, and quite at variance with monster-meetings of any sort.

A picnic should be composed principally of young men and young women; but two or three old male folks may be admitted, if very good-humoured; a few pleasant children; and one—only one, dear old lady: to her let the whole commissariat department be intrusted by the entire assembly beforehand; and give her the utmost powers of a dictatress, for so shall nothing we want be left at home. It is not 'fun' to find one's self without mint-sauce to his cold lamb; nobody, who is properly constituted, enjoys lobster without fresh butter; and when you are fond of salad, it is not cheerful to find the bottle of dressing, which was intrusted to young Master Brown, has broken in his filthy pocket: these things all occur, unless we have our (one) dear old lady. Who else would have seen to that hamper of glass being packed with such consummate judgment? Who else would have brought the plate—I confess I dislike steel forks—in her own private bag? Who else could have so piled tart upon tart without a crack or a cranny for the rich red juice to well through? Who else has the art of preserving Devonshire cream in a can? Observe her little bottle of cayenne-pepper! Mark each individual crust as it gleams forth from its separate receptacle! Look at the salt-box!—look at the corkscrew! Bless her dear old heart! she has forgotten nothing. However humble the meal, let it be complete; and it can't be complete without its (one) dear old lady.

The girl with the prettiest hands will be generally found—in accordance with the eternal fitness of things—cooking the claret cup; the young man—the only young man, who should have the sole charge of the bottle-department—and who must not be her lover—assisting her. Lemonade and claret is the best mixture for ladies, if you have no 'cup'; and beer, remember, in stone-bottles is almost always flat. Let there be plenty of railway-wrappers to sit and loll upon; for in most of nature's selles à manger, and by the sea-coast especially, the seats and couches are hard, and at times damp. I had the mark of a plum-pudding stone—where I was not born with, but which I thought I should carry to my grave—most firmly impressed upon me,
until quite lately, the consequence of an open-air enter-

tainment in the beginning of last autumn. If there is
the slightest chance of people being dull, take the last
new poem (I have heard better criticism again and
again, and yes, than that of the weekly dispensers of
immortality), take a flute—a cornet, if there is an echo
—take a sketch-book or two, for they often suggest, and
never interrupt conversation; and, if the company be
very lazy, and rather unintellectual, take the Racing
Game, or a pack of cards. Don’t be too polite, for draw-
ing-room manners are out of place at a picnic; but do
your very best, either in carving the chicken, or in
saying good things, according to your gifts. And, by-
the-by, if there is anything forgotten, after all, don’t
send the most amusing person you’ve got back for
it, because he is the youngest or the poorest; for
that, as the mathematicians say, is a great waste of
power; but let the stout, rich party go instead, who
is as much out of his element among you as an
aide-de-camp at church. If you are by the sea-
side, be very careful not to break the bottles; for
when they are empty and well-corked, they swim in
the water capitably, and afford excellent objects for
pebble-throwing to both sexes. If there be any
shells, drivers, or things like that, don’t forget that they
appreciate having the things left for them unlooked
and tolerably neat; and if they take your places, don’t
put everything of value out of sight, as though you
were afraid of damage. Let the gentlemen withdraw
themselves, after dinner, from the weaker vessels who can’t
stand smoke, and enjoy their cigars; the (one) dear old lady, aided by her obedient
and next-handed Phillis, will, during that period, be
putting the crockery back again, and the plate into
her private bag; and that will be the time, also,
you will be reminded upon if you have monopolised
the most comfortable place during the meal, or have
spoiled a dress through clumsiness, or have been eating
rapidly in order to secure two helps of cream.

It is now, when the glory of landscape or of ocean
stretches before you, and your every sense is satisfied,
that you must feel, if ever, benevolence towards the
whole human race, friendship for those present, and
love for one (at least) of them; it is the period for
affectation thought and conversation; the time

To glance from thence to thence,

Discuss the books to love or hate,

To touch the changes of the state,

Or thread some deep Socratic dream.

How well the poet, from whom these words are
borrowed, has understood this matter, he and his
best friend, was for the sunset and the sun-
climbs and the towering sycamore so fair after the dust,
and din, and steam of town; who, bearing all that
weight of learning lightly, like a flower, brought an
eye for all he saw, and mixed in all the simple out-
door gambols; who fed both heart and ear of the
charmed circle, as they lay and listened to his reading,
on the lawn; who loved himself to listen while the
maiden flung her ballad to the brightening moon, the
while the stream ran on, the wine-flask lying couched
in moss, or cooled within its glooming wave; and last,
returning from afar, before the crimson-circled star
had fallen into her father’s grave, and brushing ankle-
deep in flowers, they heard behind the woodbine veil
the milk that bubbled in the pail, and buzzings of
the honeyed hours; they went home—that is to say, to
tea, wherein they showed their wisdom.

My own first recollections of a course of picnics are
derived from those, in my boyhood, held at Cleeften
Spring, upon the river Thames, near Maidenhead. I
was then an Etonian. There is a story of my family living in that
vicinity, some half-a-dozen of my schoolfellows, or so,
good oars, and most of them good voices, would often
row up and spend the day with us at home. Saints’
days were blessed days in those times. Up the
broad river in a six-oar, with nothing on to speak of,
was fine travelling upon an early summer morning; the
right royal castle looking down upon us from the
flat green meadows upon this side, and the sloe
banks on that, and the little wooded islands in the
midst, so gallantly stemming the tide. Here we
were delayed to bathe, and there to beer; here, where
the tow-ropes took off our straw-hats, to chaff and chaff;
and at the bargemen, and there to put our flannel strips
on decently before the ladies met us at the old
bridge; then, on with our fair burden, through the
locks wherein, as the boat sank with the Naming
waters, we sang our glees; and again delayed by the
wet clinging lilies, which were woven into chaplets
of the weavers’ innocent hearts—for our many
brows; and by the swans delayed, which, as we noticed
their nests among the reeds, flapped out on angry
wings, and hissed their ireful. So we reached
Cleeften Spring, beneath the hanging woods of Cleeften
and by the river’s side. What appetites we broughed
then to those feasts! What Merriment! Ah me, the
youth!

I remember one young after-dinner bonfire of a
sort, who, speaking of the eggs, said, ‘I wonder that they were nothing compared to the extent of
those about his place at home. ‘There’s one, a great
one,’ he said, ‘that you may walk ten miles upon
and never leave it.’ Let the gentle
boys, with swollen cheeks, remarked: ‘O yes! we
should rather like to see it; but one, who was the
weakest of us, winked and said: ‘Ah, Longbow
meant ten miles of this, didn’t it?’ as which we
laughed the laugh of those blithe days.

I have picnicked for almost a summer long amongst
the Channel Islands; and there are no better places
for this pleasantness than there. There is a
ivy-mantled, wood-surrounded tower in Jersey, ten
which almost the entire island, the whole great trust
—which coins its own half-pennies—can be surveyed.
The tiny roads that thread it in and out, shut in by
honeysuckle hedges; the avenues that lead to the old
seigneuries; the small green valleys, where the beautiful
cattle feed; the mighty ruined castle by the sea; you
may sit and see it all from the tower, smoking your
great penny cigar, after your good bottle of claret a
.

9d., after your peerless Jersey lobsters, your
coiled green figs, your peach unrielled, and your
sarsaparilla pear. Or will you prefer Groene for
(sand-cells), where the white sand sparkles for such
a distance eastward, and the forsaken pools are like
mirrors; where the mighty caverns will shelter you
from the sun, and the shadows of the wych-elms and the
charmed circle, as they lay and listened to his reading,
on the lawn; who loved himself to listen while the
maiden flung her ballad to the brightening moon, the
while the stream ran on, the wine-flask lying couched
in moss, or cooled within its glooming wave; and last,
returning from afar, before the crimson-circled star
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vicinity, some half-a-dozen of my schoolfellows, or so,
good oars, and most of them good voices, would often
row up and spend the day with us at home. Saints’
walk homeward round the points. The sandy bay we had
chosen for debarkation was so flat that the boat
could not come in, and we chivalrous men had
to get out and drag it and the ladies high and dry.
There was a mighty archway, cut by that laborious
handicraftsman Ocean, through which the beautiful
village we had lately left, the wooded cliffs beyond it,
and the channel-stream with white-sailed ships, were
seen as in a picture; in the foreground, too, was a
mighty fallen fragment, resembling, almost minutely,
that statue, brave and pitiful, of the Dying Gladiator—
mature, as it really seemed, playing the painter and the
sculptor, and putting both arts to shame. The sketch-
books were produced of course, at once, and it was
decided here to dine. There was a doubt amongst the
superstitious whether we should not ask the old boatman
to make us up fourteen; but finally, he was paid and
sent away. 'Be sure, gents,' were his last words, 'not
to start later than four o'clock; and even then you'll
get your feet wet round the last point, perhaps. And
the gents,' thinking he only wanted to frighten them
and get another job, replied: 'O yes, bother the time!'
as though ten minutes' unpunctuality in the matter
would not have been our death-doom, with the spring-
tide rising thirty feet, and we shut out from life by a
sheer wall of cliff which rose five hundred. We laughed
and talked, drew and painted, climbed rocks, explored
caverns, and dined; the time flying on at average
picnic speed, and even quicker. There wanted but a
quarter to the fatal hour, and there was not a thing
packed up; the most philosophic of our party, too, had
only just lit his second cigar, over which he was accus-
tioned to form his judgements upon all things, and we
did not dare disturb him. It was five minutes past the
hour when we all started, slow and hamper-laden, for
home. By skipping round the first point from stone
to stone, we managed to clear it dry shoal, but the tide
was coming in space, we saw, and I heard somebody
say, in a hollow voice, that something would come of
our having been thirteen at dinner. Round the next
we had to wade knee-deep, and carry the ladies pick-a-
back. We ran on over the intervening sand at full
speed, and quite silently, for we knew our case was
gesting very hazardous, and found at the third point
the water was up to our waists. There was but one
promontory more, and that once rounded, we knew
that we should be in safety. We must effect that pas-
sage, for, as we stood by, the merciless waves from all retreat—even to that strip
of beach where we had dined, and where, indeed, the
surrounding rocks were just as precipitous as else-
where. We found the tide at the last point six feet in
at least, and quite unfearable. A look of utterable
horror stole over every face; the philosopher dropped
his hamper of crockery with a tremendous crash upon
the shingle. 'It's no use my bothering myself with
that any further, at all events.' No statement, however
solemn, not even 'this all comes of our having been
thirteen at dinner,' which here again tolled forth, could
have had a more awful effect upon us than this, for
we knew that he had had his second cigar, and that
his judgment was perfected. There was a little rock
some twelve feet in the sea, which would not be covered
over for an hour perhaps, and thither, with mournful
hearts, we waded, to eke our lives out by that scanty
space. I, too, had a good mind to let that heavy
young person whom I had hitherto supported on my shoulders
gain his legs, and wade, but no, the guides must not
be kept dry for so short a time; it was very lucky that my
good-nature prevailed, for behind the rock lay our
old good boatman in his wherry, concealed and laughing
to himself. 'Ah, I thought you'd get your feet we
round the point, gents, so I just waited here, in case
you might want me.' The heavy young person threw
her arms about him there and then, and kissed him;
and for my part, I shall not forget him either, nor that
spring-tide autumn picnic, although the mark of the
plum-pudding stone has, as I have said, by this time
paled away.

PAST AND PRESENT OF INDIA.

So far as our eastern territories are concerned, we may
well exclaim: Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.
The type of the old-school nabob has almost com-
pletely disappeared from our comedies and romances;
there are few families without some friend or relative
in India, and from him they discover that every indi-
vidual who has sojourned in that country for any
length of time, is not invariably an eccentric old
bachelor, imperious in manner and munificent in ideas,
with a yellow face, a liverless body, and pockets full of
gold. Except a tinge of bronze in the complexion, and
an unusual consumption of pate ale and port wine, there
is little to distinguish the East Indian of the present
day from his brother who lives at home at ease. The
cheap rate of postal charges for forwarding books and
periodicals, has enabled him to keep himself acquainted
with the current topics of the day; the shortness of the
overland route, compared with the old circuitous
voyage, brings him home to re-Europeanise himself
before he has been confirmed in the habits and tastes
which the climate and custom of the country induce.

We generally find the conquerors of any country
adopting many of the customs of the original inhabi-
tants, whom they affect to despise and dislike. In this
way the Mohammedans of Hindostan have fallen into
many Hindoo prejudices, particularly in matters of
eating and purification; for which they are stigmatised
as latitudinarians and heretics by their orthodox
brethren of El Hejaz. In former days, the unhappy
individual who went into voluntary exile in India,
finding himself deprived of European society, and
without books or intellectual occupation of any kind,
gradually subsided into native habits and amusements.

Few had strength of mind to resist the opportunities
afforded them of amassing a large fortune by the most
corrupt practices. Commanding officers drew the pay
wage, for, as we heard, by the number of paper-men, as
they were termed, who existed only on their own master-rolls; promotion was
sold to the highest bidder, and the lawsuit decided in
favour of whoever gave the largest bribe. It will
readily be believed that such a state of things caused
a low standard of morality; but it can hardly be
credited that any one born of Christian parents, in a
Christian land, could so far forget his country and his
God, as to conform to the degrading practices and
tenets of paganism. Nevertheless, on the top of a
hill near Saugur cantonment, may still be seen the
remains of a temple, built by a late field-officer of
the Bengal army, known by the name of Stewart,
and endowed by him with a sufficient sum
to maintain the officiating Brahmins. He dressed
completely in native fashion, even to his hair, which
he allowed to grow long, and turned up behind with a
comb; he never ate any kind of animal food, nor
would he touch his ordinary diet unless assured that
it had been prepared by a person of good caste; he
daily went to the ghat, and performed the ablutions
and devotions enjoined in the institutes of Menu, the
great Gentoos authority in matters of faith. Thus he
lived, and thus he died; and those natives who had
counted and flattered him for the sake of what they
could extract from his purse, shewed their contempt for
the memory of the renegade by destroying after his death anything that might serve to perpetuate it, even though it were a temple constructed for their own impure worship.

Since that time, the order of things is reversed; instead of the European lowering himself to the level of the native, the latter endeavours to raise himself in the social scale by adopting civilised habits and conforming to European ideas. The higher classes dress and entertain in the English fashion. When they ask you to their house, everything at table is cooked and served in French style; and though they will not eat with you, they will ask you to take wine, filling their own glass with water. Natives of all classes take their passage in the fire-boat, or their ticket in the smoke-day, without being considered guilty of impiety in committing themselves to that machine worked by magic, and made by evil spirits. A cross-stemmer is even still rather a severe trial of their feelings, the motive-power being invisible. However, as this kind of vessel is not found suited to river-navigation, their fortitude is seldom put to the test in that way. Natives avail themselves largely of the electric telegraph; satee and female infants are nearly abolished; education is making great strides;—there are commissions of education, boards of education, colleges and schools scattered all over the country. Tawny students in these aspiring institutions can recite Milton and spout Shakespeare, though they know not the difference between latitude and longitude, and cross the ponte ovvero before treading the beaten path of common addition and vulgar fractions. Probably Paradise Lost and geometry will never be of more practical use to them than Mrs Jebb’s warm flannel-vests and moral pocket-handkerchiefs were to the young niggers of Goradzeelouga; nevertheless, the memory is exercised, the mind enlarged, some information communicated, and means furnished for obtaining more, through a knowledge of the English language, as the native literature is very limited, and the little there is, anything but instructive or improving. Such progress has been made in this respect, that a native gentleman at either of the three presidencies would consider it an insult to be addressed in his native language, of which he makes no more use in polite society than the Poles and Irish do of theirs.

England has been making a steady and gradual advance since the days of our great-grandfathers; but though her national debt has increased enormously, neither her standing army nor territories have increased in proportion, for while she has gained in the east, she has lost in the west. What is her progress compared with that of India? Exactly one hundred years have elapsed since the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta was enacted, when, of the handful of Europeans who represented Great Britain in the now flourishing City of Palaces, 123 perished miserably in a single night. Though not a vestige now remains of the old fort which they held for three days against 70,000 native troops, or of the dungeon where they were foully murdered,—even the obelisk erected to their memory has disappeared,—still the tale of their gallantry and sufferings is familiar to all, and has even passed into a proverb.

At that time (1756), the Company of merchants trading to the East Indies did not hold the anomalous position which the merchant-princes of Leendenhall Street now do; they were simply a mercantile community holding a monopoly all trade to the eastward of the Cape, and having for this purpose some seven or eight stations on the eastern and western coasts of India. Small forts were built for the protection of the factory, and a grant of land attached to it, possession of which was not always obtained in the most honourable or straightforward manner. Territory there was none, the whole of the Company’s possessions eastward would not make a single zilbash or district of the present day. Their minds being chiefly bent on amassing wealth, they had neither the will nor the power to commit acts of aggression, but dreaded the loss of their factories, a limited number of mercenary soldiers, chiefly composed of European adventurers and low-caste natives. There was no standing army, it only took two regiments in the Company’s service clann be a century old, and even these are doubtful.

At the present time, the Company’s territories extend, with little interruption, over 27 degrees of latitude and 29 degrees of longitude, covering an area of nearly 3 million square miles. The additions made within the last ten years alone contain forty millions of inhabitants,—an amount considerably exceeding the entire population of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

Besides 4 cavalry and 29 infantry regiments of the Majesty serving on the Indian establishment, which are paid by the Company, there is a present consists of 6 brigades horse-artillery, 5 battalions foot-artillery, 3 corps of engineers, 3 regiments of sappers and miners, 9 regiments European infantry, 155 native infantry regiments, 23 regiments irregular cavalry; besides which, there are about 15 cavalry and 67 infantry local and irregular regiments.

Four thousand miles of electric telegraph, and 5,000 miles of railway, are daily at work in Hindostan, while large extensions of both are in progress. The line after extending its arms all over India, will soon pass Point de Galle, the south-western extremity of Ceylon.

Five companies have been formed under government guarantees for the construction, on a gigantic scale, railways in India; in all of which the shares are at a premium, and the works progressing more rapidly and cheaply than even the projectors anticipated. One of these will run a line above 1,100 miles long, intersecting the entire peninsula, and connecting Bombay with Cutch and Calcutta. This will accelerate, by more than a week, the arrival of the mail at the latter place, and shorten the journey to England some 1,500 miles; besides which it will open a line of communication for grand vessels; but particularly coal—the scarcity of which is the greatest drawback at present—and possessing a rich soil, beautiful scenery, and a climate equal to or superior to that of any part of Europe, has advantages that have hitherto been unavailing from the want of easy communication by land or water, and that part of the country is little known to or visited by Europeans.

Steamers now ply frequently and regularly on the principal navigable rivers, which, though far inferior in speed and light draught to those used on the American rivers, are a great improvement on the kind of craft which used to ply there previous to their introduction—worse built, worse found, or worse manned than the old-country boats and bargees that floated since the Argus was launched. The latter was the more comfortable, but the former the faster of the two, or, more properly speaking, the less slow.

The country boats were often of large size, but modelled and punted so as to cut the water, and in them they were not only flat-bottomed but flat-bottomed also, under the part of the stem being like the toe of a Chinese slipper, by which means the greatest possible resistance and the least buoyancy were obtained. Being built of one piece of hard shans arms, in order to make them fit for Europeans a platform of bamboo was constructed, nearly on a level with the gunwales, and occupying all the after-part of the boat. On this was erected grass, hams,
and matting, a temporary house, high enough to stand upright in the middle only, which afforded tolerable protection from the sun, rain, wind, and sand—the last, when it blows fresh, being often the greatest nuisance of the three. On the onward voyage, these boats were slowly and painlessly drawn through the water by strong men, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day. Whenever the formation of the river rendered a crossing necessary, this was so clumsily effected, that what had taken hours of labour to attain was often lost in a few minutes.

On the downward voyage, they were paddled along in the deepest part of the river, in selecting which the manjie usually shewed great discrimination, and seldom bumped ashore more than twenty or thirty times a day. The paddling, too, was more for appearance' sake than anything else, as it seldom was energetic enough to give her steerage-way; consequently, she swung round with every eddy, and more than half the voyage was performed broadside on or stern foremost.

This kind of craft cannot do much in the sailing line, as there is seldom a fair wind, and when there is, it does not much assist their progress, as the rectangular sail is cut and set with a total disregard to nautical science; and one without a plurality of rents and apertures is a very unusual sight. Besides this, they cannot sustaining the slightest swell after, and even then, before you have advanced very far, a bend of the river is sure to bring it abeam, and the unweatherly craft, having no more grip of the water than a boat without ballast, acts like a floating haystack, and is soon brought up all standing in the sand-bank. Some of the crew get out into the water, whilst others shove with long bamboo until you get off, only to repeat the same process a few yards further ahead. If the reach be a short one, it is passed in this way with the expenditure of some force, much bad language, and perhaps some damage to your crockery and moveables; but if it be a long one, the crew soon get tired, and the manjie says, "The line of fate cannot be obliterated: my brothers, let us smoke." So acceptable a proposal is at once agreed to, and down they all squat on the shore, hubble-bubble in hand, whilst the boat thumps and grinds unceasingly against the bank. Probably, like yourself, it is miles with the aggravating consciousness that she could only get past the point just ahead, she would have a fair wind for the rest of the day.

Gales of wind sometimes occur, and numbers of these boats are destroyed, particularly when the water is broken against the shore, or crushed by the high banks falling on them; and even if the voyage be safely accomplished, it is intolerably slow and tedious—the writer having taken three months in a sixteen-tonned bagerow to accomplish a distance which he afterwards performed in three weeks in a steamer towing a large flat, deeply laden with cargo.

In the postal department, too, there is great improvement. India has her postage-stamps and her mail-carts; and the letter which would have cost a rupee, can now be delivered quicker and surer for an anna—this reduction being from two shillings to about three half-pence.

The great trunk-road from Calcutta to the upper provinces was well made and kept; and as far as this went, the mails travelled very fairly; but the roads diverging from this were bad—in many instances, mere tracks through the jungle, without drainage or bridges, and consequently unfit at all times for wheeled carriages, and totally impassable during the rains. The traveller through those regions might observe wherever a deep nullah crossed the road, a stout pole chained with a rope suspended between. This was used for conveying the mail-bags over by sliding them across to a man stationed on the other bank, whenever a sudden rising of the nullah rendered it impassable. These ropes remained exposed to the weather all the year round, and were not replaced until they rotted away of themselves, and consequently were not much to be depended on. Like a faithless friend, they often failed when their aid was most needed; and the mail-bag, with its miscellaneous contents, was consigned to eternal oblivion in the raging torrent.

One of these catastrophes was duly chronicled by our Dak Baboo in the following words: 'Mail not come, having been drowned in a nullah.' This Dak Baboo, an individual of portly presence and phlegmatic temperamet, was really post-master of the out-station where we were then quartered, as the subaltern who ostensively discharged the duties gave himself little trouble about them except that, being of an inquiring turn of mind, he liked to make himself acquainted with the nature and extent of his neighbours' correspondence. All the real business was transacted by the Baboo, whose method might be gathered from his reply to our query—'At what hour does the post go out?'—"Generally about sunset, if the Burra Sahibs' letters are ready." A letter from Calcutta cost us then fourteen annas (1s. 9d.), and nominally took eleven days for its transit of 800 miles; but it seldom reached us so soon. Whenever it did arrive dry and clean in the allotted period, we paid our exorbitant postage with thankful hearts, and felt as if we never could be sufficiently grateful. When, on the contrary, we were several days without receiving any mail, and when the stale letters did reach us, partly reduced by moisture and friction to a muddy pulp, we neither grumbled nor stormed, but philosophically looked upon it as the natural and inevitable state of affairs.

In those days, the mails were everywhere carried by men improperly called 'Dak-runners'—parce quasi uninum pactum—because they never ran except when entering or leaving a station, on the post-boy principle of keeping a gallop for the avenue. They carried the post-bags on their backs, or suspended from a stick over the shoulder, and were fondly supposed by credulous individuals to accomplish four and a half miles per hour, which in truth they seldom did.

Their task was not very arduous, as each runner was relieved every ten or twelve miles; but as the stations were generally long distances apart, and no such thing as a watch or clock to be found on all the intervening space of road, it was almost impossible to ascertain which of the reliefs had caused the delay, so that the loiterer might be fined. The runners knew this, and presumed on the strength of it, suiting their pace exactly to their inclinations. Many stories are told of their lazy and dilatory habits; but there is one which I suppose must be true, as I have heard at least a dozen different persons tell it, the relater being invariably the hero of his own tale.

It would appear that the narrator had been on the march in some remote district, when one morning, just before daybreak, he spied a man stretched by the road-side, apparently fast asleep. Surprised at seeing any one in this position in so wild a spot, he dismounted and approached him, when he perceived that the unconscious individual was a dak-runner, who lay calmly slumbering in the moonlight, his brow and the rest of his face converted into a temporary pillow. A vigorous application of the foot, and a shout of 'What are you doing here?' soon raised the sleeper, who got up, and rubbing his eyes with one hand, and his person with the other, exclaimed: 'Hum express by' (I in the express). Yes, this was the swift-footed Mercury who had been intrusted with the conveyance of the express despatched from Bombay on the arrival of the overland mail, and received extra pay for going quicker than the ordinary mail-carriers.
With such messengers as these, it was not very surprising that we were often behind-hand with our mails; but late then they might be when they arrived, there was no indecent haste in their delivery. Before opening the bags, they had to be taken to the post-master aforesaid, in order that he might satisfy himself regarding their contents; they were then returned to the post-office, where, as the peco who acted as letter-carrier could neither read nor understand the English characters, it was necessary to inscribe them with certain Dewanagari hieroglyphics, purporting to be the name and address of the intended recipient. In spelling this, the phonetic method was pursued; and the Hindostanee way of pronouncing a proper name being very dissimilar from the English, the result was a cognomen so original as to make us wonder that the letter ever reached its right destination.

The natives display singular ingenuity in disguising European names, so that the owner could not possibly recognise them, unless acquainted with its Hindoo synonyms; but the most curious part of it is, that however remote from the original this synonym may be, it is invariably the same in all parts of India. Even our old friends Smith and Brown lose their familiar appellation, and become Ismit and Boorun; Captain Cartright is always styled Captam Crocktie; and Mr. Ballingall, Bunghole Sahib. Sometimes even a wider range is taken, and the initial letter only retained; thus Gilpin is substituted for Griffiths; and occasionally, when the original syllables are adhered to, their order is inverted; Sir David Ochterlony, for instance, being invariably spoken of as Long ochter Sahib.

But somehow or other, the letters generally did, in process of time, reach their destination, unless the confiding writer had paid the postage, and not taken a receipt from the Dak Baboo, in which case their fate was generally involved in mystery. Parcels, too, were transmitted through the post-office—by Dak Banghy, as it was termed—at a high rate, in proportion to their weight. Great dexterity was exhibited in tampering with these, the contents, it valuable, being frequently abstracted, and their place supplied with some substance of equal gravity, though rather less intrinsic value, such as a stone or lump of earth. Watched in this manner, when sent to Calcutta for the purpose of being repaired, there not being any one in the upper provinces capable of doing so. An ingenious acquaintance, in order to frustrate the rogues, hit upon the device of getting an old book, cutting a circular piece out of the centre, and depositing the watch therein. As the Dak wallahs were not men of literary tastes, the parcel went and came in safety, trusting to which another friend had recourse to the same expedient for transmitting his watch also. Whether the jeweller's address in the parcel betrayed the nature of its contents, or the weight of the pseudo volume told its own tale to the Dak Baboo, who had no experience of how heavy certain emanations from Paternoster Row are, must ever remain a mystery; but certain it is that when the parcel arrived at Calcutta, apparently uninjured, it was found, on opening it, that the place where the watch had been was occupied by a piece of lead!

We have thus taken a retrospective glance at what India was a century ago, and also a cursory view of her intermediate stage and present position; but who can speculate on what she may become ere a similar period has elapsed; when the march of intellect and diffusion of knowledge shall have prepared the way for the introduction of Christianity, the only sure basis of civilisation—when her vast mineral and vegetable resources shall have been developed—when the Suez Canal and Emphalates Valley Railway shall be accomplished facts—when the electric telegraph, the instantaneous, Dassorah, the Persian Gulf, and Kurrachee, shall have brought Calcutta within speaking distance of Cockaigne?

The ungentle climate must ever be a bar to European colonisation; but sad experience has taught us how to avoid the most unhealthy spots; and greater attention to drainage, clearing, and ventilation will do much to prevent malady and diminish disgust; besides which, increased facilities of communication will place the cool hill-station and refreshing asp breeze within reach of all, and enable the incipient invalid to recover health. With all this, despite of extended territory and increased wealth, we may delicately hint to our readers that the Honourable East India Company is in a state of genteel insolvency. There is an annual deficit of some 2,000,000 in the revenue; nevertheless, they seem to thrive amazingly and live well on the loss. Long may they continue to do so, for if ever the charter be taken from them, and the power now vested in the Court of Directors and Board of Control be taken away, those who now serve and abuse will regret, when too late, the charge of masters.

**THE WAR-TRAIL:**

**A ROMANCE.**

**CHAPTER LXXXI.**

**AN 'INJUN ON THE BACK-TRACK.'**

We had advanced about a mile further, when our scouts—who, as usual, had gone forward to reconnoitre—having ascended a swell of the prairie, were observed crouching behind some bushes that grew upon its crest. We all drew bridle to await the result of their reconnoissance. The peculiar attitude in which they had placed themselves, and the apparent earmarks with which they glanced over the bushes, led us to believe that some object was before their eyes of more than common interest.

So it proved. We had scarcely halted, when they were seen to retire suddenly from the cover, and rising erect, run at full speed back down the hill—at the same time making signals to us to conceal ourselves.

Fortunately, there was timber near, and in a few seconds we had all ridden into it, taking the horses of the trappers along with us.

The declivity of the hill enabled the scouts to run with swiftness; and they were among the trees almost as soon as we.

'What is it?' inquired several in a breath.

'Injun on the back-track,' replied the panting trappers.

'Injuns!—how many of them!' naturally asked one of the rangers.

'Who said Injuns? I said a Injun,' sharply retorted Rube. 'Durn your palaver! thar's no time for jaw-waggin. Git yer rope ready, Bill. 'Ees burned greenhorns! keep down yer guns—shootin won't do hyur—yed hev the hul gang back in the flappin o' a beaver's tail. Let Bill rope the nigger, an the young fellur hyur—he knows how; an ef both shed miss 'im, I ain't agwine. 'Ee hear me, 'illers? Don't ne'er a one o' ye fire: ef a gun uz cun, Targetz'll be sufficient, I guess. For yer lives don't a fire them ur blunderboxes o' yourn till I miss—they'd be heerd ten mile off. Ready w' yer rope, Billes? You, young fellur? All right; mind yr eyes both, an snare the burned nigger like..."
a swamp-rabbit. Yanner he comes, by the jumpin' Geelosophat!'

The pitiful chapter of instructions above detailed was delivered in far less time than it may take to read it. The speaker never paused till he had uttered the final emphatic expression, which was one of his favourite phrases of embellishment.

At the same instant I saw, just appearing above the crest of the ridge, the head and shoulders of a savage. In a few seconds more, the body rose in sight, and then the thighs and legs, with a large piebald mustang between them. I need scarcely add that the horse was going at a gallop; it is a rare sight when a horse—Indian rides any other gait.

There was only one. The scouts were sure of this. Beyond the swell stretched an open prairie, and if the Indian had had companions or followers, they would have been seen. He was alone.

What had brought him back on the trail? Was he upon the scent? No; he was riding without thought, and without precaution. A scout would have acted otherwise. He might have been a messenger; but whither bound? Surely the Indians had left no party in our rear?

Quickly these inquiries passed among us, from mouth to mouth, and quick conjectures were offered in answer. The voyager gave the most probable solution.

'Pe gar! he go back, sure heel.'

'Shield! what shield?'

'Ah, you no see 'im. I see 'im wiz me eyes; he was caché dans les herbes—von lizarz sheel—bonzler tria-gross—failing from ze pai of de buffalo—ze pariséché—et gärnie avec les scauls—frains et gastrants—scauls Mexicaines. Mon Dieu!'

The explanation was understood. Le Bian had observed a shield among the bushes where we had halted—like enough left behind by some of the braves. It was garnished with scalps, fresh Mexican scalps—like enough. The Indian had forgotten both his armour and his trophies; he was on his way to recover them—like enough.

There was no time either for further talk or conjecture: the red horseman had reached the bottom of the hill; in ten seconds more, he would be lazied or shot.

Garey and I placed ourselves on opposite sides of the path, both with our lances coiled and ready. The trapper was an adept in the use of this singular weapon, and I too understood something of its management. The trees were in our way, and would have prevented the proper winding of it; but it was our intention, if possible, to force the way. Two long puffs from the Indian came within range, and 'rope' him on the run.

Rube crouched behind Garey, rifle in hand, and the rangers were also ready, in case both the lances and Rube's rifle should miss.

It would not do to let the Indian either go on or go back; in either case we would report us. Should he pass the spot where we were, he would observe our tracks in a minute's time, even amidst the thousands of others, and would be certain to return by another route. Should he escape from us, and gallop back, still worse. He must not be permitted either to go on or go back; he must be captured or killed!

For my part, I desired that the former should be his destiny. I had no feeling of revenge to gratify by taking the life of this man—had his capture not been absolutely necessary to our own safety, I should willingly have let him come and go as he listed.

Some of my comrades were actuated by very different motives. Killing a Comanche Indian was, in their creed, no greater crime than killing a wolf, a panther, or a grizzly bear; and it was not from any motives of mercy that the trapper had cautioned the others to hold their fire; prudence alone dictated the advice—the reports of the guns might be heard.

Through the leaves, I looked upon the savage as he advanced. A fine-looking fellow he was—no doubt one of the first warriors of his tribe. What his face was I could not see, for the war-paint disfigured it with a hideous mask; but his body was large, his chest broad and full, his limbs symmetrical, and well turned to the very toes. He sat his horse like a centaur.

I had no opportunity for prolonged observation. Without hesitating, the Indian galloped up.

I sprang my horse clear of the timber. I wound the lasso around my head, and hurled it towards the savage; I saw the noose settling over his shoulders, even down to his hips.

I spurred in the opposite direction; I felt the quick jerk, and the tant rope told me I had secured the victor.

I turned in my saddle, and glanced back; I saw the rope of Garey around the neck of the Indian's mustang, tightened, and holding him fast. Horse and horseman—both were ours!

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

MY PLAN.

The savage did not yield himself up without resistance. Resistance with an Indian is instinctive, as with a wild animal. He flung himself from his horse, and drawing his knife, with a single cut severed the thong that bound him.

In another instance, he would have been off among the bushes; but before he could move from the spot, half-a-dozen strong arms were around him; and in spite of his struggles, and the dangerous thrusts of his long Spanish knife, he was 'chocked' down and held fast.

My followers were for making short work with him. More than one had bared their blades to finish him upon the spot, and would have done so, had I not interfered. I was averse to spilling his blood, and by my intercession, his life was spared.

To prevent him from giving us further trouble, however, we tied him to a tree, in such a manner that he could not possibly free himself.

The mode of securing him was suggested by Stanfield the backwoodman: it was simple and safe. A tree was chosen, whose trunk was large enough to fill the embrace of the savage, so that the ends of his fingers just met when his arms were drawn to their full stretch around it. Upon his wrists, thongs of rawhide were firmly knotted, and then tied together. His ankles were also bound by similar cords, the ends of which were staked, so as to hinder him from worming around the tree, and perseverance wearing off his fastenings, or chafing them, so that they might break.

The ligature was perfect; the most expert jail-breaker could not have freed himself from such a binding.

It was our intention to leave him thus, and perhaps set him free upon our return, if we should return by that way—a doubtful hypothesis.

I thought not at the time of the cruelty we were committing. We had spared the Indian's life—a mercy at the moment—and I was too much concerned about the future of others, to waste reflection on his.

We had taken the precaution to leave him at some distance from the place of his capture; others of his party might come after, and discover him, soon enough to interfere with our plans. His prison had been chosen far off in the depth of the woods; even his shouts could not have been heard by any one passing along the trail.

He was not to be left entirely alone: a horse was
to be his companion—not his own—for one of the rangers had fancied an exchange. Stanfield—not well mounted—proposed a ‘swap’, as he jocosely termed it, to which the savage had no alternative but consent; and the Kentuckian, having ‘itched’ his worn-out nag to a tree, led off the skewbald mustang in triumph, declaring that he was now ‘scurr with the Indyens.’ Stanfield would have liked it better had the ‘swap’ been made with the renegade who had robbed him.

We were about to leave the place and move on, when a bright idea suddenly came into my head: it occurred to me that I too might effect a profitable exchange with our new-made captive—a swap, not of horses, but of men—in short, an exchange of persons—of identities! In truth, a bright idea it was, and one that promised well.

I have said that I had already conceived a plan for the rescue of my betrothed: I had done so during the night, and all along the route, in my mind I had been maturing it. The incident that had just transpired had given rise to a host of new ideas—one, above all, that promised to aid me in facilitating the execution of my design. The capture of the savage, which had at first given me uneasiness, I now regarded in a very different light—as a fortunate circumstance. I could not help thinking that I recognised in it the finger of Providence, and the thought inspired me with hope.

I felt that I was not far from home.

The plan I had proposed to myself was simple enough; it would require more of courage than stratagem; but to the former I was sufficiently served by the circumstances in which we had become involved. I proposed to enter the Indian camp in the night—of course, by stealth and under cover of the darkness—to find the captive—set her free—and then trust to chance for the after escape of both of us.

If once inside the encampment, and within reach of her, a sudden coup might accomplish all this; success was not beyond possibility, nor probability neither; and the circumstances admitted of no plan that promised so fairly.

To have attempted flight with my few followers against such a host—to have attacked the Indian camp, even under the advantage of an alarm—would have been sheer madness. It must have resulted not only in our immediate defeat, but would have destroyed our last chance of rescuing the captive. The savages once alarmed and warned, could never be approached again. Isolina would be lost for ever.

My followers agreed with me upon the imprudence of forcing a battle. They would not, in any event, have follied the term either; not from any motives of fear: they were willing to risk all; and had I so ordered, would have charged with me, rifle in hand, into the very midst of the enemy’s lines. I knew they would, every man of them. Even the voyager—the least brave of my party—would not have flinched; for, in the midst of brave men, cowards cease to be.

But such a course would indeed have been folly—madness. We thought not of adopting it; all approved of the plan I had formed, and which I had already set before them as we tarried by the noon halting-place.

Several had volunteered to be my companions—to venture along with me into the camp of the savages; to share with me the extreme of the danger; but for several reasons I was determined to go alone. Should even one of them be along with me, I saw it would double the risk of detection. In this matter, stratagem, not strength, was needed, and speed in the last moments would be worth both.

Of course, I did not expect to get the captive clear without being observed and pursued—that would have been preposterous; she would be too well watched by the savages—not only by her jailers, but by the jealous eyes of those rival claimants of her body.

No; on the contrary, I anticipated pursuit—close and eager; it might be strife; but I trusted to my own swiftness of foot; and to her; for well knew I her bold heart and free limb: it was no helpless burden I should have to bring away.

