Pet. 2533 C. 1417
1867
Pet. 2583 C. 1417
1867
THE BOY'S FRIEND
A MONTHLY JOURNAL.

Vol. III.] JANUARY. [4d.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO. Cuts - - - - - - - - 1
THE SAXON'S OATH, A TALE OF THE TIME OF ROBIN HOOD. Cuts 14
MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. MORTIMER. Full length Portrait 23
BOY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY—A BULL FIGHT - - - - - - - - - - 24
LIFE OF JOHN CARPENTER, FOUNDER OF CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL. Portrait - - - - - - - - - - 32
HARRY WAKEFIELD'S LAST LARK OF THE OLD YEAR - - - - 39
"BOYS I HAVE KNOWN"—
The Right Hon. G. J. Göschen, M.P. for London - - - - - - 44
Professor Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton - - - - - - - - - - - - - 45
Purkiss, drowned in the Cam. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 46
Ernest Hart - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 49
An Irish Mode of Robbing the Post Office - - - - - - - - - - - 51
Christmas Amusements for our Boys - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 53
Poetry - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 56
A Two Guinea Prize Enigma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 57
A Prize Translation - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 58
Speech-Day at Merchant Taylors' School - - - - - - - - - - - - 59
Pharaoh's Serpents, and How to Make Them - - - - - - - - - 61
A Novel Postman - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 61
Correspondence - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 62

LONDON:
HOULSTON AND WRIGHT,
65, PATERNOSTER ROW.
NOW READY, with Seventy Illustrations,

OUR CHILDREN’S PETS.

BY JOSEPHINE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON WEIR AND OTHERS.

Cloth, price 5s. Gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

With 75 Illustrations.

Our Dumb Companions; or, Stories about Dogs, Horses, Cats, and Donkeys. By the Rev. T. Jackson, M.A. Cloth, 5s.; gilt, 7s. 6d. Eleventh Thousand.

With 8 Illustrations.

Three Opportunities; or, the Story of Henry Forrester. Engravings printed on Toned Paper, cloth, 2s. 6d.

With 8 Illustrations.

The Brewer’s Family; or, the Experiences of Charles Crawford. By Mrs. Ellis. Engravings printed on Toned Paper. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

With 4 Illustrations.

Story of Two Apprentices. Tenth Thousand. By Rev. J. T. Barr. 6d.

With 10 Illustrations.

Willy Heath and the House Rent. By William Lease, D.D. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

With 8 Illustrations.

Family Walking-sticks; or, Prose Portraits of my Relations. By George Mogridge ("Old Humphrey"); with a Preface by his Widow. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

With 6 Illustrations.

The Children’s Party: or, a Day at Upland. Being Stories in Prose and Verse. By Cousin Helen. Cloth, 1s.

With many Illustrations.

A Mother’s Lessons on Kindness to Animals. First and Second Series. 2 vols., cl., 2s. each.

With 12 Illustrations.

Club Night; a Village Record. Edited by C. L. Balfour. Illustrated, 1s.

With 10 Illustrations.

Ronald’s Reason; or, the Little Cripple. A Book for Boys. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 1s. One of “The Children’s Friend” Series.

With 13 Illustrations.

The Little Woodman, and his Dog Caesar. By Mrs. Sherwood. Parlour Edition, printed on Toned Paper, cloth, price 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

With 8 Illustrations.


Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By the Author of "Philip Markham." Fifteenth Thousand. 6d.

With 4 Illustrations.

The Haunted House; or, Dark Passages in the Life of Dora Langley. By Eliza S. Oldham, Cloth, 1s.

With 4 Illustrations.

Philip Markham’s Two Lessons. By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey." 6d.

LONDON; S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9, Paternoster Row.
THE BOY'S FRIEND.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND OF ANAHUAC.

Away over the dark, wild waves of the rolling Atlantic—away beyond the
summits of the western Ind—lies a lovely land. Its surface aspect
carries the hue of the emerald; its sky is sapphire; its sun is a globe of gold.
It is the land of Anahuac.

The tourist turns his face to the Orient—the poet sings the gone glories of
Greece—the painter elaborates the hackneyed pictures of Appenine and Alp—the
novelist turns the skulking thief of Italy into a picturesque bandit, or, Don
Quixote-like, betaking himself into the misty middle age, entertains the
romantic miss and milliner's apprentice with stories of raven steeds, of plumed
impossible heroes. All—painter, poet, tourist, and novelist—in search of
the bright and beautiful, the poetic and the picturesque—turn their backs
upon this lovely land.

Shall we? No! Westward, like the Genoese, we boldly venture—over the
dark wild waves of the rolling Atlantic; through among the sunny islands of
Ind—westward to the land of Anahuac. Let us debark upon its shores; let us
peruse the secret depths of its forests; let us climb its mighty mountains, and
reverse its table-plains.

Go with us, tourist! Fear not. You shall look upon scenes grand and
loomy, bright and beautiful. Poet! you shall find themes for poesy worthy
to loveliest strains. Painter! for you there are pictures fresh from the hand
of God. Writer! there are stories still untold by the author-artist—legends
of love and hate, of gratitude and revenge, of falsehood and devotion, of noble
virtue and ignoble crime—legends redolent of romance, rich in reality.

Thither we steer over the dark wild waves of the rolling Atlantic; through
the summer islands of the Western Ind; onward, onward to the shores of
Anahuac!

Varied is the aspect of that picture land, abounding in scenes that change
like the tints of the opal. Varied is the surface which these pictures adorn.
Valleys that open deep into the earth; mountains that lead the eye far up into
heaven; plains that stretch to the horizon's verge, until the rim of the blue
canopy seems to rest upon their limitless level; "rolling" landscapes, whose
softly-turned ridges remind one of the wavy billows of the ocean.

VOL. III.
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

Alas! word-painting can give but a faint idea of these scenes. The pen can but feebly portray the grand and sublime effect produced upon the mind of him who gazes down into the deep valleys, or glances upward to the mighty mountains of Mexico.

Though feeble be the effort, I shall attempt a series of sketches from memory. They are the panoramic views that present themselves during a single "jornada."

I stand upon the shores of the Mexican Gulf. The waves lift gently up to my feet upon a beach of silvery sand. The water is pure and translucent, of azure blue, here and there crested with the pearled froth of coral breakers. I look to the eastward, and behold a summer sea that seems to invite navigation. But where are the messengers of commerce with their white wings? The solitary skiff of the savage "pescador" is making its way through the surf; a lone "polacca" beats up the coast with its half-smuggler crew; a "piragua" swings at anchor in a neighboring cove: this is all! Far as the eye or glass can reach, no other sail is in sight. The beautiful sea before me is ahost unfurrowed by the keels of commerce.

From this I draw ideas of the land and its inhabitants—unfavorable ideas of their moral and material condition. No commerce—no industry—no prosperity. Stay! What see I yonder? Perhaps I have been wronging them. A dark, tower-like object looms up against the horizon. It is the smoke of a steamboat—sign of advanced civilization—emblem of active life. She nears the shore. Ha! a foreign flag—the flag of another land trails over her taffrail; foreign faces appear above her bulwarks, as foreign words issue from the lips of her commander. She is not of the land! My first conjecture was right.

She makes for the principal port. She lands a small parcel of letters and papers, a few bales of merchandise, half a dozen slightly-formed cadaverous men; and then, putting about, a gun is fired, and she is off again. She soon disappears away upon the wide ocean; and the waves once more roll silently in—the glistening surface broken only by the flapping of the albatross, or the plunge of the cormorant.

I direct my eyes northward. I behold a belt of white sand skirting the blue water. I turn towards the south, and in this direction perceive a similar belt. It extends beyond the reach of vision hundreds of miles beyond—forming, like a ribbon of silver, the selavage of the Mexican Sea. It separates the turquoise blue of the water from the emerald green of the forest, contrasting with each by its dazzling whiteness. Its surface is far from being level, as is usual with the ocean-strand. On the contrary its millions of sparkling atoms, rendered light by the burning sun of the tropic, have been lifted on the wings of the wind, and thrown into hills and ridges hundreds of feet in height, and trending in every direction like the wreaths of a great snow-drift. I advance with difficulty over these naked ridges, where no vegetation finds nourishment in the inorganic heap. I drag myself wearily along, sinking deeply at every step. I climb sand-hills of strange and fantastic shapes, cones, and domes, and roof-like ridges, where the sportive wind seems to have played with the plastic mass as children with potter's clay. I encounter huge basins, like the craters of volcanoes, formed by the circling whirl; deep chasms and valleys, whose sides are walls of sand, steep, often vertical, and not unfrequently impeding with comb like escarpments.

All these features may be changed in a single night by the magical breath of the "norther." The hill to-day may become the valley to-morrow, and the elevated ridge have given place to the sunken chasm.

Upon the summits of these sand-heights I am fanned by the cool breeze from the Gulf. I descend into the sheltered gorges, and am burned by a
tropic sun, whose beams, reflected from a thousand crystals, torture my eyes and brain. In these parts the traveller is often the victim of the coeur-de-soleil.

Yonder comes the “norte!” Along the northern horizon the sky suddenly changes from light blue to a dark lead colour. Sometimes rumbling thunder, with arrowy lightning, portends the change; but if neither seen nor heard, it is soon felt. The hot atmosphere, that but a moment before encased me in its glowing embrace is suddenly pierced by a chill breeze, that causes my skin to creep and my frame to shiver. In its icy breath there is fever—there is death, for it carries on its wing the dreaded “vomito.” The breeze becomes a strong wind—a tempest. The sand is lifted upwards, and floats through the air in dun clouds, here settling down and there rising up again. I dare not face it, any more than I would the blast of the simoon. I should be blinded if I did, or blistered by the “scud” of the angular atoms. The “norther” continues for hours, sometimes for days. It departs as suddenly as it came, carrying its baneful influence to lands farther south.

It is passed, and the sand-hills have assumed a different shape. The ridges trend differently. Some have disappeared, and valleys have opened where they stood! Such are the shores of Anahuac—the shores of the Mexican Sea. Without commerce—almost harbourless—a waste of sand; but a waste of striking appearance and picturesque beauty.

To horse and inwards! Adieu to the bright blue waters of the Gulf!

We have crossed the sand-ridges of the coast, and are riding through the shadowy aisles of the forest.

It is a tropical forest. The outlines of the leaves, their breadth, their glowing colours, all reveal this. The eye roams with delight over a frondage that parrakeets equally of the gold and the green. It revels along waxy leaves, as those of the magnolia, the plantain, and the banana. It is led upward by the rounded trunks of the palms, that like columns appear to support the leafy canopy above. It penetrates the network of vines, or follows the diagonal direction of gigantic lianas, that creep like monster serpents from tree to tree. It gazes with pleased wonder upon the huge bamboo-briers and tree-ferns. Wherever it turns, flowers open their corollas to meet its delighted glance—tropical tree-flowers, blossoms of the scarlet vine, and trumpet-shaped tubules of the bignonia.

I turn my eyes to every side, and gaze upon a flora to me strange and interesting. I behold the tall stems of the palma real rising one hundred feet without leaf or branch, and supporting a parachute of feathery fronds that wave to the slightest impulse of the breeze. Beside it I see its constant companion, the Indian cane a small palm-tree, whose slender trunk and low stature contrast oddly with the colossal proportions of its lordly protector. I behold the “corozo,”—of the same genus with the palma real—its light feathery frondage streaming outwards and bending downwards, as if to protect from the hot sun the globe-shaped nuts that hang in grape-like clusters beneath. I see the “abanico,” with its enormous fan-shaped leaves; the wax-palm distilling its resinous gum; and the acozonia with its thorny trunk and enormous racemes of golden fruits. By the side of the stream I guide my horse among the columnar stems of the noble coqui which has been enthusiastically but appropriately termed the “bread of life” (pan de vida).

I gaze with wonder upon the ferns, those strange creatures of the vegetable world, that upon the hill sides of my own far island-home scarce reach the knee in height. Here they are arborescent—tree-ferns—rivaling their cousins the palms in stature, and like them, with their tall straight stems and lobed leaves, contributing to the picturesqueness of the landscape. I admire the beautiful mammy with its great oval fruit and saffron pulp. I ride under the spreading...
limbs of the mahogany-tree, marking its oval pinnate leaves, and the egg-like seed capsules that hang from its branches; thinking as well of the brilliant surfaces that lie concealed within its dark and knotty trunk. Onward I ride, through glistening foliage and glowing flowers, that, under the beams of a tropic sun, present the varying hues of the rainbow.

There is no wind—scarcely a breath stirring; yet here and there the leaves are in motion. The wings of bright birds flash before the eye, passing from tree to tree. The gaudy tanagers, that cannot be tamed—the noisy lories, the resplendent trogons, the toucans with their huge clumsy bills, and the tiny bee-birds (the *trochili* and *colibri*)—all glance through the sunny vistas.

The carpenter-bird—the great woodpecker—hangs against the decayed trunk of some dead tree, beating the hollow bark, and now and then sounding his clarion note, which is heard to the distance of a mile. Out of the underwood springs the crested curassow; or, basking in the sun-lit glades, with outspread wings gleaming with metallic lustre, may be seen the beautiful turkey of Honduras.

The graceful roe (*cervis Mexicanus*) bounds forward, startled by the tread of the advancing horse. The caiman crawls lazily along the bank, or hides his hideous body under the water of a sluggish stream; and the not less hideous form of the iguana, recognized by its serrated crest, is seen crawling up the tree-trunk or lying along the slope of a liana. The green lizard scuttles along the path; the basilisk looks with glistening eyes from the dark interstices of some corrugated vine—the biting geckotin glides among the dry leaves in pursuit of its insect prey—and the chameleon advances sluggishly along the branches, while it assumes their colour to deceive its victims.

Serpent forms present themselves. Now and then the huge boa and the macaurel twining the trees. The great tiger-snake is seen with his head raised half a yard from the surface; the cascabel, too, coiled like a cable; and the coral-snake with his red and ringed body stretched at full length along the ground. The two last, though inferior in size to the boa, are more to be dreaded; and my horse springs back when he sees the one glistening through the grass, or hears the "skir-r-r-r" of the other threatening to strike.

Quadrupeds and quadrumanous appear. The red monkey (*mono colorado*) runs at the traveller's approach, and flings himself from limb to limb, hides among the vines and *Tillandsia* on the high tree-tops; and the tiny ocellot, with its pretty, childlike countenance, peers innocently through the leaves; while the ferocious zambo fills the woods with its hideous, half-human voice.

The jaguar is not far distant, "lairèd" in the secret depths of the impene-trable jungle. His activity is nocturnal, and his beautiful body may not be seen except by the silver light of the moon. Roused by accident, or pressed by the dogs of the hunter, he may cross my path. So, too, may the ocelot and the lynx; or as I ride silently on I may chance to view the long, tawny form of the Mexican lion, crouched upon a horizontal limb, and watching for the timid stag that must pass beneath. I turn prudently aside and leave him to his hungry vigil.