I trusted to my being able to baffle their pursuit—to keep them back while she ran forward. For that purpose, I should take with me my knife and revolvers—I trusted to these, and much to chance, or, perhaps, I should rather say to God. My cause was good—my heart firm and hopeful.

Other precautions I intended to take: horses ready as near as they might be brought; men also ready seated in their saddles, rifle in hand—ready for flight, or fight.

Such was the enterprise upon which I was resolved. Success or death was staked upon the issue. If not successful, I cared not to survive it.

**CHAPTER LXXXIV.**

"PAINTING INJURIES."

Witul, I was not reckless. If not sanguine, I was far from despondent; and as I continued to dwell upon it, the prospect seemed to brighten, and success to appear less problematical.

One of the chief difficulties I should have to encounter would be getting into the camp. Once inside the lines—that is, among the camp-fires and tents, if there should be any—I would be comparatively safe. I knew from experience; for I had not been on my first visit to an encampment of prairie-Indians. Even in their midst, mingling with the savages themselves, and under the light of their glaring fires, I should be less exposed to the danger of detection than while attempting to cross their lines. First, there might be outlying pickets; then within these the horse-guards; and within these, again, the horses themselves!

You may smile, when I assert that the last was to me a source of apprehension as great as either of the others. An Indian horse is a sentinel not to be despised. He is as much the enemy of the white man as his master; and partly from fear, and partly from actual antipathy, he will not permit the former to approach him. The human watcher may be negligent—may sleep upon his post—the mustang never. The scent of a white man, or the sight of a strutting form, will cause him to snort and neigh; so that a whole camp will either be stampeded or put upon the alert in a few minutes. Many a well-planned attack has been defeated by the warning-signal of the sentinel horse.

It is not that the prairie-horse feels any peculiar attachment for the Indian; strange if he did—since tyrant more cruel to the equine race does not exist—no rider more severe, no rider more hard than a horse-Indian.

It is simply the faithfulness which the noble animal exalts for his companion and master, with the instinct which tells him when that master is menaced by danger. He will do the same service for a white as for a red man; and often does the weary trapper take his lone rest with full confidence that the vigil will be faithfully kept by his horse.

Had there been dogs in the Indian camp, my apprehensions would have been still more acute—the danger would have been more than doubled. Even within the lines, these cunning brutes would have known me as an enemy: the disguise of garments would not avail; by the scent, an Indian dog can at once tell the white from the red man, and they appear to hold a real antipathy against the race of the Saxon. Even in time of truce, a white man entering an Indian camp can scarcely be protected from the wolfish pack.

I knew there were not only horses—war-horses, but by the jealous eyes of those rival claimants of her body. The Indians had been upon the war-trail; and when
they proceed on those grand expeditions, their dogs, like their women, are left 'at home.' I had reason to be thankful that such was their custom.

Of course it was my intention to go disguised; it would have been madness to have gone otherwise. In the darkest night, my uniform would have betrayed me; but necessarily, in my search for the captive, I should be led within the light of the fires.

It was my design, therefore, to counterfeit the Indian costume; and how to do this had been for some time the subject of my reflections. I had been congratulating myself on the possession of the buffalo-robe. That would go far towards the disguise; but other articles were wanting to complete my costume. The leggings and mocassins—the plumed head-dress and neck ornaments, the long straggling locks, the bronze complexion of arms and breast—the piebald face of chalk, charcoal, and vermilion—where were all these to be obtained? There was no costumier in the desert.

In the moment of excitement that succeeded the capture of the savage, I had been thinking of other things. It was only when we were about to part from him that the idea jumped into my mind—that bright idea that could flash into existence at a moment's notice. I turned back to reconnoitre his person. Dismounting, I scanned him from head to foot. With delight my eyes rested upon his buckskin-leggings, his beaded mocassins, his pendant collar of javalituskas, his eagle plumes, stained red, and the ample robe of jaguar-skins that draped his back—all pleased me much.

But that we were bent on an errand of peril, the last would not have been left there. My followers had eyed it with avidity, and more than one of them had been desirous of removing it; but proximate peril had damped the ardour for spoil, and the splendid robe had been permitted to remain where so gracefully it hung upon the shoulders of the savage.

It soon replaced the buffalo-robe upon mine; my boots were cast aside, and my legs encased in the scalp-fringed leggings; my hips were swathed in the leathern ‘breach-clout;’ and my feet thrust into the foot-gear of the Comanche, which, by good-fortune, fitted to a hair.

There was yet much required to make me an Indian. Comanches upon the war-trail go naked from the waist upward—the tunic-shirt is only worn upon the hunt, or on ordinary occasions. How was I to counterfeit the copper skin—the bronzed arms and shoulders?—the mottled breast—the face of red, and white, and black? Paint only could aid me; and where was the paint? the black we could imitate with gunpowder, but—

‘Wagh!’ ejaculated Rube, who was seen holding in his hands a wolf-skin, prettily trimmed and garnished with quills and beads—it was the medicine-bag of the Indian. ‘Wagh! I thot we’d find the mateenins in the nigger’s possible-sack—hyur they be!’

Rube had dived his hand to the bottom of the embroidered bag; and, while speaking, drew it triumphantly forth. Several little leathern packets appeared between his fingers, which, from their stained outsides, evidently contained pigments of various colours; whilst a small silencing object in their midst proved, on closer inspection, to be a looking-glass.

Neither the trappers nor myself were astonished at finding these odd ‘notions’ in such a place; on the contrary, it was natural we should have looked for them there. Seldom in peace, but never in time of war, does the Indian ride abroad without his rouge and his mirror.

The colours were of the right sort, and corresponded exactly with those that glistered upon the skin of the captive warrior.

Under the keen edge of a bowie, my mustaches came off in a twinkling; a little grease was procured; the paints were mixed; and placing myself side by side with the Indian, I stood for his portrait. Rube was the painter—a piece of soft buckskin his brush, the broad palm of Garey his pallet.

The operation did not last a great while. In twenty minutes it was all over, and the Indian brave and I appeared the exact counterparts of each other. Socked by streak, and spot by spot, had the old trapper imitated those hideous hieroglyphics—even to the red hand upon the breast, and the cross upon the brow. In horrid aspect, the copy quite equalled the original.

One thing was still lacking—an important element in the metamorphosis of disguise: I wanted the long snaky black tresses that adorned the head of the Comanche.

The want was soon supplied. Again the bowie blade was called upon to serve as scissors; and with Garey to perform the tonsorial feat, the chevelure of the Indian was born of its flowing glories.

The savage winced as the keen blade glistened around his brow; he had no other thought than that he was about to be scalped alive!

‘Isn’t the way I’d raise his bar, the drolletted nigger!’ muttered Rube, as he stood watching the operation. ‘Fetch the hide along wi’ it, Bill! It’ll save bother,—we’ll her to make a wig ef ’ee don’t; skin.im, durn im!’

Of course Garey did not give heed to the cruel counsel, which he knew was not meant for earnest.

A rude ‘scratch’ was soon constructed, and being placed upon my head, was attached to my own waving locks. Fortunately, these were of dark colour, and the hue corresponded.

I fancied I saw the Indian smile when he perceived the use we were making of his splendid tresses. It was a grim smile, however, and from the first moment to the last, neither word nor ejaculation escaped from his lips.

Even I was forced to smile; I could not restrain myself. The odd trystery in which we were engaged—the strange commingling of the comic and serious in the act—and above all, the ludicrous look of the captive Indian, after they had close cropped him, was enough to make a stone smile. My comrades could not contain themselves, but laughed outright.

The plume-bonnet was now placed on my head. It was fortunate the brave had one—for this unimposing head-dress is rarely worn on a war-expedition; fortunate, for it aided materially in concealing the counterfeit. The false hair could hardly have been detected even under the light of day.

There was no more to be done. The painter, hairdresser, and costumier had performed their several offices—I was ready for the masquerade.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE LAST HOURS ON THE TRAIL.

More cautiously than ever, we now crept along the trail, advancing only after the ground had been thoroughly ‘quariered’ by the scouts. Time was of the least consequence. The fresh sign of the Indians told us they were but a short way ahead of us; we could have ridden within sight of them at any moment.

We did not wish to set eyes on them before sunset. It could be no advantage to us to overtake them on the march, but the contrary. Some lagging Indian might be found in the rear of the band; we might come in contact with him, and thus defeat all our designs.

We hung back, therefore, allowing time for the savages to pitch their camp, and for their strugglers to get into it.
On the other hand, I did not desire to arrive late. The council was to be held that night—so she had learned—and after the council would come the crisis. I must be in time for both.

At what hour would the council take place? It might be just after they had halted. The son of a chief, and a chief himself—for the white renegade was a leader of red men—a question between two such men would not remain long undecided. And a question of so much importance—involving such consequence—property in body and soul—possession of the most beautiful woman in the world!

Oh! I wondered! Could these hideous, ochre-stained, grease-bedabbled brutes appreciate that peerless beauty? Impossible, I thought. The delicate lines of her loveliness would be lost upon their gross eyes and coarse sensual hearts. That pearl beyond price—paste would have satisfied them as well—they could not distinguish the diamond from common glass.

And yet the Comanche is not without love-craft. Coarse as might be the passion, they must have loved her—both must have loved her—red savage and white savage.

For this very reason, the ‘trial’ would not be delayed; the question would be speedily decided, so that the quarrel of the chiefs might be brought to an end. For this very reason the council might be hastened, the council take place at an early hour; for this very reason, I too must needs be upon the spot at an early hour.

It was my aim to arrive within sight of the Indian encampment just before night—in the twilight, if possible—that we might be able to make reconnaissance of the ground before darkness would cover it from our view. We were desirous of acquainting ourselves with the lay of the surrounding country as well, so that, in the event of our escape, we should know which was the best direction to take.

We timed our advance by the sign upon the trail. The keen scouts could tell, almost to a minute, when the latest tracks were made; and by this we were guided. Both glistened silently along, their eyes constantly and earnestly turned upon the ground.

Mine were more anxiously bent upon the sky; from that quarter I most feared an obstacle to the execution of my purpose. What a change had come over my desires—how different were they from those of the two preceding nights! The very same aspect of the heavens that had hitherto charmed and baffled me, would now have been welcome. In my heart, I had later, expressed the clearest wish that same heat I was now praying for cloud, and storm, and darkness!

Now could I have blessed the clouds—there were none to bless; not a speck appeared over the whole face of the firmament—the eye beheld only the imitable ether.

In another hour, that boundless blue would be studded with millions of bright stars; and, silveryed by the light of a resplendent moon—the night would be as day.

I was dismayed at the prospect. I prayed for cloud, and storm, and darkness. Human heart! when blinded by its own petty passions, unreasoning and unreasonable; my petition was opposed to the unalterable laws of nature—it could not be heard.

I can scarcely describe how the aspect of that bright sky troubled and pained me. The night-bird, which joys only in deepest darkness, could not have liked it less. Should there be moonlight, the enterprise would be made more perilous—doubly more. Should there be moonlight—why need I form an hypothesis? Moonlight there would be to a certainty. It was the mirth of the Indian and the pale moon would be up almost as the sun went down—full, round, and almost as bright as he, with no cloud to cover her face—to shroud the earth from her white diaphanous light. Certainly there would be moonlight!

Well thought of was that day’s cease—well spent was our labour in making it so perfect. Under the moonlight, to it only could I trust; by it only might I expect to preserve my incognito.

But the eye of the Indian savage is sharp, and his perception keen—almost as instinct itself. I could not rely much upon my borrowed plumes should speech be required from me. Just on account of the cunning imitation, the perfectness of the pattern, some friends of the original might have business with me—might approach and address me. I knew but a few words of Comanche—how should I escape from the coloquy?

Such thoughts were troubling me as we rode along the trail.

Night was near; the sun’s lower limb rested on the far horizon of the west: the hour was an anxious one to me.

The scouts had been for some time in the advance without returning to report; and we had halted in a copse to wait for them. A high hill was before us, wooded only at the summit; over this hill the trail led. We had observed the scouts go into the timber. We kept our eyes upon the spot, waiting for their return.

Presently one of them appeared just outside the edge of the wood—Garey, we saw it was. He made signs to us to come on.

We rode up the hill, and entered among the trees here we diverged from the trail. The scouts guided as through the trunks over the high summit. On the other side, the wood extended only a little below; but we did not ride beyond it; we halted before coming to its edge, and disembowling, tied our horses to the trees.

We crept forward on our hands and knees till we had reached the utmost verge of the timber; through the leaves we peered, looking down into the plain beyond. We saw smokes and fires, and a skin-lodge in their midst; we saw dark forms around—men moving over the ground, and horses with their heads to the grass: we were looking upon the Comanche camp.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

We had reached our ground just at the moment I had desired. It was twilight—dark enough to render ourselves inconspicuous under the additional shadow of the trees, yet sufficiently clear to allow a full reconnaissance of the encampment. Our point of view was a good one—under a single coup d'oeil commanding the encampment, and a vast extent of country around it.

The hill we had climbed—a sort of isolated buttress—was the only eminence of any considerable elevation for miles around; and the site of the camp was upon the plain that stretched away from its base—apparently beyond limit.

This plain was what is termed a ‘pecan’ prairie—that is, a prairie half-covered with groves, copses, and lists of woodland—in which the predominating tree is the pecan—a species of hickory (Carya illinoensis), bearing an oval, edible nut of commercial value. Between the groves and mottes of timber, single trees stood apart, their heads fully developed by the free play given to their branches. These park-looking trees, with the copie-like groves of the pecan, lent an air of high civilization to the landscape; and a winding stream, whose water, under the still lingering snow, was glistening with the sheen of silver, added to the deception. Withal, it was a wilderness—a beautiful wilderness. Human hands had never planted those groves—human agency had sought to do with the formation or adornment of that lovely landscape.

Upon the bank of the stream, and about half a mile from the base of the hill, stood the Indian camp.
glance at the position showed how well it had been chosen—not much for defence, as to protect it against a surprise.

Assuming the lodge—there was but one—as the centre of the camp, it was placed upon the edge of a small grove, and fronting the stream. From the trees to the water's edge, the plain sloped gently downward, like the glacial of a fortification. The smooth sward that covered the space between the trees and the water was the ground of the camp. On this could be seen the dusky warriors, some afoot, standing in various attitudes, or moving about; others reclining upon the grass, and still others bending over the fires, as if engaged in the preparation of their evening meal.

A line of spears, regularly placed, marked the allotment of each. These slender shafts, nearly five yards in length, rose tall above the turfs, like masts of distant ships, displaying their profusion of pennons and banners, of painted plumes and human hair. At the base of each could be seen the gaudy shield, the bow and quiver, the embroidered pouch and medicine-bag of the owner; and grouped around many of them appeared objects of a far different character—objects that we could not contemplate without acute emotion. They were women: enough of light still ruled the sky to show us their faces; they were white women—the captives. Strange were my sensations as I regarded those forms and faces; but they were far off—even a lover's eye was unequal to the distance.

Flanking the camp on the right side were the horses. They occupied a broad belt of ground, for they were staked out to feed, and each was allowed the length of his lazio. Their line converged to the rear, and met behind the grove, by an arc of browsing animals, the river forming its chord. Across the stream, the encampment did not extend.

I had said that the spot was well selected to guard against a surprise. Its peculiar adaptability consisted in the fact, that the little grove that backed the camp was the only timber within a radius of a thousand yards. All around, and even on the opposite side of the stream, the plain was treeless and free from cover of any kind. There were no inequalities of ground, neither brake, bush, nor escarp to shelter the approach of an enemy.

Had this position been chosen, or was it accidental? In such a place and at such a time, it was not likely they had any fear of a surprise; but with the Indian, caution is so habitually exercised, that it becomes almost an instinct; and doubtless under such an impulse, and without any forethought whatever, the savages had aply fixed upon the spot where they were encamped. The grove gave them wood; the stream, water; the plain, pabulum for their horses. With one last of their own food, they had all the requisites of an Indian camp.

At the first glance, I saw the strength of the position—not so much with the eye of a soldier, as with that of a hunter and bush-fighter did I perceive it. In a military sense, it offered no point of defence; but it could not be approached by strategem, and that is all the horse-Indian ever fears. Alarm him, not too suddenly, give him five minutes' warning, and he cannot be attacked. If superior in strength, you may chase him, but you must be better mounted than he to bring him to close combat. Retreat, not defence, is generally the leading idea of Comanche strategy, unless opposed to Mexican. Then he will stand fight with the courage of a master.

As I continued to gaze at the Indian encampment, my heart sank within me. Except under cover of a dark night, or in the very heat, or intense heat, the Comanches could not be entered. The keenest spy could not have approached it; it appeared unapproachable.

The same thought must at that moment have occupied the minds of my companions; I saw the gloom of disappointment on the faces of all, silent and sullen. None of them said a word; they had not spoken since we came upon the ground.


It is only some few months since all Europe was standing on tiptoe, in expectation of witnessing a great and marvellous revolution in the manufacture of iron and steel, by a new and ingenious process, to which it is only necessary to allude in passing as that patented by Mr Bessemer. It was something quite astounding to those who knew by what tedious and expensive means steel was produced from iron in the olden time, to be told that, by the new process, steel was the easier and cheaper production of the two. It was no less wonderful in the eyes of those who had considered iron as, at least in the open air, an incombustible, to be shown that it was, in fact, a highly combustible material; and that, if once heated by fire to a certain point, it might then, by strong air-currents, be actually set on fire, and made to burn with a fierce incandescence.

It is humiliating to think upon what small matters great ones often depend. There appears to be no reasonable doubt that Mr Bessemer would have realised all he promised to accomplish but for one slight circumstance, which is our intention now to explain, and the difficulty connected with which has, at least for the present, frustrated his expectations.

The subject of iron-foundling has been so completely popularised by the discussions of this patent in the public press, that it will only be necessary for us to recall attention to the fact, that iron ore contains several foreign matters in intimate combination, and that upon their expulsion during the foundling process depends the success of the ironmaster's work. These foreign bodies are chiefly carbon, silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus. The old methods of roasting, casting, refining, puddling, and rolling were found to effect the object in view sufficiently for all practical purposes.

In Mr Bessemer's process, all these substances, except phosphorus, are effectually expelled. It would seem that up to the present time this material has resisted all the efforts of Mr Bessemer. It defies the utmost heat of his furnaces, and has no sufficient affinity for oxygen, or any other body brought in contact with it, to consent, for its sake, to let go its tenacious grasp of the iron. Now, phosphorus in iron is, as it appears, fatal to the useful qualities of the metal; it renders the iron brittle and unserviceable; and as no portion of it can be detected in the slag of the furnace, it would seem that, so far as its expulsion is concerned, Mr Bessemer has as yet altogether failed. But it would surely not be at all philosophical to conclude that the question is finally set at rest, however serious the objection may be to which we have now called attention. It can hardly be too much to expect that in the resources of modern science some ingredient may yet be discovered, the results of which, in the instance before us, will be no less striking than those of soda, borax, and potash, when used as fluxes in various industrial operations. We should not be surprised any day to hear that some such deparative substance had been discovered, and that its admixture with the incandescent iron in the furnace was found to detach the phosphorus, and leave the iron in a perfectly pure state. We wish we could go further than suggest the existence of some such drug, or sublemin, as whatever it may be. We suspect that the man who could go further than this, and supply Mr Bessemer with its local habituation and its name, would participate
largely in a most lucrative as well as scientifically honourable discovery.

We could ourselves easily indicate certain metallic compounds which, in creating phosphorescence in its uncombined state, possess the power of neutralising its caustic properties; but this may be far indeed from indicating a power in such preparations to deal with the hot spots, which, in the limited vision of man, are united with the crude oxide of iron. Indeed, we take for granted that men of the highest mark in chemical science are just now eagerly devoting their attention to this interesting problem; and, as we have said, we look forward rather hopefully than otherwise to the result.

We are very far from participating in the triumph expressed by many at the partial, and, in truth, temporary failure in the expectations raised in the public mind by Mr Bessemer and his discoveries; but it is still true that, up to the present time, the 'revolution' has not come off. The new aspirants for dominion in the realms of metallurgy—we mean, of course, air-blast and oxygen—have not as yet been able to wrest the sceptre from the hand of 'Old King Coal.'

His carbonaceous majesty is still 'master of the situation;' how long he may continue so, we by no means venture to take on ourselves even to conjecture.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

One of the gentlemen who visited Mount Sinai in company with Bishop Clayton, happened, on his return to England, to pass through Sicily. Though by no means a person of romantic character, he had a fancy for wandering about mountains, for getting belted in forests, and supping by the light of wood-fires under a rock. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that he should wish to visit Mount Etna, look at the great chestnut-trees, and examine that marvellous belt of vegetation, so admirably described by the commandant Dollinian, which encircles the cone of the volcano, and marks the point at which in general the streams of lava are arrested in their downward progress.

Our traveller's unromantic name was Fennel, and he had along with him two friends, considerably younger than himself, the one a clergyman, the other a schoolmaster. Two sentiments of much acrimonious discussion in the company, and desiring nothing more English, waited upon the tripod of travel, and when they reached Etna, two guides were hired to conduct the party through the labyrinth of woods, gorges, glens, ravines, and precipices which intercepts the ascent to the crater, and renders it at all times an enterprise of considerable danger.

For nearly a week before they set out, the mountain had exhibited some symptoms of internal uneasiness. Earthquakes passed like gentle tremors beneath the city—not rocking or heaving up the earth—not cracking the walls, or dismantling the houses—but just giving a tremulous motion to the pavement under your feet, and at night causing the pillow under your head to seem for an instant about to float away. To the Catanians, this was nothing: they had been used to it from the cradle. Their houses all stood upon lava, were built with lava; the detritus of lava formed the very floor in their gardens, and the fruits they ate had a rich lava relish. In some sense, they were half lava themselves—cold without, fiery within, feeling much, reflecting little, always on the brink of an impassioned eruption, but kept from running over, except at widely distant periods, by the paucity of materials in their constitution.

Mr Fennel, as a true Englishman, loved to see sights, and therefore bought and took a guide. The Catanians assured him he would have to wait at least a month, in order to enjoy that peculiar spectacle.

He determined to wait two months if necessary; but in the meantime, thought it would be pleasant and interesting to run up to the town at the foot of the mountain. The wind blew strongly from the west, and spun out the dusky smoke into long ribbons in the air. Once or twice in the night, he thought he could detect red sparks among the fumes, which were then increased largely in volume, and issued from the breast of the mountain with something like a deep grunt. The young clergyman observed jealously that Etna was snorting or roaring in his sleep. But the barrister, familiar with the slang of men about town, maintained that there was a row among the Titans, and that Typhoons having got Mr Enceladus's head into Chancery, was pommeling him about the nob, and making him seek to deliver himself with fierce puffing and contortions. Mr Fennel laughed at their absurdity, which he did not even pretend to mistake for wit, and determined to set out early in the evening to see with his own eyes, as he expressed it, what it was all about.

At the hour appointed, the mules were ready, and off they went. To describe what they saw, what they felt, what they thought, and what they said, would fill a volume of no small dimensions. Sicily is big, every inch of it, with wonder; and no writer, so far as I know, has succeeded in conveying to an untravelled reader any idea of its awe-inspiring scenery. One can know very well that every step you take conducts you over unfastidious gulfs of fire, from which you are separated only by a thin crust, which may at any moment crack and fall in. You know that interminable beds of sulphur extend from the great volcanic peak in unnumbered leagues out beneath the sea, and that for thousands of years they have supplied fuel to that prodigious fireplace, whose chimney rises 10,000 feet towards the empyrean. You feel mingling with the air you breathe the warmth of that mighty conflagration, which, forcing its way throughout the earth and the rocks, communicates a luxuriance to every kind of vegetation unknown in other parts of the world. But in spite of this knowledge, you are led, by the example of the inhabitants, to put confidence in appearances, and to imagine that those more stupendous Phlegranean fields will continue safely for your time to hang floating over subterranean fires, displaying their burning magnificence, and concealing altogether from the eye the fearful apparatus by which their splendours are produced.

As everybody knows, the ascent of Mount Etna is not to be accomplished by your or your guide's wish to reach it by daybreak, that you may witness sunrise from its summit, you must set out early the evening before. If your mules are vigorous, you may perhaps find time for a short nap, a little after midnight, and recommence the ascent about three o'clock.

In the case of Mr Fennel and his companions, the mules performed their part with great perseverance and fidelity. If you have travelled by night in a mountainous and woody country, you must know what an exciting thing it is; what gulls of shadow you gaze at from time to time, straining your eyes in vain to penetrate into their depths; what towering precipices nod and frown over you; what sounds, wild and startling, and proceeding from you know not what cause, come at intervals through the woods; and how your heart beats with such force, and you feel you are yet not unmixed with pleasure, as you spring over chasms, after the example of your guide, and climb zigzag along the face of cliffs which seem inclined to carry you up higher than I asel's projected tower into the sky!

It was already one o'clock, when the guides, who are perfectly despotic during such undertakings, pronounced it time to begin the eruption; but after which, if so inclined, the whole party, they said,
Chamber's Journal.

Chamber's Journal.

Chamber's Journal.

Chamber's Journal.

might sleep for two hours without running the least risk of not reaching the edge of the creater by sunrise. They did halt; and while the servants were kindling a fire with dried wood, which lay about in plenty, Mr. Fennell amused himself with looking down the vast sweeps of the mountain towards the sea. In that part of the world, nobody appears to sit up late; and at the time to which I now refer, the Sicilian cities had no lamplight. Yet even from the Volcano shore, they saw dusky irregularities descending and undulating to the extreme verge of the shore. But the sea, when it bars its breast to the stars, has always a faint glimmer diffused over it. On the present occasion, there were patches of phosphorescence which, like small luminous isles, flashed and floated between you and the Tarentine promontory. Science may dissipate as it pleases the mystery of these phenomena, but nothing can still that disquietude of the heart with which you contemplate the waves on fire, looking like so many glowworms several leagues in dimensions, floating leisurely away before the wind. From enjoying this curious prospect, Mr. Fennell was called away by the announcement that supper was ready. He then joined his companions, ate, drank, and went, wrapped in his cloak, to sleep, like a red Indian, with his feet towards the fire.

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, who knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping: they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless, he now stole a march upon them. AWaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible isles suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proofs of it. They were standing on a knoll skirted on the side of the cone by a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overflowing everything in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Nor did Mr. Fennell witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralysed with terror.

"How are we to get out of this situation?" inquired he.

"We don't know," they replied; "we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming; and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass."

"Well," replied the traveller, "lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out into the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and bid adieu to life."

"You are right," declared the guide; "for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill; and if we fail to precede them, we are lost."

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous celerity. Down the mountain, therefore, they went, leaving everything behind them but the iron-shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the bellowing of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matters, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests, as the lava, in its irresistible way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks, and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front, a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching, in its advance, trees, grass, reeds, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquified by its indescribable heat.

"Are you ignorant of this cliff?" inquired Mr. Fennell; "or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?"

"It lies entirely out of our usual track," replied the man, "and we have never seen it before."

I do not pretend to describe Mr. Fennell's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent: they do not converse, do not discuss their means of escape, do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings can't we imagine theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire. The earth was reddening on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace-mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench, were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such fate by suicide. While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook: there was a wild crash; the rock parted and yawned, and they beheld a red stream making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They fled, not knowing whither, towards the left; but their progress was soon arrested by the head of a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overflowing everything in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Nor did Mr. Fennell witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralysed with terror.

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himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained there suspended for a moment, and then—

What was that noise?—that of a body crashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way he committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened: again no answer came. Then followed the barrister; and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides, and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Hibernianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base. Why, then, did they who leaped not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralyzed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes had appeared an age to those who awaited a reply. But, long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What roused them last was the lava glow, flashing upon them from the rocks above. They rose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the infernal surge, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon stood upon a high terrace before the city walls, from whence they beheld Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which, at wide intervals, devastate and fertilize the plains of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sobered feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr Fennel set sail, on the following days, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

Nonsense: it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which the most prosperous, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you: it is always worth while to remove prejudices; for to shew the fallacy of that which is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to 'live at the bottom of a well.'

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers, and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one—all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deplored; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen; he would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary guest at half his exiguencies, than be placed under the close of a dreaded thirteen. Ask him why; he can only say 'it is unlucky.' Ask him why it is unlucky; he can only say, 'because it is.' In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age; another, the current year of the Christian era; another, the year in which he was born; another, the number of pounds in the gross prize; another, a number revealed to him in a dream. The Spectator discourses of a nonconformist, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, selected 666 against any other number, because it is the number of the Beast. Lotteries are now dead by law in England; but let us only look down the advertise columns of the sporting newspapers, and consider the astounding credulity there implied; seeing the men will give money to knavery charlatans for expression of a name or name of the letter that will win in the forthcoming Derby, Oaks, or St Leger race. If a man would toss heads and tails with himself, it would be better; for the guess would be as just good, and he would save the charlatan's fee; but in either case, it is a relic of the old feeling of belief in lucky numbers or lucky names.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either a lucky or unlucky days; sometimes only in the thought of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published in two centuries ago, something midway in character between Buchan's Domestic Medicine and the Young Man's Best Companion, in which it is said: 'Six days of the year are perilous of death; and therefore philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink: that is to say, January 3, July 1, October 1, April 30, August 1, December 21. These six days with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly in latter three, for all the veins are then full. . . .

If any child be born in these three latter days, they shall die a wicked death.' In an old Roman calendar, in the 15th of December, prognostications of the would be drawn for the whole year. According to one book asserts that the feast of St Barnabas and the feast of St Simon and St Jude are often temporary days. A writer of the Elizabethan times enumerates no less than sixty 'unlucky' days in the month of January was especially unfortunate in this matter; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the dand catalogue. The ancients had their dies aetatis, and their atri—white days' and 'black days.' St Augustine in commenting on a passage in St Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to all persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative positions of the planets, or to the year being leap-year, &c. There are many missals and breviaries, produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky: these are January 1 and 2, February 3 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 3 and 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 13, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10; all kinds of spells, cursing, wounds, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, lying in death, treachery, plague, poison, scorpius sting—are associated with these days. To our
perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethan writer. A true test is to wait and see, for ever afterwards. For the greater part, however, of the dictum has been accepted without any trouble—some inquiry into its cause or authority: we know that the cat breaks everything, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on a Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. The Statistical Account of Scotland, already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, few persons would choose to be married on a Friday; Richard Cour de Lion was killed on a Friday; and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon for evermore. A Shropshire sage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the best or the worst weather in the week. Seamen are the most reducible of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. The mate whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-ordered Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to discharge sailors of their prejudice, a shipowner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday: the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the Amazon West India mail-steamer left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the Nicholas troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the Amazon joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor's mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have not told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair-play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large a number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: 'O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!' but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from an American newspaper shewing that the great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day: 'On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he
had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22, 1503, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1498, Henry VII. of England wrote to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America: this is the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1555, Menendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbour of Province Town, and on the same day they signed that August compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, January 20, 1790, Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such powerful influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent. We have not verified these dates; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premiums: all we ask is—fair-play for Friday.

WAR-DECORATIONS.

The Victoria Medal, given by our gracious Queen to the distinguished braves of the French army, seems to have inspired no less gratitude and enthusiasm than the crosses and medals so liberally bestowed by Napoleon I. We read that the ribbons by which they are suspended have begun to get shabby, but the present emperor has graciously given orders that the weavers shall be supplied with fresh ones at the public expense every three months. This reminds us of a more eccentric thoughtfulness of the kind on the part of his great predecessor. It was in the year 1809, after the victory of Trafalgar, between Lissa and Vienna, that the emperor took up his quarters in a cottage, half destroyed by fire; and a private soldier, named Jean Coluche, was posted as sentry at the door, in company with a soldier of the Imperial Guard, with strict orders to allow no one to go in or out, unless accompanied by a staff-officer. About dusk, a figure enveloped in a greatcoat knocked at the cottage door. 'You can't pass here,' cried Coluche. Wrapped in thought, and with his arms folded, Napoleon, for it was he, continued to walk on towards the sentry. Coluche at once brought his musket to the charge, and cried out: 'You can't pass, not if you were the Little Corporal himself. Another step, and my bayonet is in your breast!' At the noise of this challenge, the generals and statecouncillors came up; Napoleon re-entered the house; and poor Coluche was carried off to the guard-house. 'All up with you, my boy!' said his comrades; 'you have insulted the emperor, and they'll make an example of you, depend upon it.' 'Wait a bit—wait a bit,' replied Coluche; 'wasn't it my orders? I'll explain all that before the court-martial!' Without delay he was summoned to the presence of the emperor. He entered, and saluted with his hand to his cap. 'Grenadier,' said Napoleon, 'you may henceforward wear the red ribbon at your button-hole; I give you the cross of the Legion of Honour.' 'Thanks, emperor,' replied Coluche; 'but there are no shops in this country to buy the ribbon.' 'Never mind,' said the emperor; 'take a piece of stuff out of the first red petticoat you meet: that will answer the purpose.'

THE SWEET-EDGE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.*

[In former days, the sweet-edge (Acorus calamus) was used in the garlands hung in churches or dwellings. From time immemorial, it has been used for strewing the floors of the cathedral of Norwich, and been thrown on some of the adjoining streets on the day of choosing the mayor of that city. When trodden on, its fragrance becomes stronger, and the old cathedral seems filled with incense.—Anne Pratt's Plants of Great Britain.]

Oh, river-side,
Where soft green rushes bear dark flowers,
And reedy grasses weave dark bowers.
Through which fleet minnows glide—

Oh, river-banks, let me from you convey
Something to scatter in your ancient minister gray.

Oh, minister gray!
Where graves of friends believed are found,
I come to thee with strewments—Round
Each blade of grass, each spray
Of Acorus, a fragrant essence breathes,
Nature's own incense shed to sanctify these wreaths.

Oh, rushes green,
With blossoms wan or brown!—and ye
Sweet flags, from whose scent-roots to me
Come thoughts of the Has Becn,
Ye are the fitting plants at eve to shed
A vague mysterious perfume o'er the silent dead!

Not so!—not so!
A voice replies: 'For joy alone
These reeds and rushes here are strewed.'

But I again cry: 'Lo!'
Joy's emblems here I duly use, to prove
That life and death alike spring from God's holy love.

HOW TO IMPART ODOUR TO FLOWERS.

Every day, man is extending his empire over external nature. Flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding in forms and colours so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them for his own. He has now gone a step further: he has acquired the art of imparting odour to the most scentless—that constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight. A florist of Aria, as we are informed by the Emporio Italiano, has made completely successful experiments of this kind in feeding over the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and thus producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of a decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odour of the rose. 'To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be actuated. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that may be preferred, and then thoroughly dried them in the shade, and shortly after sow them. This operation is to give scent to those plants which have none whatever. But if it is required to substitute one scent for another natural to the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it will be well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat the moistening with the odorous substance several days during the spring-season, for two or three consecutive years. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturist to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole.

* The sudden and untimely death of this amiable and estimable man will spread much grief throughout a wide circle of 'the gentle and the good.'

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THE BEARDS OF OUR FATHERS.

One of the conventional semi-slang phrases of the day, not long since stereotyped upon our ductile language by the powerful agency of the diurnal press, is contained in the words, 'a great fact.' If we recollect rightly, it was first used by the Times a few years ago, when that colossal paper condescended to recognise the existence, and rapidly increasing influence, of an important political movement. Destined to cruise in the pleasant waters of polite literature, this happy Journal ever avoids the bolisterous bills of political partisanship; yet even in these pages another 'great fact' may be noticed; and though it has not organised a powerful league, raised large sums of money, published reams of tracts, nor spouted from a thousand platforms, still its existence—whether for an age or for all time, weal or wo, for encomium or ridicule—cannot possibly be denied. So obvious, indeed, is this 'great fact,' so portentous are its accompaniments, that even he who runs may observe it. Without opening a book, without unfolding a newspaper, without a word being spoken, we may distinctly recognise its unmistakable expression on the faces of our fellow-men, be they where they may. In court or camp, church or council-chamber, market or mansion, parliament or pot-house, street or station, stage-coach or steam-boat—everywhere, in short, we are daily bearded by this novel, physiognomical sign of the times. Still, it is perfectly unobtrusive, the very remarkable circumstance being strictly true, that however gaudy and impudent its followers may previously have been, their bitterest enemies cannot now term them barabased. Need we say more? The important feature, the head question, that, countenanced by so many, agitates the face of society at the present day is our 'great fact'—the beard-movement.

Now, we are not going, neither do we consider it our province, to enter into the disputed case of beard versus razor—whether a man should, in Shakespeare's words, be 'bearded like the pard,' or fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd. Shew like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

No, our principal aim is to give some account of the beards of our fathers, for the benefit of the would-be beard-wearers of the rising generation; to endeavour to impress upon their minds a strong sense of that self-respect towards themselves, and courtesy to others, which the high and honourable antiquity of the beard, and the grave, dignified, and learned associations connected with it, so forcibly suggest. Nay, more; we would even point out the different modes of wearing that natural ornament of the face which prevailed among our ancestors, for the information, not only of the beard-wearers, but also of the barbers—we beg pardon, gentlemen—hair-dressers, we should say, of the present time. What, indeed, do the latter know about trimming a beard, except to cut it smooth off with a razor? All the beards we have dressed their beards, since the movement has commenced, are of the same stumpy and pattern, without the slightest approach to originality or expression. Certes, we might as well ask a bombardier of the horse-artillery to handle a catapult, or a drill-sergeant of the Coldstream Guards to 'clap the clout at twelve score and carry a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and a half,' like that famous archer, old Double, whom John of Gaunt loved so well, and of whom Justice Shallow prated so garrulously— as ask a tenor of the present day to trim a beard in the Roman T, plique devant, spade, or any other of the various styles our ancestors so tastefully delighted in.

Morgan, the quaint, old heraldic writer, in his Sphere of Genealogy, and in all seriousness too, informs us that Adam was the first gentleman who introduced fur, or, as it is technically termed, vair, into heraldry, he having adopted a surcoat made of the hairy skins of beasts, after his marriage with Eve, whose arms he bore as an eschipule of pretence, she being an heiress. Now, as the wearers of skin seldom shave so closely as the wearers of broadcloth, we may assume that Adam wore his beard. This opinion is strengthened by a remark of the English Josephus—no great authority, however—who, when speaking of the form of Adam's beard, says he must have worn it long; that is, a long time, before Tubal Cain had made a razor wherewith to shave it. It may be as well, however, to leave the antediluvians to themselves. Aaron, we learn, wore a forked beard, which was anointed with butter, like the head of Mr Mansfield Parkyns, the Abysinian Brummel. The Théban Ammon-us wore a narrow elongated beard, as Egyptian monuments testify; and the indomitable energy of Layard has made evident to us, as a nation of shopkeepers, the extraordinary demand for curling-tongs which must have existed among the ancient Assyrians, from the elaborate manner in which they dressed their beards. In short, from the earliest antiquity, the beard has been highly esteemed as an emblem of dignity and wisdom.