Night brings a change. The beautiful birds—the parrots, the toucans, and the trogons—all go to rest at an early hour, and other winged creatures take possession of the air. Some need not fear the darkness, for their very life is light. Such are the "cockuyos" whose brilliant lamps of green, and gold, and flame, gleam through the aisles of the forest, until the air seems on fire. Such, too, are the "gusantos," the female of which—a wingless insect, like a glow-worm—lies along the leaf, while her mate whirs gaily around, shedding his most captivating gleams as he woos her upon the wing. But though light is the life of these beautiful creatures, it is often the cause of their death. It guides their enemies—the night-hawk and the "whippoor-will," the bat and the owl. Of these last, the hideous vampire may be
seen flapping his broad dark wings in quick, irregular turnings, and the
great “lechuza” (strix Mexicana) issuing from his dark tree-cave, utters his
fearful notes, that resemble the moanings of one who is being hanged. Now
may be heard the scream of the cougar, and the hoarser voice of the Mexican
tiger. Now may be heard the wild, disagreeable cries of the howling
monkeys (alouatta), and the barking of the dog-wolf; and, blending with
these, the croaking of the tree-loads and the shrill tinkling of the bell-frog.
Perhaps the air is no longer, as in the day-time, filled with sweet perfumes.
The aroma of a thousand flowers has yielded to the fetid odour of the skunk
(mephitis chinga)—for that singular creature is abroad; and, having quarrelled
with some one of the forest denizens, has caused all of them to feel the power
of its resentment.

Such are some of the features of the tropical forest that lies between the
Gulf and the Mexican mountains. But the aspect of this region is not all
wild. There are cultivated districts—settlements, though far apart.

The forest opens, and the scene suddenly changes. Before me is a plant-
tation—the hacienda of a “rico.” There are wide fields tilled by peon serfs,
who labour and sing; but their song is sad. Its music is melancholy. It
is the voice of a conquered race.

Yet the scene around them is gay and joyful. All but the people appears to
prosper. Vegetation luxuriates in its fullest growth. Both fruit and flower
exhibit the hues of a perfect development. Man alone seems stunted in his
outlines.

There is a beautiful stream meandering through the open fields. Its waters
are clear and cool. They are the melted snows of Orizava. Upon its banks
grow clumps of the cocoa-palm and the majestic plantain. There are gardens
upon its banks and orchards filled with fruit trees of the tropics. I see the
orange with its golden globes, the sweet lime, the shaddock, and the guava-
tree. I ride under the shade of the aguacate (laurus Persico), and pluck the
luscious fruits of the cherimolla. The breeze blowing over the fields carries
on its wings the aroma of the coffee-tree, the indigo plant, the vanilla bean,
or the wholesome cacao (theobroma cacao); and, far as the eye can reach, I see
glancing gaily in the sun the green spears and golden tassels of the sugar-cane.

Interesting is the aspect of the tropical forest. Not less so is that of the
tropical field.

I ride onward and inward into the land. I am gradually ascending from
the sea-level. I no longer travel upon horizontal paths, but over hills and
steep ridges, across deep valleys and ravines. The hoof of my horse no
longer sinks in light sand or dark alluvial. It rings upon rocks of amygdal-
oid and porphyry. The soil is changed; the scenery has undergone a
change, and even the atmosphere that surrounds me. The last is perceptibly
cooler, but not yet cold. I am still in the “piedmont” lands—the tierras
calientes. The templadas are yet far higher. I am only a thousand yards or
so above sea-level. I am in the “foot-hills” of the Northern Andes.

How sudden is this change! It is less than an hour since I parted from
the plains below, and yet the surface-aspect around me is like that of another
land! I halt in a wild spot, and survey it with eyes that wander and wonder.
The leaf is less broad, the foliage less dense, the jungle more open. There
are ridges whose sides are nearly naked of tree-timber. The palms have dis-
appeared, but in their place grow kindred forms that in many respects
resemble them. They are, in fact, the palms of the mountains. I behold the
great palmetto (chamaeops), with its fan-like fronds standing out upon long
petioles from its lofty summit; the yuccas, with their bayonet-shaped leaves,
ungraceful, but picturesque, with ponderous clusters of green and pulpy
capsules. I behold the pita aloe, with its tall flower stalk and thorny sun-
scorched leaves. I behold strange forms of the cactus, with their glorious
wax-like blossoms; the cochineal, the tuna, the opuntias—the great tree-cactus "Foconozle" (opuntia arborescens), and the tall pitalahya (cereus giganteus), with columnar shafts and straight upright arms, like the branches of gigantic candelabra; the echino-cacti, too—those huge mammals of the vegetable world, resting their globular or egg-shaped forms, without trunk or stalk, upon the surface of the earth.

There, too, I behold gigantic thistles (cardonales) and mimosa, both shrubby and arborescent—the tree-mimosa, and the sensitive plant (mimosa frutescens), that shrinks at my approach, and closes its delicate leaflets until I have passed out of sight. This is the favourite land of the acacia; and immense tracts, covered with its various species, form impenetrable thickets (chapparals). I distinguish in these thickets the honey-locust, with its long purple legumes, the "algarobo" (carob-tree), and the thorny "mezquites," and, rising over all the rest, I descry the tall, slender stems of the "Fouquiera splendens," with panicles of tube-shaped crimson flowers.

There is less of animal life here; but even these wild ridges have their denizens. The cochineal insect crawls upon the cactus leaf, and huge winged ants build their clay nests upon the branches of the acacia-tree. The ant-bear squats upon the ground, and projects his gluttonous tongue over the beaten highway, where the busy insects rob the mimosa of its aromatic leaves. The armadillo, with his bands and rhomboidal scales, takes refuge in the dry recesses of the rocks, or, clawing himself up, rolls over the cliff to escape his pursuer. Herds of cattle, half wild, roam through the grassy glades, or over the tufted ridges, lowing for water; and black vultures (zo-pilotes) sail through the cloudless heavens, waiting for some scene of death to be enacted in the thickets below.

Here, too, I pass through scenes of cultivation. Here is the hut of the peon and the rancho of the small proprietor; but they are structures of a more substantial kind than in the region of the palm. They are of stone. Here, too, is the hacienda, with its low white walls and prison-like windows; and the pueblita, with its church and cross, and gaily-painted steeple. Here the Indian corn takes the place of the sugar-cane, and I ride through the wide fields of the broad-leafed tobacco-plant. Here grow the jalap and the guaiacum, the sweet-scented sassafras and the sanitary copalba.

I ride onward, climbing steep ridges and descending into chasms (barrancas), that yawn deeply and gloomily. Many of these are thousands of feet in depth; and the road that enables me to reach their bottoms is often no more than a narrow ledge of the impending cliff, running terrace-like over a foaming torrent.

Still onward and upward I go, until the "foot hills" are passed, and I enter a defile of the mountains themselves—a pass of the Mexican Andes.

I ride through, under the shadow of dark forests and rocks of blue porphyry. I emerge upon the other side of the sierra. A new scene opens before my eyes—a scene of such soft loveliness, that I suddenly rein up my horse, and gaze upon it with mingled feelings of admiration and astonishment. I am looking on one of the "valles" of Mexico, those great table-plains that lie within the Cordilleras of the Andes, thousands of feet above ocean level, and, along with these mountains, stretching from the tropic almost to the shores of the Arctic Sea.

The plain before me is level, as though its surface were liquid. I see mountains bounding it on all sides; but there are passes through them that lead into other plains (valles). These mountains have no foot hills. They stand up directly from the plain itself, sometimes with sloping conical sides—sometimes with precipitous cliffs.

I ride into the plain and survey its features. There is no resemblance to the land I have left—the tierra caliente. I am now in the tierra templada.
New objects present themselves—a new aspect is before, a new atmosphere around me. The air is colder, but it is only the temperature of spring. To me it feels chilly, coming so lately from the hot lands below; and I fold my cloak closely around me, and ride on.

The view is open, for the valle is almost treeless. The scene is no longer wild. The earth has a cultivated aspect—a aspect of civilization; for these high plateaux—the tierras templadas—are the seat of Mexican civilization. Here are the towns—the great cities, with their rich cathedrals and convents—here dwells the bulk of the population. Here the rancho is built of unburnt bricks (adobés)—a mud cabin, often enclosed by hedges of the columnar cactus. Here are whole villages of such huts, inhabited by the dark-skinned descendants of the ancient Aztecs.

Fertile fields are around me. I behold the maguary of culture (agave americana), in all its giant proportions. The lance-like blades of the sea maize wave with a rich rustling in the breeze, for here that beautiful plant grows in its greatest luxuriance. Immense plains are covered with wheat, with capsicum, and the Spanish bean (frijoles). My eyes are gladdened by the sight of roses climbing along the wall or twining the portal. Here, too, the potato (solanum tuberosum) flourishes in its native soile; the pear and the pomegranate, the quince and the apple, are seen in the orchard; and the cereals of the temperate zone grow side by side with the cucurbitaceae of the tropics.

I pass from one valle into another, by crossing a low ridge of the dividing mountains. Mark the change! A surface of green is before me, reaching on all sides to the mountain foot; and upon this roam countless herds, tended by mounted ‘vaqueros.’

I pass another ridge, and another valle stretches before me. Again a change! A desert of sand, over the surface of which move tall dun columns of swirling dust, like the gigantic phantoms of some spirit-world. I look into another valle, and behold shining waters—lakes like inland seas—with sedgy shores, and surrounded by green savannas and vast swamps, covered with reeds and ‘tules’ (bulrush).

Still another plain, black with lava, and the scarred of extinct volcanoes—black, treeless, and herbless—with not an atom of organic matter upon its desolate surface.

Such are the features of the plateau land—varied, and vast, and full of wild interest.

I leave it and climb higher— nearer to the sky—up the steep sides of the Cordilleras—up to the ‘tierra fria.’

I stand ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. I am under the deep shadows of a forest. Huge trunks grow around me, hindering a distant view. Where am I? Not in the tropic, surely, for these trees are of a northern ‘sylva.’ I recognize the gnarled limbs and lobed leaves of the oak, the silvery branches of the mountain-ash, the cones and needles of the pine. The wind, as it swirls among the dead leaves, makes me to shiver; and high up among the twigs there is the music of winter in its moaning. Yet I am in the torrid zone; and the same sun that now glances coldly through the boughs of the oak, but a few hours before scorched me as it glistened from the fronds of the palm tree.

The forest opens, and I behold hills under culture—fields of hemp and flax, and the hardy cereals of the frigid zone. The rancho of the ‘hombre’ is a log cabin, with shingled roof and long projecting eaves, unlike the dwellings either of the great valleys or the tierras calientes. I pass the smoking pits of the ‘carbonero,’ and I meet the ‘arriero’ with his ‘atajo’ of mules heavily laden with ice of the glaciers. They are passing with their cargoes, to cool the winecups in the great cities of the plain. . . .
Upward and upward! The oak is left behind, and the pine grows stunted and dwarfish. The wind blows colder and colder. The wintry aspect is around me.

Upward still. The pine disappears. No vegetable form is seen save the mosses and lichens that cling to the rocks, as within the arctic circle. I am on the selvage of the snow—the eternal snow. I walk upon glaciers, and through their translucent mass I behold the lichens growing beneath.

The scene is bleak and desolate, and I am chilled to the marrow of my bones. *Excelsior! excelsior!* The highest point is not yet reached. Through drifts of snow and over fields of ice, up steep ledges, along the slippery escarpment that overhangs the giddy abyss, with wearied knees, and panting breath, and frozen fingers, onward and upward I go. Ha! I have won the goal! I am on the summit!

I stand on the "cumbre" of Orizava—the mountain of the "burning star"—more than three miles above the ocean level. My face is turned to the east, and I look downward. The snow—the cincture of lichens and naked rocks—the dark belt of pines—the lighter foliage of the oaks—the fields of barley—the waving maize—the thickets of yucca and acacia-trees—the palm forest—the shore—the sea itself, with its azure waves—all these at a single vision! From the summit of Orizava to the shores of the Mexican sea, I glance through every gradation of the thermal line. I am looking, as it were, from the pole to the equator!

I am alone. My brain is giddy. My pulse vibrates irregularly, and my heart beats with an audible distinctness. I am oppressed with a sense of my own nothingness—an atom, almost invisible, upon the breast of the mighty earth.

I gaze and listen. I see, but I hear not. Here is sight, but no sound. Around me reigns an awful stillness—the sublime silence of the Omnipotent, who alone is here.

Hark! the silence is broken! Was it the rumbling of thunder? No. It was the crash of the falling avalanche. I tremble at its voice. It is the voice of the Invisible—the whisper of a God!

I tremble and worship.

Reader! could you thus stand upon the summit of Orizava, and look down to the shores of the Mexican Gulf, you would have before you, as on a map, the scene of our "adventures."

---

CHAPTER II.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE CREOLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the "fall" of 1846, I found myself in the city of New Orleans, filling up one of those pauses that occur between the chapters of an eventful life—doing nothing. I have said an eventful life. In the retrospect of ten years, I could not remember as many weeks spent in one place. I had traversed the continent from north to south, and crossed it from sea to sea. My foot had pressed the summit of the Andes, and climbed the Cordilleras of the Sierra Madre. I had steamed it down the Mississippi, and sculled it up the Orinoco. I had hunted buffaloes with the Pawnees of the Platte, and ostriches upon the pampas of the Plata; to-day shivering in the hut of the Esquimaux—a month after taking my siesta in an airy couch under the gossamer fromage of the corozo palm. I had eaten raw meat with the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, and roast monkey among the Mosquito Indians; and much more, which might
weary the reader, and ought to have made the writer a wiser man. But, I fear, the spirit of adventure—its thirst—is within me slakeless. I had just returned from a “scurry” among the Comanches of Western Texas, and the idea of “settling down” was as far from my mind as ever.

“What next? what next?” thought I. “Ha! the war with Mexico.”

The war between the United States and that country had now fairly commenced. My sword—a fine Toledo, taken from a Spanish officer at San Jacinto—hung over the mantel, rusting ingloriously. Near it were my pistols—a pair of Colt’s revolvers—pointing at each other in sullen muteness. A warlike ardour seized upon me; and clutching, not the sword, but my pen, I wrote to the War Department for a commission; and, summoning all my patience, awaited the answer.

But I waited in vain. Every bulletin from Washington exhibited its list of new-made officers, but my name appeared not among them. In New Orleans—that most patriotic of republican cities—epaulettes gleamed upon every shoulder, while I, with the anguish of a Tantalus, was compelled to look idly and enviously on. Despatches came in daily from the seat of war, filled with newly-glorious names; and steamers from the same quarter brought fresh batches of heroes—some legless, some armless, and others with a bullet-hole through the cheek, and perhaps the loss of a dozen teeth or so; but all thickly covered with laurels.

November come, but no commission. Impatience and 

ennui

had fairly mastered me. The time hung heavily upon my hands.

“How can I best pass the hour? I shall go to the French opera, and hear
Calvé.”

Such were my reflections as I sat one evening in my solitary chamber. In obedience to this impulse I repaired to the theatre; but the bellicose strains of the opera, instead of soothing, only heightened my warlike enthusiasm, and I walked homeward, abusing, as I went, the president, and the secretary-at-war, and the whole government—legislative, judicial, and executive. “Republics are ungrateful,” soliloquised I, in a spiteful mood. “I have ‘surely put in strong enough’ for it; my political connections—besides, the government owes me a favour.”

“Cl’ar out, ye niggers! D—n yer! what de yer want?”

This was a voice that reached me as I passed through the dark corner of the Faubourg Tremé. Then followed some exclamations in French; a scuffle ensued, a pistol went off, and I heard the same voice calling out—

“Four till one! Injuns! Murder! Help, hyr!”

I ran up. It was very dark; but the glimmer of a distant lamp enabled me to perceive a man out in the middle of the street, defending himself against four others. He was a man of giant size, and flourished a bright weapon, which I took to be a bowie-knife, while his assailant struck at him on all sides with sticks and stilettos. A small boy ran back and forth upon the banquette, calling for help.

Supposing it to be some street quarrel, I endeavoured to separate the parties by remonstrance. I rushed between them, holding out my cane; but a sharp cut across the knuckles, which I had received from one of the small men, together with his evident intention to follow it up, robbed me of all zest for pacific mediation; and, keeping my eye upon the one who had cut me, I drew a pistol (I could not otherwise defend myself), and fired. The man fell dead in his tracks, without a groan. His comrades, hearing me re-cock, took to their heels, and disappeared up a neighbouring alley.

The whole scene did not occupy the time you have spent in reading this relation of it. One minute I was plodding quietly homeward, the next I stood in the middle of the street; beside me a stranger of gigantic proportions, at my feet a black mass of dead humanity, half doubled up in the mud as it had
fallen; on the banquette, the slight shivering form of a boy, while above and around were silence and darkness.

I was beginning to fancy the whole thing a dream, when the voice of the man at my side dispelled this illusion.

"Mister," said he, placing his arms a-kimbo, and facing me, "if ye'll tell me your name, I ain't a-gwine to forget it. No, Bob Linkin ain't that sorter."

"What! Bob Lincoln? Bob Lincoln of the Peaks?" In the voice I had recognized a celebrated mountain trapper, and an old acquaintance, whom I had not met for several years.

"Why, Lord save us from Injuns! it ain't you, Cap'n Haller? May I be dog-goned if it ain't! Whoosey!—whoop! I knowed it warn't no storekeeper fired that shot. Haroo! whar are yur, Jack?"

"Here I am!" answered the boy from the pavement.

"Kum hyur, then. Ye ain't badley skeet, air yur."

"No," firmly responded the boy, crossing over.

"I tak him from a scoundrelly Crow, that I overhauled on a fork of the Yellerstone. He gin me a long pedigree; that is, afore I kilt the shunk. He made out as how his people hed tuk the boy from the Kimanches, who hed brought him from somewhar down the Grande. I knowed it wur all bamboose. The boy's white, American white. Who ever seed a yeller-hided Mexikin with them eyes an' ha'r? Jack! this hyur's Cap'n Haller. If yur kin i'er save his life by givin' yur own, yur must do it—do ye hear?"

"I will," said the boy, resolutely.

"Come, Lincoln," I interposed, "these conditions are not necessary. You remember I was in your debt."

"Ain't worth mentionin', Cap; let bygones be bygones!"

"But what brought you to New Orleans? or, more particularly, how came you into this scrape?"

"Wal, Cap'n, bein' as the last question is the most partickler, I'll gin yur the answer to it fast. I hed jest twelve dollars in my pouch, an' I tuk a idee inter my head that I mout as well double it. So I stepped into a shanty whar they wur a-playin' craps. After bettin' a good spel, I won somewhar about a hundred dollars. Not likin' the sign I seed about, I tuk Jack and put out. Wal, jest as I was kummin' roun' this hyur corner, four fellers—them ye seed—run out and jumphed me, like so many catamounts. I tuk them for the same chaps I hed seed parleyvoozin' at the craps-table; an' thot they wur only jokin', till on one of them gin me a rockdolger over the head, an' fired a pistol. I then drew'd my bowie, an' the skrimmage begun; an' that's all I know about it, Cap'n, more'n yerself."

"Let's see if it's all up with this'n," continued the hunter, stooping. "I'deed, yes," he drawld cut; "dead as a buck. Thunder! ye've gin it him atween the eyes, plum! He is one of the fellers, es my name's Bob Linkin. I kud swar to them mowstaches among a million."

At this moment a patrol of night gendarmes came up; and Lincoln, and Jack, and myself were carried off to the calaboose, where we spent the remainder of the night. In the morning we were brought before the recorder; but I had taken the precaution to send for some friends, who introduced me to his worship in a proper manner. As my story corroborated Lincoln's, and his mine, and "Jack's" substantially both; and as the comrades of the dead Creole did not appear, and he himself was identified by the police as a notorious robber, the recorder dismissed the case, as one of "justifiable homicide in self-defence;" and the hunter and I were permitted to go our way without further interruption.
CHAPTER III.

A VOLUNTEER RENDEZVOUS.

"Now, Cap," said Lincoln, as we seated ourselves at the table of a café, "I'll answer t'other question yur put last night. I wur up on the head of Arkansaw, an' hearin' they war raisin' volunteers down hyur, I kum down ter jine. It ain't often I trouble the settlements, but I've a mighty punchin', as the Frenchmen says, to hev a crack at them yeller-bellies. I hain't forgot a mean trick they served me two yeer ago, up thar by Santer Fè."

"And so you have joined the volunteers?"

"That's sartin. But why ain't you a-gwine to Mexico? That 'ere's a wonder to me, cap, why you ain't. Thur's a mighty grist o'venturin', I heern; beats Injun fightin' all holler, an' yur jest the beaver I'd'vent to find in that ar dam. Why don't you go?"

"So I purposed long since, and wrote on to Washington for a commission; but the government seems to have forgotten me."

"Dod rot the government! git a commission for yursef."

"How?" I asked.

"Jine us, an' be infected—that's how.

This had crossed my mind before; but, believing myself a stranger among these volunteers, I had given up the idea. Once joined, he who failed in being elected an officer was fated to shoulder a firulock. It was neck or nothing then. Lincoln set things in a new light. They were strangers to each other, he affirmed, and my chances of being elected would therefore be as good as any man's.

"I'll tell you what it is," said he, "yur kin kum with me ter the rendez-vous, an' see for yursef; but if ye'll only jine, an' lickar freely, I'll lay a pack o' beaver agin the skin of a mink that they'll infect ye captain of the company."

"Even a lieutenancy," I interposed.

"Ne'er a bit of it, Cap. Go the big figger. Tain't more nor yur entitled to. I kin git yur a good host among som' hunters that's thur; but thar's a buffalo drove o' them parleyvoos, an' a fellar among 'em, one of these hyur Creeholes, that's been a-shovin' off an' fencin' with a pair of skewers from mornin' till night. I'd be dog-gone glad to see the starch taken out o' that fellar."

I took my resolution. In half-an-hour after I was standing in a large hall or armory. It was the rendezvous of the volunteers, nearly all of whom were present; and perhaps a more variegated assemblage was never grouped together. Every nationality seemed to have its representative; and for a variety of language the company might have rivalled the masons of Babel.

Near the head of the room was a table, upon which lay a large parchment, covered with signatures. I added mine to the list. In the act I had staked my liberty. It was an oath.

"These are my rivals—the candidates for office," thought I, looking at a group who stood near the table. They were men of better appearances than the άτομοι. Some of them already affected a half-undress uniform, and most wore forage-caps with glazed covers, and army buttons over the ears.

"Ha! Clayley!" said I, recognizing an old acquaintance. This was a young cotton-planter—a free, dashing spirit—who had sacrificed a fortune at the shrine of Momus and Bacchus.

"Why, Haller, old fellow! glad to see you. How have you been? Think of going with us?"

"Yes, I have signed. Who is that man?"

"He's a Creole; his name is Dubros."

It was a face purely Norman, and one that would halt the wandering eye in any collection. Of oval outline, framed by a profusion of black hair, wavy and perfumed. A round black eye, spanned by brows arching and glossy. Whiskers that belonged rather to the chin, leaving bare the broad jawbone, expressive of firmness and resolve. Firm thin lips, handsomely moustached; when parted, displaying teeth well set and of dazzling whiteness. A face that might be called beautiful; and yet its beauty was of that negative order which we admire in the serpent and the pard. The smile was cynical; the eye cold, yet bright; but the brightness was altogether animal—more the light of instinct than intellect. A face that presented in its expression a strange admixture of the lovely and the hideous—physically fair morally dark—beautiful, yet brutal!

From some indefinable cause, I at once conceived for this man a strange feeling of dislike. It was he of whom Lincoln had spoken, and who was likely to be my rival for the captaincy. Was it this that rendered him repulsive? No. There was a cause beyond. In him I recognized one of those abandoned natures who shrink from all honest labour, and live upon the sacrificial fondness of some weak being who has been enslaved by their personal attractions. There are many such. I have met them in the jardins of Paris; in the casinos of London; in the cafés of Havanna, and the “quadroon” balls of New Orleans—everywhere in the crowded haunts of the world. I have met them with an instinct of loathing—an instinct of antagonism.

“The fellow is likely to be our captain,” whispered Clayley, noticing that I observed the man with more than ordinary attention. “By-the-way,” continued he, “I don’t half like it. I believe he’s an infernal scoundrel.”

“Such are my impressions. But if that be his character, how can he be elected?”

“Oh! no one here knows another; and this fellow is a splendid swordsman, like all the Creoles, you know. He has used the trick to advantage, and has created an impression. By-the-bye, now I recollect, you are no slouch at that yourself. What are you up for?”

“Captain,” I replied.

“Good! then we must go the ‘whole hog’ in your favour. I have put in for the first lieutenancy, so we won’t run foul of each other. Let us ‘hitch teams.’”

“With all my heart,” said I.

“You came you in with that long-bearded hunter. Is he your friend?”

“He is.”

“Then I can tell you that among these fellows he’s a ‘whole team, and a cross dog under the waggon’ to boot. See him! he’s at it already.”

I had noticed Lincoln in conversation with several leather-legging gentry like himself, whom I knew from their costume and appearance to be backwoodsmen. All at once these saturnine characters commenced moving about the room, and entering into conversation with men whom they had not hitherto deemed to notice.

“They are canvassing,” said Clayley.

Lincoln, brushing past, whispered in my ear, “Cap’n, I understand these hyur critters better ‘n you kin. Yer must mix among ’em—mix and licker—that’s the idea.”

“Good advice,” said Clayley; “but if you could only take the shine out of that fellow at fencing, the thing’s done at once. By Jove! I think you might do it. Hallo!”

“I have made up my mind to try, at all events.”

“Not until the last day—a few hours before the election.”

“You are right. It will be better to wait—I shall take your advice. In the mean time let us follow that of Lincoln—'mix and licker.”
“Ha! ha!” laughed Clayley, “let us. Come, boys!” he added, turning to a very thirsty-looking group; “let’s all take a ‘smile.’ Here, Captain Haller! allow me to introduce you!” and the next moment I was introduced to a crowd of very seedy-looking gentlemen, and the moment after we were clinking glasses, and chatting as familiarly as if we had been friends of forty years’ standing.

During the next three days the enrolment continued, and the canvass was kept up with energy. The election was to take place on the evening of the fourth.

Meanwhile my dislike for my rival had been strengthened by closer observation; and, as is general in such cases, the feeling was reciprocal.

On the afternoon of the day in question we stood before each other, foil in hand, both of us nerved with an intense, though as yet unspoken enmity. This had been observed by most of the spectators, who approached, and formed a circle around us—all of them highly interested in the result, which, they knew, would be an index to the election.

The room was an armoury, and all kinds of weapons for military practice were kept in it. Each had helped himself to his foil. One of the weapons was without a button, and sharp enough to be dangerous in the hands of an angry man. I noticed that my antagonist had chosen this one.

“Your foil is not in order; it has lost the button, has it not?” I observed.

“Oh! Monsieur, pardon. I did not observe that.”

“A strange oversight!” muttered Clayley, with a significant glance.

The Frenchman returned the imperfect foil, and took another.

“Have you a choice, Monsieur?” I inquired.

“No, thank you; I am satisfied.”

By this time every person in the rendezvous had come up, and waited with breathless anxiety. We stood face to face, more like two men about to engage in a deadly duel than a pair of amateurs with blunt foils. My antagonist was evidently a practised swordsman; I could see that as he came to guard. As for myself, the small sword exercise had been a foible of my college days, and for years I had not met my match at it; but just then I was out of practice.

We commenced unsteadily. Both were excited by unusual emotions, and our first thrusts were neither skilfully aimed nor parried. We fenced with the energy of anger, and the sparks crackled from the friction of the grazing steel. For several minutes it was a doubtful contest; but I grew cooler every instant, while a slight advantage I had gained irritated my adversary. At length, by a lucky hit, I succeeded in planting the button of my foil upon his cheek. A cheer greeted this, and I could hear the voice of Lincoln shouting out,

“Wal done, Cap’n! Whooray for the mountain-men!”

This added to the exasperation of the Frenchman, causing him to strike wilder than before; and I found no difficulty in repeating my former thrust. It was now a sure hit; and, after a few passes, I thrust my adversary for the third time, drawing blood. The cheer rang out louder than before. The Frenchman could no longer conceal his mortification; and, grasping his foil in both hands, he snapped it over his knee with an oath. Then, muttering some words about “better weapons” and “another opportunity,” he strode off among the spectators.

Two hours after the combat I was his captain. Clayley was elected first lieutenant; and in a week from that time the company was “mustered” into the service of the United States government, and armed and equipped as an independent corps of “Rifle Rangers.” On the 20th of January, 1847, a nobleship was bearing us over the blue water towards the shores of a hostile land.

(To be continued.)
THE SAXON'S OATH:

A TALE OF THE TIME OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG HUNTER."

CHAPTER I.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

The shades of evening were falling upon the great Shire-wood of Nottingham. The golden sun had dipped behind the glorious old trees, the majestic oak and stately elm, the graceful acacia, the tall beech, the willow, the dark pines, and the larch, and tinted their green vestures with a rich brown hue. All, save the melodious hum and twittering of the birds overhead, and the gentle sighing of the wind through the foliage, was still.

The grand old forest of the Shirewood, or Sherwood, in the days of the Saxon monarchy, was a right regal domain, worthy of England and her stalwart sons, whose hearts and arms were stout and strong as their native oaks.