Homer, in terms of the warmest admiration, speaks of the snow-white beards of Priam and Nestor. Virgil, with all the ardour of a poet, paints the flowery beard which covered the breast of Mezentius. Pliny, the Younger, seems to take a pleasure in relating how the flaxen beard of Epaphrus, the Syrian philosopher,
inspired his fellow-courtymen with the most respectful veneration. Persius, convinced that the beard was the symbol of all wisdom and knowledge, considered that he could not bestow a higher encomium on Socrates than terming him magister barbatus—the bearded master.

When Louis XIII. ascended the throne of France, a mere lad, the supple courtiers shaved off their beards in compliment to the youthful king. But shortly afterwards, circumstances of danger and difficulty arising, the court was compelled to solicit the assistance and advice of the distinguished soldier and statesman, Sully. The brave old warrior disdaining to conform to what he considered an effeminate custom, wore a beard of magnificent dimensions, and was consequently a conspicuous object among the close-cropped courtiers, who grieved his unfashionable appearance with sneers and contemptuous laughter. Sully, unabashed by such demonstrations, advanced to the king, and said: 'Sire, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult me on grave affairs of state, he first dismissed the buffoons and stage-dancers from the presence-chamber.'

The taste of the boy-king, Philip V., to the crown of Spain, had an exactly similar effect upon the beard; but, as a proof of the estimation in which it was held, its suppression gave rise to a well-known Spanish proverb, 'Desde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma.'—(Since we have lost our beards, we have also lost our souls.)

Even among the lowest classes, the beard was formerly considered to be the symbol of wisdom and command. In Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, The Beggar's Bush—or Fletcher's rather, for it was written after Beaumont's death, and acted, for the first time, before the court in 1622—when Oswin, a stranger, has, at the beggars' request, chosen the one who had the longest beard to be their king, Higgens, the beggar- recruiting officer, thus addresses the new-made monarch:

But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee?—By that beard, Thou wert found out and marked for sovereignty.
Oh happy beard! but happier prince whose beard
Was so remarked, as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair.

The most sacred oath of the Mohammedan is, 'by the beard of the Prophet;' and when a 'turbaned Turk' suspects that any one is trying to humbug him, the expressive inquiry, 'Do you mean to laugh at my beard?' is tantamount to the Englishman's, 'Do you see anything green about me?' This is also the significance of the old phrase, 'making a beard,' we find in Chaucer's tale, the miller says:

I trow the clerks were afeared, Yet can a miller make a clerk's beard, For all his art.

In the olden time, when an inferior was addressing a person of higher rank, or when a person was soliciting a favour, it was always the custom to stroke the beard downwards, as a token of inferiority, deference, or entreaty. Butler, who seems to have never missed the slightest shade of manner or character, represents Hudibras making submissive congees to the widow:

And all due ceremonies paid, He stroked his beard, and thus he said.

This observance is as ancient as Homer: we read in the tenth book of the Iliad, when DOLON is earnestly supplicating Dionysus for mercy:

So sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared, With humble blandishment, to stroke his beard, Like lightning swift, the wrathful faction flew.

The custom is also alluded to in that most amusing episode in Don Quixote, where the fictitious Trifaldin, of the white beard, squire to the equally fictitious, disconsolate matron, implores assistance from the knight of the woful countenance. 'He concurred,' says the author, 'and stroked his unwieldy beard from top to bottom with both hands.'

How much more graceful a gesture this is, than the ridiculous and unmeaning mock-hand-washing manoeuvre, so regularly performed by tavern-waiters and walking-gentlemen! Even our tragedians overlook this graceful, natural expression of submission and deferential appeal, though they have the authority of Shakespeare for it. In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses describes Patroclus mimicking the Greek warriors for the amusement of Achilles, and the latter saying:

Now play me Nester—hen and stroke thy beard, As he, being dressed to some oration.

Probably this gesture arose from the beard being frequently consecrated, as a most precious offering, to the heathen deities. Chaucer, in the knight's tale, describes Arctio as offering his beard to Mars, in the following words:

And evermore until the day I die, Eternal fire I will before thee find:
And eke to this avow, I will me bind,
My beard, my hair, as long as I live,
That never yet felt no offence
Of razor nor of shears, I will thee give,
And be thy true servant while I live.

Our Saxon ancestors delighted in wearing long forked beards; the Normans, on the contrary, at the period of the Conquest, not only shaved their chins but also the back parts of their heads. They had not, however, been long established in England before they permitted their beards to grow to vast dimensions. The long beards, painted hoods, and gray coats of the English were thus satirised by some Scottish visitors to London in the reign of Richard I.:

Long beards heartless,
Painted hoods witless,
Gray coats graceless,
Make England thriftless.

From the time of Henry IV., the beard began to decrease in size and popularity; and growing fine by degrees and beautifully less during the long and disastrous commotions of the Wars of the Roses, became almost extinct, until it was once more called into existence by the Reformation. Yes, doubtful reader, by the Reformation. Small events may arise from great causes, as well as great events from small causes; and thus it was how that ever-memorable occurrence affected the beard.

After the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches, the practice of shaving became a religious duty among the Roman ecclesiastics, by way of opposition to the Greeks, who, to this day, have continued to pay reverence to a well-clad chin, and are greatly shocked by the beardless images of saints in the Latin churches. The shaving of the chin by the clergy was imperatively commanded by various statutes in the Roman Church; and so strictly were these statutes adhered to, that Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, daring to break them, found one Easter-Sunday morning the doors of his own cathedral shut in his face. But these dignitaries of the chapter were awaiting him in the porch, one holding a razor, another a pair of scissors, and the third an open book, containing the statutes of the church, with his finger pointing to the words barba rasa. In vain did the bishop urge the sinfulness of shaving on so holy a day; he was not listened to. Prevented from entering the cathedral, he returned home with his beard, and in a short time died of a broken heart.
By the monastic laws, the lay-mayors were commanded to let their beards grow, and only the priests to shave; and a writer, previous to the Reformation, complains that the manners of the clergy had become so corrupt, that they could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards. Consequently, the early reformers suffered their beards to grow, to distinguish themselves from the adherents to Rome; and the Reformation became general in England, the beard by this means came into fashion among the clergy.

Verheiden's portraits of the Reformation afford us some good specimens of beards. Bzaa wore his long and forked; Calvin's was long and pointed, with a slight waving curl; Fox and Cranmer wore goodly appendages to their chins; but John Knox eclipsed all his contemporaries, his beard flowing down to his girdle. These revered fathers did not wish to concede the use of the beard to the laity, considering that it should be the distinguishing feature of the ecclesiastical alone.

The archaeological inquirers of a future era, thanks to the still-increasing triumphs of the graver's art, will have an easy task when tracing the modes and costumes of our days. A few copies of Peach or the Illustrated News preserved from oblivion, will make the all-round collar and the alpaca poncho, the wide-awake hat and the Wellington boot, the pâtetô and the Paxton, almost as familiar to our descendants as those brilliant triumphs of aesthetic invention are to ourselves. We, however, when looking back among the dim shadows of antiquity, have no such advantage; in the earlier periods of our history, we are able to trace the form of the beard only in hideous pre-Raphaelite figures, worked on tawdry threadbare tapestry, or on the sculptured stones and brasses that uncouthly represent the living forms of the dead, to whose memory they were erected. From the reign of Elizabeth, however, the dawning of the modern drama, as the dramatic writers, those brief chroniclers of the times, hold their mirrors up to nature, we are enabled to glean a few reflections; and the satirists, too, when vigorously lashing, afford us many glimpses of the fashions and follies of their era. Holinshed, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, says:

'Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin, like those of the Turks, not a few cut short like the beards of Marquis Otto; some made round, like a rubbing-brush; other with a pique devaut (Oh, fine fashion!), or now and then suffered to grow long; and the barbers being guilty of this, are so accused by the tailors. Therefore, if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquis of Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be wesseled-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose, if Cornelia of Cletherford say true; many old men wear no beards at all.'

Without presuming to insinuate in the slightest degree that any of the supporters of the present beard-movement are 'wesseled-beaked,' or that any amount of hair on the face would make any of them look 'so grim as a goose,' we would earnestly solicit their attention to the fact, thus alluded to by Holinshed, that our ancestors cut their beards according to the forms of their faces; and that they, if they wish to wear their beards to the adornment of their persons, must undoubtedly do the same.

In Lyly's Midas, published in 1591, we find one Motto, a barber, thus addressing his apprentices:

'Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation, as—How, sir, will you be trimmed? Will you have your beard like a spade or a bowkin? a penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? your mustaches sharp at the end, like shoemaker's awls, or hanging down to your mouth like goat's flaxes?'

The spade-beard, in form like the iron part of a spade, was that mostly worn by soldiers. At a period when almost all men wore swords, and those weapons were frequently drawn to decide very trifling quarrels—in an age, we may say, 'of difficulties,' as our transatlantic brethren mildly term combats à l'entrounca, a beard cut to look terrible to an enemy was probably no small advantage to the wearer. Shirley, however, in A Contention for Honour and Riches, written about 1650, shows that the terrible beard had not always a terrific effect:

Soldier. You have worn a sword thus long to shew the hilt,
Now let the blade appear.

Courtier. Good Captain, Voice,
I shall, and teach you manners; I have yet
No age; I can look upon your buff
And punto beard, and call for no strong waters.

The spade-beard, however, was not always the distinguishing mark of a soldier: the unfortunate Earl of Essex wore a spade; but his friend Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, who passed a great part of his life in camps, wore the long slender tuft of hair, diminishing to a point, termed the stiletto-beard. But the fashions of beards, like everything else, were always changing. One of the characters in Middleton's Time's Metamorphosis, exclaims to another:

'Why dost thou wear this beard?
'Tis clean grown out of fashion.

It is highly probable that the officers and private soldiers of an army wore their beards as their general did his. In King Henry V., Gower, when enlightening Fiuellen as to the true character of the cowardly braggart Pistol, says: 'And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp will do among fouling bottles and ale-washed wigs, is marvelous to be thought on; but you must learn to know such slanders of the age.'

The almost endless variety of beards that were fashionable in the reign of Charles I., have been sung by Taylor in the Superbium Flagellum, though, curiously enough, he does not mention the kind of beard he himself wore. It was a cork-screw beard, a single tuft of hair, hanging down from the centre of the chin, and twisted into a spiral form. Taylor's description of beards occupies some pages; we shall quote only the close of it:

'Some like a spaus, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble, some stark bare,
Some sharp stiletto fashion, dagger-like,
That may, with whispering, a man's eyes ouptake;
Some with the hammer-cut or Roman T,
Their beards extravagant reform'd must be;
Some in the quadrate, some triangle fashion;
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude;
Some like a thatchet for their crasititude;
That heights, depths, breadthes, triforms, square, oval, round,
And rules geometrical in beards are found.

The Roman T or hammer-cut beard was a plain tuft down the centre of the chin, the mustaches parted straight out on each side to form the cross, or upper part of the T. The beard worn by the present emperor of France is an exact Roman T, as may be verified by many old portraits. It was all the vogue in the time of Charles I., as we learn from the Queen of Corinth:

He strokes his beard,
Which now he puts i' the posture of a T,
The Roman T; your T-beard is the fashion.
people contumeliously termed it a periwig—a term which had partly gone to give rise to a totally character-wig, worn, as Hamlet says, 'by a robuste periwig-pated fellow.'

So late as the first half of the last century, when the clergy continued to wear the beard. Consider his Free Advice to a Young Clergyman, written in that period, recommends him 'not to come into the Jewish fashion of wearing a beard round his face; and them (the jews) it may be proper enough, but us, openness of countenance is the characteristic of an ingenious mind.'

The periwig, after extinguishing the beard, fell into the oblivion it so well merited. Custom, tyranny, custom, still inflicts it on the heads of lawyers, &c., refuge. The beard, aided perhaps more than is generally considered, by the loosely forming forms of present garments, seems likely to regain some of its ancient importance. But, alas! the black, inconvenient cylinder, termed a hat, still tortures our heads. Assuredly, a majority of the adults male population of England would accept the beard, ay, and it green too, if inexorable fashion required it, in odds that a new and easily worn hat were introduced at the same time.

SKY-HIEROGLYPHICS.

When the remote regions of space are considered, the help of very powerful telescopes, miniature systems are discerned scattered about there, looking only like minute specks of faint light, an account of the collective light of their twinkling being paled down, almost to disappearance, by extreme distance; but others having distinct star-points dem and stippled in upon their faces in various ways that they assume individual and characteristic forms which can be at once recognised whenever they are encountered by astronomers. Among these more individualised star-systems are the remote instrument, there are some twelve or sixteen which possess an especial interest on account of the intelligence which beams forth from their future A family likeness pervades all the members of the group, the fundamental idea of the physiognomy here a spirally contorted arrangement of light spots with scintillating balls concentrated in the midst of it, depending from the outer extremities of the rings. They all look very much as if they might be whirling fireworks, whose sparks were suddenly snuffed they flew, fixed into indelible fire-petifications. Some of these star-scrolls are viewed in full face, with their convolutions open, like the partitions of a nautilus-shell seen in section and edgeways; others are contemplated three-quarters full, and others in profile, with the scrolls sitting away from the unbroken. Science is indebted to the skill and perseverance of Lord Rosse for its knowledge of these strange objects. It was the noble instruments of this illustrious observer that first brought into view these star-shells of the celestial deep.

In these spiral star-systems, the scrolled or convoluted arrangement is so obvious and complete, that there can be no doubt of the peculiar figure expressing the dominant operation of some special power. The spires of these starry miniatures as much declare the active influence of some scirling agency, as the key whorls of the Catharine-wheel intimate that the locks which emits the arch; and revealing the discovery of the scrolled nebula by Lord Rosse was very soon followed by speculations, on the part of the inquisitive philosophy, concerning the forces that were probably at the periphery of the scirling. Scientists are now pressing with great urgency the question: 'What can the meaning be that is hidden within these hieroglyphical inscriptions of the sky?' What a
the proceedings of nature that are recorded by these circumstantial and certain observations.

The sails of a wind-mill go round because their sloping vanes are pressed laterally as the breeze sweeps along past them. But now, let it be conceived, for the sake of illustration, that the table for one is turned upon the wind; let it be imagined that the sails are whirled round by means of machinery acting upon the central shaft within, just as the blades of the screw are whirled round by the shaft, at the stern of the screw steam-ship. Then they would be resists by the wind, as they turned, and would have to drive currents of it out of their way, as the blades of the steam-screw drive backwards currents of water by their revolution. The sails of the wind-mill would, on this supposition, succeed in dashing the air out of their way, principally because their framework was made of strong unbending timber. But if it were formed of yielding whalebone, or India-rubber, instead of being composed of rigid timber, how would the case then stand? The elastic ribs of the sails would give way, to a certain extent, before the resistance they experienced, and would curve before it, as the whalebone frame of an umbrella curves before a violent blast of wind. The rotating mill-sails, if viewed from a distance, would be like the convolutions of a spiral spring; as mill-sails ordinarily do in the face of the landscape, and would assume instead the appearance of convoluted spires turning upon their centres. They would indeed, in fact, in some respect as the great scrolled nebulæ or star-systems brought to light by the researches of Lord Rosse. This, then, is what many natural philosophers are inclined to hold that these convolutions are. To be sure, the taking of revolving sails, whose skeletons and ribs are of yielding consistence, instead of being composed of rigid material; so that the radiating arms get bent into spiral curves when they are whirled round in the midst of a resisting force that serves to oppose their movement.

An apparent difficulty presents itself upon the threshold of this explanation, which seems at the first glance to affect its principles in an unfavourable way: the revolving sails of a wind-mill can be seen going round; their movements can be traced by the eye but not by the eye of one who walks away from them, since none of them have yet perceptibly changed the positions of their spirally curved arms since the period when they first came under observation. They are not seen to be going round. Upon further consideration, however, this obstacle complaisantly withdraws itself out of the way. When an observer stands near to a wind-mill, the ends of the revolving sails rush past him with terrific impetuosity and speed; but if he then moves off gradually from the mill, he will observe that the sails appear to turn more and more gently, although, in fact, the velocity of their movement is in no way altered. Under this experience, the notion is soon realised, that it is altogether possible for such a thing to exist as mill-sails so vast, that although their extremities are rushing along with a speed of almost inconceivable amount, they may nevertheless be contemplated from a distance at which the revolutionary progress ceases to be perceptible during any interval of time that can be employed in observation. If the star-rolls be revolving spiral sails, it is obvious that they really must stand in this precise category. It is known that their stupendous forms extend through distances light could not flash across in thousands of years; although it passes round the earth six times in a second; and that, consequently, if the outer extremities of their spires were sweeping onwards with a velocity most of a thousand times greater than that with which the iron filings fly from the mouth of the cannon, that velocity would nevertheless be altogether inappreciable to observers watching it from minute to minute, and from day to day. So enormous must the circles be through which these gigantic firmamental mill-sails are wheeled; that they can only be completed in intervals of thousands upon thousands of years, whatever may be the speed of the movement. In such a state of affairs, it is manifest that short-lived man must watch in vain for any indication of the mighty progress. Its almost infinite march must, of necessity, altogether elude the finite sense that endures but for a few short years.

Having summarily disposed, then, of this weighty difficulty, three other very important considerations next arise: What is the nature of the movement wherewith these gigantic firmamental mill-sails are wheeled round? what is the character of the resistance that curves their huge arms? and what is the composition of these arms, that they are strong enough to hold together, and yet pliable enough to yield to the pressure? We want to know, what are those firmamental mill-sails made of? why are they spirally bent? and why do they whirl?

The most direct road to the solution of these queries lies nearer home than the far-off regions in which the strange objects themselves are placed. Bring back your attention, for a brief interval, to the earth—What is that body? It is both very large and very heavy. Take a million of tons of some solid substance, like iron ore—that is, as many tons as it would require eleven days and a half to count, if one ton were reckoned off every second—place them all in a heap, then make a million such heaps, and lump them all together as a billion of tons. Next form as many billion heaps as there are individual tons in the lump, convoluted together, and roll up the whole into a ball. There you will have the earth, so far as massiveness is concerned. The terrestial sphere weighs a billion and a quarter of billions of tons!

But how is this ponderous ball sustained in space? Where is the pillar upon which its enormous bulk is laid? or where are the chains by which it is suspended? Go round the earth from east to west, and from north to south, and you will see nowhere any material support. All is transparency and void, until the eye reaches the far-removed orbs which gleam in the remote firmament. The earth is an island of matter, in the ocean of immensity, with only waves of impalpable and incoherent ether breaking upon its shores.

As might be anticipated, then, since this ponderous sphere is not supported in space, it is falling through it, sweeping along onwards, and still onwards, for ever, with fearful impetuosity. The speed of its movement is sixty-eight times as great as that of a ball shot from a rifle; ninety times as great as the velocity of sound; and eleven thousand times as great as the speed of the express railway-train! The earth performs a surprising journey of nearly sixty-eight thousand miles every hour.

But whither is the earth falling? To what point does its rapid movement tend? Its own inherent tendency of movement is towards the next very large substantial body that lies out in space as its next-door neighbour. It endeavours to fall to that neighbouring body, as a small stone strives always to fall to it, when raised away from the terrestrial surface. It has been arranged by the Creative fiat which established the order of nature, that all heavy bodies shall act as magnets towards each other. Each one draws, and is drawn by, all the rest. If a series of heavy bodies, like the earth, were simultaneously set down in different situations in space, and then were abandoned there, free from external control, they would all immediately rush together under the influence of this magnet-like attraction.

The nearest very large substantial body that lies out in space, as a next-door neighbour to the earth, is
the sun. This neighbour is a very large sphere indeed; it has in itself a bulk that is equal to a million and a half of earths, and it consequently plays the part of a proportionately powerful magnet to its terrestrial companion. If the earth were abandoned to the influence of this mighty magnet, it would of necessity be drawn to the sun, and would find itself held fast there after a few hours' rapid flight. It is not, however, abandoned to the solar attraction; for, instead of being so, it is caught in the strings of the sun's attractive energy, and is made to whirl round the sun, as a stone is caused to whirl round the head of a slinger, by the strings of the sling. The earth's outward momental movement is diverted into a whirl around the sun by the solar attraction. The ponderous earth is falling round the sun in a circle, or, more correctly speaking, in an ellipse, that for ever returns very nearly into itself.

But upon what is the yet more ponderous sun pillared or hung in its turn? The sun, too, hangs upon nothing. It is falling through space. With its dependent earth, it is rushing along for ever with a speed sufficient to carry it through the vast distance of one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles in the course of a year. As, however, it is doing so, it, too, is caught in the strings of attraction, and is made to whirl round, instead of flying onward. It is whirling round large orbs like itself, which, nevertheless, on account of extreme remoteness, look to human eyes only like twinkling stars.

What is true in regard to the earth and the sun, is also true of the other material members of the universe. All the bright stars are wheeling through space, rushing onwards with tremendous speed, and, primarily impressed upon their several masses, but gracefully bending round each other as they do so, under the influence of mutual attraction. The stellar orbs are sustained in space in precisely the same way as the earth and the sun; in motion and attraction upheld them as securely as if they were hung in material chains. The twinkling stars which are scattered so confusedly in the nocturnal firmament, are all connected into a system by the meshes of mutual attraction, but are continually keeping the threads of these meshes stretched by their gyrationary energies. They cannot fly saunter, because each is restrained by the magnet-like hold of its neighbour; they cannot rush together, because each is impelled by innate impulse of great power another way; consequently, they all sweep round and round, like drops in a mighty whirlpool. If some superhuman intelligence, freed from the restrictions of space and time, could rest on the far shore of the immensity, and look back, in sustained contemplation, upon the twinkling brotherhood, it would see this star-whirlpool dimpling the even face of the firmament, as man sees the watery eddies dimpling the smooth face of the mill-pool. Even so when the astronomer, aided by the telescope, looks out into surrounding space, he sees dimples on the face of the firmament, caused by eddies of stars. He has not time, it is true, to follow the movement, but he sees the fact of the movement in the form of the eddy. Those spiral scrolls discovered by L. Rosse are eddies of stars caught in the act of gyration. The elastic and flexible connection that holds together the spiral arms of the more terrestrial companion, is the resistance that curves the arms in spiries, is the preponderance of the magnet-like attraction in the direction in which most stars are concentrated at the time; and the movement which provokes the whirl, is the impulse communicated to the stars by the hand of the Creator. The stars in the distant external systems, detected beyond the utmost bounds of the earth's more immediate star-group, are sustained in space by precisely the same agency as these stellar bodies.

Such is the interpretation the Danieleis of science now offer as the correct reading of these sculpluglyphics. They tell us that, in those spiral new stars are seen, hanging in clusters upon each star like bees in a swarm, yet kept from actual contact by the rapidity with which they are eddying. Stars and knobs of superior brilliancy appear wherever the whirling stars set in more closely together for a time. In the rich depths of the universe there exist all probability, star-systems of every degree of density. In some, for instance, the several orbs are wrapped in concentric ellipses around a common focus, as the planets roll in concentric orbits around the sun, while in others, the stars are eddied layer over layer, spherically arranged, as shell upon shell; and in yet others, subordinate dimples are circling in more comprehensive revolutions, just as the satellites are whirling about the planets, and the planets about the sun.

But it by no means follows that any of these systems are of fixed and unalterable character; it far more accordant with the plan of cyclic prophecies which seems to be of such general prevalence in the universe, that the condition present in either of us at any one time is but a single figure in a many that passes on through a long series of changes of length to return again and again upon itself, each as varied configuration of the planets' satellites is renewed after prolonged periods. The spiral scrolls, indeed, look to the eye as if they were unrolling their star-streams. Possibly, myriads of centuries hence, they will have expanded themselves into hollow rings; and then, after yet other myriads of centuries, will be found recondensed into new spherical clusters, in their turn once more to unroll into spiries. It is a very remarkable fact, that holding star-systems, and spherically compacted ones, are discerned in the heavens. If the members of the same organisation were exhibited the eye in the successive stages of their progressive change, to compensate for man's inability to trace or the progress of the change in any individual case.

SCHOOLS CHEAP AND NASTY.

True schoolmaster is a rising man in our age may be safely said that, in income and social consideration, he is at twice the height he was in the early years of this century. Yet the Times continue to inform us of instances in which the expectations this functionary appear quite as low as ever, or are not indeed lower. Take the following example selected from a late number:

Education sixteen guineas per annum.—A lady keeps a highly respectable establishment, offers to receive a few young ladies on these reduced terms, including Music, Drawing, and French. House very large, with excellent playground. School-room, 40 by 18 feet. Trafalgar's daughters taken in exchange. Unexceptionable references. Address with real name, &c.
In the next column we find a similar one, only young gentlemen are advertised for, and the terms are a little lower than in the above:

Education sixteen pounds per annum (no extras).—Parents of limited income and those having large families are invited to address the advertiser. The education embraces the Latin, Greek, French, and German languages, and the fine arts. The situation is spacious, standing in its own beautiful and extensive pleasure-grounds. A liberal table is kept, and every domestic comfort may be depended on. References to parents of pupils now at the school.

In a third, taken from the same page, an offer is made to board, clothe, and educate young gentlemen for L.18 per annum; and numbers of others may be found available for similar purposes; and an education including numerous accomplishments, on terms varying from this sum to L.25 a year.

One can hardly think that Mr Dickens's Dotheboys Hall is an overdrawn picture, or that such establishments as the one kept by Mr Squeers have ceased to exist, when we read such advertisements as above. The age in which we live, philanthropical as it may be, is not so overflowing with the commodity that a crowd of benevolent individuals are to be found willing and eager to educate the children of other people at the cost of their own pockets; and yet a little analysis will show that education on such terms cannot otherwise be given.

Let us calculate the cost of a pupil fed in the plainest manner, and at the least possible expense—but not actually dipping under the starving-point—for forty weeks out of the fifty-two, allowing the remaining twelve for vacations. Let us suppose this child to have three meals a day—a number parents have a predilection for as the minimum; and that the morning and evening repast cost sixpence together: these meals alone, for 280 days, will take L.7 out of the annual stipend. Dinner, with however small a quantity of animal food, could not be supplied, for the same sum; but calculating it to cost a fraction above fourpence per day (including the lasagna vehicle of the sulphur), L.5 more will be required; so that at least L.13 per annum must be expended on the cost of food alone. But it is not only food that has to be provided, but lodging. The dirtiest outcasts on the face of the earth pay threepence a night for bare shelter, with a couch of straw, and a piece of bed; and, in the second advertisement, in which pounds are mentioned instead of guineas, the sum of ten shillings per annum remains to pay for the education, 'which embraces Latin, Greek, French, and German; mathematics and English generally.' In the third, as clothing is offered, in addition to board, lodging, and education, for L.2 a year more, we may consider there is no very important difference in the terms.

But it is not only for what has been already mentioned that the head of an educational establishment must look for remuneration; in the first place, some capital is necessary to take and furnish a house large enough for the pupils; and as there is, of course, to be of the very plainest and most homely description that can be procured, it will still cost something. Of course, for this capital expended, interest must be looked for. Then there is the actual rent of a large house and grounds—if the advertisement can be credited which describes them—the wages and food of servants, with other items almost innumerable. All this is positive outlay, independently of the educational part of the bargain. Supposing the master to be so admirable a Crichton as to be able to teach all the varied branches of learning himself, and the lady-principal so completely finished as to undertake the whole conduct of the school, accomplishments included, surely the time of such talented persons is worth a trifle. They should at least earn a living by exercising these powers; and not only that, but some little return might naturally be expected, by way of interest, for the sums spent in fitting them for the position they occupy. But as it can scarcely be thought that a single head, with the pair of hands which usually—not always—accompany it, will be able, unaided, to go through the whole work of a school, suppose an assistant to be employed. This does not always imply that the individual is paid; for, referring again to the columns of the Times, we find advertisements inserted by persons at least professing to be able to teach a great deal, and stating their willingness to do so without any other remuneration for their services than simply board and lodging, or, to use the prescriptive term, 'a comfortable home.' The teacher, however, even when receiving no salary whatever, must cost the principal at least as much as one of the pupils.

Now comes the question, how are all these expenses met? Sometimes we hear of additional items of various kinds inserted in the bills, which so swell their amount as to make the concern pay in spite of the apparent lowness of the charge; but in one of these advertisements we see the ominous words, 'No extras,' so we are driven from that idea in despair.

And yet some profits must be obtained out of the miserable pittances quoted, or why are such pupils thought not only worth having, but advertised for? Advertisements, it is true, are now pretty cheap; but being frequently, almost constantly, repeated by the philanthropical educators of juvenile England, they must cost a good deal in the aggregate.

That it is quite impossible for a teacher, in such circumstances, to fulfil his bargain honestly to himself and his employers, must be apparent. Yet I should almost blame more than the school-speculators, the parent who committed his child into such hands without making any calculation as to the other party in the bargain can be reasonably expected to fulfil his share of the contract. This, however, is often the last thing thought of; the main object being to have their children taken entirely off the parents' hands, and brought up with as little trouble and expense to themselves as possible. That there is a great demand for these cheap schools is evidenced by the number of advertisements, similar in class to those cited, which appear daily in the provincial papers as well as the Times and other metropolitan journals. It would be amusing, were it not for the ideas of a different nature which are also suggested by them, to notice such sentences—as, for instance, this, from one of the advertisements given above: 'Parents of large families and of limited income are invited to address the advertiser;' and again, 'Tradesmen's daughters taken in exchange.' The family should indeed be large if a member is condemned to be educated and boarded on such terms. The remark as regards 'tradesmen's daughters' is, to say the least of it, a little ambiguous. Are they to be taken in exchange for the children of the school, the deficiency of the latter in flesh being made up for in learning? Or are the olive branches of the tradesman to be plucked for in payment of his account for the goods he deals in? If this is the true explanation—and we suspect it is so, notwithstanding the absurdity of the phrase 'children taken in exchange'—the advertisements are
doubtless meant exclusively for the dealers in adulterations and imitations, as articles of any quality whatever will fully remunerate the school for such board and education.

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXVII—NO COVER.

In silence I continued to scrutinise the camp, but could discover no mode of approaching it secretly or in safety.

As I have said, the adjacent plain, for nearly a thousand yards' radius, was a smooth grass-covered prairie. Even the grass was short; it would scarcely have sheltered the smallest game, much less afford cover for the body of a man—much less for that of a horse.

I should willingly have crawled on hands and knees over the half-mile that separated us from the encampment; but that would have been of no service; I might just as well have walked erect. Erect or prostrate, I should be seen all the same by the occupants of the camp, or the guards of the horses. Even if I succeeded in effecting an entrance within the lines, what then? Even should I succeed in finding Isolinn, what hope was there of our getting off? There was no probability of our being able to leave the lines unseen—not the least. We should certainly be pursued, and what chance for us to escape? It was not probable we could run for a thousand yards with the hue and cry after us? No; we should be overtaken, recaptured, speared or tomahawked upon the spot!

The design I had formed was to bring my horse as close as possible to the Indian lines; to leave him under cover, and within such a distance as would make it possible to reach him by a run; then mounting with my betrothed in my arms, to gallop to my comrades. These I had intended should be placed in ambush, as near to the camp as the nature of the ground would permit.

But my preconceived plan was entirely frustrated by the peculiar situation of the Indian encampment. I had anticipated that there would be either trees, brushwood, or broken ground in its neighbourhood, under shelter of which we might approach. To my chagrin, there was none of the three. There was no timber nearer than the grove in which we were lying—the copse excepted—and to have reached this would have been to enter the camp itself.

We appeared to have advanced to the utmost limit possible that afforded cover. A few feet further would have carried us outside the margin of the timber; and then we should have been as conspicuous to the sentinels of the camp, as they now were to us. Forward we dared not stir—not a step further.

I was puzzled and perplexed. Once more I turned my eyes upon the sky, but I drew not thence a ray of hope; the heavens were too bright; the sun had gone down in the west; but in the east was rising, full, round, and red, almost his counterpart. How I should have welcomed an eclipse! I thought of omnipotent power; I thought of the command of the Israelitish captain. I should have joyed to see the shadow of the opaque earth pass over that shining orb, and rob it of its borrowed light, if only for a single hour!

Eclipse or cloud there was none—no prospect of one or other—no hope either from the earth or the sky.

Verily, then, must I abandon my design, and adopt some other for the rescue of my betrothed? What other? I could think of none; there was no other that might be termed a plan. We might gallop for-ward, and openly attack the camp? Sheer desperation alone could impel to such a course, and the result would be ruin to all—to her among the rest. We could not hope to rescue her—nine to a hundred—we saw and could now count our dusky foemen. They would see us afar off; would be prepared to receive us—prepared to hurl their masses upon us—to destroy us altogether. Sheer desperation!

What other plan?—what?—Something of the sort occurred to me at that moment: a slight shadow of it had crossed my mind before. It seemed practicable, though fearfully perilous; but what of peril? It was not the time, nor was I in the mood, to regard danger. Anything short of the prospect of certain death had no terror for me then; and even this I should have preferred to failure.

We had along with us the horse of the captive Comanche. Stanfield had brought the animal, having left his own in exchange. My new design was to mount the Indian horse, and ride him into the camp. In this consisted the whole of my newly conceived scheme.

Surely the idea was a good one—a slight attention of my original plan. I had already undertaken a perilous, while within my camp; it would only require me to begin the personation outside the lines, and make my entrée along with my débâcle. There would be more drama, more appropriateness, in a proportionate increase of danger. But I did not jest thus; I had no thought of merriment at the time. The treachery I had undertaken was no burlesque.

The worst feature of this new scheme was the increased risk of being brought in contact with the friends of this warrior of the red hand—of being accosted by them, and of course expected to make reply. How could I avoid meeting them—one or more of them? If interrogated, how shun making answer? I knew a few words of the Comanche tongue, but not enough to hold a conversation in. Either my face would be an accent or my voice would betray me! True, I might answer in Spanish. Many of the Comanches spoke this language; but my using it would appear a suspicious circumstance.

There was another source of apprehension: I could not confide in the Indian horse. He had endeavoured to fling Stanfield all along the way—kicking violently, and biting at his rider while seated upon his back. Should he behave in a similar manner with me while entering the camp, it would certainly attract the attention of the Indians. It would lead to scrutiny and suspicion.

Yet another fear: even should I succeed in the main points—in entering the camp, finding the captive, and wresting her from the hands of her jailers—how after I could never depend upon this capricious mustang to carry us clear of the pursuit—there would be others as swift, perhaps swifter than he, and we should only be carried back to die! Oh! that I could have taken my own steed near to the line of yonder guard—oh! that I could have hidden him there!

It might not be; I saw that it could not be; and I was forced to abandon all thought of it.

I had well-nigh made up my mind to risk the chances of my assumed character, by mounting the Indian horse. To my comrades I imparted the idea, and asked their counsel.

All regarded it as fraught with danger; one or two advised me against it. They were those who did not understand my motives—who could not comprehend the sentiment of love—who knew not the strength and courage which that noble passion may inspire in its true possessor. Little did they understand how its emotions inspire a desire of daring—how love absorbs all selfishness—even love becoming a secondary consideration, when opposed against the happiness or safety of its object. These
rude men had never loved as I. I gave no ear to their too prudent counsels.

Others acknowledged the danger, but saw not how I could act differently. One or two had in their life's course experienced a touch of tender feeling skin to mine. These could appreciate; and counselled me in consonance with my half-formed resolution. I liked their counsel best.

One had not yet spoken—one upon whose advice I placed a higher value than upon the combined wisdom of all the others. I had not yet taken the opinion of the earless trapper.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

RUBE CONSULTING HIS ORACLE.

He was standing apart from the rest—leaning, I should rather say, for his body was not erect, but diagonal. In this attitude it was propped by his rifle, the but of which was steadied against the stump of a tree, whilst the muzzle appeared to rest upon the bridge of Rube's own nose.

As the man and the piece were about of a length, the two thus placed in juxtaposition presented the exact figure of an inch, the small closed-capped skull of the trapper formed a sufficiently tapering apex to the angle. Both his hands were clasped round the barrel, near its muzzle, his fingers interlocking, while the thumbs lay flat—one upon each side of his nose.

At first glance, it was difficult to tell whether he was gazing into the barrel of the piece, or beyond it upon the Indian camp.

The attitude was not new to him nor to me; it was not the first time I had observed him in a posture precisely similar. I knew it was his favourite pose, when any question of unusual difficulty required all the energy of his 'instincts.' He was now, as often of yore, consulting his 'divinity,' presumed to dwell far down within the dark tube of 'Tar-gus's.'

After a time, all the others ceased to speak, and stood watching him. They knew that no step would be taken before Rube's advice had been received; and they waited with more or less patience for him to speak.

Full ten minutes passed, and still the old trapper neither stirred nor spoke. Nor lip nor muscle of him was seen to move; the eyes alone could be detected in motion, and these small orbs scintillating in their deep sockets, were the only signs of life which he shewed. Standing rigid and stiff, he appeared, not a statue, but a scarecrow, propped up by a stick; and the lower beast, weather-washed rifle did not belge the resemblance. Full ten minutes passed, and still he spoke not; his 'oracle' had not yet yielded its response.

I have said that at the first glance it was difficult to tell whether the old man was gazing into the barrel of his gun or beyond it. After watching him closely, I saw that he was doing both. Now his eyes were a little raised, as if he looked upon the plain—anon they were lowered, and evidently peering into the tube. He was drawing the data of his problem from facts—he was trusting to his divinity for the solution.

For a long time he kept up this singular process of conjuration—alternating his glances in equal distribution between the hollow cylinder and the small circle of vision that covered the Indian camp. The others began to grow impatient; all were interested in the result, and not without reason. Standing upon the limits of a life-danger, it is not strange they should feel anxiety about the issue. Thus far, however, none had offered to interrupt or question the queer old man. None dared. One or two of the party had already had a taste of his quality when fretted or interfered with, and no one desired to draw upon himself the sharp 'talk' of the earless trapper.

Garey at length approached, but not until Rube, with a triumphant toss of his head and a scarcely audible 'wheep' from his thin lips, showed signs that the consultation had ended, and that the 'joss' who dwelt at the bottom of his rifle-barrel had vouchsafed an answer!

I had watched him with the rest. I liked that expressive hitch of the head; I liked the low, but momentous citation that terminated the silence between him and his familiar spirit. They were signs that the knot was unravelled—that the old trapper had devised some feasible plan by which the Indian camp might be entered.

Garey and I drew near, but not to question him; we understood him too well for that. We knew that he must be left free to develop his purpose in his own time; and we left him free—simply placing ourselves by his side.

'Wal, Billee!' he said, after drawing a long breath, 'an yerself, young fellur! whet do 'ee both think o' this hyur bizness: looks ugly, don't it—eh, boyees?'

'Tveral ugly,' was Garey's laconic answer.

'Th'hyr stuf me self at fist.'

'Thr ain't no plan o' gettin into thr camp,' said the young trapper, in a desponding tone.

'The cloose thr ain't! What greenhorn put th' idee inter yur brain-pain, Bill?'

'Wal, thr are a plan; but 'tain't much o' a one: we've been talkin' it over hyar.'

'Le's hear it,' rejoined Rube, with an exulting chuckle—'Th'ryr hev it, boyee! an quick, Bill, far timo's dodrrost av precesious 'bout now. Wal?'

'It's jest this, Rube, neyther less nor more: the c'ap'n proposes to take the Injun's hoss, and ride straight into thr camp.'

'Straight custrast in do'ees?'

'Ov course; 'ld be no use goin' about the bush: they kin see him acomin from any side.'

'I'll be durned ef they kin—that I'll be durned. Wagh! they cudn't a see me—that they cudn't, ef ivery niggar o' em hed the eyes o' Aggros—thet they cudn't, Billee.'

'How?' I inquired. 'Do you mean to say that it is possible for any one to approach yonder camp without being observed? Is that what you mean, Rube?'

'Thet ur prazexctly whet I mean, young fellur. No—not adazctly thet eyther. One o' you I didn't say: whet I sayed wur, that this hyur trapper, Rube Rawlins o' the Rocky Mountains, cud slide inter yander campin jest like a greased lightnin through a gooseberry-bush, 'thout e'er an Injun seem 'im; an thet, too, ef the red-skinned varmints hed more eyes in thrur heads than they ther lice; which, accordin to this child's reck'nin, 'ud guv ivory squaw's son o' the gang as many peepers as thrur ur spots in a peecock's tail, an a wheen over to breed, I kalkerlate. No plan to git inter thr camp 'bout bein seed! Wagh! yur gettin green, Bill Garey!'

'How can it be accomplished, Rube? Pray, explain! I know you impatient.'

'Don't git unpayshtint, young fellur! thet ur's no use whitecoundver. Yu'll need payshine, an a good grist o' thet ur, afore ye kin warm yer shins at yander fire; but 'ee kin do it, an in the nick o' time too, ef ye' ll go prazexctly accordin to whet ole Rube tells yo, an keep yur eye well skinned an yur teeth from chatter: I knows yu'll do all thet. I knows yur waxed to the back o' yur neck, an kin whip yer weight in wild cat any day o' the year. Now? D'yer agree to follor my direcshuns?'

'I promise faithfully to act according to your advice.'

'Thet ur sensible sayed—duration'd sensible. Wal, then, I'll gi' yu my device.'
As Rube said this, he moved forward to the edge of the timber, making a sign for Garcey and myself to follow.

On reaching its outer edge, but still within cover, he dropped down upon his knees, behind some evergreen bushes.

I imitated his example, and knelt upon his right, while Garcey crouched down on the left.

Our eyes were directed across the Indian camp, of which, and the plain around it, we had a good view—as good as could be obtained under the light of a too brilliant moon.

After we had surveyed the scene for some moments in silence, the old trapper condescended to begin the conversation.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE TRAPPER'S COUNSEL.

'Now, Bill Garcey, an you, young feller, jest clap yer eyes on th'ecampmest, an see ef th'ars ain't a road leadin inter the very heart o'it, strait as the tail o'a skeecart fox. 'Ee see ef it? Eh?'

'Not under kiver?' replied Garcey interrogatively.

'Unner kiver—ivery step o' the way—the best o' kiver.'

Garcey and I once more scrutinized the whole circumference of the encampment, and the ground adjacent. We could perceive no cover by which the camp could be approached. Surely there was none.

What could Rube mean? Were there clouds in the sky? Had he perceived some portion of coming darkness? Had his words reference to this?

I raised my eyes, and swept the whole canopy with inquiring glances. Up to the zenith, around the horizon—east, west, north, and south—I looked for clouds, but looked in vain. A few light cirrhus floated high in the atmosphere; but these, even when crossing the moon's disk, cast no perceptible shadow. On the contrary, they were tokens of settled weather: and moving slowly, almost fixed upon the face of the heavens, were evidence that no sudden change might be expected. When the trapper talked of entering the camp under cover, he could not have meant under cover of darkness. What then?

'Don't see any kiver, old hoss,' rejoined Garcey, after a pause; 'neither bush nor weed.'

'Bush!' echoed Rube—'weed!' who's talkin' bout weeds an bushes? Thur's other ways o' hidin yer karkidge sides stickin it in a bush or unner a weed. Yur a gettin dunno'pumpkin-headed, Bill Garcey. I jest aint to think yer the same purlicum as the young feller himself. Yu've been a humpin wit one o'them Mexikin moochachers.'

'No, Rube, no.'

'Durn me, ef I dnt b'lieve you hov, boy. I heern ye tell one o'em.'

'What?'

'Wagh! ye know well emuf. Didn't 'ee tell one o' em gurds at the rancherie thet ye loved her as hard as a mule kud kick—sartlinsly ye did; them wur yur preeczact words, Billee.'

'I was only jokin, hoss.'

'Putty jokin, thet ur 'll be when I gits back to Bent's Fort, an tell yur Coco squaw. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! Geehoshapit! thur will be a rumpus.'

'Nonsense, Rube; thar's nothing ov it.'

'Thar must a be; yur brain-pan's out ov order, Bill; ye ain't hed a clur idea for days back. Bushes! an weeds too! Wagh! who sayed thur wur bushes? Whar's yur eyes? d'yer see a bank?'

'Bank!' echoed Rube—'a bank. I guess thar's a bank, right afore yur noses, ef both o' yur ain't as blind as the kittinas o' a possum. Now, do 'ee see it?'

Neither of us made reply to the final interrogatory.

For the first time, we began to comprehend Rube's meaning; and our eyes as well as thoughts were suddenly directed upon the object indicated by his words—the bank of the stream—for to that is referred.

I have stated that the little river ran close to the Indian lines, and on one side formed the boundary of the camp. We could tell that the current was slow but; for the stream, on reaching the hill upon which we were, turned sharply off, and swept round in a bend. The Indian camp was on the left bank, though not its right when viewed up-stream, as we were reporting it. Any one proceeding up the left bank must therefore necessarily pass within the lines, and thus among the horses that were staked nearest to the water.

It need not be supposed that under our best scrutiny the stream had hitherto escaped observation. I myself had long ago thought of it as a means covering my approach. Time after time had my eye dwelt upon it, but without result. In its channel one could perceive no shelter from observation. In heat were low, and without either rush or bush upon the green turf of the prairie stretched up to the bank, and scarcely twelve inches below its level was the surface of the current. This was especially the case along the front of the encampment, and for some distance above and below. Any one endeavoring to enter the camp by steering up the channel, must have gone completely under water, for even a swimmer could have been drowned upon its surface; or even if a man could have proceeded in this way, there was no hope that a hole could have been taken near; and without the horse, what prospect of ultimate escape?

It had seemed to me impossible. More than once had I taken into consideration, and as often rejected the idea.

Not so Rube. It was the very scheme he had conceived, and he now proceeded to point out its practicability.

'Now, then—ees see a bank, do 'ee?'

'Tain't much o' a bank,' replied Garcey, rather discouragingly.

'No; tain't as high as Massooma bluffs, nor the kenyons o' Snake River—thet nobb'y durnies; but o' tain't as high as it mout be, it ur ivory mission a git a little higher, I reck'n.'

'Getting higher, you say?'

'Ye-es; or whet ur putty consid'able the same thing, the t'other ur a gittin lower.'

'The water, you mean.'

'The water ur a fallin—gwine down by inches o' a jump; an in a hour from this, thur 'll be blufs affar o' the camp half a yard high—thet 's whet thar fur t'be. An' you think I could git into the camp by creepin under thum.'

'Sure o't. What's to binner ye? it ur easy a fallin off a log.'

'But the horse—how could I bring him near?'

'Jest the same way as yerself. I tell yur the bet that river ur deep enuf to hide the biggest hoss a creashun. Thar fur full, for the reetun thar's a fresh in cowseywine o' last night's rain: thar's mout mind thet—the hoss kin wade or swim ebyther, as the bank 'l kiver im from the eyes o' the Injans. Thar kin leave im in the river.'

'In the water?'

'In coarse—hoss yer'll stan thur; an ef he don't, you kin tie his nose to the bank. You kin take hit as near as you please; but don't go too far to wast hit; else them mustangs 'll smell im, an then it is ar all ye both wy' yirself an yur hoss. About two hundred yards ull be yer likeliest distance. Ef you go to gurl clair, ye kin easy run thet, I reck'n; put strength for the hoss; an wimn yur mounted, golly!'
gallop up the naked face of the slope, and thus expose our numbers. It was decided, therefore, to leave the men where they were.

From the bend to the Indian camp, the river trended almost in a straight line, and its long reach lay before my eyes like a band of shining metal. Along its banks, the bush extended no further. A single step towards the camp would have exposed me to the view of its occupants.

At this point, therefore, it was necessary for me to take to the water; and dismounting, I made ready for the immersion.

The trappers had spoken their last words of instruction and counsel; they had both grasped my hand, giving it a significant squeeze that promised more than words; but to these, too, had they given utterance.

'Don't be afeard, cap't'n!' said the younger. 'Rube and I won't be far off. If we hear your pistols, we'll make a rush to rast you, and meet you half-way anyhow; and if anything should happen amiss—here Garvey spoke with emphasis—you may depend on 't we'll take a bloody revenge.'

'Teas!' echoed Rube, 'we'll do jest that. Thur'll be many a nick in Targets afore night. Remember of you rubbed out, young fellur; that I swar to ye. But don't be skeerful! Keep yer eye sharp-skinned, an' yer claws steady, an' thar's no fear but ye'll git thrur. Oneest yur clor o' the camp, 'coz may reck'ns on us. Put straight for the timer, an' gallop as of Ole Scratch wur agrumpin at the tail o' yer critter.'

I waited to hear no more, but leading Moro down the bank, at a place where it sloped, I stepped gently into the current. My well-trained steed followed without hesitation, and in another instant we were both breast-deep in the flood. The water was just the depth I desired. There was a half yard of bank that rose vertically above the surface; and this was sufficient to shelter either my own head, as I stood erect, or the frontlet of my horse. Should the channel continue of uniform depth as far as the camp, the approach would be easy indeed; and, for certain hydrographic reasons, I was under the belief it would.

The plumes of the Indian bonnet rose above the level of the meadow-turf, and as the spray fell in ribbons dyed in gay colours—would have formed a conspicuous object, I took off the gaudy head-dress, and carried it in my hand.

I also raised the robe of jaguar-skin over my shoulders, in order to keep it dry; and for the same reason, temporarily carried my pistols above the water-line.

The making of these slight alterations occupied only a minute or so; and as soon as they were completed, I moved forward through the water.

The very depth of the stream proved a circumstance in my favour. In wading, both horse and man made less noise in deep than in shallow water; and this was an important consideration. The night was still—too still for my wishes—and the plunging sound would have been heard afar off; but fortunately there were rapids below—just where the stream forced its way through the spur of the hill—and the hissing sound of those, louder in the still night, was borne upon the air to the distance of many miles. Their noise, to my own ears, almost drowned the plashing made by Moro and myself. I had noted this point d'avenit before embarking upon the enterprise.

At the distance of two hundred yards from the bushes, I paused to look back. My purpose was to fix in my memory the direction of the hill, and more especially the point where my comrades had been left—first in ambush: in the event of a close pursuit, it would not do to mistake their exact situation.

I easily made out the place, and saw that, for several reasons, a better could not have been chosen.
trees that timbered the crest of the hill were of a peculiar kind—none more so upon the earth. They were a species of the most ancient yuccas, then unknown to botanists. Many of them were forty feet in height; and their thick angular branches, and terminal fascicles of rigid leaves, outlined against the sky, formed a singular and an untoward sight. It was unlike any other vegetation upon earth, more resembling a grove of cast iron than a wood of exogenous trees.

Why I regarded the spot as favourable for an ambush, was chiefly this: a party approaching it from the plain, and climbing the hill, might fancy a host of enemies in their front; for the trees themselves, with their heads of radiant blades, bore a striking resemblance to an array of plumed gigantic warriors. Many of the yuccas were only six feet in height, with tufted heads, and branchless trunks as gross as the body of a man, and they might readily have been mistaken for human beings.

I saw at a glance the advantage of the position. Should the Indians pursue me, and I should succeed in reaching the timber before them, a volley from my comrades would check the pursuers, however numerous. The nine rifles would be enough, with a few shots from the revolvers. The savages would fancy nine hundred under the mystifying shadows of that spectral-like grove.

With confidence, strengthened by these considerations, I once more turned my face up-stream; and "breasting the current, kept on.

**CHAPTER XCV.**

**UP-STREAM.**

My advance was far from being rapid. The water was occasionally deeper or shallower, but generally rising above my hips—deep enough to render wading a task of time and difficulty. The current was of course against me; and though not very swift, seriously impeded my progress. I could have advanced more rapidly, but for the necessity of keeping my head and that of my horse below the escarpment of the bank. At times it was a close fit, with scarcely an inch to spare; and in several places I was compelled to move with my neck bent, and my horse's nose held down to the surface of the water.

At intervals, I paused to rest myself—for the exertion of wading against the current wearied me, and took away my breath. This was particularly the case when I was required to cross patches where the channel was deepest, and where I could stand erect.

I was all the while anxious to look up and take a survey of the camp; I wished to ascertain its distance in relation to my own position; but I dared not raise my head above the level of the bank. The sward that crowned it was smooth as a mown meadow, and the edge-line of the turf even and unbroken. Had I shewn but my hand above it, it might have been seen in that clear white light. I dared not shew either hand or head.

I had advanced I knew not how far, but I fancied I must be near the lines. All the way, I had kept close under the left bank, which, as Rube had predicted, now rose a full half yard above the water-line. This was a favorable circumstance, and another equally so was the fact that the moon on that—the eastern side—was yet low in the sky, and consequently the bank flung a broad black shadow that extended nearly half-way across the stream. In this shadow I walked, and its friendly darkness sheltered both myself and my horse.

I fancied I must be near the lines, and longed to reconnoitre them, but, for the reasons already given, dared not.

I was equally afraid to make any further advance—for that might be still more perilous. I had already noted the direction of the wind: it blew from the river, and across the camp; and should I bring my horse opposite the line of the camp, I should then be directly to windward of them, and in danger from their keen nostrils. They would be almost certain to take up the scent of my steed, and utter their warning snorts so soon as they reached the water. There was sufficient to carry the smell, and enough to drown the plunging noise necessarily made by my horse moving through the water, with the hollow pounding of his hoofs upon the rocks at its bottom.

If I raised my head over the bank, there was the danger of being observed; if I advanced, the prospect was one of still greater peril.

For some moments I stood hesitating—uncertain as to whether I should leave my horse, or lead him a little further. I heard noises from the camp, but they were not distinct enough to guide me.

I looked back down the river, with the hope of being able to calculate the distance I had come, or by that means decide where I was; but my observation furnished no data by which I could determine my position. With my eyes almost on a level with the surface of the water, I could not judge satisfactorily of distance.

I turned my face up-stream again, and scrutinised the parapet line of the bank. Just then I saw an object over its edge that answered well to guide me: it was the croup and hip-bones of a horse—one of the mustangs staked near the bank. I saw neither the head nor shoulders of the animal; its hind quarters were towards the stream; its head was to the grass—it was browsing.

The sight gratified me. The mustang was full two hundred yards above the point I had reached. I knew that its position marked the outer line of the encampment. I was just in the place where I wanted to be—about two hundred yards from the lines. Just at the distance I desired to leave my horse. I had taken the precaution to bring with me my picket-pan—one of the essentials of the prairie traveller. It was the work of a moment to delve it into the bank. I needed not to drive it with violence: my well-trained steed never broke fastening, however slight. With him the stake was only required as a sign that he was not free to wander.

In a moment, then, he was staked; and with a "whisper" I parted from him, and kept on up-stream.

I had not gone far, when I perceived a break in the line of the bank. It was a little gully that led slantingly from the level of the prairie down to the bed of the stream. Its counterpart was perceived on the opposite side. The two indicated a ford or crossing used by bufaloes, wild-horses, and other denizens of the prairie.

At first, I viewed it with apprehension; I feared it might uncover my body to the eyes of the enemy; but on coming opposite, my fears were allayed: the slope was abrupt, and the high ground screened me as before. There would be no danger in passing the place.

As I was about moving on, an idea arrested me; and I paused to regard the gully with a look of greater interest. It offered me an advantage.

I had been troubled about the position in which I had left my horse. Should I succeed in getting back of course it would be under the pressure of a hot pursuit, and my steed was not conveniently placed; his back was below the level of the bank. He might easily be mounted, but how should I get out of the bed of the stream. Only by a desperate leap might he reach the plain above; and he might fail in the effort—time might be lost, when time and speed would be most wanted.

I had been troubled with this thought; it made me trouble me no longer. The 'crossing' afforded one
access either to or from the channel of the river—the very thing I wanted.
I was not slow to profit by the discovery. I turned back, and having released the rein, led my horse gently up to the break.

Choosing a spot under the highest part of the bank, I fastened him as before, and there left him.

I now moved with more ease and confidence, but with increased caution. I was getting too near to risk making the slightest noise in the water; a single splash might betray me.

It was my intention to keep in the channel, until I had passed the point where the horses were stacked; by so doing, I should avoid crossing the line of the horse-guards, and, what was quite as important, that of the horses themselves, for I was equally apprehensive of being discovered by the latter. Once inside their circle, they would take no notice of me, for doubtless there would be other Indians within sight; and I trusted to my well-counterfeited semblance of savagery to deceive the eyes of the equine sentinels.

I did not wish to go far beyond their line; that would bring me in front of the camp itself—too near its fires and its idle groups.

I had noticed before starting that there was a broad belt between the place occupied by the men, and that where their horses were staked. This ‘neutral’ ground was little used by the camp loungers, and somewhere on the edge of it I was desirous of making my entrance.

I succeeded to my utmost wishes. Closely hugging the bank, I passed the browsing mustangs; under their very noses I glided past, for I could hear them munching the herbage right over me; but so silently did I steal along, that neither snort nor hoof-stroke heralded my advance.

In a few minutes, I was sufficiently beyond them to make halt.

I raised my head; slowly and gently I raised it, till my eyes were above the level of the prairie slope. No one was near. I could see the swarth savages grouped around their fires; but they were a hundred yards off, or more. They were capering, and talking, and laughing; but no ear was bent, and no eye seemed turned towards me. No one was near.

I grasped the bank with my hands, and drew myself up. Slowly and silently I ascended, like some demon from the dark trap-door of a stage. On my knees, I reached the edge; the grass curator to my feet, I stood erect within the limits of the Indian camp—to all appearance as complete a savage as any upon the ground!

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

It has now for some years been a very well-accredited fact, that there are many big as well as little matters in our otherwise excellent system of jurisprudence which require improvement; and although lawyers, as a class, are perhaps not generally favourable to alteration, some defects in legal proceedings are so glaring, and their evil influence on the community at large so considerable, that those in as well as those out of the profession of the law alike agree in the desirability of a change.

Attention has of late been very much directed towards the subject of appeals; and although no alteration of any great importance has yet been made in the mode of conducting them in the superior courts, the evils to be remedied are so formidable, that we doubt whether any subject can better illustrate to the general reader the delay and expense which may be attendant upon the administration of the law, that the subject of appeals is the opinion of single judges, however eminent and learned he may be, should be final and conclusive, is what no sensible person will for a moment urge: all men are liable to error; and whatever be the wisdom of the expounier of the law, he may easily see things in a wrong light, and be led to draw conclusions, his judgment upon which, if final, would not only bring odium upon the law which he professes to understand, but entail injustice and oppression upon those who had the misfortune to be the unsuccessful parties.

In our own, and in almost every other civilised country, we find that this opinion has prevailed, and that a right of appealing from the decision of one court to that of another, exceeding the former in the number or presumed greater wisdom of its presiding officers, has been recognised. But in England this system of appeal has become so complicated, as to be unintelligible to the non-legal inquirer, who often wanders through the newspaper summary of some long legal proceeding in which he feels an interest, and after learning that ‘the judge on the original trial directed a verdict for the plaintiff’—that the ‘court above’ granted a ‘rule nisi’ for a new trial, such rule being subsequently ‘discharged,’ but a ‘certe de novo’ awarded on a ‘writ of error,’ which was carried in the House of Lords, and ‘the decision of the Court in Banc affirmed the proceedings in error being quashed,’ casts away the puzzling report in disgust, still without an answer to the only question he cares to ask respecting the matter—Which side won?

It may not, therefore, be altogether uninteresting to attempt a short sketch of the complex apparatus at present used in our courts for conducting legal inquiries.

Taking the common law first, we find in Westminster Hall three courts—the Queen’s Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. Each of these courts has five judges—fifteen in all—who, during the year, try, on the average, in town and country, about 2500 civil causes, every one of such causes being tried by a judge of either of these three courts sitting alone, with the assistance of a jury.

When a verdict is given, whether for plaintiff or defendant, the unsuccessful party may, if he pleases, apply to the judges of the court in which the action commences—who sit four of them together, in Banc, as it is termed, every day during term to receive such applications—asking them to set the verdict aside. He may assert various grounds for the request: That the judge misdirected the jury; that the jury gave a perverse verdict, or one not warranted by the evidence; that new matters have come to light since the trial, which materially alter the appearance of the case; &c. If the judges think that there is something in the application, and choose to hear what can be said on the other side, they grant what is called a rule nunc, or, in plain English, consent to the application unless the other side appears before them, and proves its impropriety. When the other side has been heard, the judges, having the whole matter before them, give their solemn opinion as to whether the proceedings in the cause are valid and proper, or the reverse.

Having done so, it might be imagined that the affair was at an end, for it seems altogether unlikely that the solemn decisions of four learned judges should be incorrect; but in reality, an appeal lies in almost every instance from the judgments of the four judges in Banc, to what is termed the ‘Court of Error.’ The composition of this court is somewhat ingenious. We have already said that there are three superior courts of common law, in either of which an ordinary action may be brought. The Court of Error is composed of the judges of the two courts in which the action is not brought; so that in this way, the judges of the Court of Common Pleas and Exchequer, sitting together, hear errors from the Quarter Bench; the
Courts of Queen’s Bench and Exchequer hear those from the Common Pleas; and the Common Pleas and Queen’s Bench dispose of those from the Exchequer; and all the judges of both courts sit in a Court of Error, ten judges confirm or overrule the judgment of four.

Of course, it requires rather a well-filled pocket to set the Error Court in motion, and the majority of suits are obliged to be contented with the judgment obtained in Banc. Out of about 500 cases heard annually before the judges in Banc, not more than from twenty-five to thirty find their way into the Court of Error.

But even the Court of Error, with its imposing array of ten sages of the law, is not the last resort. The law, wisely considering that the judges of the land are, after all, but commoners, and their learning and judgment only those of commoners, has given a right of appeal from their decision as pronounced in a Court of Error, to the House of Lords, presuming—

to quote an ancient authority—that ‘those whom the king hath by prerogative and in the discretion of his princely wisdom enobled, be ennobled in mind and understanding as well as in earthly estate, and be better able to determine dark and weighty matters than are commoners.’ The House of Lords, then, is the ultimate tribunal; and it is there, and there alone, that the trial, blessed with sufficient money and patience to save him from his breaking down on the road, may be presumed to get pure, unimpeachable law—the ‘perfection of reason,’ as Blackstone designated it. Happily, an honest lawyer, with a sense of what he obtains he may enjoy it.

Whether the members of the House of Lords ever sat in any great number and heard appeals from courts of law, without calling in the assistance and receiving the advice of the judges of such courts, we do not know, and the matter is somewhat doubtful; but of late years, it seems to have been discovered, that ‘the ennobling of the mind and understanding,’ contingent upon an elevation to the peerage, does not at all events give an intuitive perception into profound and difficult legal questions, and that the only ‘coronet wearers’ who are competent to determine such, are, 1st, The lord chancellor, who is ‘ex-officio’ Speaker of the House; and 2d, Certain members of the legal profession who, having once held high judicial offices in collateral order of law and retired from their judicial posts, and are now members of the ‘Upper House.’

The number of ‘law-lords,’ as they are technically called, is thus necessarily very limited; and as, from age and infirmity, very many, and none upon all the appeal cases, the actual number of peers before whom any case is heard is small indeed, being, beside the chancellor, not more than three, and often fewer. On this and other accounts, the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords is considered by all parties very much in need of improvement, and not more than ten or twelve appeals from the Court of Error—seldom, indeed, so many—annually find their way into it.

If, indeed, the House, as a court of appeal from the common law-courts, was attended only by the few individuals we have mentioned, it is probable there would be a good deal more grumbling as to the inefficiency of the court than there is; but from time immemorial, it has been customary to summon all the fifteen judges of England to hear such appeals. These learned individuals, however, judges though they be in other places, are no judges here. In the writs summoning them to every new parliament, they are only directed upon ‘to treat and advise,’ whilst the peers themselves are to ‘hear and determine’ matters coming before them. The judges are, therefore, quite second-rate individuals in the House of Lords; they cannot, by the rules of the House, ask a question of the counsel conducting the case; cannot make a single observation or correct any error during the progress of the argument; and when the long-winded speeches are all over, they must pass, as the House of Lords, as they do before they offer their opinions, by which the judgment of the lords is not in the slightest degree bound, by two or three of those great individuals may, and does, although the solemn opinion of nearly all the judges, although those opinions have been supported by the grave authority of the late chancellor himself!

Such, then, are the several tribunals before whose action at common law may be successively brought.

‘Well,’ exclaims the reader, ‘after all, it is an excellent arrangement for securing justice at last.’ In good-friend, but what a long way off the act is, and what a deal of money it takes to reach it! A millionaire, indeed, may be badly treated at his Prius; may be set on his legs by the Court in Banc, be knocked over by his opponent in Error, and finally, at a cost altogether of several thousands have his rights awarded him in the House of Lords. But the poor widow, whose bit of freehold has been encroached upon by a rich neighbour, after seeing the verdict she has obtained by the outlay of her penny set aside by the judges in Banc, must be content to lose both money and land, simply because she has no funds to meet the expensive machinery of the Court of Error in motion. Let us follow a man with a little money into his courts. Here is our friend, Mr John Smith of Seas matter in a respectable yeoman, with a farm of 200 acres, and a snug little matter of L1000 in his funds. He is not married, but is courting a pretty rosy-cheeked Elizabeth Baker, the belle of the village, and leads altogether a most jolly existence. But alas! John Smith goes to law! Old Wickes, his neighbour, a grasping curmudgeon, who has the adjoining land, has for years past asserted a right to about half an acre of marshy soil, an extreme border of John’s farm, called Squash Common, of no use to anybody, and as to the ownership of which there have been disputes before Old Wickes himself was born. John, of course, won’t give up, and so he files away they go—a thin, parchment-faced, one-eyed old clerk of an attorney ‘looking up’ Wickens’s case; a bald, unctuous, taciturn, of Number One, president man, Mr Codiect, whose literary tastes are not upon the upper house. To dry legal matters preliminary to the trial would be perfectly uninteresting to the reader, and we therefore omit them. The cause comes on for trial at the norwich assizes.45 Mr Codiect appears for both parties, and stands with his levee judge, who is trying criminals in the adjoining court, and eventually says (oh! ominous words), ‘that he shall reserve the point.’ The trial proceeds, and John gains the day. Wickens’s parchment-faced friend inects the point; the point reserved is in his favor, and the idea of moving in the court above, quite obliterates any unpleasance arising from an adverse verdict. ‘Ah!’ says Codiect, as he pockets a little matter of L200 received from John, ‘those fellows will give us some more trouble yet, depend upon it.’

Next term, Wickens’s counsel moves in the courts above for a rule nisi to reverse the verdict, or for a new trial, and, with some difficulty perhaps, obtains it. John, of course, must defend the verdict he has gained at such a heavy cost, and by the advice of Codiect, instructs counsel to argue to ‘discharge’ the rule. Half a year’s preparation is made before the case. John buys a new suit of clothes, and comes up specially to Westminster Hall, but is detained at the curious way in which the matter is gone through. The good old days when one counsel made
a long clear speech, and set out all the facts; when another followed on the same side; when each of their numerous points—for counsel were then, as now, in that respect a sort of legal porcupine—was severally answered; and the judges, calm and dignified during the argument, afterwards gave their judgment—have long passed away, and now a sort of verbal about-hand is the order of the day.

First, the judge who tried the cause, and who is a member of the same court in which the action is brought, reads his notes of the original trial; then John’s leading counsel, Mr Nollepros, holds a sort of rapid and entangled conversation with the four judges at once, and sits down after a very few minutes, quite aware that the court is with him. Wickens’s counsel, Mr Yearbook, then takes up the matter, and something like the following conversation is kept up between the learned judges—whom we respectively designate Justices A, B, C, and D—and the counsel:

_Yearbook._ My lords, I appear to support the rule in this case: it is, as your lordships have heard, one of trespass, tried last Norwich Assizes, before Mr Justice D.

_D. Have you another copy of the pleadings to hand up?_ (Handed up.)

_Year._ My lords, in this case——

_J._ Justice C. Is there no power in this court to lose part of the farm?

_Year._ Here is my lords.

_(All the four judges look at it and talk about it at once, and eventually Justice B gets it to himself.)_

_Justice D._ Go on, my lords. I was saying——

_J._ Yearbook, what do you say?

_Year._ My lords, I was saying——

_J._ B. It’s a strange thing; I’ve sat on the bench a great number of years, and I never knew a plan to be made the right size!

_Year._ No, my lord. My lords, in this case——

_J._ B. Which is the north of the plan?

_Year._ At bottom, my lord. My lords——

_J._ B. I thought so; it’s always the way. Why won’t the architect who constructs the plans put the north to the north, and the south to the south?

_Year._ Yes, my lord. My lords——

_J._ B. I wouldn’t allow them their expenses, if they can’t do work in a proper manner.

_Year._ No, my lord. My lords, I was saying——

_J._ D. The second plea to this declaration, Mr Yearbook, won’t hold water.

_J._ B. No; you certainly can’t rely on the second plea.

_Year._ My lords, if your lordships will permit me——

_J._ D. I own I can’t see the relevancy of the first plea.

_J._ B. The pleadings are very inartificial.

_Year._ I am coming to the second plea, my lord.

_J._ D. It may reasonably be presumed from the ordinary nature of pleading, and from various circumstances.

_J._ C. There is no joinder in demurrer, or else a question might arise on the third plea.

_J._ B. Clearly not.

_J._ C. O yes.

_J._ D. Well, I don’t think, Mr Yearbook, that you will succeed—that’s my impression.

_Year._ If your lordships think——

_J._ B. No, not exactly so; but you see the second plea——

_Year._ My lord, that’s what I am coming to——

_J._ C. What we really want to know is——

_J._ B. Usher! first Meeon and Welsley, twelfth Row, that respect a sort of,— Alderson, Cowan’s digest; title, ‘Estoppel.’

_Year._ Perhaps your lordships are not aware that it has been shaken in——

_J._ B. It is the very, in Sharpe’s case; but that is very shaky law; in my own time, in Edger——

_Dodger_, which you will find in third Manning and Granger——

_J._ A. I was counsel in that case; it occupied five days and a half.

_J._ D. I only reserved the point to hear if you could make anything of it, Mr Yearbook.

_J._ C. O yes; and we only granted the rule nisi because you pressed it so much.

_J._ B. Well, I don’t know; I think the ruling was perfectly right.

_J._ C. Rule discharged.

_J._ D. I think so decidedly.

_J._ B. Come, call on the next case.

_Year._ Then, my lords——

_J._ B. O dear, no; it’s idle, Mr Yearbook, to——


_‘Bravo!’ says Mr Codicil, as he leaves the court; we’ve conquered them now, in good earnest._

But Codicil, dear fellow! knows as well as possible the nature of his parchment-faced friend, and in this, as in other cases, acts upon the spirit of the ancient distich:

_Here are two fat wethers fallen out with one another, If you’ll fleece one, I’ll fleece the other!_

and therefore it is with no surprise, and with considerable delight, that some few days after he receives a little notice which he at once communicates to his client, that a memorandum has been left with a master of the court, stating that there is error in law, in the record and proceedings in Smith v. Wickens!

_‘Very good, very good!’ says Mr Codicil; ‘if he chooses to go into Error, of course we have nothing to do but to follow him.’_

_‘Will these things ever end?’ says poor John Smith, as he slowly draws another check for a considerable amount, and hands it to Codicil._

_‘My dear fellow,’ says that excellent professional adviser, ‘it will all turn out right in the end, trust me for it.’_

John goes back to Norfolk, and in about a year’s time his case comes on in Error. He does not make his appearance in court this time, for he very justly considers, that if he could not understand five words of the argument before four judges, he is not very likely to understand much of it when conducted before ten. Mr Yearbook, who opens the case in Error, has a great deal to say, a great many books to refer to, and is not nearly so much snubbed as in the court below. He and another counsel on the same side occupy an entire day in their arguments, and Mr Nollepros and his junior are even longer. Yearbook replies; the judges take time to consider the question; and a month afterwards they give judgment for the appellant Wickens.

_What is John Smith to do? ‘Go to the House of Lords, decidedly,’ says Codicil; ‘I know it must come right in the end.’ He has a right to go there—to make Wickens go there. A painstaking judge, sitting at Nisi Prius, has said that he is right; twelve impartial jurymen have said that he is right; four judges sitting together have said that he is right; and now he is told, that he has been wrong all along! ‘Go to the House of Lords, de-ei-de-l-y,’ says Mr Codicil._

_Alas! what is to take him there?—L.900 of his L.1000 have disappeared in law—expenses; the horrible amount of costs accruing on the proceedings in Error, and yet unpaid, will swallow up a good L.500 or L.600 more, to raise which, part of the farm must be sold; and John sees, that if he goes up to the House of Lords, and is unsuccessful there, he shall scarcely have a penny left him in the world. He therefore decides, what Codicil declares is ‘a thousand pities,’ gives up to Wickens’ Squash Corner, sells enough of his farm to enable him to pay all his law—expenses, abandons for the present all hopes of marrying Elizabeth Baker, and
sets heartily to work on his remaining bit of property, a far poorer, but far wiser man.

Such is a short sketch of the present method of conducting common-law appeals. Were we not afraid of swelling our article beyond all reasonable bounds, we might shew the operation of the equity and of the spiritual courts in these matters—how, in the equity courts, cases may be heard and re-heard, and little legal points arising during their progress, be sent out to be tried as issues in a court of common law, at an enormous expenditure of time and money, until all the property in dispute, and a good deal besides, has been frizzled away in costs, and long years of anxiety and vexation have passed over the heads of the devoted suitors, who at length, as a last resource, appeal to the House of Lords, and find as their sole judge there the very officer from whose decision they are appealing!

Turning to Doctors' Commons, we might shew also, how, in the Prerogative Court, a decision may be obtained, which shall be soon after set aside by a judgment of the Court of Arches, which will shortly, in its turn, be overruled by a judgment of the judicial committee of Privy Council, and then—some little common-law points arising—the case itself—as occurred not many years since—be carried, after the long journey it has already made, through every one of the three courts of common law!

Only one branch of our jurisprudence is not subject to this lengthy and costly system of appealing, and it is the criminal law.

The case of a prisoner who has been tried and acquitted, can of course never afterwards be inquired into; while that of a person convicted can only again become the subject of judicial investigation should some legal point arise which the judge voluntarily reserves for the opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeal. When this is the case, the point is argued at Westminster, as soon as possible after the original trial, before five judges sitting together. If they are uniform in opinion, one way or the other, the matter ends; if they differ, no matter what the majority, the case is re-argued before all the fifteen judges, also sitting together, and their decision, or that of the majority of them, is final and irrevocable. The judges, however, usually dislike to impose upon a prisoner the anxiety which reserving his case must necessarily occasion, and, unless they have grave doubts on the matter, lay down the law themselves upon the trial. Not more than 40 or 50, out of about 8000 or 10000 prisoners tried annually in England and Wales, have their cases reserved.

Such, reader, is the way 'appeals' are conducted; and after a pretty fair experience of the 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' the best advice we can give you is—never go into court if you can possibly keep out of it!

**CONCOMITANCE OF HIGH CIVILIZATION AND BAD TEETH.**

It is remarkable that this prevalence of disease of the teeth occurs to such an extent only on the race of mankind to which we belong. In the other branches of the human species the disposition of the teeth to decay does not exist, or, where present, does not prevail to such an extent. It would appear, indeed, as if a faulty structure of the teeth were an attribute of superior civilization, and that the more savage man becomes, the more perfect and impervious to decay are his teeth. In the negro and similar races, caries of the teeth seldom occurs. There is little doubt that many of the habits and customs which attend the advance of society in luxury and refinement are injurious to the teeth. Still, these can be looked upon only as very accidental causes, and are quite insufficient to account for the evident predisposition of the teeth to decay, by which the civilized races are characterised. It would form much too abstract a subject for these pages to inquire into the probable dependence which exists between the greater cerebral development which is the ultimate result of civilisation, and the deficiency in the boy en- ture of the teeth—which dependence we have little or will yet be recognised as forming the principal case of the defective teeth of the more cultivated races of mankind.

**Nisbet's Digestion and the Teeth.**

**WILL SAIL TOMORROW.**

The good ship lies in the crowded dock.
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her upright funnel all white and bare—
Whence the long soft line of vapour smokes
Twixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly 'er the horizon curled,
Like a lost hope gone to the other world:
    She sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his steady footfall—quick and hale.
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares
And his quiet eye that all things dares:
Though a little smile o'er the kind face plays
On the living brutes that leaps and frisks,
And a little shadow comes and goes
As if heart or memory fled—where, who knows?
    He sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown Deep once more;
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With strained eyes shall desire deep years—
'Tis not parting? Return—return!
Peace, wild-wrung hands!—Hush, quivering breast.
Love keppeth his own through life and death,
Though she sails to-morrow—
    Sails to-morrow!

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton-Water
Gilding fair as old Nereus' daughter,
Christian ship that for freightage bears
Christians, followed by Christian prayers.
God! send angels after her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back—
All the souls in her for ever keep
These—living or dying, awake or asleep.

Then, sail to-morrow:
Ship, sail to-morrow!

May 6.

**BAVARIAN PRISON-REFORM.**

When M. Obermaier first arrived at Munich, he found from 600 to 700 prisoners in the jail, in the worst state of inanition, and whose excreta, he says, were the most abominable and stenchiferous; who did duty not only at the gates and around the wall, but also in the passages, and even in the workshops of all sorts of work. The prisoners were chained together and attached to each other by an iron weight, which the strongest found difficult to drag along; the guard consisted of about 100 soldiers.

M. Obermaier's system of kindness and humanity has now so completely changed this pandemonium of human suffering that the prison-gates stand wide open, without a guard at the door, and a guard of only twenty men to keep their time in a guard-room off the entrance. The prisoners are not chained together, and are not permitted to eat when the kitchen is open, but are allowed only a small portion of bread and soup in the evening. M. Obermaier's system of kindness and humanity has now so completely changed this pandemonium of human suffering that the prison-gates stand wide open, without a guard at the door, and a guard of only twenty men to keep their time in a guard-room off the entrance.

*Murray's Not So Bad as They Seem.*

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Certainly, as Slaykenberghius observed to the Rosicrucians, the eccentricities of mankind can never be fully expressed by the formula \((a + 1)^n\). For instance, the introduction of a single minor—of an individual who uses an expression like Yorkshire idiom—is likely to lead your calculation to most unforeseen results. One of these results, which has just fallen within our grasp, is to be observed in our own observation, and we propose to describe it, and that in a style as simple and severe as befits the contemporaries of Macaulay and the Rev. George Ghilian.