Then came William of Normandy, with his blackguard horde of Norman ruffians, and overran the fair land, and laid it desolate. Under his iron rule, and that of his descendants—when might was right, and every man's hand against his brother; when murder, and debauchery, and oppression, held high revel; when the slaying a deer was of more consequence than the murder of a score of Saxon churls; when fierce and blood-thirsty forest-laws were enacted with savage penalties of life and limb to all who should dare lift finger against the king's game—then indeed was the Shire-wood changed. Grand and beautiful it was as of old. The great orb of day poured down its warm light upon the varying verdure now as then; but still Sherwood Forest was not the same.

The home of numerous bands of outlaws, who, driven without the pale of what was called "the law" by oppression and wrong, had sought its shelter, and there, forming themselves into organized bodies of robbers, after the example of their conquerors, they levied toll, by the right of the strong arm, upon all who entered their domain.

To such an extent had this state of things arrived that, at the time of which we write, during the regency of John Plantagener, it was safe for no man to attempt to thread the intricate roads which led through the forest in all directions, without a trusty guide and a strong body of armed men at his back.

At the foot of one of the giant oaks, around which the dark wild ivy
climbed, and the bright spring flowers clustered, were seated two men, who—fair hair, oval faces, and blue eyes, betrayed the good Saxon blood in their veins.

They were both magnificent specimens of their race, tall and broad-shouldered, with giant limbs that even Hercules himself might have envied. The elder of the two was habited in a suit of chain mail of singular workmanship, which, where not hidden by the folds of a long heavy mantle, exhibited to perfection his noble proportions. His age would have been difficult for an observer to have guessed, for long exposure in a burning clime had tanned his face to a sombre tawny hue, and the deep wrinkles and hues were those rather of care than of age; and these, with the stern determined mouth, half concealed by the fair moustache and short curling beard, gave to his features an almost forbidding aspect, which the large bold blue eyes almost failed to soften.

Close at his side, and unsheathed, lay an enormous double-handed sword, with a broad fluted blade, alone some six feet in length; a fearful looking weapon, and one against which, in the hands of its giant master, it was easy to believe that neither shield nor mail could stand; and this, with the exception of a short dagger in his knightly girdle, was his only weapon.

His companion, in every way, presented a contrast. He was evidently many years younger, and, although of singular height, yet he was not—so far as could be judged from their reclining postures—so tall as the knight by a hand’s breadth. His features, though by no means handsome, were yet very pleasing, and revealed a countenance radiant with health, frankness, and good nature.

He was dressed in a doublet of the then well-known Lincoln green; his sturdy legs were encased in long buckskin hose, called chausses, and reaching to the waist, while on his feet were a pair of heavy Saxon unhegesacio, a kind of stout buckskin shoe, fitting tight round the foot, and reaching up behind so as to cover the ankle, but open on the instep, where it was secured by a leather thong passing across it; a leather baldric crossed his broad shoulders, and suspended a sheaf of long grey-goose shafts, while at his belt hung a small horn and a stout broad-bladed hunting knife. Against the tree leaned his long yew bow, and an enormous eight-foot crab-tree quarterstaff.

Thus equipped, there could be no second opinion as to his calling, for his dress was neither that of Franklin nor yeoman, while the famous colour of his “bonnet,” and doublet at once proclaimed him to be a free forester, and consequently an outlaw.

“Friend,” said the knight at length, breaking a silence of some minutes, during which each had been busy with his own thoughts, “the night comes on apace, and yet your master comes not; art sure he has been well-informed of my presence?”

“As sure as man can be, my good lord; for young ‘Will of the brook,’ the fleetest foot in all Sherwood, with half a score good men at his back, started yester-oe’en for Nottingham town on the errand; and, with God’s help, Robin Hood will be here this night an’ he came through fire and water.”

“That I know full well, should no accident happen,” said the knight; “but tell me, my friend, thy name, for I remember not thy face, and yet it were difficult to forget so pretty a man.”

The great forester rose to his feet as the knight spoke, and doffing his bonnet at the compliment, drew himself up to his full height, and with a roguish twinkle in his blue eye, said, “Men call me ‘Little John,’ an’ it please you.”

The knight laughed loud. “By my beard,” he said, “thou art indeed a pretty child. With a few more such as thee,” and his voice grew stern and harsh,
“I would, as I hope for salvation, seize this Norman ruffian on his throne—aye, in the midst of all his nobles—and flog him—flog him as his great ancestor was flogged at Jerusalem for his cruel and evil deeds. And by’re Lady,” he added, “I, alone, will so serve him, or twist his neck should all else fail, an’ King Richard, whom God preserve, come not to claim his crown again;” and the knight dashed his mailed hand passionately on the green sword.

“Amen,” said the forester; “and one stout heart and strong hand, at least, to aid thee in that good deed shall not fail thee;” and, as the sturdy forester stood there in the waning light, with his arms folded across his vast chest, he looked the very type of his race, a worthy sire of that marvellous race, the English yeoman, whose mighty prowess, first with the bow and later with the musket and rifle, it was destined that the whole world should witness; whose unfinching, stubborn courage, contempt of danger and of death—whose hardy endurance and untiring energy, have made them feared and loved, and respected by their fellow men, in every part of the known world where Saxon foot has trodden.

Witness the plains of Crecy and Poictiers, of Agincourt and Waterloo, the Alma and Balaklava; witness the great continents of the earth—the fiery plains and jungles of India—the burning sands of Africa;—the icy Pole. And on the sea, too;—to write but the name of Drake and Blake, Jervis and Howe, and Nelson, is but to tell how the Anglo-Saxon went forth and fought, and conquered.

“Thanks, good Little John,” said the knight; “but now ’tis profitless to talk, when action is wanted; and did I not know that Robin’s word is beyond doubt, I had not tarried here so late; but now his long absence alarms me for his own safety.”

“Rest assured, my lord,” said Little John, “that had aught of harm happened, we should, before this, have known of it. That something must have detained him is beyond doubt; but that he or his messenger will be here tonight is as certain.”

Then the tall forester, with the approval of his companion, collected together some dried leaves and sticks, and, dexterously striking a flint against the back of his large hunting-knife, he blew the sparks into a flame, which instantly seizing upon the dried materials, rose crackling into the air; then more sticks were thrown on, and Little John fetched from beside the tree a goodly-sized wallet, hitherto unnoticed, from which he drew forth a steak of fresh-killed venison, a great flagon of wine, and some small cakes of cornbread. The steak was quickly hissing and spluttering on the fire, and sending forth an odour so savoury that even an abbot would have smacked his lips in anticipation of the dainty meal.

The venison and the corn-bread soon disappeared, and, after a strong and hearty pull at the wine flask, the knight appeared to recover his equanimity, and resumed the conversation.

“Thanks for thy hospitality, friend,” he said; “and, while on the subject, I will ask thee, is the rumour true I heard in the town, that the hang-dog sheriff had honoured the bold Robin with his presence at a feast in his woodland home, and paid gallantly for his entertainment?”

“Ha! ha! ha!” laughed Little John, “that is the truth, ho! ho! never shall I forget the fat rogue as long as I live. I think I see him now, his limbs shaking with fear, as though with the palsy; and then, ho! ho! his jaws chattered like a bag of bones when Robin bade him sing us a song! And we made the villain do it, too; and then we left him to his own devices, as drunk as a bishop!”

“Not before he had paid for his good cheer, I suppose,” said the knight,
with a smile. "But tell me, how managed Robin the feast, and what came of it?"

Then Little John, with a preliminary pull at the flagon, told how Robin, having some private business to transact in Nottingham town, had gone thither disguised as a butcher, where he heard that the sheriff, Sir Thomas Effingham was desirous of buying some horned cattle. At this time the price of meat provisions, owing to a combination of the butchers, was very high, and the chief magistrate accordingly, wishing to profit by this, had resolved to buy as many head as he could at his own price, and sell the meat at that of the butchers'; for he was a man who had already amassed a large fortune by the most fraudulent practices, and never lost an opportunity of adding to it by fair means or foul; indeed, more than once, complaints had been made to the throne against him, but a heavy bribe to the complaisant prince who then ruled in his brother’s absence, was quite sufficient to blind his eyes to any offences, however enormous. But to return.

Robin threw himself in the sheriff's way, and offered to sell him a large herd of cattle, then grazing on his estate hard by, at a price so low, that the rascal's cupidity was excited, and, forgetting all considerations save that of at once securing so good a bargain, he readily fell into the trap.

"What say you is the price of your herd?" he asked, half doubting that his ears had deceived him.

"Five hundred marks."

"And the number?"

"Between five hundred and a thousand, more or less."

"And you want five hundred marks for the whole, whatever their number?"

"That is what I said."

The man must be a fool, thought the sheriff, and knows not the value of his herd; but I may as well get them, if possible, for less. "I will give you three hundred marks," he said, "and no more."

Robin appeared to muse for a moment, and then he replied: "I will take your worship's offer, but the money must be paid at once, for I can get a better price by waiting."

"By all means," said the eager sheriff. "How far is your land hence?"

"But an hour's ride, and your worship's people can see it."

"I will myself accompany you, and bring the money with me, which I will pay you as soon as I have seen the cattle." And the sheriff hastily gave orders for his horse to be prepared, and that a dozen of his servants should mount and follow him.

They were soon on the road, and Robin led the party a dance for some miles along the highway. The sheriff knew most of the great landowners in his neighbourhood, and he began to be puzzled as to where the butcher would lead him, but his men were well armed, and it would be useless to deceive him. Woe to him if he does, he thought; and so he rode patiently on.

Presently the butcher turned down a narrow lane, and in a few moments the party were in the forest.

"Whither away now?" cried the sheriff. "We shall soon be in the midst of the forest."

"My land lays yonder," said the butcher, pointing with his finger, "and this is the nearest route."

"But know you not, my friend, that that thieving villain, Robin Rood, whom I have threatened to hang on the first opportunity, is abroad at this time with his ruffians?"

"Your worship's party is too strong for such a vagabond to attack," said the butcher, with a laugh; "but in good sooth, if you did lay hands on him,
I should be right glad to see him swing, for I hear that the rascal has escaped you more than once."

"That is true, but as I live, he shall not so again. I will hang—"

As he spoke a large herd of deer, startled at the approaching hoof-strokes, sprang from their retreat, and bounded away.

The butcher reined in his steed. "Behold!" he said, "my cattle; for this is my land!"

The sheriff gaped with open mouth. "Rascal," he said, "as soon as he recovered breath, "what means this insolence? This is the king's land, and yonder his deer."

"I said 'twas mine," said the butcher, coolly.

"Then who in the devil's name are you?"

"I am Robin Hood!" was the quiet reply.

Down slipped the sheriff from his horse. "Seize him!—no quarter!" he cried, as he crawled behind a tree out of the terrible outlaw's reach.

But Robin laughed aloud. "Back, varlets!" he cried, as the men advanced upon him; and putting his horn to his mouth, he blew a shrill blast, and, like magic, a score of sturdy foresters, with bows and quarterstaves, rushed from the bushes upon the would-be assailants, and in an instant had bound them hand and foot.

"Mercy! mercy!" blubbered the sheriff, upon his knees; "I was but joking, good Robin Hood, when I threatened to hang thee."

"Tut, man," said Robin, "make no excuses; and to show thee that I bear thee no malice, thou, and thy men, shalt sup with me this night at my home."

There was no gainsaying this, and the wretched sheriff and his companions, pale and trembling, for he fully expected that he would get his deserts, and be hanged, were forced to accompany their captors for some distance into the dense wood, until they came to one of the outlaw's tryusting places, where fires had already been lighted, and a savoury supper preparing. There they made the terrified wretch eat and drink, dance and sing, and swear eternal friendship to the outlaws; until, what with the effects of the wine, the unusual violent exercise, and excitement, he tumbled down on the greensward "drunk and incapable."

The sun was high in the heavens when the sheriff of Nottingham and his servants awoke. Not a trace of the late carouse was left—not a sign of an outlaw to be seen. They were alone in the forest, with the merry birds overhead singing blithely, as though they thought it a capital joke. Their steeds, too, had disappeared; and a general turning out of pockets proved the melancholy fact that the image and superscription of "His Highness" was not to be seen; there was not a coin amongst them. The sheriff tore his hair, and danced with rage at the loss of his gold; and he swore a dreadful oath that he would be revenged. Then, with heavy hearts and splitting heads, they wended their way out of the forest; and it was not till the twilight was rapidly deepening into night that the chief magistrate reached his home, where his absence had created much anxiety.

Loud and long laughed the knight as the outlaw finished his story. "By my faith," he said, "I would e'en have paid his ransom to have been of the party, although methinks I had rather seen him dance in the air with a hempen collar."

"All in good time, Sir Michael," said a cheery voice, interrupting; and at the instant the thick foliage behind them was parted, and a man emerging from the recess, advanced towards the fire and bowed to him whom he had addressed as "Sir Michael."
THE EMPTY HALTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMPTY HALTER.

He new comer was a young man rather below the middle height, but whose well-knit frame and bold, handsome features were well set off by the suit of Lincoln green and the close-fitting bonnet of red and blue with its dark heron's feather. A long bow of Spanish yew was in his hand, his arrows at his back, and at his side a long knife similar to that of the tall forester, and a small horn of silver.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," said Robin Hood, for it was he; "welcome to Sherwood. I had been with thee sooner but for certain rumours of treason in our camp that I was fain to see into myself, and which caused me to tarry in Nottingham—but of this another time. I am here; and await your orders. The Lord Turchil advised me of your arrival in England, and that you desired to speak with me before you reached Barnessdale, but I have not expected your lordship would arrive so soon."

"I received my kinsman Turchil's missive but yester-morn, and made all haste hither," said the knight; and he drew a paper from a pouch in his cloak, and commenced reading; for, unlike the ignorant russians who came over with the Conquerer, and who could not tell a letter from a donkey's head, the princes and the nobles of the Saxon line were not of opinion that a knowledge of letters in any way detracted from their prowess in arms. Thus ran the letter:—

"Turchil, Thane of Barnessdale, to his well loved cousin, Michael of Mercia, greeting.—Matters of great import to me and thee have called me to the court. Seek thou, and with all haste, as thou lovest me, Robert Fitzooth, whom my freedman, Ulric will lead thee, and he will tell thee of that I cannot write."

The outlaw bowed in acquiescence, and at a sign from his chief the tall forester disappeared amongst the trees, and presently returned leading by the bridle a magnificent charger, richly caprisoned, which had been staked at a short distance, that it might crop the luxuriant herbage of the glade.

The knight mounted, and Robin, taking the bridle led the way through several intricate bye-paths which evidently had been recently cut through the dense thicket, Little John bringing up the rear.