On the skirts, then, of the North Riding Hills—those hills which break to the east into the crested cliffs of Knaresborough—stands an old Tudor mansion, lonely, demonstrative, not to be passed without inquiry by traveller or tramp. What is it doing there, shorn of its rookery and elm, and on the very floor of its ancient park? You can see all up the terrace gardens from the road below. The ha-ha is abolished, and privacy extinct. Still, somebody must live there, for the hereditary housemaid is now drawing up the blinds. Come up into the old church-yard, which takes the hall in flank; there is a private door there, leading to the kitchen-gardens, and on it is inscribed, 'Tancred Hall: no admittance except on business.' How is this? This an hospital, and in the wilds of Yorkshire too! Come directly to the parsonage, and ask our friend the warden: he is an amiable fellow, if ever there was one, and he will tell us. Yes, he will go with us at once; and we enter by the private door for what is business, madam, but pleasure in harness? We pass round to the terrace-gardens in front. No flowers there now, certainly. The steps, too, are green and 'slope,' and the stone knobs on the balustrade have caps of antique moss; but there is soft grass all over a century's growth, and plenty of illegitimate footsteps meandering across it. The steps lead up to the fore-court—now a green lawn between the projecting wings of the house; and beyond the fore-court is the great hall-door. The warden tries his key, and we enter. A hall of the period, truly! shooting up at once to the very top of the house; garnished with stately pietasters, and comforted with huge roaring chimneys; but now cold and silent, and ceiled across at half its height, like Ben Nevis in a mist. Still, there are the pictures: Sir Richard Tancred, master of the hounds to William III.; and Charles Tancred, Esq., our hero; and Queen Anne, and Mary Queen of Scots. Here, too, are arms, and luxurious trifles of the Caroline age; and here is the old chair where good Queen Mary sat.
usurping road. Sir Richard Tancred is there too with his horse-shed, and his horse-sheds is a
nuisance, so we adjourn to the grand staircase; but here I confess to a disappointment. Certainly, the
place is dingy and dark, and near the bottom is an
omnious coal-cellar, which looks very like an "obliette.
Modern housemaids, however, have not the energy
of their ancestors, as the mullioned window testifies; and
the strong carved balustrade, too, has been painted
yellow by some extravagant warden, with a fine eye
for colour. After all, though, this is perhaps the most
interesting part of the house; for on the landing
above is a goodly row of family portraits—Neville,
and Ducre, and Wyvils of the civil wars; and the
bare white walls, as you go up, are covered with
the painted pedigree of the brethren, and the serene
adym of Mrs Jellicoe the housekeeper. It remains for us only to descend—
"feste decesse"—and that is the place we have yet
to see. We climb down the rude cellar-stairs, and
pant the obliette; we creep silently along dim
passages full of damp green smells and cold thrilling
airs, and awful with the neighbourhood of a ghostly
presence; we reach a low black door; the rusty key
of our hierophant grates in the unfrequented wards;
we enter, and are mute.
It is black! That darkness and ominous silence
the air has a sickly odour of ancientness and death;
our feet stick to the cold clammy floor; we hear, but
cannot see the fetid moisture trickling down the walls.
Only one ray of light slopes down into the place, but
it falls upon the thing we seek—it falls upon an
unburied coffin.
And now, perhaps our readers would like to know
what we mean, and what 'our hero' means; and, in
fact, what is the meaning of these things in general.
We will therefore take the liberty of introducing
the following appropriate and authentic details. The
Tancreds were a family of some note, the
male line of which became extinct in the person of
Charles Tancred, who died in 1754. Charles Tancred,
who was a Cambridge man, and a barrister or bencher of
Lincoln's Inn, had a great family of some note, the
uppermost set of whom occupied those unhappy classes—to be jilted in his youth, and
he thereupon made and executed two resolutions:
first, to remain always a bachelor; and second, to illustrate
the brazen and unbridled spirit of Ennui, that beneficent
virtue of Ecclesia, that child of selfass thesis, and the
mother of eccentricity. In fact, he had on his death-bed the satisfaction of knowing that in converting his house and estate by
will into an hospital—with a large sum in the funds
support it—he had extinguished his family, and
im proving his sisters and their children. The
innates of the hospital were to be twelve decayed
gentlemen of the army and navy, and the three learned
professions. They were to inhabit and be main-
tained in the hall, with L30 apiece to spend per
annum; and the park, with forty head of deer in it,
was to be kept up for ever for their use. No condition
that we know of was annexed to these munificent
privileges, except the arduous one of attending daily
service in the chapel. The vicar of the parish was to
be the warden; but, notwithstanding these proofs of
religious feeling, Charles Tancred decreed further—
perhaps from modesty, or a disinclination to the society
of it—his body should never be buried, but
should remain for a sweet savour perpetually in the
abode of his ancestors.
The will was at first strictly carried out; the gallant,
reverend, and learned trustees took possession, people
in the hall with due respect as requited, until the thing fairly ageing. How strange and how pleasant
for that primeval twain, when they first assembled in
the hall, beneath the penitent coffin of their founder.
If that was a memento mori to them, it was an
unfailingly jolliest kind, and the sight of it must have soothed
the recollected recollections of any jilted bachelor among
them; for it was not through the conduct of the
abominable female that they were here—just like a fine
estate, with no bowing steward or testing
rentals to annoy—jovial monks without a closer,
enjoying all the comforts, and bound by none of the
vows of Bolton or of Rivaulx? Lucky for them that
they had passed the frantic heats of youth; for in the
warden was an easy abbot; night after night the
toddled down to his cozy parsonage, and talked
him over the port of Mr Gerrick, and the young
knight who could actually speak English; day after day
he toddled into the village, and drank their home-brewed
at the Tancred Arms, and patted the little Gurtha at
the head as they ran out wondering at the funny old
gentlemen who had come to live at the hall. And in
summer-time, how tranquilly they smoked their mea-
day pipes upon the lawwy terrace! how benignly
they gazed out over our own parts to the forty head of deer were continually performing feats
of agility for their amusement?
Yes, they had a pleasant life of it; but alas! our
twelve old gentlemen of the first respectability came
during all togetherness in peace. One may be a salier,
and a doctor, or at least a lawyer, without quite fulfilling
a perfect morality; and besides, if philosophy had gone
directly south, it might have discovered that these
brethren wanted above all things a principle. In
mind one doesn't; but you must mistake it for a
friend, or if you want to find men together in any other
way, you must find them as White's to live in harmonious unity from
morning to night, even under the auspices of an
exclusive and aristocratic committee?
And so it came to pass that there arose stirs and
dissensions in the fraternity. They chose a purvey-
out, and then quarrelled with him about the soup; they
grudged one another the chief places in chapel, and the
Tancreds they themselves they thought it strange when the warden shewed, as he sometimes did, the
their nightly visits to the personage were becoming
bore. Oh, had there been but an Uncle Toby among
them, to trace down their innumerable fleas in the
orchard, and make a few timely breaches in the garden-
wall! Yet even he would have had some unappreciati-
Blandy to annoy him; Bulkeley, R.N., would have
demolished his plans of Eternity, that beneficent
virtue of Ecclesia, that child of selfass thesis, and the
Rev. Growley Brimston would have shown him that such amusements were no fit preparation for
another world. And there were fears without end
as restrictions were imposed, and the funds were
accounted for under the auspices of a
inherited, and the goddess of retrenchment shewed her
cuppinions to an admiring world. Even in Yorkshire,
so they got an act of parliament—entitled an act
for the regulation of attorneys and solicitors, and for
the improvement of the breed of horned cattle, and for other
purposes—witness the poor animal was instantly
converted into venison for the million, and the
broad old park was cleared, and hedged, and
ploughed into fields, or else invaded by hedges of
mental
cows and ignominious porkers. Bulkeley, R.N., and the Rev. Growley Brimston, were not sentimental, fortunately; but poor old M’Muller, the broken-down physician, wished he had wished the horns of the deer were in the belly—abdomen we call it now-a-days—of the trustees. However, the storm blew over the tea-cup: a new generation arose which knew not all went well and smoothly till an event occurred which had well-nigh robbed Tancred Hall of its palladium, and done more than those impoverished collaterals to ruin and disperse the brethren.

After hanging in chains for many a long year from the roof of his own hall, the founder’s body was removed into the chapel, there to be an object of affectionate solicitude to his protégés, and to point an effectual moral from the pulpit just above. But familiarity did not breed respect; and, whether it were to gratify the senses or the feelings, poor Charles Tancred’s coffin was again disturbed, and he was consigned to an open vault in one of the cellars, to sleep in peace till doom.

One day, however, and not very long ago either—the water of the household well was found to possess a new and peculiar flavour. Most of the brethren were acquainted with the neighbouring waters of Harrogate: was it possible that they were to possess in their own yard a constant supply of that delightful beverage? Alas! experience soon checked the pleasing thought; and then the warden, looking round for explanation, remembered with horror—the coffin!

Yes, coffins are not quite impervious; and we have all of us, especially after death, a tendency to ooze and fritter into our kindred earth; and so it was that truth and Tancred were found in solution at the bottom of the well. Why not, indeed, when, as is well known, the dust of Caesar was used for stopping bungholes? It was easy to dig a new well, and place the body elsewhere; but our friend the warden wisely determined to seize the moment of disgust, and remove for ever what he justly thought a scandal to his parish. ‘This poor spirit,’ said he, ‘has been wandering a full century on the shore of Styx; let us charitably ferry it over, and lay it gently within the prayerful shades.’ ‘By all means,’ wrote the trustees in reply: ‘the nineteenth century is with us, and we perfectly agree with you; let it be done at once.’

Great was the excitement through the whole countryside when it became known that Squire Tancred, who died a hundred years ago, and had been above-ground ever since, was to lie that night, and be buried like a Christian on the morrow. From hall, and farm, and cottage, they came in troops to see the wonder; and well they might, for truly it was what Rembrandt should paint and Hamlet’s soul interpret. In a new coffin—for the old one had fallen in pieces—beneath a new velvet pall, and upon a new black bier, lay that strange supernaturally corpse: above it was a glare of torches, driving back the darkness into far-off ghostly corners; around it, a whispering crowd, whose grandfathers were children when it ceased to live. Were the tender women who closed those shrunken eyes, and folded that ragged ancient shroud? Where were the strong men who carried him out from this very house just a century ago, and left him alone with darkness in the church? Were there the mourners who should follow him to that church again to-morrow, and weep as they laid him in the moist bosom of our mother? The last of the Tancreds lay dead in his own mansion, and not one of those around him had ever seen his face, or possessed, by blood or friendship, the slenderest clue of sympathy to link them with his life.

But great is the gulf that hovers between us and our great-grandfathers—so soon does affection transfer itself from our own progenitors to those who are the intellectual ancestry of our age. Think you that your descendants will care at all for you as they will for Tennyson or Carlyle? And this man, in the midst of his own dependents, in the centre of his own domain, found but one friend wise enough to save his body from the miserable outlawry to which he had condemned it; and that friend was the village pastor. Truly, as saith the prophet, the sight was ‘significant of several things.’

But while the throng of silent rustics was passing through the hall, confused between awe and curiosity, where were the brethren of the hospital?

When Tancred’s buried, and not till then, The heir shall have his own again.

So ran the legend, which was whispered around the bier; and our friends, of all men, were least likely to forget it. The body of their founder was like to prove a Patroclus to these worthy Trojans; and they were at last moment assembled in secret conclave overhead, devising means for getting it out of the hands of the enemy, and defeating the odious machinations of their warden. No one had missed them at such a time; but it mattered not, for the poor old fellows had out-lived both wit and energy, and could only storm and bluster at an inevitable fate. At last the eventful morning came; the brethren sat apart in their rooms up stairs, waiting sullenly for the close of a ceremony which was to exercise them into an undark world once more; whilst the warden, in hood and surplice, stood ready in the hall, satisfied and cheerful. All was tranquill and triumphant; the grave had been dug, and the old sexton, whose grandfather tolled the bell for this very corpse a hundred years ago, was tolling for it now; in half an hour, the mouldering remains of Charles Tancred would be safe.

Already the clerk had marshalled the funeral procession, with the vicar and himself at its head; already the villagers had formed in line along its route; the bearers were just setting their slippers to the coffin, and all was in act to move, when, behold! the hall-door bursts open, and enter in hot haste a messenger of that

DOES or makes the electric telegraph.

‘We have read the will again, and taken counsel’s opinion; and the burial must not take place.’ The warden’s voice quivers as he reads these words aloud to the assembly. ‘Man’s will, not God’s, must be done!’

The corpse returns self-condemned to its collar; the good vicar goes sorrowing home; the crowd sink away in a fresh wonder, or stay behind to gossip with the sexton as he flits up the empty grave; whilst the brethren emerge victorious from their cells, and subside once more—who knows for how long?—into the calm security of their status quo.

A WOMAN’S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE PROFESSIONS.

Granted, the necessity of something to do, and the self-dependence required for its achievement, we may go on to the very obvious question—what is a woman to do?

A question more easily asked than answered; and the numerous replies to which, now current in book, pamphlet, newspaper, and review, suggesting everything possible and impossible, from compulsory wifehood in Australia, to voluntary watchmaking at home, do at present rather confuse the matter than otherwise.

No doubt, out of these many words, which ‘darken speech,’ some plain word or two will one day take shape in action, so as to evolve a practical good. In the meantime, it does no harm to have the muddy pond stirred up a little; any disturbance is better than stagnation.
These Thoughts—however desultory and unsatisfactory, seeing the great need there is for deeds rather than words—are those of a working woman, who has been such all her life, with opportunity of comparing the experience of other working women with her own; she therefore at least escapes the folly of talking about what she does not know.

Female professions, as distinct from what may be termed female handicrafts, which merit separate classification and discussion, may, I think, be thus divided: the instruction of youth; art; literature; and the vocation of public entertainment—including actresses, singers, musicians, and the like.

The first of these, being a calling universally wanted, and the easiest in which to win, at all events, daily bread, is the great chaos into which the helpless and penniless of our sex generally plunge; and this indiscriminate Quintus Curtianism, so far from filling up the gulf, widens it every hour. It must be so, while young women of all classes and all degrees of capability rush into governing as much as young men enter the church, because they think it a 'respectable' profession to get on in, and are fit for nothing else. Thus, the most important of ours, and the highest of all men's vocations, are both degraded—in so far as they can be degraded—by the unworthiness and incompetency of their professors.

If, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two out of that number are fit to be governesses. Consider all that the office imposes: very many of a mother's duties, added to which, considerable mental attainments, firmness of character, good sense, good temper, good breeding; patience, gentleness, loving-kindness. In short, every quality that goes to make a perfect woman, is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

Does any one pause to reflect what a 'little child' is? Not sentimentally, as a creature to be philosophised upon, painted and poetised; nor selfishly, as a kissock, scowlable, sugar-plum-feastable playing-thing; but as a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed, and influenced, in order that it likewise may mould, instruct, and influence unborn generations. And yet, in face of this awful responsibility, wherein each deed and word of hers may bear fruit, good or ill, to indefinite ages, does nearly every educated gentlewoman, thrown upon her own resources, nearly every half-educated 'young person' who wishes by that means to step out of her own class into the one above it, enter upon the vocation of a governess.

Whether it is really her vocation, she never stops to think; and yet, perhaps in no calling is a personal bias more indispensable. For knowledge, and the power of imparting it intelligibly, are two distinct and often opposite qualities; the best student by no means necessarily makes the best teacher: nay, when both faculties are combined, they are sometimes neutralised by some fault of disposition, such as want of temper or of will. And allowing all these, granting every possible intellectual and practical competency, there remains still doubtful the moral influence, which, according to the source from which it springs, may ennoble or corrupt a child for life.

All these are facts so trite and so patent, that one would almost feel it superfluous to state them, did we not see how utterly they are ignored day by day by every sensible people. How parents go on lavishing expense on their house, dress, and entertainments—everything but the education of their children; sending their boys to cheap boarding-schools, and engaging for their daughters governesses at L.20 a year, or daily tuition at sixpence an hour; and how, as a natural result, thousands of incapacable girls, and ill-informed, unphilosophical, female professors, to teach everything under the sun, adding lie upon lie, and meanness upon meanness—often through no voluntary wickedness but sheer helplessness, because they must either do that or starve!

Yet, all the while we expect our rising genera to turn out perfection; instead of which we find—what?

I do solemnly aver, having seen more generations of young girls grow up into womanhood than the fairest of most species, and the fairest of our sex that ever have known, have been those the least indebted to, or familiar with, either schools or governesses.

Surely such a fact as this—I put it to general experience, whether it is not a fact?—indicates one great flaw in the carrying out of this large branch of women's work. How is it to be remedied? I believe like all reformations, it must begin at home—with the governnesses themselves.

If a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, a thorough knowledge of everything her pupils are to impart, a liking for children, and above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, I hold that for her to enrol herself in the scholastic order is absolute profession. Better turn shopwoman, needlewoman, lady's-maid—even become an honest housemaid, and learn how to sweep a floor, than live her own soul, and peril many other souls by entering upon what is, or ought to be, a female 'ministry,' uneducated, and incapable of the work. If capable, doubtless she will find it. Not easily alas! nor soon; but she will find it; for conscientious attainments rarely fail in the long-run to obtain their end. There is no influence so deeply felt in a house or so anxiously kept, if only for self-interest, as in influence of a good governess over the children. And as in most social questions, where to theorise is easy, and to practise very difficult, I think it will be found that the silent remedying of an evil is safer than the loud outcry against it. If every governess, so far as her power extends, would strive to elevate the character of her profession by elevating its members, many of these acknowledged wrongs and miseries of governess-ship would gradually right themselves. A higher standard of capability would weed out much common mediocrity; and, competition lessened, the value of labour would rise. I say 'the value of labour,' because, when we women do work, we must learnt rate ourselves at no isolated and picturesque value, but simply as labourers, nearly every honest competitor in the field of the world; and our wages as mere merchandise, where money's worth alone brings money, or has any right to bring it.

This applies equally to the two next professions: art and literature. I put art first, as being the most difficult—perhaps, in its highest form, almost impossible to women. There are many reasons for this: the long course of study necessary for a painter, in the not unnatural repugnance of 'society' to women's draughtsmanship; from the 'life,' attending anatomical dissections, and so on—all of which are indispensable to one who would plumb the depths and scale the heights of the most arduous of the liberal arts. Whether any woman ever do this, remains yet to be proved. Meanwhile, many lower and yet honourable positions, are open to female handlers of the brush.

But in literature, we own no such boundaries; there we meet men on level ground—and, shall I say it—they often beat them in their own field. We are the historians, as expounders of science, as good novelists, almost—except for Thackeray—and with the last year we have proved that we can write a great poem as any man among them. Any publisher's list, a week, or a month, or a period, can testify to our power of entering boldly on the literary profession, and pursuing it with almost devotedly, and self-reliantly, thwarted but unfailing, and content with an honest share of the highest.
And, setting aside both these opposite poles of the female character and lot, it remains yet doubtful whether the maiden-aunt who goes from house to house, perpetually busy and useful—the maiden housemother, who keeps together an orphan family, having all the cares, and only half the joys of maternity or mistresship—even the active, bustling 'old maid,' determined on setting everybody to rights, and having a finger in every pie that needs her, and a few that don't—I question whether each of these women has not a more natural, and therefore happier existence, than any 'woman of genius' that ever enlightened the world.

But happiness is not the first nor the only thing on earth. Whosoever has entered upon this vocation in the right spirit, let her keep to it, neither afraid nor ashamed. The days of blue-stockings are over: it is a notable fact that the best housekeepers, the neatest needlewomen, the most discreet managers of their own and others' affairs, are ladies whose names the world cons over in library lists and exhibition catalogues. I could give them now—except that the world has no possible business with them, except to read their books and look at their pictures. It must be something deficient in the woman herself, if the rude curiosity of this said public is ever allowed to break in upon that dearest right of every woman—the inviolable sanctity of her home.

Without—in these books and by these pictures—let it always be a fair fight, and no quarter. To exact consideration merely on account of her sex, is the poorest cowardice. She has entered the neutral realm of pure intellect—has donned brain and body, and must carry on with lawful, consecrated weapons a combat, of which the least reward in her eyes, in which she never can freeze up or burn out either woman-tears or woman-smiles, will be the public acknowledgment called Fame.

This Fame, as gained in art or literature, is certainly of a purer and finer kind than that which falls to the lot of the female artiste.

I believe that no human gift is given to be hid under a bushel; that a Sarah Siddons, a Rachel, or a Jenny Lind, being created, were certainly not created for nothing. There seems no reason why a great actor or vocalist should not exercise her talents to the utmost for the world's benefit, and her own; nor that any genius, boiling and bursting up to find expression, should be pent down, crushed, and dangerous, because it refuses to run in the ordinary channel of feminine development. But the last profession of the four which I have enumerated as the only paths at present open to women, is the one which is the most full of perils and difficulties, on account of the personality involved in its exercise.

We may paint scores of pictures, write shelves-full of books—the errant children of our brains may be familiar half over the known world, and yet we ourselves sit as quiet as our chimney-corner, live a life as simple and peaceful as any happy 'common woman' of them all. But with the artiste it is very different; she needs to be constantly before the public, not only mentally, but physically; the general eye becomes familiar, not merely with her genius, but her corporeality; and every comment of admiration or blame awarded her, becomes necessarily an instant and personal criticism. This of itself is a position contrary to the instinctive something—all it reticence, modesty, shyness—what you will—which is inherent in every one of Eve's daughters. Any young girl, standing before a large party in her first robe de chambre—any singing-pupil at a public examination—any boy-lover of some adorable actress, at the moment when he first thinks of that goddess as his wife, will understand what I mean.

But that is by no means the chief objection; for the
feeling of personal shyness dies out, and, in the true artiste, becomes altogether merged in the love and inspiration of her art. The insatiable fascination of which turns the many-eyed gazing mass into a mere ‘public,’ of which the performer is individually no more conscious than was the Pythianess of her curied and scented Greek to when she felt on her tripod the coming of the unconquerable, inevitable god. The saddest phase of artiste-life—which is, doubtless, the natural result of this constant presence before the public eye, this incessant struggle for the public’s personal verdict—is its intense involuntary egotism.

No one can have seen anything of theatrical or musical circles without noticing this—the incessant recurrence to ‘my part,’ ‘my song,’ ‘what the public think of me.’ In the hand-to-hand struggle for the capricious public’s favour, this sad selfishness is apparently inevitable. ‘Each for himself’ seems implanted in masculine nature, for its own preservation; but when it comes to ‘each for herself’—when you see the fairest Shakespeare heroines turn pale at the name of a rival impersonator—when Miss This cannot be asked to a party for fear of meeting Madame That, or if they do meet, for all their harmony and smiles, you perceive their backs are up, like two strange cats meeting at a parlour-door—I say, this is the most lamentable of all results, not absolutely vicious, which the world, and the necessity of working in it, effect on women.

And for this reason, the profession of public entertainers, in all its gradation, from the inspired tragedienne to the poor chorus-singer, is, above any profession I know, to be marked with a spiritual Humane Society’s pole, ‘Dangers.’ Not after the vulgar notion: we have among us too many chaste, maudlin actresses, and charming maiden-vocalists, to enter now into the old question about the ‘respectability’ of the stage; but on account of the great danger to temperament, character, and mode of thought to which such a life peculiarly exposes its followers.

But, if a woman has chosen it—I repeat in this as in any other—let her not forego it; for in every occupation, the worthiness, like the ‘readiness,’ is all. Never let her be mortified by her calling, but mould her calling to herself; being, as every woman ought to be, the woman first, the artiste afterwards. And, doubtless, so are many; doubtless one could find, not only among the higher ranks of this profession, where genius itself acts as a purifying and refining fire, but in its lower degrees, many who, under the glare of the footlights and the din of popular applause, have kept their freshness and singleness of character unfaded to the end. Ay, even among poor ballet-dancers, capering with set redouled smiles and ledent hearts—coarse screaming concert-singers, doing sham paths at a guinea a night—flaunting actresses-of-all-work, firmly believing themselves the best Juliet or Lady Macbeth extant, and yet condescending to take ever so small a part—even the big-headed ‘princess’ of an Easter extravaganza, for the sake of the old parents, or the fiddler-husband and the sickly babies at home. No doubt, many of them live—let us rather say endure—a life as pure, as patient, as self-denying, as that of hundreds of timid, daintily protected girls, and would-be correct matrons, who shrink in safe privacy from the very thought of these. But Heaven counts and cares for all.

Therefore, in this perilous road, double honour be unto those who walk upright, double pity unto those who fall!

Coming over again these desultory Thoughts, it seems to me they all come to neither more nor less than this: that since a woman, by choosing a definite profession, must necessarily quit the kindly shelter and sweet nepotiveness of a private life, and assume a substantive position, it is her duty not hastily to decide, and before deciding, in every way to count the cost. But having chosen, let her fulfil her lot, and keep to it. No distractions, no regrets, no compromises—they are the ruin of the timidly and half-heartedly venturesome; for they only hinder one from doing much—I repeat, our nature and happiest life, when we lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption home, the delicious retirement of dependent love, what she has, still grows; but what she has not, is lost; and can never be gained back from it from her. Nor is it, after all, a small thing to any woman—be she governess, painter, author, artiste—to feel that, higher or lower, according to degree, she ranks among that crowned band, whether or not they are the happy ones, are elected the heaven-given honour of being the Workers of the world.

A Glimpse of Sarawak.

On the 11th of August 1852, I embarked at Singapore in a small trading-schooner bound for Sarawak, and aided by a favourable breeze and a rapid tide, we were soon carried past the verdant shores of the Straits of Malacca, into the China Sea, across which we stretched direct for Borneo. After four days’ passage, the outlines of the mountains of that island appear in the distant horizon, blue and bright through a clear atmosphere, gradually rising up from the sea and darkening in colour, and showing more clearly their spurs and valleys as we closed in with them. Next appeared the low level coast-line, black with forests of centuries, whose dark and heavy trunks stretched in unbroken mass over the whole face of the country, far away over and beyond the tops of the highest and most distant mountains. As we passed along, the coast-line was seen to be occasionally broken by the mouths of large rivers, which discharge their waters through gaps in the ceaseless and apparently impenetrable jungle, and which, by their broad and stately streams, afford access to the interior of the country. We were becalmed for some time off Cap Datu—a high bold promontory that projects far out to sea—tilly, a heavy squall coming down from the top of the bluff, necessitated a rapid reduction of sail but bore us at the same time gallantly over the waves. As the night closed in, the clouds gathered in great banks, but the almost incessant play of lightning around the horizon afforded a sufficiency of light by which to continue our course; and about midnight we cast anchor off the Santubong entrance of the Sarawak river.

Next morning the weather was stormy and hot—unpropitious as the day was, it gave us a salutory idea of the picturesque character of the country. On one side of the river, close to its mouth, and close also to the beach, Santubong mountain shot up almost perpendicularly to the height of nearly 3000 feet, stretching away seaward in a long irregular, broken and picturesque range, and terminating in a hazy cape, round whose base the waters of China Sea heaved and broke. On the other side rose a lower and less striking hill, between which and Santubong, the river opened, like the open gate of an avenue, leading us to explore the country. There we entered with our flood-tide, and in due time arrived at Kuching, the capital of the world-famed Sarawak.

I do not intend to repeat the story—so well known through the works of Captains Keppel and Mundy—of the manner in which Sir James Brooke became Rajah of Sarawak; I may, however, be permitted giving the following illustration of the cool manner
in which he looks danger in the face, and prepares against it.

When Mr. Brooke first arrived at Kuching in the Royalist, he landed and paid his respects to Muda Hassim, the Malay rajah of the place; and in return invited that prince, with several of his nobles and their followers, to visit him on board his yacht. I have already observed that at that time, Mr. Brooke, in his kind and kindred manner, in no instance expressed, that Mr. Brooke should have invited on board his yacht a Malay prince and his followers, of whom he knew comparatively nothing, except that they belonged to a race whose name is synonymous in the cast with ferocity, treachery, and blood-thirstiness, and who, wherever they are known, are noted for their addiction to piracy. It is true, they are by no means so bad as they are represented to be; and it is equally true that they possess many fine qualities, which are discovered upon closer acquaintance; but still the general character they bear, and by which alone Mr. Brooke could have known them, is that of treacherous pirates. Mr. Brooke, however, resolved to return Muda Hassim's hospitality, without exhibiting either fear or suspicion, while at the same time he took effectual measures to battle and in the event of treachery, should such be made. On deck, the crew were drawn up under arms, acting ostensibly as a guard of honour to receive the prince, but prepared for hostilities in case of necessity; while at the same time, the ship's guns were loaded with grape, and trained so as to sweep the deck at the first discharge.

In the cabin, where Mr. Brooke was to receive his visitors, he was seated on a high table, and his head was placed before him, in order to prevent any sudden stab with a kris, and under the pillow, which lay carelessly beside him, a pair of loaded pistols were concealed. Above the table, a large mirror was placed, and behind the mirror the station were four men, each with four loaded muskets, who on a given signal were to throw down the mirror, and shew themselves armed. Thus fortified, Mr. Brooke sat at his ease, and received his distinguished visitors with gentlemanly courtesy.

No attempt at violence was made; and Muda Hassim remained till the day of his death ignorant of the precautions taken against his possible treachery.

On another occasion, after the present Sarawak government was established, a chief of the Sarawak Dyaks, or natives of the foreground of the mighty jungle that towers up behind. Higher up the river, where the banks are no longer swampy, the mangroves and nipa disappear, but the primeval forest still continues in undiminished and unchanging magnificence; and as the silent stream bears us swiftly onwards over its still and placid waters, glowing with the tints of a tropical evening sky, we pass point after point, and traverse reach after reach, each bank and every change of scene presenting the same wild and lonely grandeur and luxuriance. If a pigeon flies overhead, a monkey leaps from a bough, or the loud and discordant note of some feathered denizen of the forest rings through the air, it is the only sign of life the vast jungle exhibits, except the shrill chirping of the tree grasshoppers which have commenced their evening-song, or the irritating attacks which compel attention to the existence of sand-flies and mosquitoes.

As we ascend the river above the influence of the tides, the channel, though it still continues deep, becomes very narrow, and often overarched by the vegetation which clothes its banks. Not only do enormous trees shoot up their giant forms to the height of hundreds of feet, but the margin of the river between the trees and the stream itself is lined with a dense mass of vegetation, as thick and impenetrable, and ten times as high, as a quickset-hedge. One of the most remarkable of the plants that form this fringe to the margin of the stream, is called the
Dyaks wading, and exactly resembles the plant of the pine-apple, only that it grows upon a stem some twenty feet high. Its fruit, also, has much the appearance of the pine-apple, but is hard and woody within, and utterly unfit for food. The plants grow in great numbers in the mud that forms the margin of the stream, and are the resort of troops of monkeys, which leap, grin, and chatter among them during the day, and hang asleep upon them within ear-lengths of the passing boat.

Higher up the river still, it again changes its appearance; instead of being deep and muddy, it becomes shallow and clear, assuming to a considerable extent the character of a mountain stream. The bottom is sandy or stony, and the fish are seen playing in the pools; the banks are dry and free from mud, allowing the large trees of the jungle to spring up from the margin of the stream, and to interface their gigantic branches high overhead. Then it is that the forest is seen in all its beauty and grandeur. Tall trunks, straight as an arrow, support the unbroken shade of verdure which clings to their boughs, while long and fantastic creepers embrace the vast columns with their tangled net-work, and hang like festoons from one to another. Occasionally, accident may have cleared a considerable space along the banks, leaving one vast tree standing in comparative solitude, and then is seen the monarch of the forest, and in all his glory. A vast, massive trunk rises straight as a ship's mast, and without a single branch, to the height of 200 feet or more; and from the top of this gigantic column, diverge the spreading branches, covered with their heavy masses of dark-green foliage, the whole forming as fine an object as the eye can rest on.

Sometimes these large trees are found in inconvenient proximity to the traveller: they fall across the stream, and bar his progress. If the trunk is immersed so deeply that there are three or four inches of water on any part of it, the canoe is unloaded, and the crew, jumping into the water, drag her over the impediment; while if it happens to be resting at a height of five or six inches above the surface of the stream, she is again unloaded, and pushed underneath it.

As the trees seldom fall perfectly flat across the surface of the water, one or other of these methods of passing them is generally practicable; but sometimes neither of them can be followed, in which case, there is no other resource but that laborious and tedious process of cutting the trunk through. As there are also shallow and rapids, as well as logs of wood in the river, it will easily be imagined that ascending these shallow streams is a laborious business; and so numerous are the impediments of one kind or another, that I have sometimes seen the crew wading or swimming continuously for several hours.

I have thus endeavoured to give an idea of the country as seen in going up one of the large rivers. I shall now ask the reader to take a walk with me into the jungle. Jungle is of two kinds—old and young. Old jungle is simply the forest, young jungle is the vegetation which grows up wherever old jungle has been cut down. It consists of a dense mass of grass, reeds, and bushes, impervious to man; and when necessity compels him to take his course through it, he must cut his way with his parang or chopping-knife, hewing out a path as he goes. Walking in old jungle, however, is very different. There, there is comparatively little underwood; the ground is moist and soft with decaying leaves; the air is cool and pleasant; and the enormous trees whose foliage completely keeps off the sun, form a "leafy labyrinth" of the most imposing kind. Every tenth tree is a giant, whose vast stem, straight as a ship's mast, shoots up aloft till its almost undiminished diameter is hid by the foliage of those around it, and from the visible height of the lower trees which conceal its top, we are left to imagine the size of the huge tree itself. Some of them are covered with the strangest-look creepers and parasites which clothe the stem festoon like the boughs; and occasionally some be tree in full flower, which, if it be partially intercepted as to admit of its being seen from below, affords one of the most spectacular views which the regal creation can present. Altogether, though the gross appearance of the forest is, except for the trees which compose it, very much like that of a wood at home, still the most cursory examination will not fail to show something very unlike any other vegetable productions of the temperate zone. For one, however, one of the most striking features of the jungle is the almost entire absence of animal life with it displays—an absence perfectly surprising to the European visitor, who, from the jungle's being unquenched and almost untroubled by man, is prepared to find it filled with tenants of one kind or another. Indeed so; he walks along amidst this luxuriance of vegetation, and scarcely sees an animal. Almost the signs of life he discovers are the harsh cry of the hornbill, the plaintive wail of the scops or long-creap snake, and loud but melancholy groaning of the cork or long-nosed monkey; or perhaps the sight of a lizard ascending the rough trunk of some vast tree, or a snake rustling among the fallen leaves or trees. Among the branches of many fruit-trees, the scene is different; there, great monkeys abound, and leap and sport among the boughs, now shaking the forest in a tremendous noise, now sitting gravely on some lower branch, now secure defiance on their two-legged brethren, treating with majestic contempt the efforts of the Dyaks to frighten them, and gazing with the bliss of ignorance on the terrors of the gun. They are many hives and of all sizes, from the orange-cake whose body is as large as that of a tall man, to the smaller species of a span long. There are many birds, of different kinds, generally with large voices and brilliant plumage, which conceal themselves among the thick leaves, or flit away on too near an approach. Such aggregations of animals, however, are the exception; the rule in the forest is, as I have stated, great luxuriance of vegetation, and great scarcity of animal life; and in this respect, I must, at present, I imagine, somewhat resemble the account given by Captain Cook, of the luxuriant formation of the coal. If it be so, it is strange to find the state of our own island many thousand years ago paralleled by the present state of another island, many thousand miles off and an ocean between.

There is yet another view of the country which I shall endeavour to present—namely, that which is seen from the summit of a lofty mountain. From such a position, as far as the spectator's eye can reach, he looks down upon a generally flat but somewhat undulating country, with hills of various forms and sizes scattered around, some of them round and swelling, some with sharp peaks and ridges, and some abrupt and craggy in the extreme, but all of them covered with the same dark and heavy verdure which over-spreads the face of the country, except where some limestone cliffs, pinnacled through the mass of vegetation, which elsewhere shrouds it. In the low ground, one sees the winding rivers pursuing their tortuous course through the unbroken forest, now appearing as a painting in silver and slyery in the light, now red and muddy as they roll along almost at his feet, now buried in the trees which clothe their banks, and again reappearing at a distance brighter and more lustrous than ever. The vast expanses of water before him induce ideas somewhat akin to those awakened by gazing on the ocean from a sea-side cliff. There is the same extent of prospect, the same moving scene, and the same feeling of solitude in the one.


THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XCIII.—COUP D'OEIL OF THE CAMP.

For some minutes I stood motionless as a statue; I stirred neither hand nor foot, lest the movement should catch the eye either of the horse-guards or those moving around the fires. I had already donned my plumed head-gear, before climbing out of the channel: my first thought was to replace my pistols in the belt behind my back. The movement was stealthily made; and with like stealthy action, I suffered the mantle of jaguar-skins to drop from my shoulders, and hang to its full length. I had saved the robe from getting wet; and its ample skirt now served me in concealing my soaked breech-cloth as well as the upper half of my leggings. These and the mocassins were, of course, saturated with water, but I had not much uneasiness about that. In a prairie-camp, and upon the banks of a deep stream, an Indian with wet leggings could not be a spectacle to excite suspicion; there would be many reasons why my counterpart might choose to immerse his copper-coloured extremities in the river. Moreover, the buckskin—dressed Indian-fashion—was speedily casting the water; it would soon drip dry, or even if wet, would scarcely be observed under such a light.

The spot where I had 'landed'chanced to be one of the least conspicuous in the whole area of the camp. I was just between two lights—the red glare of the camp-fires, and the mellow beams of the moon; and the atmospheric confusion occasioned by the meeting of the distinct kinds of light favoured me, by producing a species of optical delusion. It was but slight, and I could easily be seen from the centre of the camp, but not with sufficient distinctness for my disguise to be penetrated by any one; therefore, it was hardly probable that any of the savages would approach or trouble their heads about me. I might pass for one of them—sickly and bordering on the insensible—incapable of raising himself from a moment of abstraction or melancholy. I was well enough acquainted with Indian life to know that there was nothing odd or unlikely in this behaviour; such conduct was perfectly en style.

I did not remain long on that spot—only long enough to catch the salient features of the scene. I saw there were many fires, and among each was grouped a number of human forms—some squatted, some standing. The night was cold enough to make them draw near to the burning logs; and for this reason, but few were wandering about—a fortunate circumstance for me.

There was one fire larger than the rest; from its dimensions, it might be termed a bonfire, such as is made by the flatterer and flunkieyish peasantry of old-world lands when they welcome home the squire and the count. It was placed directly in front of the solitary tent, and not a dozen paces from its entrance. Its blazing pile gave forth a flood of red light that reached even to the spot where I stood, and flickered in my face. I even fancied I could feel its warmth upon my cheeks.

Around this fire were many forms of men—all of them standing up. I could see the faces of those who were upon its further side, but only the figures of these on the nearer. The former I could see with almost as much distinctness as if I had been close beside them; I could trace the lineaments of their features—the painted devices on their breasts and faces—the style of their habiliments.

The sight of these last somewhat astonished me. I had expected to see red-skinned warriors in leggings, mocassins, and breech-cloth, with heads naked or plumed, and shoulders draped under brown robes of buffalo-skin. Some such there were, but not all of them were so costumed; on the contrary, I beheld savages shrouded in serapes and cloaks of broadcloth, with calzoneros on their legs, and upon their heads huge hats of black glaze—regular Mexican sombreros! In short, I beheld numbers of them in full Mexican costume!

Others, again, were dressed somewhat in a military fashion, with helmets or stiff shakos, ill-fighting uniform coats of red or blue cloth, oddly contrasting with the brown buckskin that covered their legs and feet.

With some astonishment, I observed these 'fancy dresses'; but my surprise passed away, when I reflected as to who were the men before me, and whence they had lately come; where they had been, and on what errand. It was no travesty, but a scene of actual life. The savages were clad in the spoils they had captured from civilisation.

I need not have been at such pains with my toilet; under any guise, I could scarcely have looked odd in the midst of such a motley crew: even my own uniform might have passed muster—all except the colour of my skin.

Fortunately, a few of the band still preserved their native costume—a few appeared in full paint and plumes—else I should have been too Indian for such a company.

It cost not a minute to note these peculiarities, nor did I stay to observe them minutely; my eyes were in search of Isolina.

I cast inquiring glances on all sides; I scrutinised the groups around the different fires; I saw others—women—whom I knew to be captives, but I saw not her.

I scanned their forms and the faces of those who were turned towards me. A glance would have been enough; I could easily have recognised her face under the flickerlight—under any light. It was not before me.

'In the tent—in the tent: she must be there?'

I hastened to move away from the spot where I had hitherto been standing. My eye, quickened by the necessity of action, had fallen upon the copse that covered the entire background of the camp. At a glance I detected the advantage offered by its shadowy cover.

The tent was placed close to the edge of the timber; and in front of the tent, as already stated, was the great fire. Plainly, this was the gravitating point—the centre of motive and motion. If aught of interest was to be enacted, there would lie the scene. In the lodge or near it would she be found—certainly she must be there; and there I resolved to seek her.

CHAPTER XCIII.

A FRIENDLY ENCOUNTER.

Just then the shrill voice of an ass pealed through the camp, and I observed an unusual movement. I could not make out what the man said, but the peculiar intonation told that he was uttering some signal or summons. Something of interest was about to transpire.

The Indians now commenced circling around the blazing pile, meeting and passing each other, as if threading the mazes of some silent and solemn dance. Others were seen hastening up from distant parts of the camp, as if to observe the actions of those around the fire, or join them in the movement.

I did not wait to watch them; their attention thus occupied, gave me an opportunity of reaching the
The scene was very different from what I had expected. The camp was in a state of excitement and activity. The men were bustling about, preparing for the night. The fires were burning brightly, and the smell of cooking filled the air. The tents were up, and the camp was alive with the sound of voices and the click of spurs.

I walked slowly towards the house, my mind filled with the events of the day. The capture of the Comanche was a major event, and it had brought a new sense of danger to our lives. The men were on edge, and I could feel their tension.

As I approached the house, I saw a group of men gathered around the fire. They were discussing the capture of the Comanche, and I could hear them talking about the courage and skill of the men who had taken part.

I walked over to them, and they greeted me warmly. I sat down by the fire, and we talked for a while about the events of the day. The men seemed to be in good spirits, and I could tell that they were proud of their achievements.

Then, suddenly, I heard a sound in the distance. It was a low, distant growl, and it sent a shiver down my spine. I looked up, and saw a flash of light in the distance. It was a fire, and I could see the轮廓 of the Comanche warriors.

I stood up, and the group of men looked at me. They knew I was going to the Comanche camp, and they were worried about my safety.

"Are you sure you want to go?" asked one of the men.

"I have to," I replied. "I have to see the men and try to negotiate a peace treaty."
through. I had no need to search further—Isolina was before my eyes.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE COUNCIL.

Yes, there was my betrothed—within sight, within hearing, almost within reach of my hands; and I dared not, could not, speak. I dared not even look upon her. My fingers trembled among the leaves—my heart rose and fell—I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular—I could hear its mournful vibration.

It was not at the first glance that I saw Isolina. On looking through the leaves, the coup d’ceil was a scene that quite astonished me, and for a while occupied my attention. Since I had last gazed upon the great fire, the grouping around it had undergone an entire change; a new tableau was presented, that for the moment held me under a spell of surprise.

The fire no longer blazed, or only slightly, and when stirred; the logs had burned into coals, and now yielded a fainter light, but one more red and garish. It was steady, nevertheless, and the vastness of the pile rendered it strong enough to illumine the camp-ground to its utmost limits.

The fire was still encircled by savages, but no longer standing, or grouped irregularly, as I had before observed them; on the contrary, they were seated, or rather squatted at equal distances from each other, and forming a ring that girdled the huge mound of embers.

There were about twenty of these men—I did not count them—but I observed that all were in their native costume—leggings, and breech-cloth to the waist—nothing above, save the armlets and shell-ornaments of nose, ears, and neck. All were profusely painted with chalk, ochre, and vermillion. Beyond doubt, I was looking upon the council.

The other Indians—they in ‘fancy dresses’—were still upon the ground, but they stood behind, retired a pace or two from the circle, and in groups of two, three, or four, talking in low mutterings. Others were moving about, still at a greater distance from the fire.

My observation of all these features of the scene did not occupy ten seconds of time—just so long as my eyes were getting accustomed to the light. At the end of that interval, my glance rested upon Isolina, and there became fixed. My fingers trembled among the leaves; my heart rose and fell; I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular; I could hear its mournful vibration.

In the clan of Indians that encircled the fire, there was a break—an interval of ten or a dozen feet. It was directly in front of the lodge, and opposite the fire; for the ground gently sloped from the tent towards the stream. In this spot the captive was seated. Her situation was exactly between the lodge and the fire, and a little retired behind the circle of the council. The tent intervening between her and my position, had prevented me from seeing her at first.

She was half seated, half reclining upon a robe of wolf-skins. I saw that her arms were free; I saw that her limbs were bound. Her back was to the tent, her face turned towards the council. I could not see it.

To recognise my betrothed, I did not need to look upon her face; her matchless form, outlined against the red embers, was easily identified. The full round curve of the neck—the oval lines of the head—the majestic sweep of the shoulders—the arms smooth and symmetrical—all these were familiar to my eyes, for oft had they dwelt on them in meditation. I could not be mistaken; the form before me was that graven upon my heart—it was Isolina.

There was another salient point in this singular tableau, that could not escape observation. Beyond the fire, and directly opposite to where Isolina was placed, I saw another well-known object—the white steed! He was not staked there, but halterd and held in hand by one of the Indians. He must have been lately brought upon the ground, for from neither of my former points of observation had I noticed him. He, like his mistress, was to be put on trial—his ownership was also matter of dispute.

There was in sight one more object that interested me—not with friendly interest did I regard it—but with disgust and indignation. Not seated in the council ring, not standing among the idle groups, but apart from all, I beheld Hisseo-royo the renegade. Savage as were the red warriors, fiend-like as they appeared with their paint-smeared visages, not one looked so savage or fiend-like as he.

The features of this man were naturally bad; but the paint—for he had adopted this with every other vile custom of barbarian life—rendered their expression positively ferocious. The device upon his forehead was a death’s-head and cross-bones, done in white chalk, and upon his breast appeared the well imitated semblance of a bleeding scalp—the appropriate symbols of a cruel disposition.

There was something unnatural in a white skin thus disfigured; for the native complexion was not hidden: here and there it could be perceived forming the ground of the motley elaboration—its pallid hue in strange contrast with the deeper colours that daubed it. It was not the canvas for such a picture.

Yet there the picture was—in red and yellow, black, white, and blue; there stood the deep-dyed villain.

I saw not his rival; I looked for him, but saw him not. Perhaps he was one of those who stood around?—perhaps he had not yet come up? He was the son of the head-chief—perhaps he was inside the lodge? The last was the most probable conjecture.

The great calumet was brought forward and lit by the fire; it was passed around the circle, from mouth to mouth, each savage satisfying himself with a single draw from its tube. I knew that this was the inauguration of the council. The trial was about to proceed.

CHAPTER XCV.

MEASURING THE CHANCES.

The situation in which I was placed by chance, could not have been better had I deliberately chosen it. I had under my eyes the council fire and council, the groups around,—in short, the whole area of the camp.

What was of equal importance, I could see without being seen. Along the edge of the copse there extended a narrow belt of shadow, similar to that which had favoured me while in the channel, and produced by a like cause—for the stream and the sevridge of the grove were parallel to each other. The moonbeams fell obliquely upon the grove, and under the thick foliage of the pecans I was well screened from her light behind, while the lodge covered me from the glare of the fire in front.

I could not have been better placed for my purpose. I saw the advantage of the position, and resolved therefore to abide in it.

The observations and reflections thus given in detail occupied me but a few minutes of time. Thought is quick, and at that crisis mine was more than usually on the alert. Almost instantaneously did I perceive the points that most interested me, or had reference to my plans; almost instantaneously I had mastered the situation, and I next bent my mind upon the way to take advantage of it.

I saw there was but one way to proceed: my original scheme must be carried out. Under so many eyes, there was not the slightest chance that the captive could be stolen away; she must be taken
openly, and by a bold stroke. Of this was I convinced.

The question arose, when should I make the attempt? At that moment? She was not ten paces from where I stood! Or a flash! would my knife set free her limbs? Might we then get off before the savages could fling themselves upon us?

Hopeless—impossible. She was too near them; she was too near the renegade who claimed her as his property. He was standing almost over her, within distance of a single leap. In his belt was the long triangular blade, the Spanish knife. He could have cut me down ere I could have severed a cord of her fastenings. The attempt would fail; success was hopeless—impossible. I must wait for a better opportunity; and I waited.

I remembered Rube's last word of counsel, not to act too hastily—and his reasons, that if I must make a 'despair stroke for it,' to leave the grand coup to the last moment. The circumstances could be no worse than then.

Under the influence of this idea, I checked my impatience, and waited.

I watched Hisseo-royo; I watched the squatted forms around the fire; I watched the straggling groups behind them. In turn, my eyes wandered from one to the other.

Perhaps, too, they rested upon Jacinta. Up to this moment I had not seen her countenance; I saw only the reverse of that beautiful image so deeply graven upon my heart. But even then—under that suspense of peril—strange thoughts were passing within me. I felt a singular longing to look upon her face; I remembered the heredero.

It pleased fortune to smile upon me. So many little incidents were occurring in my favour, that I began to believe the fates propitious, and my hopes of success were growing stronger space. Just then the captive turned her head, and her face was towards me. There was no mark on that fair brow; that soft cheek was without a scar; the delicate skin was intact, smooth, and diaphanous as ever. The heredero had been merciful!

Perhaps something had occurred to interrupt or hinder him from his horrid work? Would that the matador had met with a similar interruption! I could not tell—those profuse clusters covered all—neck, bosom, and shoulders were hidden under the dark dishevelment. I could not tell, but I did not dare to hope. Cyprid had seen the blood!

It was but a momentary glance, and her face was again turned away. At intervals she repaired it, and I saw that she looked in other directions. I could note the uneasiness of her manner; I could tell why those glances were given; I knew her design. O for one word in her hearing—one whisper!

It might not be; she was too closely watched. Jealous eyes were upon her; savage hearts were glowing over her beauty. No word could have reached her that would not have been heard by others—by all around the fire—for the silence was profound. The 'council' had not yet essayed to speak.

The stillness was at length broken by the voice of a crier, who in a shrill tone proclaimed that the 'council was in session.'

There was something so ceremonious in the whole proceedings, and every movement was made with such regularity, that but for the open air, the fire, the wild savage costumes, and fierce painted faces, I might have fancied myself in the presence of a civilised court, and witnessing a trial by jury. It was an effect just such a trial, though judge there was none. The members of the jury were themselves the judges, for in the simplicity of such primitive litigation, each was presumed to understand and to construe without an interpreter.

Plains, too, were equally absent; each party—plaintiff and defendant—was expected to plead his case. Such is the simple fashion in the high count of the prairies—a fashion which might elsewhere be adopted with advantage.

The name of 'rush forward' pealed loud upon the air. The crier was calling him into court—another pandi with the customs of civilization.

Three times the name was pronounced—at each repetition in a shriller and louder tone than before.

The man might have spared his voice; he who was summoned was upon the spot, and ready to move.

Before the echo died away, the renegade uttered a bold response; and stopping to an open space within the ring, halted, drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms, and in this attitude stood waiting.

At that crisis the thought occurred to me, whether I should rush forward, and at once decide the fate of myself and my betrothed. The seated warriors appeared to be all unarmed; and the renegade—whom had I most regarded—was now further off, having gone round to the opposite side of the fire. The situation was favourable, and for a moment I stood before the sun.

But my eye fell upon the spectators in the background; many of them were directly in the way; should I have to take; I saw that many of them carried weapons—either in their hands, or upon their persons—and that Hisseo-royo himself was still too near.

I could never fight my way against such odds. I could not break such a line—it would be madness to attempt it. Rube's counsel was again ringing in my ears; and once more I abandoned the rash design.

CHAPTER XYVI.
THE WHITE-HAIRED CHIEF.

There was an interval of silence—a dramatic pause—that lasted for more than a minute. It was ended by one of the council rising to his feet, and by a gesture inviting Hisseo-royo to speak.

The renegade began:

'Red warriors of the Hietan! brothers! what I have to say before the council will not require many words. I claim yonder Mexican girl as my captive, and therefore as my own. Who denies my right? I claim the white horse as mine—my prize fairly taken.'

The speaker paused, as if to wait for further commands from the council.

'Hisseo-royo has spoken his claim to the Mexican maiden and the white steed. He has not said what right he rests it. Let him declare his right in the presence of the council!'

This was said by the same Indian who had made the gesture, and who appeared to direct the proceedings. He was not acting by any superior authority, which he may have possessed, but merely by reason of his being the oldest of the party. Among the Indians, age gives precedence.

'Brothers!' said Hisseo-royo, in obedience to the command—'my claim is just—of that you are to be the judges; I know your true hearts—you will not show them against justice. I need not read to you your own law, that he who makes a captive has the law to keep it—to do with it as he will. This is the law of your tribe—of my tribe as well, for yours is mine.'

Grunts of approbation caused a momentary interruption in the speech.

'Hietans!' resumed the speaker, 'my skin is white, but my heart is the colour of your own. You did me the honour to adopt me into your nation; you honoured me by the award of a wife; and afterwards a war-chief. Have I ever given cause to regret what you have done? Have I ever betrayed your trust? A volley of exclamations indicated a response in the negative.
At this crisis, an Indian was seen emerging from the tent. He was a man of somewhat venerable aspect, though venerable more from age than any positive expression of virtue. His cheeks were furrowed by time, and his hair white as bleached flax—a rare sight among Indians.

There was something about this individual that bespeaks him a person of authority. Wakono was the son of the chief—the chief, then, should be an old man. This must be he?

I had no doubt of it, and my conjecture proved to be correct.

The white-haired Indian stepped forward to the edge of the ring, and with a wave of his hand commanded silence.

He was instantly obeyed. The murmurings ceased, and all placed themselves in fixed attitudes to listen.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

The postman's knock is more audible than ever in London:

No. 17 does an acknowledgment get, And 18 a letter of love;

and—what is still further a matter of interest to us—it is heard at an earlier hour than ever in the morning. Mr Briggs, a year or two ago, was daily obliged to bustle off from Prospect Villas to the City without waiting for the general postman, whose visits were tormentingly delayed beyond the hour when Briggs could conscientiously remain in the bosom of his family; but now, before the breakfast is well ended, up comes the postman, with a letter to state that Aunt Jane will arrive on a visit that very day, and will reach Euston Square by six o'clock—which will just enable Briggs to call for her on his way home from office: whereupon he blesses Rowland Hill, and departs cityward in a benedictory frame of mind. And here we are reminded that the postman's knock is, after all, not a necessary part of the arrangements; for if we would only observe fair-play towards the dignitaries of St Martin's le Grand, as a means of enabling them to observe fair-play towards us, we should provide letter-boxes in our doors: the postman's weary trudge would become marvellously shortened in time though not in distance; and every Briggs or Paterfamilias would be the better for it.

The new postal district reform goes on bravely: we have already gained forty minutes by it in the first morning delivery; and as time is money to a man so thoroughly commercial as John Bull, those minutes do really increase our national wealth. What the districts mean, is not yet clearly known to all, but the knowledge is gradually coming. There are monster maps of London staring at us in the shop-windows, belonging to Guides, and Handbooks, and newspaper supplements—maps.

Too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind,
as Hood might have said—maps in which N. and W., and E. and S. E., and other initials, are shown as belonging each to a huge slice taken out of the metropolis. But before treating of these initials and districts, it may be well to shew how the wonderful postal system of the great city has grown up.

Our country post was originally carried by special messengers, by common carriers, or by relays of pack-horses, according to the circumstances of the times, or the energy of individuals: the letters from one part to another of the same town being easily managed by foot-messengers, each letter being the subject of a separate bargain or arrangement. The corporation records of Bristol contain an entry of one penny given to a carrier for conveying a letter to London. It was not until the time of Charles I. that a regular system
was established for conveying letters between the capitals of the two kingdoms. In 1635, the king issued a proclamation, commanding his postmaster of England for foreign letters to settle a morning-post every fourth day, or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to persons in or near that road; and it was at the same time ordered that by-posts should be connected with many places on the main line, to bring and carry out the letters from and to other towns. The post-rate was fixed at 2d. the single letter for any distance under 80 miles; 4d. up to 140 miles; 6d. for any greater distance in England; and 8d. to any place in Scotland. The mail-service was a source of perquisite to some of the courtiers; and to secure this privilege, private persons were forbidden to carry letters as a source of profit. This right was tested in 1649, when the common council of London set up a post in rivalry with that of the government; they were instantly proceeded against for breach of privilege, and compelled to abandon their plan.

The penny-post is not a modern invention; for it appears that in 1653, one Robert Murray established a penny-post for the conveyance of letters and small parcels about London and its suburbs; he assigned £100 to William Dockwra. His plan, however, was denounced by the ultra-Protestant party, as a contrivance of the Jesuits; and it was alleged that if the bags were examined, they would be found full of popish plots. Nevertheless, Dockwra worked for several years; till its profits excited the envy of the government, who seized it on the ground of its being an infringement of the rights of the crown, granting him a pension to compensate him for the loss. This was the commencement of the London district post, of which Dockwra was subsequently appointed comptroller. Throughout all the changes, political and civil, of a century and a half, this London post remained a separate department of the general Post-office until 1854. No limit appears to have been placed by Dockwra to the weight of a packet sent by his post, but its value was restricted to 10s. The comptroller brought himself into trouble in 1698. The officers and messengers under him declared, in a memorial to the Treasury, that he wilfully went beyond the law in his openings, and the revenue of the penny-post-office, that he may farm it or get it into his own hands; that 'he forbids the taking in any handbales (except very small), and all parcels above a pound, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters into the city, and by coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by penny-post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory;' and that 'he stops, under spurious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen by losing their customers, or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient when physic is sent by a doctor or an apothecary.' He was, moreover, charged with stopping parcels, which it was hinted he misappropriated; with opening letters, and taking from them bills, &c.; and with persecuting all the officers except his own creatures. These delinquencies, real or alleged, led to the removal of Dockwra from the office of comptroller. The next fact we find relating to London letters was an attempt made in 1708 by Mr. Povey to establish a halfpenny-post in opposition to the official penny-post, but this enterprise was suppressed by law.

It thus appears that the penny-post of those days comprised not only the delivery of letters within the limits of London, but that of parcels also, and was thus the prototype of the modern Parcels' Delivery Company.

The state of the London postal service in 1652 about the middle of the reign of George II., is well represented in A Tour through the whole length and breadth of Great Britain, published in 1750. It was established in that year: the work being originally, as said—though we know not on what ground—defaced. 'The Post-office,' we are told, 'is in Lombard Street, formerly in or near that road, now no longer there; the work of the postmen is under the direction of Mr. Viner's, and is under admirable management.' A penny-post is a branch of it, and a most useful one to trade and business; for by it letters are delivered to the remotest corners of the town almost as soon as they could be sent by a messenger, and that in five, six, to eight times a day, according as the extent of the place makes it practicable. As much as six may send a letter from Limehouse in the east, and the furthest part of Westminster for a penny, in single piece of paper, as in the general post-office, or any packet under a pound-weight goes at the same price. If this account be correct, the charge was equal to that of this present year, 1827, or as London alone is concerned; for the boldness of the postal reformers has not yet brought us to the state which the postmaster's knock becomes the language of a pound-packet conveyance for a charge of one penny.

We do not here touch upon the large subject of the general post, with its mail-coaches and mail-packets, or upon Mr. Palmer's invention, which converted the post into rapid conveyance; or upon the state post since through which the never-dying 'heirs of the Duke of Schomberg,' and the 'Dukes of Grafton and Marlborough,' obtain large sums annually out of the postal revenues; or upon the franked system, by which Dr. Crichton, carrying with him a cow and two other necessities, a 'deal-case with four flitches of bacon,' 'a case of knives and forks,' 'fifteen copper hounds,' and 'two servant-girls going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen,' were in Queen Anne's reign 'franked' to their several destinations. 'It is none of these things, but confined attention to the London district-post.

During the great war with France, when nearly all kinds were suspended, the London post was not interrupted by this. In 1801, the London penny-post became a two-penny-post, confined within rather narrow districts limits, beyond which there was a zone of threepenny-post to 15 miles, and beyond that belonging to the penny-post system. It was about 1814 that the authorities began to find the old house in Lombard Street too small for the increasing business; but with the slowness characteristic of most official undertakings in this country, it was not until 1829 that the vast structure in Martin's le Grand was opened—certainly at that time the largest and finest post-office in the world, and indeed we are not aware that it has since been equalled. Large as it is, however, it is full to overflowing.

Money-order Office has been driven to find a house over the way; the central hall is nearly blocked with most inpainting; the receiving and sorting rooms, and we may look forward to a parliamentary demand for a new building by and by. The reader is of course aware that in 1830 the mails were put on to another system, and that the number of letters was increased by the additional facilities thus offered; that in 1835 the newspaper stamp was reduced to one penny, offering a temptation to print, sell, buy, and post more before; and that in 1840, after three years' industrious
perseverence, Mr Rowland Hill succeeded in bringing into operation one of the greatest social improvements of our age—the general penny-postal system—inducing the London Post Office to write and send letters for a penny, and those who had written, to double or quadruple their expeditious correspondence. These matters being borne in mind, it will be easy to understand how they have led to the partition of the metropolis into several distinct postal districts.

It must be remembered, not only that millions of letters are every year conveyed from one part to another of the metropolis itself, but that others arrive daily in London from the country, that a third group leave London daily for transmission into the country, and that a fourth simply pass through London en route, being neither posted nor delivered there.

Only by combining these four groups can we rightly appreciate the magnitude of the system. There are 11,000 post-offices or receiving-houses in the United Kingdom, from all of which letters may need to be transmitted to the metropolis, either for delivery there, or en route to other places; and as, conversely, London may need to send letters to all these 11,000 places, St Martin's le Grand has much to do besides attending to the merely London letters, and indeed, beyond all this, the entire foreign and colonial mail is managed in London.

It is on these several accounts that the letters passing into and out of the metropolis so vastly exceed in number those in any other city in the world. Great as has been the increase in all departments of our postal system, that of London eclipses all the others in rapidity of advance; for whereas the letters of the whole United Kingdom increased sixfold between 1840 and 1856, those of London increased ninefold.

The letters in which London is concerned now amount to more than 200,000,000 annually; that is, in round numbers, 50,000,000 posted in London for delivery in London, 50,000,000 posted in the country for delivery in London, and 100,000,000 that leave London either direct or en transit to places all over the world.

Now, fixing attention on 100,000,000 of these letters, those which are delivered in London comprising more than one-fifth of all the letters that pass into or through any or all parts of the United Kingdom (about 470,000,000 in 1856), we shall at once understand how big a business it is to be attended to, and how great the number of the London postmen will be needed to do the work. There are about 500 of the red-coated personages who give the postman's knock, each of whom delivers on an average, say 200 letters in an average day; the number of days' work would be 300,000,000. To deliver such an amount of mails in the week, the London postmen work from eight in the morning to eight at night, and sometimes longer hours, and deliver on an average about 300 letters each day.

It was in the Second Report of the postmaster-general relating to the operations of 1855, that the public were first informed of a project concerning the subdivision of the metropolis into postal districts. A hint to this effect had been thrown out by the commissioners of Post-office inquiry in 1837, and again by the Commons' committee on the same subject in 1843; and in December 1854, Viscount Canning, at that time postmaster-general, appointed a committee of officers at St Martin's le Grand to investigate the matter. The project to be examined was this—how best to divide London into districts, with separate sorting-office for each, and hourly deliveries during twelve hours in the day. It was shewn that the distribution of that large portion of London district-letters, that is, letters that pass through the metropolis, and which amount to about one-fifth of the whole number of London district-letters daily collected, might be much accelerated in the outer parts of the metropolis, if the postmen were put in two or three squadrons, instead of sending them to one central office for all London. It was also rendered evident that the delivery of the morning general-post might commence at an earlier hour. As a means of obtaining these results, a plan was recommended—that the metropolis should be divided into ten postal districts, two central and eight suburban; that these should extend to a twelve-mile radius from Charing Cross; that each district should be treated as a distinct town in regard to postal matters; that each district-office, after collecting from the receiving-offices within its limits, should sort the letters, and send nine bags to the other nine districts—one from each—containing letters posted in those districts for the district in question; that those letters should be delivered by its own postmen; and that mail-carts should rapidly convey the bags from one district-office to another.

The committee gave themselves the task of plotting out the proposed postal districts; they considered that the two central districts should include such an area, having the river Thames for a southern boundary, as would permit the letter-carriers to reach the points at which their deliveries would commence in about ten or fifteen minutes after leaving the district-office; and that the boundaries of those districts should, as far as practicable, be marked by the usual lines of main streets or roads; keeping together, however, the several parts of any locality which has a connected and peculiar character. The eight country-districts were, so far as possible, to be bounded by the then existing limits of the country-deliveries of the London district-post. A map, prepared by the committee, was printed in lithograph, and coloured, shewing the ten districts—and named respectively Northern, North-eastern, North-western, Eastern, East Central, Western, West Central, Southern, South-eastern, and South-western—stretching from Waltham Cross, in the north, to Carshalton in the south, from Bromford in the east, to Southall in the west.

It fell to the lot of the Duke of Argyle to carry out the plan commenced by his predecessor, the Viscount Canning. In the Second Report, above adverted to, published early in 1856, his grace points out how much time will be saved by obviating the necessity of sending merely local letters to St Martin's le Grand. 'Thus a letter from Cavendish Square to Grosvenor Square, instead of travelling four or five miles, as at present, could go almost directly from one place to another.' Under the former system, the first morning delivery was intrusted to about 480 postmen, who carried 480 bags to 480 'beats,' or small neighbourhoods; the letters were first sorted into districts, and then sub-sorted into beats by persons who alone possessed the minute local knowledge required for that purpose.

Now the postmaster-general pointed out how the public might assist in expediting the postal service by putting a few initials on their letters that would enable the first or district sorting to be effected before the letters reach London at all. Every railway traveller knows that mail-carriges, or post-office carriages, form part of every mail-train; these contain not only bags of letters, but clerks who are employed throughout the day in sorting. If a bag of letters, say, be sent from Edinburgh to London, that bag, under the old system, was conveyed in a separate sorting-office, instead of sending them to one central office for
and the bags could be sent to the ten district-offices without going to St. Martin's le Grand at all: this would insulate, perhaps, one hour earlier delivery. The postmaster-general said: 'To secure so great an advantage, it is perhaps not unreasonable to hope that the public may be willing to give its ready co-operation. The whole plan of concentration and delivery of the general-post letters depends upon the first arrival of the mails. As London will, for postal purposes, be in effect divided into ten towns, it is essential to the complete working of the plan that the letters should be directed accordingly. For this purpose it would suffice, if to the address there were appended initial letters denoting the district, as N. for the northern, S. W. for the south-western, &c.; the public of course first receiving the necessary information, and all other aids being given. To enable provincial correspondents to act on this suggestion, little more would be necessary than for London residents to append the initial letters, as above, to their own. In many instances, the address thus given would be shorter than at present: 'Hill Street, Berkley Square,' might be reduced to 'Hill Street, W.'"

During the year 1856, the Post-office authorities were busily engaged in preparations for this reform. The change itself became generally known about the first of November; and it is highly gratifying to hear that the saving of time has already been very marked. In the Third Report of the postmaster-general, published in April last year, we find that more than half of the letters posted in the country for delivery in London undergo their first sorting before they reach London at all. What is the consequence? 'The delivery begins thirty-three minutes earlier than it did twelve months ago, and ends forty-six minutes earlier—giving an average of just about forty minutes' saving. And when letter-writers in the country habituate themselves still more to the use of the initial, a still further saving will be effected; for it must be remembered that although a London postman knows that 'Hill Street, Berkley Square,' is in district W., that fact may not be known so readily by the sorters in the country or in the mail-train; the letter will reach safely, but it is not certain that the primary sorting can be done before the letter reaches London. But this is too favourable an example, for the names almost indicate that they must be in the western district; it is more to the purpose to ask whether a sorter in the country would know that 'William Street, New Bridge Street,' is in the East Central district, unless the initials E. C. were written on the letter? The postmaster-general further tells us, that about one-third of the local letters, directed from one part of London to another, have now the initials written on them. The saving of time, averaging forty minutes in London generally, amounts to one hour at many of the suburban villages. Considering that this great improvement has been wrought with very little addition to the public expenditure, the saving of time, on perhaps 150,000 letters a day, is a positive increase to the commercial wealth and the social comfort of the metropolis; and considering that all Londoners are more or less interested in the matter, the least they can do is to try and aid the postmaster-general in this direction. If a letter be addressed to John Street, London, correct in all other particulars, but not denoting which John Street, who can tell the amount of perplexity produced? 'There are sixty John Streets in London.' And then the King Streets and Queen Streets, the New Streets and William Streets—each group varies from forty to sixty in number. In the Third Report, the postmaster-general makes special mention of the Westbourne series as a very embarrassing one; for not only is that name combined with the usual street, terrace, &c.; but there are two varieties of what may be called ternary compounds, of which the first two names are Westbourne Park, and the third is cottage, place, road, terrace, or villa. The slightest blunder in the direction alone might give the poor postman half a mile of additional walking; and it is to be expected that a country letter-writer should be always keen enough to observe the nice distinctions between 'Westbourne Park Cottage' and 'Westbourne Park Villas.' It is not every cottage that knows itself from a villa, although the villa sometimes looks disdainfully at a cottage. Mr. Cook, inspector of letter-carriers, reported on some of the cases the few postmen, each of whom gave a favourite name to his own group, with No. 1 to begin each group, and thus there were seven No. 1's in the same street; and he found No. 95 between Nos. 14 and 16 in a particular street—an arrangement so extraordinary, that it was induced to inquire into its cause. 'A woman came to be informed why a brass number 95 should appear between 14 and 16: she said it was the number of a house she formerly lived in, and that it is moving to another street; and it (meaning the house generally) being a very good house, she thought it would be better for her presence residence as well as any other.'

Thus the postman's difficulties are not a few; and so far as we can alleviate them, it is nothing more than just so to do.

THE GARLAND OF WILD-FLOWERS.

These be simple flowers, lady,
That I have called for you;
For in no lordly garden
Or gay parterre they grew;
But on the dewy field-bank,
Where the poorest child may roam,
And fill its lap with treasures,
To bear excelling home.
Any little country maiden
Can call you these by name;
I cannot bring you rarer,
Since no foot of ground I claim;
But wide and rich is the domain
I share with millions more;
Old England's meads and cornfields,
The gardens of her poor.
For while man sows 'the stuff of life,'
Unseen, a higher hand
Is strewing gems of beauty
To gladden all the land;
The farmer calls them worthless weeds;
But He sends sun and rain,
Till many-hued they blossom
Amongst the golden grain.
So do not scorn them, lady,
These humble, God-grown flowers—
Oh! they were lovely once to you,
In childhood's guileless hours—
So rather humbly join in praise
To Him who thus has given,
To rich and poor alike a
Of beauty straight from Heaven.

Ruth Bree.
THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The American **Niagara**—do not be alarmed, gentle reader, we mean the frigate, not the fall—arrived recently in England to receive her share of a very interesting burden—the metallic cable which is about to be laid across the depths of the Atlantic, in order that those of the vast gulls of the earth may be commercially annihilated. The English *Aegaeummon*, of Seastopol fame, had long been waiting at Portsmouth for the other half of the load. About the 15th of July, these mighty war-ships will trim their masts, and start for the mid-Atlantic, in generous rivalry to try which can first reach the bottom of the sea. The two halves of the cable will be firmly spliced together in mid-ocean, and each vessel will then steam on her own way; the one towards the west, and the other towards the east, paying out the metallic rope from its stern. It is anticipated that the cable will be safely deposited in its deep resting-place, in the course of nine to ten days at most.

The cable consists of a strand of seven copper wires, firmly twisted together, and enclosed within a thick casing of gutta-percha, to insulate it from all conducting influences; and then in a layer of rope-yarn, saturated with a compound of tar and oil. The copper core, gutta-percha sheath, and hempen great-coat, are next all enveloped together in an investment of iron wire, bound closely round them to furnish tenacity and strength. In this outer investment, there are eighteen strands, each consisting of seven iron wires. The wires are twisted together to form the strand, and the strands are twisted round yarn and gutta-percha, to form the rope. The copper strand and the iron strands are each one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; and the rope itself is about eleven-sixteenths of an inch thick. Notwithstanding its containing so much metal in its composition, this ingeniously constructed cable is so flexible that it can be coiled about with the utmost facility.

The contractors who have undertaken the labour of preparing this gigantic cable, have engaged to have 2,300 miles of it completed and ready for embarkation by the middle of July. The labour is equally divided between the Messrs Newall of Birkenhead, and the Messrs Glass and Elliott of East Greenwich. Through the instrumentality of steam, each of these firms turns out seventy miles of the rope per day, at a cost of about L.100 per mile. Nearly all the wire-drawers of England are taxed to the utmost to keep up the necessary supply of the metallic portion of the raw material. In the neighbourhood of the works, light wagons, drawn each by four horses, are continually to be seen hurrying backwards and forwards at high speed with huge drums of the twisted wire, the driver plying his whip, and turning the corners with an air that reminds one of the red-coated man of high dignity who was encountered everywhere, and stopped nowhere, before Her Majesty's mail-bags went upon the road.

The telegraphically important portion of the cable is that small strand of copper wire which lies within the thick gutta-percha tube. Slight, indeed, does that sixteenth-of-an-inch strand look for the work to which it is destined—the conveyance to and fro of a world's messages through nearly 2000 miles of distance, lying chiefly at the bottom of a deep sea. One of the most wonderful and interesting features of the novel enterprise, in fact, is the boldness with which the idea has been conceived of carrying out an object so stupendous by an instrumentality so small. To the eye, the rope seems fitted to connect the posts of a hundred's drying-ground, rather than the eastern and western continents of the wide world. No one who has stood in the yard of the factory at Greenwich, and seen the tar-blackened men coiling that slim rope round in the pits of the yard, as it is delivered by rollers through the wall from the machinery, can wonder that many, among even electrically and mechanically initiated men, have questioned the possibility of its ever efficiently performing the office for which it has been designed. The indefatigable and sagacious electrician of the company, Mr Whitehouse, has, however, a large series of very ponderous facts ready for the conversion of such sceptics, when they trust themselves within reach of his experimental demonstration.

It is well worth while, merely as an act of passing curiosity, for any one who can procure the *entele* of the somewhat closely guarded cable-treasury, to take a glance at that lightning-king, Mr Whitehouse, in his cabinet. In a small chamber, looking out over the pits where many hundred miles of the cable are coiled in flat layers, he may be daily found, surrounded by the ingenious and complex implements which are the insignia of his rule. In one nook of the instrumental repertory there is an exquisitely delicate balance, very much like a steeple—within that the cunning manipulator weighs the force of his electrical currents. He makes the voltaic stream run along a wire coiled round a bar of soft iron, which then becomes a magnet, and attracts the iron-shod short end of the steeple with a power that is measured by the number of grains lifted up at the opposite end. That balance has been christened by Mr Whitehouse his *magnetico-electrostatic*.

It is obviously a pet child; and, indeed, it is deserving of its position in his affections; for a more beautiful
practical application of a fundamental principle of science has never been devised by that incontrovertible agent, the brain of inventive man. It is only necessary to see the old measure of electric force, the galvanometer, and this invention of Mr Whitehouse at work side by side, for the infinite superiority of the latter over the former to be apprehended. The needle of the galvanometer, when an electrical current is brought to it for examination, all at once starts madly off with a series of somersets, whirling over and over, and jerk ing its magnetised ends this way and that; and it is well if, after two or three minutes of such aberrant and hysterical demeanour, it settles quietly down into a deflection that philosophy can make head or tail of.

The magneto-electrometer, under the same circumstances, tilts up a given number of grains on the end of the steel yard in a steady matter-of-fact business way, and then refuses to lift an additional one, and scolds in the refusal as its estimation of the limit of the electric force. Mr Whitehouse would have earned a reputation in mechanical estimation, if he had done nothing else besides superseding the old crazy and fitful galvanometer, in matters where precise investigations into the behaviour of considerable degrees of electrical force are required.

Mr Whitehouse has also in his cabinet another no less ingenious implement for doing, with regard to the velocity of electrical currents, what the magneto-electrometer does with regard to their force. There is a long ribbon of paper in process of being unrolled from a drum by clock-work, and the ribbon of paper is saturated with a colourless substance, which receives a deep purple stain whenever a stream of electrical influence is caused to pass through it. There are two metal styles pressed down upon the paper—a metal plate lying beneath—and a seconds' pendulum swaying to and fro, turns on and off an electrical stream to the styles. In this way, as the paper is drawn from the drum, two parallel traces, a second long, are left on its surface, with blank seconds' intervals lying between them. But one style can be placed in connection with the beginning of a long wire, while the other communicates with its end, and so one trace lags back behind its companion just so long as the electrical current takes to flow through the stretch of the wire. In reality, the printing is performed by two relay-batteries, one for each style, which are called into operation by the primary current as it passes through a coil, wound on a bar of soft iron, and converts it into a magnet. When the bar becomes a magnet, it opens the floodgates of the relay-batteries, so to speak, and makes them print. This, however, makes no difference in the practical result indicated by the arrangement: the journeymen relay-batteries print on the instant when the primary current there passing directs them so to do.