In this way they proceeded for about half an hour, when a bright light suddenly became visible a little distance a head, and the outlaw putting a small silver whistle to his lips, blew a shrill note. Scarcely had the last echo died away, when a little, short, broad-shouldered man with an enormous head surmounted by a crop of shaggy red hair, made his appearance, and assisting the knight to dismount, led the horse away, and in a moment was out of sight without having said a word.

"Your lordship will rest here to-night," said Robin, in explanation. "Yonder light proceeds from a secluded hut of mine, which I ordered to be prepared for you as soon as I learnt of your arrival; and there I will relate to you what the Lord Turchil has left unsaid."
This was soon reached; and while Little John kept watch from without, the knight and the chief outlaw entered the rude hut of wood and mud, and seating themselves before a blazing log fire, whose light they had before seen, the outlaw thus began—

"You must know, Lord Michael, that your son has for some time past incurred the anger of the great Earl Fitzwarren, who just now is in high favour, and has much influence with the prince. It is said that young Edmund being one day jeered by a squire of the earl's household, he laid hands upon that young gentleman, and well belaboured him with a stout oak staff; and then giving him a parting kick, told him that he would like so to serve every Norman robber in the land."

The knight smiled grimly, and the outlaw continued: "The young Edmund was cautioned by his friends to beware of the earl's vengeance, but he only laughed and swore at the Normans; and the only answer he vouchsafed to the well-meant advice of a friendly knight was, that 'he did not care if Prince John himself knew that he—a noble born—would, rather than be his man, serve bold Robin Fitzooth in merry Sheerwood, and who he would maintain was a better man than any Norman than e'er cut a throat.' Now, my good lord, you will not wonder that words such as these should reach the earl's ears, who, in his anger, swore he would hang the young varlet on the nearest tree for his treason. Then he took horse, and with a terrible array, rode straight to Lord Turchil's castle, at Barnesdale.

"'So! false lord,' said the fiery earl, as soon as he had gained the Thane's chamber, 'report speaks freely that this fair domain of thine, which thou holdest by the clemency of the crown, is naught but a nest of traitors. I have come hither to demand of thee, in the name of His Highness Prince John, one Edmund, a Saxon, a traitor to his king, to whom ye have given aid and comfort, &c., that he may be tried and punished for his crimes.'

"The old Thane interrupted him. All know the earl to be a bold and fearless man, yet they say he quailed as the Saxon strode towards him. 'Robert of Fitzwarren,' he said, in a voice trembling with passion, 'tell thy royal master, whose crimes call upon high heaven for vengeance, tell him that I own him no sovereign of mine. To thee, false knight, if thou sayest that my young kinsman Edmund is traitor to the King of England, I tell thee that thou liest,—and old Turchil struck the earl, before all his knights and men-at-arms who crowded the apartment, a blow with his open hand, that made him stagger and fall heavily to the ground.

"With a fierce oath, he sprang to his feet, and, sword in hand, rushed upon the thane.

"But a woman stood between them. Lord Turchil's daughter, the Lady Goditha, thy son's betrothed, had witnessed the scene, and now rushed between the fierce Norman and his prey.

"What then passed was but the work of a moment. For an instant the grim earl paused, the next he seized the girl in his arms, and, followed by his retainer, rushed from the apartment; and before the astonished thane could speak a word, or raise a hand against him, he had reached the gate, and was in the saddle. Then he turned and swore a dreadful oath that 'if within seven days thy son Edmund was not delivered up to him, the girl should hang in his place;' and so he rode off."

The outlaw turned to look at his guest, who had heard him in silence, and he shuddered as he gazed upon the fierce, tiger-like expression of the great knight's swarthy features.

"My good lord," he said, "I pray thee hear me calmly to the end, for the worst hath yet to come."
The knight arose and paced the hut with giant strides. "Proceed, good friend," he said, "I listen."

"The earl soon gained the thick forest, and then, consigning the lady to the charge of a squire and a hundred men-at-arms, bade them push on with all speed to his castle, and await his coming. Then, with the remainder of his troop, he rode slowly along, pondering in his mind speedy and overwhelming vengeance.

"Suddenly a royal hart bounded from a thicket hard by, and with a fearful spring into the air, fell with a dull thud to the earth, not a dozen paces from his horse's head, dead, transfixed through the heart by a cloth-yard shaft; and, almost before the earl and his party could rein in their steeds at this unexpected sight, a young man, bow in hand, sprang from the brake, and at the sight of the warlike party, stood as though confounded. In a moment he was surrounded.

"Taken in the very act of slaying the king's deer, I need not say that the fierce earl gave him short shrift: no questions did he ask.

"'Hang up the churl!' he said, 'and bear the venison hence.' And he rode on.

"Scarce had the poor youth recovered the power of speech, for he seemed like one in a trance, so suddenly had all passed, when his utterance was choked. His hands were made fast behind him, a rope was thrown round his neck, and the next instant he was swinging from an oak bough."

"'And this poor boy—his name?'

"'Was Edmund—thy son?'

"'Great God! Can it be true that thou with thine own eyes saw this great crime, and thus tell me of it?' And the knight laid his hand upon the other's shoulder with a grip that made the stout outlaw wince with the pain.

"'Hear me with patience, my good lord," he said. 'Had I been there the Norman dog had never reached his castle to boast of his work; but I was far away. I heard of it the same day from a girl, who, unseen, witnessed all, and who knew the victim to be young Edmund of Barnessdale. She was the daughter of an old woodcutter well known to me, and the poor thing was sometimes not quite right in her head, for she was always wandering about in the forest, and twas no uncommon thing for her to absent herself from her home for days together. It was upon one of these occasions that returning home she heard the sound of hoof-strokes drawing nigh, and, concealing herself in the hollow of an old yew, she witnessed what I have told you. When the halter was thrown round the poor boy's neck, and he was swung from the ground into the air, her woman's nature gave way, and she fainted; then all she remembered was a confused sound as of some mortal strife near to her, and when she awoke to consciousness, and timidly crept from her concealment, lo! she beheld two men-at-arms, with broken sword and targe, lying dead at the foot of the tree; then casting her eyes fearfully towards the fatal tree, she perceived with astonishment that the halter was empty. She fled away in terror, and, as she ran, she fancied that she caught a glimpse of the tall figure of a man in a deerskin jerkin glide rapidly through a distant glade, bearing in his arms the inanimate form of a youth."

"It was then, returning through the forest, I met the girl, who has more than once given me information of great value, and, perceiving her excitement, I questioned her as to the cause, and she, almost dragging me towards the scene she had left, related what had passed."

"Arrived there, the scenes of strife were plainly visible all around; the turf was torn and cut up, obliterating for a space the numerous hoof marks of the troop. The broken weapons, as she had described, still lay there, but the bodies of the men had disappeared, and there, overhead, was the halter
dangling empty from a huge bough. 'It was Black Sigurd,' she cried, suddenly, and pointed to some 'signs,' imperceptible to any but a practised eye; and looking in the direction she had indicated, I saw the marks of foot-tracks, certainly a little larger than the others, yet I could not have told that they were those of the man she had named, a wild, incomprehensible being, but who and what he is, and where his dwelling, has never yet been discovered.

"'It was Black Sigurd,' she repeated. 'I am not—I cannot be—mistaken. Look! see here how the spikes cross at the toe,' and she bent over several more perfect tracks further away from the tree, and pointing towards the thicket on the left—"

"'No; no; I was not deceived; I have followed them too often. It was Sigurd I saw with the young lad—with Edmund in his arms. He is not dead! He is safe! Thanks be to God and our Lady, he is safe! safe!' And the poor girl fell on her knees, and burst into an untrollable flood of tears.

The knight had listened in grim silence and with lowering brow; but as the outlaw here paused, a half-suppressed sigh escaped him, and a drop—it might have been a tear—fell upon his hand. "God so grant it," he murmured.

"It was some time," continued Robin, "before poor Alisa (that was her name) was able to accompany me further, and then we went straight to Barnessdale, and told our story; and there I learned from the distracted Turchil of his daughter's abduction: and while we were hastily conferring as to the best means to be adopted at once, a messenger came with the news that in five days your lordship might be expected in Northampton. Then the lord thane resolved to seek Prince John in person, and set out for Winchester, after giving orders that a page should meet you on the way; and leaving the castle in the hands of his son Ulric, with orders that all his servants should be under my command in the search for your son, until yourself should take the lead.

"For four days and four nights two hundred men who can wager their woodcraft against all England, searched hill and dale, glade, and thicket, and copse; every nook and cranny in all Sherwood, Barnessdale, Needeswood, and Charnwood: and although aided by the marvellous instinct of the girl who knew better than any the haunts of Black Sigurd, we followed the trail plainly for more than a mile, till it crossed the well-beaten highway. There all trace of it was lost, we could never take it up again; and from that day to this not a sign has been seen or heard of the weird forester."

"Where is Lord Turchil?" asked the knight, sharply, after a pause.

"At his castle, and, with thy son Edmund, awaiting thy presence, Lord Michael!" said a deep sepulchral voice that made both start to their feet with a shudder.

Black Sigurd stood before them!

(To be continued.)
THE REV. DR. MORTIMER,
Head Master of the City of London School for Twenty-five years.

George Ferris Whidborne Mortimer is descended from an ancient Devonshire family, and was born in that county in the year 1808. He was educated in the Grammar School at Exeter, and afterwards became a member of Queen's College, Oxford, in which University he graduated, B.A., First Class, in Literis Humanioribus, 1826; M.A. 1829; B.D. and D.D. 1841.

The Doctor has never held any Church living. Though frequently undertaking occasional clerical duties, he has chiefly devoted himself to the arduous occupation of a schoolmaster. In this capacity he laboured successfully for some years in Newcastle upon Tyne and in Edinburgh. He subsequently, for a few years, was Head Master of the Western Proprietary Grammar School at Brompton, where he continued until his appointment, in 1840, to the more important office of Head Master of the City of London School.

His competitions on this occasion were the Rev. Benjamin W. Beaton, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Cambridge; and the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, afterwards Principal of St. Mark's Training College, Chelsea; but both these gentlemen retiring from the contest, Dr. Mortimer was unanimously elected by the Corporation of London.

When he assumed this post, the School was in a languishing condition; but, under his judicious and energetic management, public confidence was soon regained. The number of pupils gradually increased, the internal arrangements of the establishment were improved, and the studies became more systematic and comprehensive. Among other results, the School became enriched with valuable benefactions and endowments in the shape of scholarships, exhibitions, and prizes, voluntarily bestowed from time to time by various public bodies and private individuals; and the advantages in this respect offered to the pupils probably now exceed those enjoyed by any other public School.

The honours and distinctions gained by the pupils, in the Universities and elsewhere, have won for the School a reputation of the highest kind, and reflect great honour upon the Head Master and his staff of colleagues. After a long and successful career, Dr. Mortimer has recently retired from his scholastic labours. In the month of April last, he made known to the Corporation of London his intention in a letter, from which the following is an extract:—

"A quarter of a century has elapsed since you did me the honour of electing me to the Head Mastership of the City of London School, and during that time I have had the pleasure of seeing it gradually rise to the important position which it now holds among the public Schools of England. For myself I can truly say that my whole heart has been in its success; that I have thought for it, worked for it, and lived for it. It is not, therefore, without great regret that I have come to the conclusion that my connection with it must cease; but I feel that, increasing years and decreasing health and strength render me incapable of fulfilling efficiently the duties which I am supposed to discharge."

The Corporation, who received this announcement with much regret, referred it to one of their Committees to consider in what manner they should testify their estimation of the services of Dr. Mortimer; and the Committee subsequently presented a report, which, after reviewing the operations of the School, concluded as follows:—

"To Dr. Mortimer's high position, force of character, and social influence, the Corporation will attribute much of the success which the School has attained; and having regard therefore to the peculiar services rendered by him, and the distinguished results of his twenty-five years' occupancy of the responsible position of Head Master, we are of opinion, and recommend, that the Court should testify its appreciation of Dr. Mortimer's services by granting him upon his resignation a retiring allowance of £500 per annum."

This recommendation was adopted by the Corporation, and the Doctor retired from office at Michaelmas last, having retained it until his successor was appointed, who is the Rev. Edwin Abbott Abbott, M.A., Senior Classic and First Chancellor's Medallist, 1861, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

The Doctor, on his retirement, received from the Old Pupils of the School a handsome testimonial of plate, and the present pupils also testified their esteem and regard in a similar manner.

Shortly before his resignation, Dr. Mortimer received a flattering recognition of his public services from the Bishop of London, by his appointment to an Honorary Canony in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul.
BOY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

By Peter Parley.

There are many troublesome things in this troublesome world; some people say that a troublesome boy is one of the worst. However, my story is not about a troublesome boy, but a troublesome bull. A bull is a strange animal, meet him when you will. I have met them in the South American prairies coming along over the plains in droves many miles long. They are very troublesome fellows, if you should happen to stand in their way. The notion of twenty or thirty thousand bisons coming over you, with their four times thirty thousand hoofs, and trampling you to death, or a mummy, is not a very pleasant one, and by no means to be coveted.

Irish bulls are funnier, but British bulls, such as we see them on the broad pastures of Essex or Leicestershire, are the glory of the world, and the admiration of surrounding nations. There is nothing like living in a good bullock county, and in going to a good boarding-school where you are well beefed. I am sure the boys who eat nothing but mutton can't carry out a spree like other boys who eat bullock; they haven't the same pluck, and cannot stand a good stabbing, as the beef-eater can. And what may be said of the boys may be said of the farmers; in a beef-growing country they are a sturdy, strong, paxwaxed race; sometimes, indeed, twisted and gnarled in their tempers, like the root of an old oak, but their hearts are generous, except now and then we find an old curmudgeon belying the county which gave him birth.

Such a one in our boyish days do we remember; a most dreadful old skin-flinty, crabbed, morose, sour, heartless—or if he had a heart it was worm-eaten and good for nothing—and he was ugly—that of course, for bad feelings within always crop to the surface. Then he was continually growling, and it was amusing to hear him when the November blasts howled and raved about the old house in which he lived, growling and bellowing worse than the winds.

He was what is called an old bachelor—a very sad state for any man to be in, much more an old man. He fancied nobody cared for him, and so he cared for nobody—not for a single being in the whole world, except his cattle, his bullocks, swine, sheep, and himself. He hated everything that did not turn something into his pockets. He hated the birds for singing, the violets and primroses for perfuming the air, and the hedge-roses and honeysuckles for their beauty; he hated the lambkins for their frisking and dancing. He was not happy himself, and he did not like to see anything else happy, and so he hated everything. And didn't he hate the boys? I rather think he did; little boys and big boys, rich boys or poor boys, good boys or bad boys, he hated them all alike. I won't say that the boys hated him, for I have often found that "boys" are too noble to hate even their enemies; at the same time, I don't think the boys had an over abundance of love for him.