As Mr Whitehouse stands reflectively in his cabinet, looking at the creations of his own sagacious brain and ingenious hands, he has a cobweb of wires enveloping him, until he seems almost like some astute old spider, with its feelers out in all directions, patiently waiting for the earliest intimation of the approach of a stray visitor and victim to his net. There are wires through the ceiling, and wires through the wall, and wires through the floor; wires on this hand, and wires on that. Take heed to your steps as you venture into this suspicious-looking retreat, or you will be tripped up by a strand extended under your feet. Take care of your head, or you will be suspended by a strand that comes from the window to a pair of vivid-looking magnetic coils, before you know what you are doing. Look to your coat-tails, or they will be clipped and impaled as your turn round. The meaning of this wire-drawn complexity and confusion is, that the hundreds of miles of cable coiled up in the yard have sympathetic relations with the instruments of its magical room, and can be acted upon by them in an inconceivable way, either in length of half-a-dozen inches, or of a thousand miles. Mr Whitehouse is only to put now this wire and that into connection, and now to change this copper point from the binding screw to the right, so that it shall rest in the groove of that on the left, and he is able to ask all sorts of curious and prying questions of the raw material it has to deal with; and it is very rarely indeed that he asks a question without eliciting a reply.

Among the most interesting replies Mr Whitehouse has thus extracted from the Atlantic Telegraph cable, while it has been in the process of construction, there are two or three which deserve to be known as wild and generally as the cable itself is long. That insulating core, when it is stretched across the Atlantic, will transmit its electrical messages, not as a simple conducting-wire, such as those are which are suspended for telegraphic purposes in the air, but by accumulated charge and subsequent discharge. The cable will be a capacious Leyden jar, Atlantic-breath long, and gutta-percha sheath being its insulting layer, a copper strand its interior conducting coat, and the iron covering and the water of the sea, its outer one. Every time a signal is sent through it, the entire must be filled with electricity, and discharged. It is well, then, that the copper strand in the middle is a small one. If it were a large one as well as a long one, it would need a proportionally enormous expenditure of electricity to make it perform its work. Mr Whitehouse demonstrates the fact of this being the actual electrical nature of the structure, by turning up on the air, and so insulating, the further ends of pieces of the cable, one being 15 miles, and the other 200 miles long, the electrical current of the former, and by its discharge it lifts 1075 grains on the magneto-electrometer, as the discharge magnetises the iron bar. The same thing being done with the 20 mile length, the discharge lifts 2300 grains. The long piece of cable receives and holds more electricity than the short one; and the larger quantity makes and manifest the exertion of greater power, when it is changed from the static into the moving state.

But how much electricity does it really take to charge hundred miles' lengths of wire? If the Atlantic cable is to be thousands of miles long, allowing for its curvatures, will it need thousands of pairs of insulating plates to render it telegraphically available and active? It would, if you made it large as well as long; but it will not as it is made, with its slender core of round copper strand. Mr Whitehouse takes seven small triangular fragments of zinc, coats them with sealing wax, and then clips off by a knife, from one of the pieces of each, the sealing-wax to an extent about as large as the letter ‘o’ in the print of this page; copper-wire being attached to the plates, and these being then immersed in seven small glass cells, charged with dilute acetic acid, the whole becomes a little four or five battery, with the seven minute zinc-points for its four or five acting part. With this little battery, the writer of
this article printed clearly defined and distinct telegraphic marks upon the ordinary ribbon of chemically prepared paper, through 600 miles of the cable; the length of time occupied by it is not known, but the current through the 600 miles of the cable being no more than nine-tenths of a second. This curious piece of printing is retained in the writer's possession, that he may have a friendly manufoctured paper to excite upon, whenever he feels himself inclining to say of anything, 'That cannot be.' Henceforth, he intends to wear that catalytic fragment of paper as his anti-sceptic charm.

A simple voltaic current, sent forth from 72 pair of plates of 16 square inches each, lifts 25,000 grains on the magnetoelectrometer, when thrown upon its magnetising coil at once. It lifts 10,650 grains when sent to the magnetoeleetrometer through 200 miles of cable; 3250, when sent through 400 miles; and 1400 grains when sent through 600 miles. It will be seen from this ratio that there is nothing to fear in the mere breadth of the Atlantic — speaking in an electro-telegraphic sense — when it is borne in mind, at the same time, that the lilliputian battery of seven points prints through 600 miles of cable; and when it is also understood that the enfeebled currents, on arriving at the other side of the ocean, will be set, not to do hard mechanical labour, but simply to call relay-batteries into operation which will work the pickets of Professor Morse's apparatus. The primary current will be passed round a soft iron bar a sufficient number of times to be again multiplied into strength; thus intensified, it will make a temporary magnet of the iron bar, and the magnet, pro tempore, will pull down the armature, and set the recording pickets to their labour.

Seventy-six pair of 16-inch voltaic plates — that is, zinc plates made electrically active by the chemical influence of acids — can raise 1400 grains at the distance of 600 miles. It affects this task with a loss of half a second for the time consumed on the journey. Ten plates of 100 square inches acting through the magnetisation of iron bars and the secondary currents called up in coiled wires by the magnetism, send forth a stream of influence which can only lift 745 grains at the distance of 600 miles; but this stream loses only nineteen-hundredths of a second. Simple voltaic electricity has less motor force than the electromagnetism of the induction coil, but the induction coil is the induction coil, strange to say, moves through the insulated and wire-bound cable with a higher rate of speed than the strong electricity of a voltaic character. As the messages of two mighty continents will have, for some time at least, to be transmitted through a single cable, it is a matter of no small importance that the most nimble messenger should be selected to do the work — that Ariel rather than Cuthbert should be sent upon the service. It will make a difference of some hundred pounds per week in the revenue of the company, whether two or six words per second can be transmitted through the telegraphic cable; hence, magnetic induction coils will be used in working the Atlantic Telegraph in preference to the simple voltaic battery.

Here, again, there is a proof of the practical wisdom which has selected a small cable at a cost of £100, and with a weight of less than one ton per mile, rather than a larger, heavier, and more costly structure depending upon its transmitting core for its strength. With such a small implantation of the magnetic steel, the humble induction coils could not have been employed. Several pairs of induction coils, five feet long, but generating a current of very limited intensity, will be excited by large voltaic cells, containing plates of 2000 square inches. It is anticipated that the cost of working these batteries in the service of transatlantic telegraphy, will not exceed a shilling per hour.

But suppose that this slim cable should be stretched by its own weight, when six miles of it hangs looped down in the mid-Atlantic, its curve not yet sounding the depth of the ocean — what will happen then? If the already fine, and unquestionably strong core should be drawn out still finer by the strain, will it cease to be available as a means of telegraphic communication through so wide a span? will it no longer be able to transmit electricity equal to excite upon the operating magnet on the further shore of the broad ocean? As an answer to this question, Mr Whitehouse takes 600 miles of the cable, and finds that, through these, 745 grains are lifted on the magnetoelectrometer by 72 pair of plates; and he then inserts a whole mile of wire eleven times as small as the copper core, midway of the cable, and through the entire length, cable and interpolated wire, 726 grains are lifted by the same 72 pair of plates. The drawing out of an entire mile of the copper core to the amount of ten-elevenths of its entire thickness, only impairs its conducting capacity a thirty-seventh part. It has been asserted that the copper core of the Atlantic cable will be drawn out two feet in a mile, and that this will destroy its transmitting power, so far as telegraph purposes are concerned. Mr Whitehouse replies by showing, that if it were drawn out 96 feet in every mile, its loss of transmitting capacity would scarcely be remarked.

The external sheath of the cable is formed of twisted wires of iron, but those wires look to the eye absurdly fine for the task which is marked out for them; it seems as if a very few months' immersion in water would necessarily corrode them altogether away. If this corrosion should take place, what is to become of the denuded cable? The protecting investment being gone, what chance would the soft core have of a prolonged existence of usefulness? Mr Bright, the engineer of the work, and the worthy coadjutor of Mr Whitehouse, has a very satisfactory answer for this question. The iron greatest of the cable may dissolve into rust, if it pleases, the very day after its strands have once been fairly deposited in the depths of the ocean; it is only designed to protect the more important portion of the cable during the process of laying down, and while it is exposed to accident from mechanical injury. When once this has reached its final resting place, it will no longer require defence of any kind, because it will then be in the one situation of all others in the earth where it is the more fully withdrawn from every chance of hurtful interference. In the profound recesses of the Atlantic, there is no movement, and scarcely any motion; waves are but surface-ripples on the great oceanic reservoir; currents extend downwards only a few fathoms; anchors never obstruct themselves into those deep-sea realms, unless they fail to rise no more. The Atlantic cable will have the softest conceivable environments, for nothing can be more tranquil and calm than still water. Where the cable passes through a more accessible region, near to each shore of the ocean, it will be made of much larger dimensions, and of considerably greater strength.

There is one influence, however, which may reach the Atlantic cable, even in its retired bed, and affect it in a manner not at all desired by its projectors; here, indeed, is the real rub: great natural currents of electricity, coursing along within the earth's shell, may sympathetically disturb the insulated core, and occasionally preoccupy it with an induced charge, when it is required to be free and open to the performance of its ordinary business. If this should chance, it will be a troublesome matter, but not one by any means which science will not be able to meet. Antagonistic and neutralising currents will have to be furnished by art, to restore the equanimity of the central conductor, and to render it amenable to the will of the signaling-officers. The men who have
conceived this noble work, so bold and grand from its very slightness and simplicity, will be fully equal to any emergency of this kind which may arise.

A CATASTROPHE.

In social experiences, every one has had his catastrophes, some grave, some trifling, but to me the most painful to recite, and sore to touch, even when the wound has apparently healed; others harmless in issue, and amusing to look back upon when they have passed away. Of the latter class, though very grievous of the time, was the occasion when, after a ball at ladies' school in the country, to which I had accompanied the brother of my hostess, we were discussing over our bedroom fire, with agreeable freedom, the merits, personal and pecuniary, of our respective partners, a half-dressed servant handed in a scrap of paper conveying an intimation from the lady-superior that the girls in the next room—as well of course as herself, which we probably considered even more serious—could hear every word we said. Of such also was the hour when, having invited two friends whom I had encountered in Paris on their wedding-tour, to dine with me at Harrand's, I walked up the Rue LaFayette on the morning of the day of festivity with no better means of exercising that hospitality than a five-franc piece, and an intimation from the English office in the hotel, that communications were being received by them from London on a Monday, the little remittance of which I had received advice, and which was to be the foundation of my feast, could not arrive until the day after it. But the most exquisite catastrophe with which my experience supplies me, arose out of a circumstance of a far graver character, if possible, than either of these; and which, laying my personal feelings wholly aside, I hereby put on record for the benefit and warning of the unwary.

"Fred, old boy, will you do me a favour?"

The applicant, "Harry Spooner, St Benet's College," Oxford, was a youthful swell with whiskers pendent as the nest of a tropical bird, and neither garments like pudding-bags, who honours me with his friendship and occasional patronage in Piccadilly; and in whose composition the bump of veneration, that fossil organ now-adays, was not more largely developed than is usual with his contemporaries.

"You're going to the Shaftons on the 27th, are you not?"

"I rather thought of doing so. Was he?"

"Not asked, old boy; that's the rub—and that's what I wanted to see you about! Look here! You know how deeply attached I am to Laura Heaviland?"

Devotedly would have been the expression, I thought, in the days when I adored—not that it is so long since either—but sentiment has yielded to slang since then. Suppressing these views, however, which it would have profusely to proclaimate, I confined myself to a deprecatory acquiescence, for my friend had marshalled the circumstance before, more than once indeed, and with considerable details.

"Well, sir, the 27th is her birthday, don't you know? and I want to send her some verses—poetry, you know—that sort of thing. Charley Gilspur and I cobbled 'em up yesterday at the Wellington. I stood him a little dinner, and we did 'em up in the smoking-room. We had two "smash," and two "gin cocktails," and did 'em afterwards. I don't think they're out and out bad either. Well, sir, look here: the Heavilands will be safe to be in Harrington Street on the 27th, for they’re intimate there; and here am I "scratched." Now, I want you, like a good fellow, to take charge of my little venture for me."

"Don't you send your verses by post? They're not too heavy, I hope?"

"Don't chalk, Fred, please. No, sir, they are not too heavy! It isn't that; but, if you understood these things, your own tact, sir, would suggest to you that verses are not things to be sent by post."

"Ah! I see—clause in the Post-office regulation which forbids the transmission through that medium of inflammable substances. Well, then, why don't you leave 'em yourself?"

"Yes, with a ticket, I suppose, and would be glad to know how the family are? It won't do, Fred, as you ought to know. Women are very fond of little attentions of this sort; whether they like you, mind you are not, they like them. But they don't care twopenny or about a thing if they get it in a plain straightforward way. You must be up to all sorts of dodges with them, bless you."

"Oh! that's the way, is it?" I rejoined, very favourably impressed with the knowledge of female character exhibited by Mr Spooner, who had scarcely attained his fourth lustrum.

"That's it, my boy! That's why I want you to take it in hand. I never saw such a fellow, by Jove, as you are, when you do really take anything at heart. I want you to insinuate my notelet into her bosom; pin it on to her bonnet, wrap it up with a piece of some gentle dolget of that sort. Bless you! It would be the making of me. They've six thousand —spice under the mother's settlement, and no brother."

"No brothers?"

"Yes! No brothers to be settled over and over again in life, and have their debts paid out of daughters' fortunes. I always say to follow: "In you have anything to say to any girls where there are brothers in the family; there's always sure to be a screw loose somewhere in the settlements, when the time comes to cash up." Bless you, sir, I've sent dozens of times."

Here my friend began to wander, a proceeding which extensive experience of life apparently, somewhat erratic mind, occasionally induced him to think, in which it is not necessary for us to follow him.

I have no partiality myself for the part of embittered in a love-affair, having, in my limited experiences, been present at the birth and in the death of so many, as to have had my sense of the novelty and interest of the situations considerably impaired. How it was that my usual caution and reserve deserted me on this present occasion, I cannot tell. Whether the compliment to my diplomatic talents—for we are but mere novices—and had softened the natural ruggedness of my judgement; or whether, like the vicar of Wakefield, I was tired of beingsweet here! with my coffee, for my friend had timed his request with great judgment, had rendered me more susceptible to the gentle passion, or more enterprising generally. I scarcely know that either. At all events, after the objecting, I consented to play Mercury, 'for that night only by particular request."

The important evening duly arrived, and the important missive with it. The billet was done up with great art, and smelt copiously of perfume. About its contents I did not trouble myself, satisfied that Mr Spooner's amour propre would have insured evidence in the work of the identity of the sender; as would relieve me from personal responsibility to regard them; and I entered upon the scene of diplomacy with all the air of Mr Charles Mathews in his light comedy.

Any opportunity which the earlier portion of the evening might have afforded for effecting Mr Spooner's enterprise was somehow lost. Whether it was that I had some little analogous business of my own to look after, which of course claimed precedence; or whether the enterprise may have assumed, as enterprises do, on a less important aspect under the attempted influences of cold blood, is not material. Certain it is that the evening had warmed into gaiety, and even
wandered into repletion, before I became sensible of the necessity for action; or for some special interposition of Fortune on my client's behalf, if his commission were to be executed. It is only when we are playing a game in which our interest is small; it is only when we are throwing our whole heart or our last hundred that it is always true to describe the feeling as if it became too bulky to be kept, even in the present affair, and being aware of the above feminine principle on the part of her of the scales and bandage, I did not lose my faith in her assistance on the occasion, even at a hour when less skilled waiters upon providence would have given up the game as hopeless. And I had my reward! Did she not, at two o'clock in the morning, throw the charge of Miss Heatland to her carriage into my hands; and prompt the benison: 'Oh, thank you! Can we not set you down anywhere?' from the good-natured 'sir-dragon' who guarded that young lady, in which I read the successful consummation of my little enterprise. 'Could they not set me down?' Of course they could.

Oxford Square being, as everybody knows, in the direct road from the Regent's Park to the Temple. Humming contentedly the Air des Attendants,

Dans un amoureux mystère
Un lacet est un grand secrétaire,

I entered upon the scene of action.

Glisser un billot is not difficult in a French drama, when Henriette (Rose Cher) knows perfectly well that it is the rôle of Henri (Bresson) to convey to her the letter which no one is to see but the audience, and that she must have her left hand appropriately posed to receive it. Glisser un billet, if French novels are to be taken as pictures of society in France—and it is to be presumed they are—is not, in that favoured land, a difficult proceeding, even under direct marital or maternal supervision. But to slip a love-letter when the lady has not seen the cue, and under the ordinary conditions of everyday English life, is, I do hereby warn all enterprise readers of Parisian literature, and will maintain unto the death, a work of profound difficulty, and not to be lightly undertaken. At the same time, to tuck a note the size of a crown-piece, into a disorganised bouquet, thrown negligently beside one in the recesses of a family broach, is no easy task, with no witnesses to the dark deed but a drowsy chaperon and a day-dreaming beauty—for what beauty does not day-dream on her way home from a ball?—affords no great scoop for the supposal, nor do I doubt not I should have been able to develop to admiration if the circumstances had demanded it.

'Assuredly,' said I to myself, as the business accomplished, I prepared to regale myself by my bedroom fire with a mid cider, which, in the circumstances, I felt I had fairly earned—'assuredly, nature designed me for a diplomatist. There are no failures in life save through precipitancy or sloth. There is the right moment in every enterprise, though the patience to wait till it arrives, and the decision to act when it does, are perhaps the gifts of the few. Nine men out of ten.' I continued, as I felt in my pocket for a fusée, 'in such an affair as to-night's, would infallibly have muddied it.' Here the train of my meditations was suddenly broken; a gentle perspiration trickled on my brow, I felt the thermometer in an ice-house, and commenced beating in my epigastrium, when, with feelings of the profoundest horror, I drew from my pocket, smelling luxuriously as ever, Mr. Brown's billiards-billards.

I shuddered. An inevitable result rose with startling distinctness before my eyes. Something I had unquestionably tucked into Miss Heatland's bouquet; and now that the young lady was, in all probability—with her feet on the fender, it might be, like myself, but alas! with what different feelings—at that moment, that melancholy moment, engaged in inspecting. What was that something? Was the distracting problem now to be solved? What had I in my pocket? Alas! what had I not? the receptacle in question being my invariable repository for all my correspondence until it became too bulky to be kept, there any longer. First, I could distinctly remember a communication from my tailor, with a clean abstract of his bill before last, and a communication of the fact, that, if not settled, he would have to place in the hands of his creditors. That didn't matter much. In these times, it was more than possible that the young lady herself might have had a milliner's bill of her own in the same category, and find comfort in a community of sorrow. Then there was—ah, miserable me!—an autobiographical letter of four pages from Paris, descriptive of the varied relaxations of that metropolis under the empire, from that villain Tom Raffington, who must needs embalm his delinquencies in black and white, to the everlasting confusion of my hitherto irreproachable character. Was there not a little dinner-bill too—not from a tavern in Eastcheap; but with as great a disproportion, almost, between the bread and the sack, as honest Falstaff's own: to say nothing of a double ticket for Madame de Montmorency's Full and Fancy Dress-ball at the Prince's Concert-rooms, with an intimation from the fair beneficiaire that that made three I owed her for? And a thousand times more distracting than all—yes, than all, said I, in the bitterness of my anguish—a skeleton epilogue, peppered with inharmonious jokelots, to be worked in afterwards, for some private theatricals at Brompton; and three draft impromptus, very rough, for a dinner-party the next evening in Gloucester Place! I, who had the reputation of doing these things so easily! One only comfort there was, the mysterious something could be but one of them; and to the investigation of which it was I now proceeded with a heavy heart.

Tom Raffington's performance turned up first, and then the epilogue and impromptus. Fortune, I thanked thee! Madame de Montmorency and the tailor came up together; and to my unbounded astonishment, a further dive brought up the little dinner-bill also. The mystery remained unsolved: nothing was wanting; and yet the dreadful something was undoubtedly gone. The dread suspense renewed again seemed more dreadful than the knowledge of the direct conceivable reality. 'Present fears are worse than horrible imaginings.' In vain I ransacked my brain and rummaged my memory, lay awake all night, and walked about in a dream all the next day; all was fruitless. I met Miss Heatland at dinner the following evening, when I let off my impromptus with unbounded success; but what was fame to me with black care at my heart-strings. The young lady made no sign, though I valiantly gave her more than one opportunity: this looked ominous. 'Je femme qui ne veut s'apercevoir de rien, s'est aperçue de tout; il faut se tenir terriblement sur ses gardes avec elle,' says the French philosopher. I agreed with him and troubled.

There is a popular German tale, entitled the Story without an End. Would that I could emulate its incompleteness; but I have undertaken to make an example of myself for the benefit of the uninjured, and I am resolved to go to the stake like a hero. Some six months after the above incident, a flush of unexampled prosperity in my usually equal and modest fortunes, had the wholesome effect—not an invariable one of prosperity—of recalling to my recollection a period at the latter end of the preceding year when I chanced to be labouring under one of those temporary arrangements from the favour of the Diva Pomata, which occasionally vary the lot even of the sagrest
us. Now, at that period, I had been induced, I might almost say constrained—a circumstance for which I submit the aforesaid Diva Pecuniaria, and not I, must be held to be wholly and exclusively responsible—to sell part, or place away, or oppugnate, or hypepocrate, or effect a mortgage by way of wadset; or, in the plain and simple vernacular, all circumlocution pretermitting and setting aside, to deposit temporarily, with equity of redemption, with one of that useful mercantile body trading under the insignia of the Lombards, a certain article of jewellery described in the duplicate or counterpart of the mortgage instrument as 'Ring. 50s. Having, in a spirit of mistaken truthfulness, despised availing myself of any of those imaginary nomenclatures under which I am given to understand monetary operations of this nature are not unfrequently conducted, my real name and address was annexed, as well as, in bright-blue letters at the top, the style and designation of the merchant whom I had patronized on the occasion. Need I continue? Need I say that upon a search, in the hour of my prosperity, for this document, which I had carefully stowed away in a small envelope, it was not to be found! Must I, in so many words, admit the harrowing fact, that a comparison of the costume which I had worn on the only occasion in my life on which I had presented myself at three balls at a time with that in which I had had the honour of waiting upon Mrs Shafton on the evening I have mentioned, let no possibility of doubt in my mind that in lieu of Mr Spooner’s billet-doux, I had endowed the fair object of his attachment with a pawnbroker’s duplicate!

My confession is at an end, and carries its own moral. Fortunately, I was the only sufferer on the occasion, Miss Haviland having, as I have since heard, consented, on the very evening, to share with Tom Shafton the L.6000 and other reversions, to the attainment of which Mr Spooner had devoted the combined poetical capabilities of himself and Charley Giltpur, and the outlay of a little dinner, and other inspiring refreshments before alluded to. He is, however, I am happy to say, not heart-broken, and is, I believe, open to any overtures from any young lady of condition (these advances being now, I am given to understand, expected, by the ingenuous youth of the day, to be made by the weaker vessel) who can offer satisfactory evidence on the question of settlement, and has no brothers. It only occurs to me to add, that if by chance—and it is indeed of course most probable—Miss Haviland should be a reader of this Journal, and should understand this my confession, I should not feel that there was the slightest indelicacy—quite the contrary—in her referring to me (unmanfully, I confess) anonymously, or in any other manner which the refinement of her feelings, or an advertisement in the second column of the Times might suggest, the—the little document above referred to, which is unnecessary for me again to particularise, and which is of no use to anybody but the owner.

ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

St George is the patron saint of England; at any rate, there is not one in the calendar who retains any noticeable influence on our affairs or our literature besides the victor of the Dragon. We could enumerate the historical worthies who have had their blunt English characters emblazoned on the celestial roll, and some more who, if they ever existed at all, have left none but saintly traces behind them. But neither the monkish saints, nor St Edward, nor St Thomas of Canterbury, can fairly contest the position unaniously assigned to the heroic and holy St George.

For more than six hundred years, St George has borne the same relation to England that St Patrick has borne to Ireland. Our streets, dukes, and all have been named after him; and while the sceptres of our country have embellished the memory in immortal verse, our politicians rendered his renown as permanent as our national institutions, by agreeing to set up the Garter as the highest prize alike of diplomatic service, and valour. But, after all, England only an insignificant province of the vast realm of, in the lapse of time, been converted to the home of St George. We find whole countries in the world and in the new called by his name. Why—strangely enough, as will presently appear—such Roman Church consecrates its religious edifice, a name which represents no saint in their own Protestant Germany rejoices in his patronage. For prefers his mythical sway to that of St Martin, the professors of the oriental faith invoke him first in their churches, their apostles, prophets, martyrs, and saints. He accounts him as their Christian ‘god of battle’ in the case gives the Order of St George to can make out that they have not entirely escaped to the veneration of English, French, and Turkish here who, in their turn, get the Order of St George in the supposition that they have trodden the Russian dust. Surely it is worth while to collect where known of the man whose head has carried such dazzling honours; and if he be none other than a more still be more interesting to trace the growth and legend which has given rise to such strange and vague reverence from so many different countries, amongst various forms of faith. First, then, we try to tell the truth. Whether the probability fail from the lips of an aged and ecclesiastical Greek priest; then we will glean whatever known of the real George; and, lastly, whether the fable and the history have been mixed together in a vague popular notion of the sainthood of George which all are familiar. Thus would the Gospel tell his tale.

George of Cappadocia—so called either from his parents or from the school in which he was educated—was born in Cilicia. In youth, he was of so even lively presence as he grew up, he was not less for brave deeds than for pure Christian love. Being raised to the tribunate (military), and having received a summons to relinquish his feudal to join the eastern army of the Emperor, he set forth on his travels. As he journeyed, he came near to a certain city of Libya. Now the salient feature of that city was on this wise. Some few years later, a huge dragon had infested the city, breathing fire from his monstrous throat not only for fire and smoke and also plagues and death. The king of that city went forth to parley with the hideous enemy, and, on covenant with him, by which the city should give to the foul beast two sheep daily, and the best of his part, abstain from his evil designs. All was well until there was no longer a sheep left. Then a covenant was sealed, by which, to say the least of anger, the king agreed to sacrifice two virgins to the city daily. These maidens were chosen by lot, but many fair ones perished. At last, in an evil hour, the fatal lot fell upon the king’s only daughter, and her father would have saved the maiden; but the procession rose up enraged, saying: ‘We spared not one flesh to feed the dragon, neither shall we spare.’ Nevertheless, the king would have saved his child; but she would not hearken to him, but only to the voice of duty and of the people. Therefore
she went out to the dragon's den alone, that she might die for the people. As she was going towards the noisome cave in which the dragon dwelt, it was so that George drew nigh, and hearing the maiden weeping, he was troubled in heart; and having learned from her the cause of her sorrow, he comforted her, for that he would slay the dragon. The maiden wept the more for such brave kind words, and sought to turn him from his purpose, saying that he would surely perish; but George approached the dwelling of the monster; and when he saw the flame and smoke rising from his gaping mouth, he called upon the sacred name, and drawing his good sword, sorely smote the dragon. Then taking from the maiden's neck a scarf delicately wrought, he bound it round the monster, and putting the scarf into the maiden's hand, he bade her lead the monster to the city-walls. There, in sight of all the wondering trembling people, he slew the fearful dragon. The king, when he learned that the name of Christ had wrought the wonder of his daughter's deliverance, was himself, with all his people, baptised in that name. The king, too, gave rich gifts to the warrior; but he, for his part, gave them all to the poor, and resisting all their entreaties, he went on his way, and was seen no more in that place.

Journeying onwards, he came at length to Palestine, where he saw, for the first time, the cruel edict which Diocletian had put forth against the Christians. A copy of the decree was posted on the doors of the church to which he repaired for worship, and when his eye rested on the decree, his soul was moved with holy rage, and drawing his sword, he struck and tore down the imperial edict. Immediately he was seized and dragged before the prefect, who commanded him to offer sacrifice to the gods of the emperor. But this he could not do, and he was sent to the torture. They put him first into a cask full of sharp swords, and rolled him about, thinking they would cut him to death, but he was unharmed. Then the prefect sent him to two cunning enchanters, who administered a deadly poison, which the warrior drank in the name of his Lord; and when they saw that no hurt followed the draught, the magicians themselves believed, and for their own safety they put to death the angry governor bade his soldiers put the Christian to death by the sword; and George, knowing that his time had come, meekly bowed his head to the stroke, and gave up his ghost.

This is the beautiful fable from which the sanctity of George's two-sided character is derived: now let us glean a little in the harvest-field of history. The only man to whom George was brother in parentage, and was bred to the pursuits of an honest trade. By dint of pleasing manners, and a certain energy of character, George succeeded in ingratiating himself with men of influence, by whose favour he was placed on the high road to fortune, as the selected contractor for bacon to the imperial army of the east. The temptations of this position had been felt long before his day, and most undoubtedly have continued in undiminished force up to the present hour. To enhance the profits of his contract, he bought up, and foisted upon the hapless soldiers, rustic bacon. He probably thought that the echo of these remembrances would not reach head-quarters; but he was mistaken. Not all the influence or wealth of himself and friends could save him from disgrace. He, too, like his shadow, in high places, and spent his money and leisure in a way that rather surprises us, considering his antecedents. He became a collector of books on a large scale, and has the singularly high honour of being amongst the first private individuals who invested their fortunes in libraries. This fascinating pursuit probably engaged him for some years; and it had this good effect upon his fortunes—that it served to wear away the unfavourable impression left by his dishonesty. But the crisis of his career was rapidly approaching. To understand this juncture of affairs, we must make a slight detour. It will be remembered that on the death of Constantine the Great, the empire was divided into two parts—Constantine holding the sovereignty of the west, and Constantius that of the east. The eastern emperor embraced the Arian tenets, while the western emperor professed the Athanasian dogmas. Athanasius was the patriarch of Alexandria, and, in point of fact, he was, in all but the name, an independent sovereign over a large district. His nominal superior was Constantius, who hated and persecuted him under the combined motives of religion and politics. So long as Constans lived, Athanasius knew that he had a firm friend, and at least a refuge against extreme measures on the part of his enemy on the Byzantine throne. But when Constans died, the brother was no longer deterred from hurling his full weight of vengeance against the praiseworthy bishop of Egypt; and once more he succeeded in driving Athanasius from Alexandria into the Libyan deserts. This local revolution was effected by, and in favour of, Cappadocian George, aided by one Sebastian. The accomplished book-collector—rather than the knavish bear-decor RECEIVED episcopal consecration at the hands of an Arian synod, and, undertaking the civil as well as the ecclesiastical sceptre of the Great Exile, he soon displayed his real character in acts of the most unbridled and cruel extortion. In this practice, he was unwisely indiscriminate. If he had suffered his religious prejudices to govern his actions, it would have been safer for himself; but he laid his heavy hand upon all without distinction. Glamour, loud and continuous, made itself heard even at the imperial court; but the heart of Constantius was sore with the memory of the many occasions on which the city of Alexandria had stubbornly resisted his royal will; and he not only turned a deaf ear to all complaints, but actually encouraged his minions by exalting his virtue and piety. All this was very hard to be borne, and the smothered hatred of the mighty city only waited for an opportunity to throw off its burden and signalise its vengeance. Constantius died, just in time to last the determent which he had richly deserved at the hands of Julian. Julian is called the Apostle; but he never was anything but a pagan from first to last; so that the epithet apostate must not be understood as implying merely a reactionary policy. As a pagan, then, it was not at all likely that he would enter into the controversies and quarrels of Christians, unless for political purposes. But it was not at all a dispute in doctrine which lay between George and his spiritual flock: it was simply a question of taxes. The people had been cowed by the conviction that the Emperor Constantius would support his subordinate from considerations of religious opinion. So that as soon as they heard that the philosophic Julian had ascended the throne, they threw aside all fear, relied upon the simple justice of their cause, and, weary with vexation, proceeded to administer Lynch-law upon the reckless tyrant of their city. They seized him, slew him, dragged his corpse through the streets on the back of a camel, and, finally, chopping it into pieces, threw it into the sea, lest by any chance his co-religionists should seek to further their own views at the expense of human justice, by exalting the tyrant to the dignity of a martyr, and his relics to the honours of adoration. They wished his name to be an omen for ever amongst men, if remembered at all. This is the true story of the only George known to history.

We next ask, how he came to be a martyr and saint, with so unusually splendid a halo round his brow? Shortly after his death, when his evil deeds had
apparently left no trace behind them, men of his own
professed faith began to think of those points in which
they agreed with him and began, too, to think that
the persecution they were experiencing had its type,
if not its actual commencement, in the horrid death
of their own bishop, George. They thought about it
until the idea acquired probability; and talked them-
selves into a belief that it was true. Nothing was
easier, in those days, than to pick up a few wild stray
flowers of legendary poetry, and to weave them into
a chaplet for some favoured hero. Early Attic history
consists almost entirely of the same sort of fable as
that which invests the name of St George; and if we
look for the correspondence of the dragon, we are at
least assisted in our search by a passage in the pro-
ably spurious 'Remains' of St George, which clearly
indicates Athanasius as the dragon—at any rate, the
dragon is no insuperable difficulty in a case where
polemies enter largely. When the Arians became
absorbed into the Latin Church, it was policy to
admit their saints along with them; George was
accordingly canonised. On the other hand, when the
entire calendar was revised by Pope Gelasius III., it
appeared advisable to deprive George of his place in
the calendar, and to assign him an honourable prom-
ience amongst 'those decent, doubtful men, whose
works are known about, rather than to men.' Further-
more—as the separation between the Latin and the Eastern
Churches became more and more decided—although
there was not a formal division of the calendar, it was
not unnatural that the following decree should have
something to do with the ultimate form of the
calendar as held by the respective churches: First, each
church would cherish a preference for the saints of its
own growth; and second, in proportion to the lack of
esteem evinced by the one church, would be the
erfervent adoration of the other church. Thus, the man
whom the Latin Church had degraded, was by the
Greek Church elevated to the highest rank. Hence it
has happened that St George is the chief of the oriental
saints, while he has no place in the western calendar,
although his name is familiarly used in the consecra-
tion of Roman Catholic churches (St George's Southwark,
for example). From this statement, it is easily under-
stood how all Russian patronage is vested in St George.
We have still to seek, as far as the connection of St
George with England; and this is the most probable
explanation: When the British Crusaders—especially
the Lion-hearted king—went forth to Palestine, they
were under the protection of saints generally, but
must have felt rather at a loss for a saint that they
could call peculiarly their own. Other nations had
their saintly badges and sacred banners; and spirit-
stirring invocations: why not England? In the
harbours of Greece and of the Archipelago, English
ears would catch the melody in which the mariner
chanted the praises of his martyred St George; and
when Richard came to learn the story of the beloved
saint, it was one to charm his fancy and to touch
his heart. Seeing, then, that no western nation had
recognised the glorious sainthood of George, he
adopted the legend and the name as the model and
type of his own intended exploits. His illustrious
prowess reflected fresh interest on the legend—gave it,
in fact, a new meaning. On his return to England, he
fulfilled the substance of many a vow breathed amid
the din of battle, by instituting the festival of St
George in the year 1222.

When Edward III. instituted his Order of the Garter,
he looked about, according to precedent, for a
patron saint; and surely none worthier to be the head
and fountain of England's decorative honour could
have been found than he who was supposed—and
believed in those days to have inspired the marvell-
ous achievements of the great Cœur de Lion. Thus
it has come to pass that St George for Merry England
is the response to the cry 'St George for Holy Rome'
and thus may legends find a home in the hearts of
characters of nations who do not believe one word
of them.

SPARE MONEY.

Owen would suppose, from the clamours of the
patriots in the House of Commons, that this was
a country in a state of desperate poverty and ema-
racement. Go in a deputation to the Treasury
and plead for a few thousand pounds to accomplish an
important public object; and, to judge by the reply
you get, it might appear as if the British commune
had not a spare penny beyond what was already
required to keep square with its creditors, and repay
a handful of troops and ships. Yet, strange to say,
we export a hundred and twenty millions of gold
annually now, against about fifty millions' worth
1841, and our ordinary national expenditure is
greatly beyond what it was forty years ago, while
our population is not much less than doubled.

Long Mr. Williams of Lambeth and Mr. Roebuck of
Stock-

and you would think it a great matter to save ten
pence at any time to the nation; and then, again,
dine with a merchant of London, or a manufacturer
of Manchester, or a farmer of the midland coun-
etry, or an eating, and drinking, beyond anything of
the kind that has ever been known in the world. A
mercer of the latter town is said to have spent forty
shillings on a suit of clothes, which would have
been a great deal for a countryman. One of
his leading men went, not long ago, into a jeweller's
shop with his wife, and spent in jewellery for her
adornment a sum exceeding eleven hundred pounds.
It is believed to be not uncommon for a Manchester
married lady to spend eight hundred a year in one
store. To give five hundred, seven hundred, or even
thousand for a single picture, while on the cost of
living artist, is no uncommon act of these mer-
chants. Parsimony seems to be a word only heard
of in the House of Commons.

Leaving the House itself to explain how its prin-
cipal feelings and transactions so often do not
represent any general sentiment or sense in the natio-

large—which, however, we take to this
very alarming thing for the House of Commons—
we would say something about the positive fact
that the great luxury here adverted to. We sympa-
thise with the rewards of industry, and of course
deplore all interferences with them. It is one thing to
assert the right of each individual, be he a fortune-
speculator, or only a clever artisan in the engrossing
of high wages, to spend his money as he pleases. It
is another to assert the right of the mass of men to
live and to spend as they please. When we see a man
largely, perhaps publicly, enriching, and employing his
wealth only in what may be called national
ministers to his own or his family's personal
pleasures—what occupies the appetites, the senses, or
vices—we feel, and we are entitled to feel, some-
what shocked. Now, scarcely any rich man is willing
to shut up against charities in this country.

But we subscribe to something, or disburse a little
money when they hear of a case of extraordinary distress.
But the question is, Do the rich, in general, make a
right division between their own indulgences and the
claims of humanity? Even in what they spend at
charity, it may be questioned, Do they, in general,
spend wisely, or otherwise?

Our belief is, that the fortunate classes in general
are better far, too much on the indulgence in appel-
caprice, and ostentation, compared with what
Christian humanity can approve of, and in doing
which act unwisely even for themselves.

We will not attempt to describe a mere feeling on
the subject by exhibiting the contrast between the home
of superfluous wealth and the home of want, prefer-

as that contrast must be in moving benevolent minds. We have said that moral obligation of the rich which was expressed in its extreme form in the injunction to the young man to sell off what he had and give it to the poor. We refrain for the present from remarks on the just and glorification of wealth which tempts so many men into frauds and deceptions, that they may appear not less grand than certain of their neighbours, and prompts to a general vying of wealth with another, in appearances which, after all, only promote mutual jealousy, and never procure any real or permanent honour. We put the whole matter on simply rational ground. Beyond, we say, a certain moderate satisfaction to the immediate wants, money loses power in a rapidly increasing ratio. In other words, after the simplest needs are supplied, it takes always more and more to procure us any pleasure, either for the senses or the taste. To illustrate what we mean, cream instead of milk to our tea—what may be purchased in favourable circumstances for a penny—will yield fully as much gratification as an additional wing to an already comfortable house. The first help to locomotion in the setting up of a one-horse carriage is more appreciated than afterwards will be the change to a thoroughbred steed. Often indeed happens that an extension in style, the setting up of a country-house in addition to one in town, the opening of intercourse with an aristocratic circle of society, is rather productive of discomfort than of true happiness. We have not, therefore, been surprised to hear various wealthy men declare that, after the first two thousand a year, they were sensible of little improvement in their position in this world. It might only have been added, that the serious needs of life may all be satisfied for much less than that sum, and long before so much has been attained, expenditure, in the generality of cases, takes the form of show instead of substance, and the spender feels that he is doing little to increase his own real enjoyments.