Farmer Barrow, for that was this old fellow's name, was an "exclusive." He did not like any one to look upon anything he possessed. His rule was to bolt out, to bar out, or to hedge and ditch out every one from his paltry domain; but his meadows unfortunately were entered by two public footpaths, one of which led straight through his great meadow till it came to a village. The other path went close by the old domain in a transverse direction, through a fair piece of meadow, plain and smooth as a bowling-green; next beside a
neat and pleasing hedge, upon which violets and primroses grew in springtime, and where the wood-nuts and filberts, and the blackberries, clustered in the richest profusion during the autumn. It then wound itself along a little streamlet, where the small waters twisted and danced, and gurgled and rollicked, and sported; and where minnows showed their red bellies to the sun, and sticklebacks glistened in their play; and where the meek eyes of the blue anemone looked down upon them as they sported. The said path then stretched itself over a bit of heath among the furze, came out into a green lane especially delightful to donkeys, and finally ended in the village highway close to the endowed grammar school of the place, in which boys read, wrote, cyphered, and learned Latin rudiments under the birch—not under the rose—as fine a set of boys as you would find anywhere.

The village was scattered over a heath some miles across, and more than twenty miles round. Many of the boys had to come to school from the other end of the village, and they used to set off in the morning with their dinners in their bags, and return in the evening with their bags full of wind—except during the time of nuts, crab-apples, and the like; then I believe the boys, good as they were, did not carry out the law of meum et tuum as they ought to have done. But let that pass.

I told you the old farmer hated everything; but of all the things hated by his hateful self in this hateful world did he hate “boys,” as I said before. He often used to wish that he had been King Herod. Oh, if he had been, what a sweep he would have made! Boys were to him a plague, a pestilence, a poison; their high spirits, their joyous pranks, their shouts, their laughter, their feats of agility, were daggers to his soul. And to see them come along through his meadows full of fun and frolic, now gathering the cowslips, now cutting sticks from the hedges, now making trumpets out of blind nettles, or clambering after the blackberries and stepping into the ditches, was a mortal torture to him. Often did he run after the boys with his horse-whip; but young legs are swifter than old ones. Often did he tell his men to cudgel the boys, if they deviated from the footpath; but the men remembered that they were once boys themselves, and that “boys will be boys,” and so they forbore to harm them, and what was worse in the eyes of the old curmudgeon, laughed and winked at their gambols.

It is not a very common thing for county squirelings to hate boys; but it is a very common thing for them to hate footpaths across their estates. They destroy their privacy—upset their right to exclusiveness—let the light of honest faces in upon their dull and darkened souls. Heaven help them! They do not reflect that these paths are not theirs, but that they belong to the public—to the poor labourer going to and fro from his work, to the wayworn traveller, to the poor curate, or the poor gentleman, as well as to the madcap schoolboy. They think all the world was made for them, because they happen to be born with silver spoons in their mouths—that no right of property exists except their right of property—that, as “lords of the soil,” they have a right to do what they like with their own, and that the public at large—and the poor in particular—ought to be ejected, and driven, and expatriated from everything that is fair, beautiful, fit, or convenient, if it in the slightest degree interferes with their selfish enjoyment.

I hope, my boys, you will understand this as you grow up, and in whatever situation of life you may be, protect the old footpaths; they may be, perhaps, the only landed property you will ever have. They are yours by a clear right of inheritance, from time immemorial; therefore, look sharp after them, and if at any time you should find one hedged up and closed, do your best to find out the offender; and, if needs be—and you can do it legally—down with his abominable barrier of hedge-stake and prickly-brambles, ditch, dyke, and
wall, and bring the public odium upon him for such a detestable procedure. But to my story.

The old farmer, as I said, hated everything in the world, especially the boys, and he determined that they should not come through his meadows, nor among his cowslips and cobnuts; so, early one morning, after having prepared himself beforehand, he got his men, and his waggon, and his horses, and his pitchforks, and a load of the most prickly brambles, faggots, and blackthorn cuttings he could procure, and several tumbrels of broken glass bottles, which he threw down on the pathway of the first meadow, to prevent the boys and the other pedestrians from coming that way.

He had previously erected, at the junction of every field, prodigiously difficult and dangerous high stiles, over which poor old women clambered at the peril of their lives, and from which more than one broken leg had resulted. What with the high stiles and the sharp brambles, he thought he should carry his purpose; and so he did to a considerable extent, for people were afraid of breaking their necks or tearing their clothes from these stiles and brambles.

But as for schoolboys, they have neither necks to be broken, clothes to be torn, nor shoes to be destroyed. What did they care for high stiles, prickly brambles, or broken glass bottles; they more the difficulty of the situation the more the glory in surmounting it. The stiles were carried by a vigorous assault, the bramble-prickly by a coup de main, and the glass bottles by a canter; and the cowslips and the primroses, and the velvet turf of the meadows, and the blooming hedgerows, were theirs as heretofore, and loud were the jocund cheers of the boys as they passed the homestead of the old Farmer Barcrow. Of course their's was a cheer of triumph, and it went into the heart of the old man like a two-edged sword with a notch in it.

So the old boy lay thinking, night after night, how he should do the young boys. Scheme after scheme passed through his mind, and kept him awake hour after hour. He woke feverish and sad, could eat no breakfast, didn't care much about his dinner, went to bed without his supper, and pondered and pondered, and plotted and plotted, and schemed and schemed again. But he could not see his way to keep out the boys; and instead of saying his prayers, and going to sleep like a good Christian, as he was not, he really cursed and swore. And especially did he apply his wrath to a rosy-faced, curly-headed grammar-boy named Bronkly; and to a stalwart, dark, strong-tall, giant of a chap named Bob Howard, who looked as if he could knock down a bullock with one blow of his fist, and gobble him up afterwards, as a duck would swallow a tadpole. Especially did old Barcrow pray for him. But Bob was past praying for.

Bob was cock of the grammar-school, and dux as well. He was made to be a leader; for, beside his giganticity, his strength and courage, he was a noble-hearted fellow, and was ever as ready to do a good turn to his friends as he was to pitch into his enemies. This made him a favourite. He was, in short, the Robin Hood of the school, while Bronkly figured as Little John, and a good-tempered, podgy little fellow named Brickleys figured as Friar Tuck, while the other boys were content to consider themselves as "Robin Hood's Band," and conducted themselves accordingly.

Here, then, are the belligerent parties: Old Barcrow and his myrmidons, whoever they might chance to be, on one side, and Bob Howard and his volunteers on the other; the point at issue a footpath; and the means and appliances on either side of the case to be used as circumstances might determine. The old farmer had got almost to the end of his tether. He could scarcely think of anything more formidable than brambles and glass bottles, except high walls; and these were too expensive to build, and illegal.
besides. So he took another night to consider, and lay groaning, and whining, and pondering, and, I am afraid, sometimes cursing and swearing, as above said. But at last some imp of darkness overshadowed him, and he jumped out of bed, in an ecstasy of joy, at a very early hour, and just as the sun showed the tip of his nose upon the far-off hills, he ejaculated, in joyous voice, "I have it! A bull!"

A bull! Yes, he thought of a ragged, rampant, big-horned, thick-topped, shaggy, fierce, and dangerous bull, that belonged to another farmer almost as ill-tempered as himself.

"I'll keep 'em out! I'll keep 'em out. I warrant me," he muttered, as he thrust his arms into his coat. "The young varmint! I'll see whether they shall pass through my meadows at their own will and pleasure, dang me if I don't!" With that he blundered down stairs, saddled his cob, and rode off at a slapping pace to old farmer Clodpole.

Some wicked fiend at his elbow made him chuckle and grin all the way, as he thought of doing the boys, as he called it. But the doing of boys is a thing much easier said than done. It may be possible to take the moon by the horns, to knock down the great wall in China, to measure the spectre of the Brocken for a pair of peg-tops, or to pickle a live alligator, but to do a "club" of young schoolboys, with a good leader at their head, is a different thing altogether.

Old Barcrow rode on. He was not a religious man, otherwise he would not have had such wicked thoughts in his head. He never said his prayers, but his cob had frequently, as might be perceived by the outward curvature of its fore—not its four—legs. And being taken out of the stable in the morning without his breakfast made master cobby by no means in the best of all possible good temper; so he stumbled, and he boggled, and he rode rusty, sidling here and sidling there, now making a bit of a jib, and showing a great inclination to turn back; for all of which bad behaviours he received a great many whacks from the old farmer's ash stick, and twice as many maledictions; till, at last, the old horse, having become warm by being belaboured, began to feel his metal. His joints were fresh lubricated, his wind began to come, and so, when he got fairly into an open heath, he determined to show his troublesome master what he could do when he was a boy—that is, a colt.

He pricked his ears, he cocked his tail, and gave a very odd sound, something between a neigh and a grunt, kicked out behind, and threw out before, and, like Johnny Gilpin's celebrated nag, went off like a hurricane or a whirlwind, as our French neighbours express it, but, as we say, "like winking," which means, like a flash of lightning; but in his accelerated motion he steered somewhat wide of his line of direction, got fairly out of his orbit, and, like a runaway comet dashing wildly through the stars, the old horse banged right away through the furze, and the hillocks, and the mounds, and the inexpressible holes and hobbles of the wide heath, till at last he made a sudden halt just at the edge of a gravel pit, and over his head went Barcrow.

Down twenty feet deep into a gravel-pit, with a delightful layer of flints at the bottom all ready to receive him; whack went his poor old bones among the stones, and up went his groans, which were indeed of the most fearful character. Whether it were the groans that frightened the horse I don't know, but true it is that the beast, finding himself lightened of his load, and seeing that his master had no further use for him just then—and, moreover, reflecting that he had not had his breakfast—gave a bit of a neigh, and turning tail, galloped home as fast as his prayerful knees would take him, leaving his poor old master (old skinflint as he was) to try his hand upon the stuff about him—that is the flints.
What a lucky thing it was that the bed on which the old man fell, hard as it was, had not been prepared with some of those glass bottles with which he had treated the boys on the forbidden footpath. Had this been the case, the poor old fellow would never have carried out his fell purpose. But it was not; therefore, although he felt more like a jelly than a man, and whined and groaned for a long time, the moment he got a little ease he returned to his idea of the bull, and instead of repenting of his wicked intention, and giving it up, he became more and more determined to carry it out.

The disaster, as soon as as the first pain of it was over, made him the more fierce and savage; and if, as his consternation rose, he could have procured all the bulls of Basan, he would have put the whole of them in array against his torment, the boys, in that disputed meadow.

Just, however, as he was trying, with extreme difficulty and some pain, to pick himself up, he found out to his great astonishment that his collar-bone was broken; one arm hanging as it were lifeless at his side. He was also so bruised about the hips that he had the greatest difficulty to stand; he managed, however, to get to the hedge of the pit by a sloping bank, opposite the precipitous one over which he had been capsized, by a series of complicated movements—such as no one on earth but a man in his situation could have invented—accompanied by a combination of groans, moans, pinings, and whinings, and, albeit, maledictions of the very oddest and most atrocious manufacture.

He thought if he could but get on the old cob he should soon be at his friend the farmer's, which was not more than a quarter of a mile off; but what was his chagrin and perplexity, on looking around on this side, on that side, up and down, here and there, and everywhere, to find his Rosinante had vanished.

The churlly farmer was "dead beaten" at last, and quite at his "wits' end," so after a groan or two more he sat down on a bank and began to consider what was best to be done. To get to his friend Farmer Clodpole's house was his only chance; but how to reach it. He had some high stiles to climb over, just like those he had put up to keep the people from passing through his ground; and glass bottles had been laid, after his own pattern, both behind and before every gate he had to pass, with bushes and brambles in profusion; for his old friend had taken a lesson from his book, and treated the public paths of "Clodpole" farm exactly after the Barcerow pattern.

Then did the old curmudgeon begin to perceive that glass-bottling, and brambly paths, and creaky high stiles were a nuisance; as to getting round by the high road, that was three times the distance for him to walk—a thing quite as impossible as it was for him to climb a high stile with a broken collar-bone. What was to be done? He began to despair—but still he determined to make the attempt one way or the other; so at last, full of groans, and moanings, and grumblings, and abuses, he made his way across the heath, towards the first field which led to his friend's homestead.

Alas! alas! the stile stood before him, high and mighty, and inaccessible, with a pavement of glass-bottles and broken flints on one side, and a bed of thorn faggots on the other. To get to the stile was a work fit for a troop of sappers and miners, while to get over it required the strength, fortitude, and agility of the foretop-man of a man-of-war. He stood and looked at the debarring construction with admiration and exultation—twas his own idea beautifully realized; and had it not been fated to tell against himself, and stop his own progress in a season of the direst necessity, he would have sung in triumph. As it was, he scratched his head, and looked very silly, uttering the very expressive sentiment of "Dang my buttons," and sat himself down on the sod in despair.
CHAPTER II.

FARMER BARCROW IN A "FIX."

While Barcrow was so lying, with the tears—tears of savage mortification—rolling down his furrowed cheeks, and his conscience just on the point of pricking him, he thought he heard voices at a distance; first a hooping, then a hallooing, then a cheer, then a loud burst of laughter. They were the sounds of boyish mirth, and the old man's soul shrivelled up within him. It was the voices of the accursed grammar boys, on their way to school. Another cheer showed they got nearer. Then another peal of laughter, then a rush, and a trampling, and a creaking, and a crashing; and then, when the old farmer looked up, that dare-demon, Bob Howard, on the top of the "high style," was holding a thorn faggot in either hand, and waving them to and fro with nimble evolutions and crossings, just as we see the fellows at a circus wave the flags over the horses' heads as they are performing their equestrian feats.

"Hurrah!" says Bob. "Hurrah!" again, when he saw old Barcrow groaning on the ground. "Come up here," he called to his companions, who were sporting themselves among the thorns. "Come up here. Such a go." So presently the bright-eyed boy Bronkly, and the fat, good-humoured boy Brickles were riding the high horse on the top of the style, and all the other boys (of which there were about a dozen) clambered at the same time to look at the miserable old farmer.

"Can't you get over the stile?" called out Bob Howard. "Shall I chuck you over, old boy? Let me take hold of your hind leg, and give you a pitch."

"Oh pray don't think of such a thing," replied the farmer, terribly alarmed at what the boys might think proper to do; "but if you are good boys, as I always thought you to be, do try and help me on to the next farm—or some of you go to my dear friend Clodpole, and ask him to send a tumbril, or a barrow, or some other, for me, for my bones are broken, and I am in the most woeful pain. Do, my dear boys, do be kind to me; you know I have been very kind to you sometimes."

"Oh you precious young lambkin," rejoined Bob; "you been kind to us! Why you would have swallowed the whole of us many times and often if you had had your way. Hav'n't you chased us with your horse-whip, and tried to ride us down with your pony? Hav'n't you grudged us a few primroses, and made us throw down our blackberries after we had gathered them? Hav'n't you taken away our fish-cans, and killed our minnows? Hav'n't you glass-bottled and beembrambled our right of way, and forced us to climb stiles a mile high or more—and don't you grudge us the very ground we walk upon?"