This is a rule, however, which does not apply when our abundance is employed in the gratification of the moral feelings. We may go on spending more and more of an overplus for the benefit of others, and find that in the luxury of doing good, as it has been well observed, much more to the heart and shorter to the purse, as to dull the pleasure, or demand more and more to give us a sensation. Here, then, is the wise way of bestowing unneeded wealth.

With money spending on costly luxuries, think they are doing good in the best possible way, by creating a gainful employment for the industrious classes. It is a most soothing unction to lay to their ears that the honest people are making themselves the first place should of itself raise a suspicion of the soundness of the idea. The truth is, that to employ people in the making of anything not actually required or truly to be enjoyed, is to misapply means, seeing that the people would be supported by these means to better purpose in being set to work which was to be reduced to actual gratification, and always tie more so if the gratification were that of a large instead of a small number, or if the resulting work were capable of being turned to some account in realizing further means for human gratification.

To apply superfluous wealth to really good purpose calls for the exercise of great judgment in the consideration of circumstances. Direct relief of suffering, succour of the virtuously poor, claim and deserve a part. Means for that intellectual and moral advancement of the community which promises to diminish suffering and anticipate disaster in future, merit another and considerate duty in the case is, that the fortunate part of the community—fortunate, it may be, in natural talent or self-denial—fortunate, perhaps, only in the course of circum-

THE WAR-TRAIL: A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XCVI—SPEECHES IN COUNCIL.

"Hietsans!" began the chief, for such in reality was the old Indian, "my children, and brothers in council! I appeal to you to stay judgment in this matter, I am your chief, but I claim no consideration for that; Wakono is my son, but for him I ask no favour; I demand only justice and right—such as would be given to the humblest in our tribe; I ask no more for my son Wakono. Wakono is a brave warrior: who among you does not know it? His shield is studded with many trophies taken from the hated pale-face; his leggings are fringed with scalps of the Utah and Cheyenne; at his heels drag the long locks of the Pawnee and Arapaho. Who will deny that Wakono—my son Wakono—is a brave warrior?"

A murmur of assent was the response to this paternal appeal.

"The Spanish wolf, too, is a warrior—a brave warrior; I deny it not. He is stout of heart and strong of arm; he has taken many scalps from the enemies of the Hietsans; I honour him for his achievements; who among us does not?

A general chorus of grunts and other ejaculations from both council and spectators responded to this interrogatory. The response, both in tone and manner, was strongly in the affirmative; and I could tell by this that the renegado was the favourite.

The old chief also perceived that such was the prevailing sentiment, and, despite his pretensions to fair-play, he was evidently settled at the reply. The father of Wakono was undoubtedly no Brutus.

After a momentary pause, he resumed speech, but in a tone entirely altered. He was now painting the reverse side of Hissoo-royo's position and as he threw in the darker touches, it was with evident pique and hostility.

"I honour the Spanish wolf," he continued; "I honour him for his strong arm and his stout heart; I have said so; but hear me, Hietsans—hear me, children and brothers! there are two of every kind—there is a day and a night—a winter and a summer—a green prairie and a desert plain, and like these is the tongue of Hissoo-royo. It speaks two ways that differ as the light from the darkness—it is double—it forks like the tongue of the rattle-serpent—it is not to be believed.

The chief paused speaking, and the Spanish wolf was permitted to make reply. He did not attempt to defend himself from the charge of the 'double tongue'; perhaps he knew that the accusation was just enough, and he had no reason to tremble for his popularity on that score. He must have been a great liar, indeed, to have excelled or even equalled the most ordinary story-teller in the Comanche nation; for the mendacity of these Indians would have been a match for Sparta herself.

The renegade did not even deny the aspersion; he seemed to be confident in his case; he simply replied:

"If the tongue of Hissoo-royo is double, let not the council rely upon his words; let witnesses be called; there are many who are ready to testify to the truth of what Hissoo-royo has spoken."
"First hear Wakono! Let Wakono be heard! Where is Wakono?"

These demands were made by various members of the council, who spoke almost simultaneously. Once more the crier's voice was heard calling "Wakono!"

"Brothers!" again spoke the chief; "it is for this I would stay your judgment. My son is not here; he went back upon the trail, and has not returned. I know not his purpose. My heart is in doubt—but not in fear. Wakono is a strong warrior, and can take care of himself. He will not be long absent; he must soon return. For this I ask you to delay the judgment."

A murmur of disapprobation followed this avowal. The allies of the Spanish wolf evidently mustered stronger than the friends of the young chief.

The renegade once more addressed the council.

"What trilling would this be, warriors of the Hietan? Two suns have gone down, and this question is not decided! I ask only justice. By our laws, the judgment cannot stand over. The captives must belong to some one. I claim them as mine, and I offer witnesses to prove my right. Wakono has no claim, else why is he not here to avow it. He has no proofs but his own word; he is ashamed to stand before you without proof—that is why he is now absent from the camp."

"Wakono is not absent," cried a voice from among the bystanders: "he is at the camp!"

This announcement produced a sensation, and I could perceive that the old chief partook equally with the others of the surprise thus created.

"Who says Wakono is in the camp?" inquired he in a loud voice.

An Indian stepped forth from the crowd of spectators. He recognized the man whom I had met crossing from the horse-guard. "Wakono is in the camp," repeated he, as he paused outside the circle. "I saw the young chief; I spoke with him."

"When?"

"Only now."

"Where?"

The man pointed to the scene of our accidental rencontre.

"He was going yonder," said he; "he went among the trees—I saw him no more."

This intelligence evidently increased the astonishment of all. The council now comprehended why Wakono should be upon the ground, and yet not come forward to assert his claim. Had he abandoned it altogether?

The father of the claimant appeared as much perplexed as any captain had made no attempt to explain the absence of his son: he could not; he stood silent, and evidently in a state of mystification.

Several now suggested that a search be made for the absent warrior. It was proposed to send messengers throughout the camp—to search the grove.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the proposal; my knees trembled beneath me. I knew that if the grove was to be searched, I should have no chance of remaining longer concealed. The dress of Wakono was conspicuous; I saw that there was none other like it: no other wore a robe of jaguar-skins, and this would betray me. Even the paint would not avail: I should be led into the firelight; the counterfeit would be detected. I should be butchered upon the spot—perhaps tortured for the treatment we had given the true Wakono, which would soon become known.

My apprehensions had reached the climax of anxiety, when they were suddenly relieved by some words from the Spanish wolf.

"Why search for Wakono?" cried he; "Wakono knows his own name; it has been called, and loud enough. Wakono has ears—surely he can hear for himself; if he be in the camp. Call him again, if you will!"

This proposition appeared reasonable. It was adopted, and the crier once more summoned the young chief by name.

The voice, as all perceived, could have been heard to the furthest bounds of the camp, and far beyond.

An interval was allowed, during which there must perfect silence, every one bending his ears to listen. There came no answer—no Wakono appeared to the summons.

"Now!" triumphantly exclaimed the renegade, "is it not as I have said? Warriors! I demand your judgment."

"There was no immediate reply. A long pause followed, during which no one spoke, either in the crowd or among the spectators.

At length the oldest of the council rose, held in calumet, and, after taking a whiff from the tube, handed it to the Indian seated on his left. This in like manner, passed it to the next, and he to the next, until the pipe had made the circuit of the fire, and was returned to the old warrior who had held it first and was smoked from it. The latter now laid aside the pipe and in a formal manner, but in a voice insinuating the wish of the spectators, proposed the question. The pipe was taken in rotation, and was also delivered unto me. The judgment only was pronounced aloud:

"The decision was singular, and somewhat meretricious. The jury had been moved by a strong leaning toward equity, and an amicable adjustment that might prove acceptable to all parties."

The horse was adjourned to Wakono—the name was declared the property of the Spanish wolf.

CHAPTER XCVII.

A ROUGH COURTESY.

The decision appeared to give satisfaction to all.

A grim smile upon his face testified that the renegade himself was pleased. How could he be otherwise? He had certainly the best of the suit, for what was a beautiful horse to a beautiful woman, and a woman?

Even the white-haired chief seemed satisfied. Perhaps, of the two, the old savage looked fitter for his horse? It might have been different had Wakono not been upon the ground. I was much mistaken if he would so tamely have acquiesced in the decision. Yes, the renegade was satisfied—more than that, he rejoiced. His bearing bespoke the consciousness of the possession of a rare and much-coveted thing. He was unable to conceal the gratification he felt; and, with an air of triumph and exultation, he approached the spot where I stood—posing the leading part in his presence.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, the Indians who had been seated rose to their feet. The council was dismissed. Some of the members strayed off of their own business; others remained by the great fire mixing among their comrades, no longer with the solemn gravity of councillors, but chatting, laughing, shouting, and gesticulating as glibly and gaily as if they had been so many French dancing-masters.

The trial and its objects appeared to be at once forgotten; neither plaintiff, defendant, nor case seemed any longer to occupy the thoughts of any one. The horse had been delivered to a friend of Wakono, to the maiden to Hisoo-royo—and the thing was settled and over.

Perhaps here and there, some young brave, with a pain in his heart, may have bent wistful glances upon the lovely captive. No doubt there were many who looked with envious thoughts upon Hisoo-royo and her fortunes. If so, their emotions were concealed, their glances furtive.

After the council was over, no one interfered or one seemingly took any interest either in the reprobate or his pale-faced squaw; they were left to themselves.

And to me. From that moment, my eyes were
thoughts rested only on them; I saw no one else; I thought of nothing else; I watched but the ‘wolf’ and his victim.

The old chief had retired into the tent. Isolina had been left alone. Had it been otherwise, I should have sprung forward. My fingers had moved mechanically towards my knife; but there was not time. In the next instant, Hiness-royo stood beside her.

He addressed her in Spanish; he did not desire the others to understand what was said. Speaking in this language, there would be less danger.

There was one who listened to every word. I listened—not a syllable escaped me.

‘Now!’ began he, in an exulting tone—‘Now, Doña Isolina de Vargas! you have heard? I know you understand the tongue in which the council has spoken—your native tongue. Ha, ha, ha!’

The brute was jeering her.

‘You are mine—soul and body, mine; you have heard?’

‘I have heard,’ was the reply, in a tone of resignation.

‘And surely you are satisfied; are you not? You speak freely of yourself—I have saved you from the embrace of a red Indian. Surely you are satisfied with the judgment?’

‘I am satisfied.’

This was uttered in the same tone of resignation.

The answer somewhat surprised me.

‘Tis a lie!’ rejoined the brutal monster; ‘you are playing false with me, sweet seforita. But yesterday you spoke words of scorn—you would scorn me still?’

‘I have no power to scorn you; I am your captive.’

‘Carrambo! you speak truth. You have no power either to scorn or refuse me. Ha, ha, ha! And as little do I care if you did; you may like me or not at your pleasure. Perhaps you will take to me in time, as much as I may wish it; but that will be for your consideration, sweet seforita! Meanwhile, you are mine—body and soul you are mine, and I mean to enjoy my prize after my own fashion.’

The coarse taunt caused my blood, already hot enough, to boil within my veins. I grasped the hilt of my knife, and like a tiger stood cowering on the spring. My intent was, first to cut down the ruffian, and then set free the limbs of the captive with the blood-stained blade.

The chances were still against me. A score of savages were yet around the fire. Even should he fall at the first blow, I could not hope to get clear.

But I could bear it no longer; and would have risked the chances at that moment, had not my foot been stayed by some words that followed.

‘Come!’ exclaimed the renegade, speaking to his victim, and making sign for her to follow him—‘Come, sweet seforita! This place is too public. I would talk with you elsewhere: I know where there are softer spots for that fair form to recline upon—pretty glades and arbours, choice retreats within the shadow of the grove. There, dearest, shall we retire. Vamos!’

Though hitherto the significance of this mock-poetic speech, I joyed at hearing it; it arrested my band and limb, both of which had been ready for action. It promised a better opportunity.

With an effort, therefore, I restrained myself, and remained where I was.

I listened for the reply of Isolina; I watched her as well; I noted her every movement.

I saw that she pointed to her limbs—to the thongings and the bands, and her face was bright.

‘How can I follow you?’ she inquired, in a calm voice, and in a tone of surprise. Surely that tone was fainned? Surely she meditated some design?

‘True,’ said the man, turning back, and drawing the knife from his belt. ‘Carrambo! I had not thought of that; but we shall soon’—

He did not finish the sentence; he stopped in the middle of it, and in an attitude that betokened hesitation. In this attitude he remained a while, gazing into the eyes of his victim; then, as it suddenly changing his mind, he struck the knife back into its sheath, and at the same time cried out:

‘By the Virgin! I shall not trust you. You are too free of limb, sweet seforita? you might try to give me the slip. This is a better plan. Come! raise yourself up—a little higher—so. Now we go—now for the grove. Vamos!’

While delivering the last words, the ruffian bent himself over the half-prostrate captive; and, placing his arm underneath, wound it around her waist. He then raised her upward until her bosom rested upon his—the bosom of my betrothed in juxtaposition with the painted breast of this worse than savage!

I saw it, and slew him not; I saw it, and kept cool—

I can scarcely tell why, for it is not a characteristic of my nature. My nerves, from being so much played upon during the preceding hours, had acquired the firmness of steel; perhaps this enabled me to endure the sight—this, combined with an almost certain prospect of an improved opportunity.

At all events, I kept cool, and remained in my place; though only for a moment longer.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CRISIS.

The renegade having raised the unresisting captive in his arms, proceeded to carry her from the spot. He scarcely carried her; her feet, naked and bound, were trailing upon the grass, both together.

He passed the lodge, and was going towards the copse, in an oblique direction. The savages who saw him only shouted and laughed.

I waited neither to see nor hear more. Still keeping within the timber, I glided along its edge; with quick but noiseless step I went, making for the same point towards which the ruffian ravisher was tending.

I arrived first, and, stooping under the shadow of the trees, waited, with knife in hand, firmly grasped and ready.

His burden had delayed him; he had stopped midway to rest, and was now standing scarcely ten paces from the edge of the grove, with the girl still in his arms, and apparently leaning against him.

There was a momentary wavering in my mind, as to whether I should not then rush forth, and strike the coup. The chance seemed as good as I might have.

I was about deciding in the affirmative, when I saw that Hiesoo-royo had again taken up his burden, and was moving towards me. He was making directly for the spot where I stood. The crisis was near!

It was even nearer than I thought. The man had scarcely made three steps from the point of rest, when I saw him stumble and fall to the earth, carrying the captive along with him!

The fall appeared accidental. I might have deemed it so, but for the wild shout with which it was accompanied. Something more than a mere stumble elicited that fearful cry!

There was a short struggle upon the ground—the bodies became separated. One was seen to spring suddenly back; I saw it was Isolina! There was something in her hand—both moonlight and firelight gleamed upon a crimsoned blade!

She who grasped it bent for an instant downward—its keen edge severed the thongs from her limbs, and the moment after, she was running in full flight across the level sand of the camp-ground.

Without reflection, I sprang out of the covert and
rushed after. I passed the renegade, who had half-
regained his feet, and appeared but slightly wounded.
Astonishment as much as aught else seemed to hold
him to the spot. He was shouting and swearing—
calling for help, and uttering threats of vengeance.
I could have slain him, and was half-inclined to the
act; but there was no time to stay. I only thought of
killing the fugitive, and aiding her in her flight.
The alarm was given—the camp was in commotion—
—fifty savages were starting upon the chase.
As we ran, my eyes fell upon a horse—a white horse.
It was the steed; a man was leading him by a lasso.
He was taking him from the fires towards the ground
occupied by the mustangs; he was going to picket him
on the grass.
Horse and man were directly in front of us, as we
ran—in front of the fugitive. She was making towards
them; I divined her intention.
In a few seconds she was up to the horse, and had
seized the rope. The Indian struggled, and tried to
take it away from her; the red blade gleamed in his
eyes, and he gave back.
He still clung to the rope, but in an instant it was
cut from his hands, and, quick as thought, the heroine
woman leaped upon the back of the steed, and was
seen galloping away.
The Indian was one of the horse-guards, and was
therefore armed with bow and quiver. Before the
horse had galloped beyond reach, he had bent his
bow, and sent an arrow from the string. I heard the
'sweep' of the shaft, and fancied I heard it strike;
but the steed kept on!
I had plucked up one of the long spears as I ran
across the camp. Before the Indian could adjust
another arrow to the string, I had pinned him to the
grass.
I drew back the spear, and, keeping the white horse
in view, ran on.
I was soon in the midst of the mustangs; many of
them had already stampeded, and were galloping to
and fro over the ground. The guards were dismayed,
but as yet knew not the cause of the alarm. The
steed with his rider passed safely through their line.
I was following on foot. Fifty savages were after
me; I could hear their shouts.
I could hear them cry 'Wakono,' but I was soon far
in advance of all. The horse-guards, as I passed them,
were shouting 'Wakono!'
As soon as I had cleared the horse-drove, I again
perceived the steed; but he was now some distance
off. To my joy, he was going in the right direction—
straight for the yuccas upon the hill. My men would
see and intercept him.
I ran along the stream with all speed. I reached
the broken bank, and, without stopping, rushed into
the gully for my horse.
What was my astonishment to find that he was
gone—my noble steed gone, and in his place the
spotted mustang of the Indian! I looked up and
down the channel; I looked along its banks—Moro
was not in sight.
I was puzzled, perplexed, furious. I knew no
explanation of the mystery—I could think of none.
Who could have done it? Who? My followers must
have done it? Rube must have done it? but why?
In my hot haste, I could find no reason for this
singular action.
I had no time to reflect—not a moment. I drew
the animal from the water, and leaping upon his back,
rode out of the channel.
As I regained the level of the plain, I saw mounted
men, a crowd of them coming from the camp. They
were the savages in pursuit; one was far ahead of
the rest, and before I could turn my horse to flee,
he was close up to me. In the moonlight I easily
recognized him—it was Hissoo-royo the renegade.
'Slave!' shouted he, speaking in the Comanche
tongue, and with furious emphasis, 'it is you I
have planned this. Squaw! coward! you should
be the white captive is mine—mine, Wakono! not
yours.'
He did not finish the sentence. I still carried his
Comanche spear; my six months' service in the
horse-regiment now showed itself; the mustang was
handsomely, and carried me full tilt upon my face.
In another instant the renegade and his horse
parted; the former lay levelled upon the ground
transfixed with the long spear, while the horse,
galloping riderless over the plain!
At this crisis I perceived the crowd coming up
close to the spot. There were twenty or more
seen that I should soon be surrounded.
A happy idea came opportunely to my mind. I
along had observed that I was mistaken for Wakono.
The Indians in the camp had cried 'Wakono!'
when the horse-guards shouted 'Wakono!' as I passed;
the pursuers were calling 'Wakono' as they rode
the renegade had fallen with the name upon his
lips: the spotted horse, the robe of jaguar-skin; the
plumed head-dress, the red band, the white crescent
proclaimed me Wakono!
I urged my horse forward, and raised up in fear
of the pursuers. I raised my arm, and shook a
menace they had previously seen; at the same instant
cried out in a loud voice:
'I am Wakono! Death to him who follows!'
I spoke in Comanche. I was not so sure of the
correctness of my words—either of the pronunciation
of the syntax—but I had the gratification to perceive
that I was understood. Perhaps my gestures helped.
Savages to comprehend me—the meaning of them
not to be mistaken.
From whatever cause, the pursuers made no further
advance; but one and all, drawing in their horses,
halted upon the spot.
I stayed not for further parley, but, wheeling
quickly round, galloped off as fast as the steed
could carry me.

CHAPTER C.
The Last Chase.

On facing toward the hill, I perceived the steed
not so distant. His white body, gleaming under the
clear moonlight, could have been easily distinguished
at a far greater distance. I had expected to see him
much further away; but, after all, the tinge of
menace delivered to the pursuing horsemen
had scarcely occupied a score of seconds, and he could
not in the time have gone out of sight.
He was still running between myself and the foot
of the hill—apparently keeping along the bank of
stream.
I put the Indian horse to his full speed. The tip
of my knife served for whip and spur. I was now
encumbered with the spear; it had been left in the
body of Hissoo-royo.
I kept my eyes fixed upon the steed, but was not
closing in to the timber that skirted the base of the
hill; he was nearing the bend where I had taken the
water, and would soon be hidden from my view
behind the bushes.
All at once I saw him swerve, and strike across
the left, across the open plain. To my surprise I
saw this, for I had conjectured that his rider was
aiming to reach the cover offered by the thicket.
Without waiting to think of an explanation, I turned
the mustang into the diagonal line, and galloped
forward.
I was in hope of getting nearer by the advance
route thus given me, but was ill satisfied with the
pace of the Indian horse, so unlike the long, loa-
stretch of my noble Moro. Where was he? Why was I not bestriding him?
The white steed soon shot clear of the hill, and was now running upon the plain that stretched beyond it.

I saw that I was not gaining upon him; on the contrary, he was every moment widening the distance between us. Where was Moro? Why had he been taken away?

At that instant I perceived a dark horseman making along the foot of the ridge, as if to intercept me; he was dashing furiously through the thickets that skirted the base of the declivity. I could hear the bushes rattling against the flanks of his horse; he was evidently making all the haste in his power, at the same time aiming to keep concealed from the view of any one upon the plain.

I recognised my horse, and upon his back the thin, lank form of the earless trapper!

We met the moment after, at the point where the thicket ended. Without a word passing between us, both simultaneously flung ourselves to the ground, exchanged horses, and remounted. Thank Heaven! Moro was at last between my knees!

Now, young felloo! cried the trapper, as I parted from him, 'Gallip like duration, an ketch up w' her! We'll soon be arter on yurr trail—all right ther. Away!' I needed no prompting from Rube; his speech was not finished before I had sprung my horse forward, and was going like the wind. It was only then that I could comprehend why the horses had been changed; a race it was—an afterthought of the cunning trappers! Had I mounted my own conspicuous steed by the camp, the Indians would in all probability have suspected something, and continued the pursuit; it was the spotted mustang that had enabled me to carry out the counterfeet!

I had now beneath me a horse I could depend upon; and with renewed vigour I bent myself to the chase. For the third time, the black and white stallions were to make trial of their speed—for the third time was it to be a struggle between these noble creatures. Would the struggle be hard, and long? Would Moro again be defeated? Such were my reflections as I swept onward in the pursuit.

I rode in silence; I scarcely drew breath, so keen were my apprehensions about the result.

A long start had the prairie-horse. My delay had thrown me far behind him—nearly a mile. But for the friendly light, I should have lost sight of him altogether; but the plain was open, the moon shining brightly, and the snow-white curl, like a meteor, before passed mewar! I had not galloped far, before perceiving that I rapidly gained upon the steed. Surely he was not running at his fleetest? Surely he was going more slowly than was his wont? Oh! could his rider but know who was coming after!—could she but hear me! I would have called, but the distance was still too great. She could not have heard even my shouts; how could she distinguish my voice?

I galloped on in silence. I was gaining—constantly and rapidly gaining. Surely I was drawing nearer? or were my eyes playing false under the light of the moon?

I fancied that the steed was running heavily—slowly and laboured as if he were labouring in the race. I fancied—no, it was no fancy—I was sure of it! Beyond a doubt, he was not going at his swiftest speed!

What could it mean? Was he broken by fatigue? Still nearer and nearer I came, until scarcely three hundred yards appeared between us. I fancied that my shouts might be heard, my voice—

I called aloud; I called the name of my betrothed, coupling it with my own; but no answer came back—no sign of recognition to cheer me.

The ground that now lay between us favoured a race-course speed; and I was about putting my horse to his full stretch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the steed stagger forward, and fall headlong to the earth!

It did not check my career, and in a few seconds more I was upon the spot, and halting over horse and rider, still prostrate.

I flung myself from the saddle, and drew nearer. Isolina had disengaged herself, and risen to her feet. With her right hand clasping the red knife, she stood confronting me.

'Savage! approach me not!' she cried in the Comanche tongue, and with a gesture that told her determination.

'Isolina! I am not—It is—'

'Henri!' No words interrupted that wild embrace; no sound could be heard save that made by our hearts, as they throbbed closely together. Silently I stood upon the plain with my betrothed in my arms. Moro was by our side, proudly cursing his neck and clashing the steel between his foaming lips. At our feet lay the prairie-horse with the bars in his vitals, and the feathered shaft protruding from his side. His eyes were fixed and glassy; blood still ran from his spread nostrils; but his beautiful limbs were motionless in death. Horsemen were seen approaching the spot. We did not attempt to flee from them: I recognised my followers.

We looked back over the plain; there was no sign of pursuit; but for all that, we did not tarry there. We knew not how soon the Indians might be after us; the friends of Bissoo-royo might start forth upon the trail of Wakono!

It was near daybreak when we halted to rest, and then only after the prairie had been fired behind us.

We found shelter in a pretty grove of scénes, and a grassy turf on which to repose. My wearied followers soon fell asleep. I slept not; I watched over the slumber of my betrothed. Her beautiful head rested upon my knees; her soft damask cheek was pillowed upon the robe of jaguar-skins, and my eyes were upon it. The thick tresses had fallen aside, and I saw—

The matador, too, had been merciful! or had gold bribed him from his cruel intent? No matter which! he had failed in his fiendish duty. There in full entirety were those delicate organs—perfect, complete. I saw but the trifling scar where the gold circlet had been rudely plucked—the source of that red hemorrhage that had been seen by Cypris!

I was too happy to sleep.

It was our last night upon the prairies. Before the setting of another sun, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and arrived in the camp of our army. Under the broad protecting wings of the American eagle, my betrothed could repose in safety until that blissful hour when—

Of the Comanches we never heard more. The story of one only was afterwards told—a fearful tale. Ill-fated Wakono! A horrid end was his. An oft-told tale by the prairie camp-fire is that of the skeleton of an Indian warrior found clasping the trunk of a tree! Wakono had horribly perished. We had no design of giving him to such a fate. Without thought we had acted; and though he may have deserved death, we had not designed for him that terrible retribution. Perhaps it was the only one who had any remorseful feeling; but the remembrance of that scalp-bedecked shield—the scenes in that Cyprian grove—those weeping captives, wedded to a woeful lot—these remembrances of these cruel realities evermore rose
The scientific, and mechanical, to a conversation in which, though the throng was great and the temperature uncomforable, was spirited by the deeds, and was perhaps as just as punishments usually are.

Poetical justice demands the death of Ijurr, and by the hand of Holingsworth. Truth enables me to satisfy the demand.

On my return to the camp, I learned that the act was already consummated—the brother's blood had been avenged.

It was a tragic tale, and would take many chapters in the telling. I may not give them here. Let a few particulars suffice.

From that dread night, Holingsworth had found a willing hand to aid him in his purpose of retribution—one who yearned for vengeance keenly as himself. Wheatley was the man.

The two, with a chosen party, had thrown themselves on the trail of the guerrillas, and with Pedro as their guide, had followed it far within the hostile lines. Like sleuth-hounds had they followed it night and day, until they succeeded in tracking the guerrilleros to their lair.

It was a desperate conflict—hand to hand and knife to knife—but the rangers at length triumphed; most of the guerrilleros were slain, and the band nearly annihilated.

Ijurr fell by Holingsworth's own hand; while the death of the red ruffian El Zorro, by the bowie knife of the Tintin lieutenant, was an appropriate punishment for the cruelty inflicted upon Conchita. The revenge of both was complete, though both still bore the sorrow within their hearts.

The expedition of the two lieutenants was productive of other fruits. In the head-quarters of the guerrillas they found many prisoners, Yankees and Ayankiados—among others, that rare diplomatist Don Ramon de Vargas. Of course the old gentleman was released from captivity, and had arrived at the American camp, just in time to welcome his fair daughter and future son-in-law from their grand anteloumal tour upon the prairies.

THE END OF THE WAR-TRAIL.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

June, as usual, has brought the beginning of a holiday alike to school-boys and philosophers—the learned societies have wound up their sessions, and the graybeards, leaving science to take care of herself for a while indoors, are cogitating over the best way of making recreation enjoyable. Some will go dredging; some botanising; some insect-hunting; some on geological explorations; some to visit savans abroad; and not a few have matter in hand for the British Association, which is to meet in Dublin on the 26th of August.

Promising circumstances attended the winding-up. Dr Tyndall gave a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, 'On Sound and some Associated Phenomena.' Professor Huxley enlightened an audience at the same place concerning neural phenomena, and told them it was an error to believe that nervous action and electric action are, as some suppose, identical. Sir H. Rawlinson discoursed also at the same place, and before the Geographical Society, on Persia and the Persians; and Mr. F. L. (who lectured 'On the Brymnic Action of the Heart' to the Royal Society, gave a summary of what is known on the subject, and drew broad philosophical conclusions therefrom, as became one who reads among the ablest physicists. The president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Robert Stephenson, invited some 800 or 900 of the learned,
applied to repair lead, zinc, or iron gutters; for though it is not a cement, it is, in its own line, a better one than ordinary Portland cement, and adheres most tenaciously to metals and other substances, and does not allow water to pass through it. Vessels of any kind may be similarly patched or repaired, as are innumerable after wards; and wet metallic surfaces may be joined as well as dry ones, if they are warm. And further, to quote again from the paper, the cement 'adheres with the greatest tenacity to wood, stones, glass, porcelain, ivory, leather, parchment, paper, hair, feathers, silk, woolen, cotton, linen fabrics, &c. It is well adapted for glazing windows, and as a cement for aquariums. As far as my experience has yet extended,' adds Professor Davy, 'the cement does not appear to affect water, and will apparently be found applicable for coating metal tanks; to secure the joints of stone-tanks; to make a glue for joining wood, which will not be affected by damp; to prevent the depredation of insects on wood. The heavy oak beams and rafters in the roof of the Royal Dublin Society are attacked to a considerable extent: insects have eaten their way in many places. The cement is soluble in volatile oils, an application of a solution of the cement in turpentine or naphtha might be beneficial, and arrest the ravages of the insects. It may also be applied to preserve surfaces of metal and wood exposed to the atmosphere, and to fresh water, also to potted flowers, &c., from the corroding agencies of sea-water. We doubt not that due advantage will be taken of Professor Davy's experiments and suggestions. The Linnean Society, who are now comfortably lodged by side of the Royal Society in Burlington House, held their anniversary meeting very happily in their new quarters. In the last published part of their Proceedings, there is some interesting information concerning certain trees of Western Africa which produce the gum used in the making of copal varnish; and on the Timbuctoo palm, seedlings of which are eaten either raw or roasted by the negroes, the tree itself being feigned to procure its sugar. In India, the natives accomplish the same object by merely winding the spadix, and collecting the sap as it flows; and on this point Dr Swemann remarks: 'The wanton destruction of the trees by the one party, and the careful husbanding of them by the other, is the reason why Africa and America have never furnished, and as long as the process of destruction is continued, will never furnish any palmugar—a product of which Asia sends to Europe alone several thousand tons annually.'—Another fellow of the Linnean Society, Dr John K. Hooker, in his paper on the 'Use of the Rhizoma of Ptteria aquilina as an Article of Food,' in which, after explaining that the root of this species of fern abounds in starch and mucilage, and is used as food in Northern Europe, Siberia, Normandy, and New Zealand, he says: 'Having lately had occasion to examine the rhizoma of our common bracken, it became a matter of interest to ascertain what sort of food might be afforded by it. I accordingly roasted some of the rhizomata, and found them edible, but extremely disagreeable from their slimy consistence and peculiar flavour. In both of which respects they precisely resemble ill-ripened brinjals. It struck me, however, that they might afford a better food if the slimy matter could be removed. I accordingly washed and peeled, avoiding, however, the two columns of hard coloured tissue with which they are threaded, and then placed the pulp thus obtained in water. After a short time it became extremely slimy, and of a yellow brown. This was carefully decanted, and the pulp washed again with water, which was now quite colourless. This was also decanted, and the pulp, when sufficiently dry, was kneaded into a cake, and baked upon the hearth. The result was a coarse but palatable food, perfectly free from any disagreeable flavour—much better, indeed, to my taste, and probably not less nutritious than cassava-bread.' Whether nurture and cultivation would effect any such change on the roots of the wild parsnip, we do not know, but it might be worth while to try a course of experiments.

The food-question is so pre-eminent interesting, that we may be pardoned for devoting to it another paragraph or two. In the Journal of the Canadian Institute, Mr Paul Kane of Toronto, gives an account of his travels among the Chinook Indians, who inhabit a portion of the north-west coast of America and of Vancouver's Island—a region to which many an eager eye is now cast in anticipation of the expiry of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. Mr Kane states: 'The only vegetables in use among the Chinooks are the Camas and Wappato. The Camas is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potato when cooked, and is very good eating. The Wappato is somewhat similar, but larger, and not so dry or delicate in its flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, and in the spring of the year present a beautiful and beautiful appearance, the whole surface displaying an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultramarine blue from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed. The hole is then closed by another layer of grass and of earth, perforated by a small orifice, through which water is poured, and immediately closed; and the water on reaching the hot stones is converted into steam, which in a short time completely cooks the roots.'

We have heard that a new way of making bread has been successfully tried at the great biscuit-factory at Carlisle. According to a statement in the Times, the process 'consists in compressing the air in the vessel in which the flour is contained before admitting the water charged with gas (carbonic acid), so as to prevent the escape of the gas before the process of mixing or kneading is completed. It is said that the bread can thus be made with perfect precision of any degree of lightness, and that, owing to the avoidance of the waste consequent upon the chemical changes which take place during the course of fermentation, an economy of 10 per cent. will be effected.'

The Earl of Duley has communicated a suggestive paper to the Scottish Arboreal Societ, 'On the Effects of Geological Position on the Certain Conifer,' from which planters of fir-trees, especially of foreign kinds, may take a hint. As a general rule, he remarks, the trees thrive best in proportion to the depth of surface-soil on which they stand; strikingly shewn by the Deodar and Pius insignis. The former is described as 'the most accommodating of all the Conifere. No position and no variety of soil appear to come amiss to it; on lime or sandstone, rock or clay, it grows with equal facility.' The Abies Douiass also grows as vigorously on the cold and sterile shales of the carboniferous limestone, as on the deep and warm soil of the Old Red Sandstone. On the other hand, the earl notifies: 'The most fastidious of the Conifere which I have had an opportunity of observing, is undoubtedly Cryptomeria japones. On the limestone, its leading shoot is always defective, and its growth generally devoted to the formation of a nest-like mass of small shoots; while on the Old Red, a formation water. After, upright, and graceful, and so rapid, that I have no hesitation in affirming that in this locality it would outgrow the larch.' The earl's experiments have been made at Tostworth Park, Gloucestershire: as yet, they are
too few to furnish positive data; and we would suggest that planters in other parts of the kingdom might render good service to arboriculture by further experiments and observations, and making them publicly known.

The attention of mariners, particularly of those navigating the Baltic, has been called to the published charts, many of which are defective in giving the true variation of the compass needle. The variation, or departure to the west of the true north, as is generally known, reached its maximum, 24 degrees, in 1836; and since then it has been going back towards the east at the rate of from 6 to 7 minutes a year. Consequently, unless proper allowance be made for the effect of this change, navigation becomes doubly hazardous; and now, that the Sound dues are abolished, there will probably be a greater number of ships than ever trading to the Baltic.

The navigation returns for 1856, recently published, afford a few items which we think remarkably instructive. The number of British vessels entered coastwise in England, during the year, was 93,238—an aggregate of 7,253,608 tons; and 262 foreign vessels, 45,901 tons. In the same year, 106,896 British vessels, 8,170,971 tons, and 83 foreigners, 14,602 tons, cleared outwards. Of steamers, 18,143 British, 3,045,619 tons, and 19 foreign, 4025 tons, entered inwards; and 12,964 British, 2,938,239 tons, and 29 foreign, 5539 tons, cleared outwards. The trade of the United Kingdom employs 26,029 British ships, 6,890,715 tons; and 29,744 foreign, 4,480,859 tons. And to these we add a fact worth record: it is now ordered that all transportships shall be fitted with Clifford's apparatus for lowering boats. Every trial, whether with ships at anchor or under full sail, but serves to prove the excellence and utility of this contrivance.

Astronomy is likely to be further cultivated in the southern hemisphere, for we hear that an observatory is to be erected on a rocky hill overlooking Sydney harbour, in a situation where the time-ball can be seen by all vessels at the anchorage. And before long, we shall have to report that an electric telegraph has been set up from Sydney to Melbourne. The colony is making progress. According to the census returns of 1856, the population of New South Wales was 265,000, numbering 147,000 males, and 119,000 females; of whom 80,000 are inhabitants of Sydney.

Liverpool and Manchester have held a meeting to consider the question of increasing the supply of cotton. —A successful attempt has been made to light a railway train with gas, adopted from the United States. Each train carries a gasometer, and the apparatus is so contrived that the gas can be turned off from any one carriage at pleasure.—Satisfactory experiments have been made at Woolwich to test Abbé Pauvert's method of making steel from old refuse and scraps of iron, equal to that produced from the best Swedish iron. It employs certain 'chemical ingredients and electric agency,' and causes no waste, for a ton of iron yields a ton of steel.

THE PATH THROUGH THE SNOW

Bare and sunshine, bright and bleak,
Rounded cold as a dead maid's cheek,
Folded white as a sinner's shroud—
Or wandering angel's robe of cloud—
I know, I know,
Over the moor the path through the snow.

Narrow and rough it lies between
Wastes where the wind sweeps, biting keen,
And not a step of the slippery road
But marks where some weary foot has trod;
Who'll go, who'll go,
After the rest in the path through the mist?

They who would tread it must walk alone,
Silent and steadfast, one by one;
Dearest to dearest can only say:
'My heart! I follow thee all the way'
As we go, as we go,
Each after each in the path through the snow.

It may be under that glittering haze
Larks the promise of golden days,
That each sentinel tree is quivering
Deep at its core with the blood of spring,
And as we go, as we go,
Green blades are piercing the frozen snow.

It may be the unknown path will tend
Never to any earthly end,
Die with the dying day obscure,
And never lead to a human door,
That none know who did go
Patiently once, on this path through the snow.

No matter—no matter! The path shines plain,
The pure snow-crystals will deaden pain;—
Above, like stars in the deep blue dark,
Guiding spirits will stand and mark;
Let us go, let us go,
Whiter Heaven leads in the path through the snow.

NOTICE.

A NEW TALE,
ENTITLED
KIRKE WEBBE, OR THE PRIVATEER
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'REMINISCENCES OF A RAILWAY
'RECOLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER,' &c.

Will be commenced on Saturday, 1st August, and continued Weekly until completed.

The present number of the Journal completes the seventh Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SEVENTH VOLUME.

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