"Oh dear no! oh dear no!" groaned the old man.

"And don't you put down glass-bottles and Bramble-bushes on the foot-paths?" said Brickles.

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I don't know what I did; you boys plagued me so. But do run, some of you, to my good neighbour Clodpole for a tumbril. Do, there's a good boy! Good little Brickles, do run; and I'll give you a peck of beautiful 'crab apples.'"

"Crab apples be hanged," cried out Howard; "you are only a sour old crab yourself, and if I had the thrashing of you I'd beat every drop of vinegar out of you. Here, let me fling you over the stile on to the glass bottles on the other side. I know I can do it! Come." Hereupon Bob
Howard took hold of the old man’s foot, as if he intended to carry his kindness into execution; when little Brickles interfered by saying, “Don’t hurt him, Bob! don’t hurt him!” while several of the other boys, who had now clustered round, said, “Over with him!”

“And so I will,” said Bob; “just as I would swing a dead dog into a mill-dam, if he doesn’t promise us free leave and liberty to go over his fields. Look here, old fellow!” said he, pointing to the high stile and glass bottles, “this is your sort of work; you set the example to your brother farmers, and we boys are to be blocked out everywhere, through your contrivances. Will you promise me, if I don’t meddle with you, to pull down your moon-raking, sky-scooping stiles, and to take up your brambles and glass bottles in the upland and valley meadows, so that we boys can go to and from school in a ‘short and sweet’ manner?”

“Oh yes! Oh yes! anything you like, boys. I will promise to take away the glass bottles, and to lower the stiles, and to take away the thorns. I will indeed.”

“But do you ‘repent?’” said Brickles. “I won’t give a dump for a man that doesn’t repent. Do you repent of your wicked doings? You know an old woman, upwards of seventy years old, in trying to get over one of your stiles the other day, fell down and broke her hip-bone—and the doctor can’t mend it, and says she will die. Do you repent of that?”

“Oh yes, I do repent!” murmured the old man—with a look, however, in his eye that said, If ever I can get you boys on the top after this, I will not forget to give you a tremendous larroping; while his fingers clutched as if he had then got hold of the horse-whip.

“Well then, if he does repent,” said Brickles, assuming a kind of deacon-like dignity, “if he does repent we can let him go.”

“But I can’t go,” roared out the fallen farmer. “I can scarcely use hand or foot. I’ve been thrown off my horse into yonder gravel pit, and all my bones are smashed, and I am as dislocated all over as an egg beaten up for a pudding.”

“Served you right!” replied Howard, with a wonderful chuckle in his upper lip. “Served you right!”

“Ah, but he ‘repents’ now!” quoth Brickles; “He will never do so any more. Will you, Barcrow?”

“Never! oh, never!” replied the farmer.

“Not till the next time,” observed Bob, with a minister leer. “Let’s make sure he doesn’t,” he continued; “and throw him into the dyke t’other side of the maple bush.”

“No! no! no!” several voices uttered together. “Let us do as we’d be done by,” said Brickles. “Let us do the amiable for once,” urged Bronkly. “He has made us a fair promise, and we ought to keep to our part of the agreement.”

“The only agreement is,” said Howard, “that I was’n’t to fling him neck and crop over the style on to the brambles or bottles, which I won’t do.”

“But if we get you along,” said Brickles, addressing the old man, “and see you safe to Clodpole’s, won’t you promise to remove the bottle-chips and the prickers from our right of way over your meadows?”

“I will promise it,” said the old man.

“No ‘gammon,’ now we’ve saved your bacon?” said Howard.

“On my honour, as a farmer,” said Barcrow.

“He can’t swear by anything better than that,” observed Brickles, with a look of magnanimity, and immediately rushed into another field, where some sheep were eating turnips, and detaching a hurdle from the fold, the old man was stretched thereupon—and the boys, one and all, with thorough good will,
managed to convey their burden through a broken hedge, and over some ploughed land, till they deposited him safely among the straw in farmer Clodpole's homestead. And here he lay, chewing the cud of his own folly, gnashing and grinding his teeth like one in extreme torment, but with little true repentance in his soul. His skin and clothes were indeed scratched and torn, his bones were cracked and splintered, and his flesh a mass of mummy, but from the very bottom of his wicked self the demon of revenge was prompting him to all kinds of malicious reprisals. "Let me only get at them again, see what I will do. I'll be even with them. Oh! oh my poor back! Not one of the young villains shall escape. Ah!"—now a fearful groan and a most piteous contortion of face. "Oh! oh! oh! ah!"—wince—wince, groan again—and then the old man shut his eyes and clenched his hands with pain.

While he thus lay, dead to almost everything but torment and plotings of revenge, he was aroused from both by a sharp rustling of the straw upon which he had been cast. Again the rustle. Then he saw at the end of the barn the sharp nose and sharper black eyes of a fearfully fierce-looking old rat; grey in the whiskers, but terribly sharp in the teeth. As he watched the creature's motions, he began to get alarmed; for it is not very pleasant to have even a sharp-nosed rat to look upon you when you lay in a helpless condition. He looked intently towards his visitor, and while he looked he saw another sharp nose and black eyes to match, then another, another, and another; at last a whole troop of the vermin chased over the straw in all the vigour of a savage maulering expedition. Then the whole troop stopped, listened, darted under the boards of the barn, and listened again—displaying the natural sagacity of their race in a marvellous manner. After a while, the rat that first made his appearance, who was evidently the general man of the cavalcade, made bold to nibble at the old man's toe; but this being armed with an iron tip, little impression could be made—so the creature chased up his leg, towards a more susceptible piece of the farmer's person, namely, his nose, and was immediately followed by some dozen or more of his body-guard. The farmer in vain tried to disperse them by the use of arms and legs. The rats soon found out his helpless condition, and saw that he was at their mercy. They came upon him now on all sides, in shoals and in crowds, and attacked every part of his body at one and the same time. He was nearly paralysed with terror, but at last had the strength and resolution to shout, and bellow, and scream with all his might, till his outeries reached the domestics of the farm, who, with pitchforks and knives, beat the vermin off their victim; but not till they had left many and severe marks of their affection for him, on his hands, nose, cheeks, and other places too numerous to mention.

(To be continued.)
JOHN CARPENTER,
THE FOUNDER OF THE CHARITY FROM WHICH RESULTED

The City of London School.

"Law, conscience, honour, all obey'd: all give
Th' approving voice, and make it bliss to live;
While faith, when life can nothing more supply,
Shall strengthen hope, and make it bliss to die."—G. CRABBE.

EARLY in the reign of King Richard II., of unfortunate memory, was born
JOHN CARPENTER, whose effigy in the hall of the City of London School
forms the subject of our engraving.

That his father, Richard Carpenter, was a "chandler" in the City of
London, and that his mother's name was Christina, is all that we know of
his parentage; and although our knowledge of his early youth amounts to
little or nothing, it is not so with his deeds, for the good works of men do
long survive them.

In the turbulent times in which his long and well-spent life was passed,
there were many men learned in the law, eminent in the church, the senate,
and the field; and very many, too, who in the quiet circle of their parish or
family led good and reputable and charitable lives, but whose very names are
now forgotten; and in the foremost rank of the great, the learned, and the
good of that age stands the name of JOHN CARPENTER, the "chandler's"
son.

Blessed with an education far above his social rank, learned in all the
learning of the times, he was early elected to the office of Common Clerk or
Secretary of the City of London; then, next, to that of the Recorder, the
most important office in the local courts of law; and twice he was called
upon to represent the City in Parliament.

Skilled in all the lore of the "Leges scriptae and non scriptae" of the
kingdom, and master of all the peculiar privileges, usages, and customs of
his native city, he composed his celebrated treatise, entitled the "Liber
Albus," being a digest of all the laws and customs particularly relating to,
and the rights and immunities of, the City of London.

Looked up to by all, from the meanest citizen to the sovereign himself,
from whom, as a mark of the high estimation in which he was held, he
received a special patent of exemption from the then numerous and heavy
feudal services, or rather burdens, to which men in his position were liable;
and, indeed, of such value were his services held, that the King and his
council, a municipal body or a private subject, were alike ready to confide to
his management or arbitration matters of the highest importance to their
own interests, as to a man of undoubted uprightness, sagacity, and honour.

A year before his death he disposed of, by will, his personal chattels,
which alone speak volumes for his piety, and his universal benevolence and
charity to all classes of his fellow men. The commencement of this document,
so unlike the matter-of-fact, business-like, and worldly form of the present
day, is well worth the perusal. Thus it runs:—

"In the name of God, Amen. I, John Carpynter, junior, citizen of London,
cogitating with earnest meditation how brief are the days of man, and that
JOHN CARPENTER, FOUNDER OF THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.
many persons losing their time in leisure and enjoyment are suddenly beset with trials, and die very often intestate. Willing, therefore, with God as my guide, whilst yet in the enjoyment of life and health, and before languor clouds my reason, so to dispose of my frail and transitory goods, that at the time of my departure from this world, I may calmly direct my whole mind to the Lord God, my Saviour and Redeemer, and return Him thanks for benefits bestowed, and humbly ask pardon for my transgressions: It is for this that, being sound in body and mind, thanks be to God, I do now make, ordain, appoint, and declare this my last will and testament.” Then, after commending his soul to the Saviour and the Virgin, and giving directions for his modest funeral, he continues in one long series of charitable bequests.

His will, disposing of his real property—then required by law to be in a separate form—has been unfortunately lost. By it, amongst other things, he gave to the Corporation, certain lands and tenements, in trust, for the “finding and bringing-up of four poor men’s children, with meat, drink, and apparel, learning at the schools, in the universities, &c., until they be preferred, and then others in their places, for ever.” The rents from these tenements amounted, in the year 1633,* to £49 14s. 3d.; but this income gradually increasing with the value of the property, was, in the year 1826, when the charity commissioners made their report, worth several hundred pounds.

The Corporation of the City now took measures for the more beneficially administering the charity, and after many experiments and proposals, and much opposition, the foundation of the City of London School was laid, in pursuance of a private Act of Parliament, entitled, “An Act to Establish a School on the site of Honey Lane Market, in the City of London” (4 & 5 Will. IV. c. 35), the then rental produced from Carpenter’s Gift being upwards of £300 a-year.

In obtaining this Act of Parliament, the late Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Hale, was most assiduous and persevering. Had it not been for his most extraordinary and persevering exertions, it is very doubtful if this important Act of Parliament would have been obtained. The difficulties he had to contend with were all but insuperable. Next to the Founder, the immortal John Carpenter, Mr. Alderman Hale may be considered as the second founder of the City of London School. He has been Chairman of the School for many years, and has superintended its operations all that time, during which it has reached its present extraordinary state of efficiency. It is gratifying to know that his valuable services were duly appreciated by the old scholars and other City celebrities. A subscription was opened for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Lord Mayor, in commemoration of the stern resolution he had shown as the best friend of the institution. This meeting was held in July, 1865, and presided over by an old pupil of the school, the Venerable Archdeacon Emery. The subscriptions amounted to more than £1,000, which was invested in the establishment of a “Warren Stormes Hale Scholarship,” a perpetual monument to future ages of his important services.

One remarkable circumstance connected with the life of Carpenter must not be omitted, viz., his intimate friendship with the immortal “Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,” who showed his appreciation of honest John Carpenter by appointing him to the important office of his executor. The twin names of Carpenter and Whittington will thus travel down the tide of time till the latest generations. United in their lives, in their deaths they were not far divided.

A man who, from his youth to the close of his life, was constantly employed in

* All the earlier rent-rolls were destroyed by fire.
promoting the interests and welfare of the public, and especially those connected with the City; whose every day was passed in the exercise of a piety eminently practical; a stern lover of justice; an inflexible opponent to wrong-doing; possessing every accomplishment of his time, and a genial benevolence of mind, which marked the course of an honourable life, was JOHN CARPENTER, to whose memory, in a spirit of just gratitude and admiration, the Corporation of the City of London have erected, in a conspicuous part of the School building, a statue (see page 32) with the following inscription, which more fully sets forth his virtuous life, his good deeds, and peaceful end.

* * * * * * * * * *

To the Memory of
JOHN CARPENTER,
an eminent Citizen of London
and member of the Corporation of Mercers,
who lived during the reigns of
Henry V. and Henry VI.,
and who bequeathed
to the Corporation of this City
certain lands and tenements
for the purpose of
maintaining and educating four boys,
and sending them to the Universities,
from which bequest resulted
the foundation and endowment of
THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL
under the authority of
an Act of Parliament
A.D. MCCCVIII.

He was distinguished by
his general attainments and learning,
his knowledge of the
laws, customs, and privileges of this City,
his integrity of character, and universal benevolence.
From his earliest youth he was devoted
to the service of his fellow citizens,
and throughout the course of his life
proved himself
a ready defender of their rights,
and a zealous promoter of their interests.
He was elected
Common Clerk or Town Clerk of London
A.D. MCCCVII.,
and held that office for twenty-one years,
during which period
he compiled the valuable treatise still extant
under the title of "Liber Albus."
He likewise
represented the City in Parliament
A.D. MCCCVIII. and MCCCVIX.

As one of the
Executors of Sir Richard Whittington
he conferred special benefits
on the City
by promoting various public works,
especially
the erection of conduits,
the re-building of Newgate,
JOHN CARPENTER.

the enlargement of the Hospital of Saint Bartholomew,  
the completion of the Guildhall,  
and the formation of a library attached thereto,  
to which he subsequently bequeathed  
sundry rare books  
for the benefit of students  
resorting to the same.  
In token of his eminent services  
he was honoured  
both by his Sovereign and fellow citizens  
with peculiar immunities  
and privileges.  

He left munificent bequests  
to the Charterhouse,  
and the fraternity of Sixty Priests in London,  
of which brotherhood he was a member,  
as well as to many other  
religious establishments and persons,  
also  
to the Hospitals of  
Saint Mary Within, Cripplegate,  
Saint Mary Without, Bishopsgate,  
Saint Bartholomew, in Smithfield,  
Saint Katherine, near the Tower, and  
Saint Thomas, in Southwark,  
to the houses  
for poor Lepers at Holborn Locks and Hackney,  
and for Madmen at Bethlem,  
and  
to the poor prisoners in Newgate, Ludgate,  
the Fleet, Marshalsea, and King’s Bench,  
and the Prison of Convicts  
at Westminster.  

He died  
on the xilth of May, mcccc.xlii.,  
and was buried  
before the chancel of the church of  
Saint Peter Cornhill,  
of which parish  
he was an inhabitant and a liberal benefactor.  
Thus  
his comprehensive charity  
embraced all the necessities  
of his fellow men,  
and  
the general conduct of his life  
exhibited the character  
of one who  
in the words of Holy Writ  
desired  
“To do justly, love mercy,  
and  
walk humbly with his God.”  

* * * * * *  

Of the life and times of JOHN CARPENTER, a very able Memoir, together  
with an appendix of several interesting documents, after patient and incessant
research, has been compiled, at the request of the Corporation of the City of London, by Mr. Thomas Brewer, the indefatigable Secretary, to which we would refer all who are more especially interested in the subject. It was printed only for circulation among the members of the Corporation.

We cannot more appropriately close this interesting account than by presenting to our readers an engraving of the City of London School, built from the designs of the late Mr. Bunning, for many years Architect to the Corporation.
HARRY WAKEFIELD'S LAST LARK OF THE OLD YEAR.

HARRY WAKEFIELD was always clever enough to find some excuse—some reason for a holiday and a party. His father might plead as long as he liked against a "few friends" on New Year's Eve, but Harry would not listen to anything against the party.

"I really am tired of this feasting—"

"Leave it all to me, father," interrupted Harry. "Feasting is a jolly thing, and I shall never be tired of it."

"You are young—"

"And strong, and jolly, and hearty, and merry," chimed in Harry. "And I'm home for the holidays, and I'm not going to be done out of the New Year's party. Besides, I've invited Tom Ramsbotham, Sam Soper, Jack Hornblower, Bob Broomielow, Dick Piper, and Roger Goodfellow. And we mean to be 'So jolly O! so jolly O!' Then there will be the nice girls! Crikey! Every brother brings his sister. Won't I take 'em all under the mistletoe! 'So jolly O!'

"I won't have it!" exclaimed Mr. Wakefield. "The house has been turned upside-down ever since you came home. There was Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day—"

"And there will be New Year's Eve, Twelfth Day, and my birthday, and your birthday, and ma's birthday, and the pantomimes! 'Oh, we will be 'so jolly O!' Come, dad, you were young once yourself!"

"But never like you."

"Oh dear no—never half so handsome," retorted Harry, laughing joyously at his own good humour, which worked wonders with everybody, and covered a multitude of the boy's faults.

"Look here, Harry," said Mr. Wakefield, twiddling his thumbs as he stretched himself out before the bright parlour fire, and looking as serious as he possibly could.

"Well?" said Harry, thrusting the poker in the fire, and stirring it into a blaze, then beating the tattoo with the poker against the fender.

"Confound you, don't make that disagreeable noise!" exclaimed Mr. Wakefield. "I tell you I won't have those boys here that you have invited. You are too fast to please me, and I won't have it. I have hardly had a night's rest since you came home. We shall all be ill with it, I know we shall. The house has hardly got to rights yet from the Christmas party, and positively I wish to have no more of it."

"I promise you we will be quiet; but the party must come," said Harry.

"Then I'm to be a cypher, I suppose?"

"Oh dear no; you shall be A 1—first-class—fast-sailing clipper—"

"Enough, sir! No slang, if you please. You had no business to invite your friends without consulting my pleasure."

"Why everybody has a New Year's Eve party? I'm sure you wouldn't like to be singular, and talked about."

"You don't know what I should like, nor do you care. The passing away of the old year, sir, is a solemn period, and should be spent in reflection, and not in the society of a lot of unruly boys like you. You are now home from school, never more to return."

"That's jolly!" exclaimed Harry.

"I am sorry that you pay so poor a respect to the memory of your school-
days. You will not find the world you are about to launch upon so rosy as your youthful imagination pictures. My school-days were my happiest; and I say that after having done very well in the world.”

“I have only spent two happy days a year at school,” said Harry, demurely and pathetically.

“Ah, my boy, how so?” inquired the father, in the most concerned manner.

“Two happy days! And what were those, may I ask?”

“Midsummer and Christmas, when we broke up,” said Harry, bursting with laughter.

Harry’s father could not resist smiling, and the more he tried to frown, the more he smiled. Harry was delighted to find that his pertinacious playfulness had restored his father’s good humour.

“Now look here, Harry,” said Mr. Wakefield, “as you have asked your young friends, it would be shabby to put them off. But I must have quiet.”

“There will be no difficulty about that,” said Harry. “We shall go in for a little music, a little dancing with the girls, a little supper, and wind-up with a little game.”

“Mind——”

“Yes, Pa.”

“Mind—no practical jokes.”

“Oh dear no—everything quiet,” said Harry. “Be as jolly as you can, Pa.”

“I won’t be jolly!” exclaimed Mr. Wakefield. “Jolly means noise, uproar, and confusion. I won’t be jolly, and I won’t have you jolly. Quiet must be the order of the day, and you have promised to observe it.”

“All serene,” said Harry.

“No slang! Had your ears been as wide open for good things as they have been for bad you would have pleased me much better.”

“Now I’m off to the ponds for a little skating with some of my party,” said Harry.

Mrs. Wakefield here made her appearance, and requested that Harry would remain at home, and make fitting preparations for the reception of his young friends.

“Young friends, you mean!” cried her husband.

“Their conduct something resembled them at our last party. But, there, boys will be boys,” she added, amiably.

“There is a deal of error in that last observation, my dear,” said Mr. Wakefield.

“Error!” exclaimed Mrs. Wakefield.

“I mean that there is a great deal of error palliated by that remark. Whatever fault Harry may commit, you are sure to excuse him by saying that boys will be boys. This confounded party—I knew nothing of it until this instant, while it is evident you knew all about it. I insist that I won’t be made a cypher in my own house.”

“Dear me, Mr. Wakefield,” said the good lady. “I really did not see any occasion to consult you about a New Year’s party. Everybody has that.”

“That’s what I told papa,” said Harry. “But it is no good talking, he has given his consent——”

“I never gave consent. You forced it out of me, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Wakefield.

“ Forced you! The idea of such a thing!” cried Mrs. Wakefield. “How foolish to allow a boy like that to force you to anything.”

“You didn’t require forcing,” retorted her husband. “Parties are a good deal in your way, too much so to please me.”

“Indeed,” cried Mrs. Wakefield, tossing up her head. “All I can say is, that
we had better see the old year out with a little fun than a little grumbling. 
I wish now that I had accepted Mrs. Remnant's invitation, and spent New 
Year's Eve with the family."

Then came such a knocking at the door. The knocker knocked as never 
knocker knocked before.

"Oh, that's jolly!" exclaimed Harry, bounding through the room, till he 
made it shake again. "That's Jack Hornblower, I'd swear."

"Why you don't mean to say that your crew are coming to dinner?" 
interrogated his father.

"Only three out of the four, pa. We want to make a long and jolly day 
of it you know," said Harry, bounding away, for the knocker went 
unceasingly, until Harry opened the door.

Harry Wakefield and Jack Hornblower were two tall, genteel youths of 
about sixteen, and they were both in the highest possible state of fun and 
frolic. When they met they set up a loud hurrah! and, uniting their arms, 
they danced through the passage and into the parlour, lustily singing, "Slap 
Bang! Jolly dogs are we!"

Mr. Wakefield placed his hands on his ears, and inwardly groaned as the 
first of his son's "quiet" party made his entrance. Mr. Wakefield's acknow-
ledgments to his unwelcome guest were of the most stiff and formal kind; 
Mrs. Wakefield, on the other hand, was hearty and generous in her reception, 
and kindly inquired after the health of his family.

"Oh, they are jolly enough, thank you, ma'am," said Jack; "except that 
ma's ill in bed, ma down with the bilious fever, and the little un got 
inflammation in the chest, and measles."

"And he calls them all jolly enough!" groaned Mr. Wakefield to himself. 
Then he said audibly—

"Why your home appears to be full of sickness. I should have thought it 
would have prevented your partaking of our hospitality to-day."

"Gammon," cried Jack, to the disgust of Mr. Wakefield. "I'm not such a 
flat to keep away from a jolly party because they are ill at home. Would 
you, Harry?"

"Not if I know it," was Harry's response, scarcely knowing to what he 
assented.

Mr. Wakefield could not allow such sentiments to pass unproven, so he 
up and said:

"Do you mean to say, sir, that if I was down with a bilious fever, and your 
ma ill in bed, that you would not put off going to a party? If you have not 
a better heart than that you are no son of mine."

Before Harry could make a reply there was a great scratching, and whining, 
and howling at the front door.

"Did you bring your dogs with you, Jack?" asked Harry.

"To be sure I did, only they got frolicking about with other dogs as I came 
along, and I wouldn't wait for them. Let us go and let them in."

"That's some more of the 'quiet party,'" groaned poor Mr. Wakefield, as 
three great dogs and two great boys came scampering, barking, laughing, and 
running into the parlour. The largest dog—fierce in countenance, and black 
in colour—came up to Mr. Wakefield, growled, and showed his white teeth. 
Mr. Wakefield advanced towards the poker, and having armed himself with 
it, he was about to defend himself, when Jack caught the ferocious dog by 
the neck, saying, mildly—

"He won't hurt you, sir."

"I will take care that he does not," said Mr. Wakefield. "At the same time 
you will very much oblige me if you will take the beast into the yard."

"He is a good-tempered dog to those he knows," said Jack.
“It is quite evident that he does not know me,” said Mr. Wakefield; “and I have no desire of his acquaintance.”

A large tom cat here stalked into the parlour, and received the stare of the dogs with an arched back and a brush tail. The dogs would not be defied, and all three banded together, and wagged their tails, preparing for a little jollity. Tom’s eyes glared, and his jaws moved up and down.

“Cat!” cried Jack.

This was the dogs’ war-cry, and on the heroic Tom they barkingly advanced; the cat screamed, and flew round the room, the dogs after him. Another pretty interruption to Mr. Wakefield’s quiet party! Over went chairs, and the cat in his desperation flew on to the marble chimney-piece, knocking down glass and china ornaments. Harry sang out, and Jack helped him, “So jolly O! So jolly O!”

Mrs. Wakefield wisely escaped from the room, begging Master Hornblower to withdraw the dogs.

“You ought to have known better than to have introduced such animals into a gentleman’s parlour, sir!” said Mr. Wakefield.

“It was the cat that made the mischief,” said Harry, trying to defend his friend from his father’s wrath. “Lay hold of Juno, Jack, and I’ll hold the little snarlers.”

Before this could be done, Juno had seized the cat by its throat, shook him well, and then dropped him with contempt. The poor cat huddled himself in a corner, with a beating heart and a wistful look.

“I insist that you call your dogs out of the room, sir!” said Mr. Wakefield, sternly.

More knocking at the front door—fast and furious knocking! The boys went, and the dogs scampered at their heels. It was Harry’s other “quiet” friends; but young Wakefield had sufficient consideration for his father’s nerves to draw the whole party off—dogs and all—to the adjacent ponds for a little skating.

It was a most unhappy morning for Mr. Wakefield. He heartily wished the old year at an end, and that the new one might never commence. He was half inclined to make his exit from home for the day, and leave his son’s quiet party to the care of his wife. He rang the bell for the servant, and instructed her, with a groan and a sigh, to pick up the fragments of the chimney ornaments.

The boys enjoyed themselves so much on the ponds that they positively forgot to return to the dinner that had been well prepared for them by the kind Mrs. Wakefield, and she and her husband dined alone—and the latter was very glad of it.

“Do you know, I rather feel alarmed at Harry’s absence,” said Mrs. Wakefield.

“Do you, indeed! I rather feel alarmed at his presence,” was the morose reply of her lord and master.

“Boys will be boys,” again said the mother.

“How many more times are you going to make such a foolish apology for the wrong-doing of your son?”

“Well, I wish he was here to dinner with us,” said Mrs. Wakefield. “If I only knew where to find him, I would go in search of him.”

“Upon my word, you make me laugh. Do you think your boy is drowned?”

“I don’t know what to think,” said Mrs. Wakefield. “It is very strange for boys to forget their dinner. Why, I declare it is past four!” looking at her gold watch that hung at her side.

“And what of that? Boys will be boys, you know; and boys will do anything but that which is right.”
“Pray do not be so harsh in your judgments. See, it is quite dark. I and the maid—for I suppose you will not come—will go down to the Lower Heath and see if they are still skating there.”

“By all means go, if you are fool enough. I shall not. I am only too thankful for the little rest and quiet their absence has afforded me.”

Mrs. Wakefield, very uneasy in mind, dressed herself, and with the domestic made all haste to the pond. They had not gone far over the misty heath before they saw a small crowd making their slow way towards them. Alas! alas! Mrs. Wakefield was childless. Borne by two of his loving companions was the wet and lifeless body of Harry Wakefield. The pond was very deep, and the treacherous ice gave way beneath him, and for a time he could not be taken from the water, and his sad fate averted.

The party of boys who had but so recently left home in the highest health and spirits—it was indeed a melancholy picture to see them on the dark heath, bearing a dead companion, the best and merriest of them all. The very dogs who sloped at the mourners’ heels seemed to feel the sad occasion.

Harry Wakefield had indeed taken his farewell of the old year and the new!

When Mrs. Wakefield ascertained her deplorable loss, she sank upon the frosty heath and lost her consciousness. Her maid hurried back and broke the dreadful news to her master. Poor gentleman! who shall describe his feelings? We will not attempt so impossible a task. He collected all his manhood together, and hastened to meet the dismal cortège and assist his wife. Weeping, he took the corpse of his beloved boy from his playmates’ arms, and bore the body himself to his home, while ever and anon he kissed his frozen brow. The servant assisted Mrs. Wakefield.

Where there was to have been joy and merriment there was nothing now but sobs and tears, and melancholy, and lamentation.

When the bells tolled out the year eighteen hundred and sixty-four, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield were kneeling in prayers and tears by the new-made corpse of their son—a boy full of hope and promise, and admired by all who knew him. He was generous to a fault—and all “his failings loaned to virtue’s side.” He was worshipped by his parents, and as he lay there in death, the nobility of his nature more and more impressed them. He scorned to lie, as he did every other device of the coward; and he was always ready to champion the weak, and to be a peacemaker of school quarrels. His exuberance of spirits sometimes led him into folly; but his reflection and repentance were quick upon the heels of his errors, and wherever he wounded he was the first to heal. The father and mother found consolation in their grief that he was a good boy, and pure in spirit, and they remembered while the bells merrily heralded the birth of the new year that, “blessed are the pure in spirit, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.”

J. B.
Boys I Have Known.

AT RUGBY.
Rev. Dr. Temple, Head Master.

RT. HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GÖSCHEH, M.P. FOR LONDON.

BY A SCHOLARFELLOW.

Of the "boys that I have known" at school, one of the most distinguished is George J. Göscchen, who has, at the early age of thirty-four, been recently appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and a Member of the Privy Council. George Göscchen is the eldest son of William Henry Göscchen, Esq., a merchant of high standing in the City of London, and was sent to Rugby in 1845, at the age of fourteen. The master of his house and private tutor was Bonamy Price, Esq., who was undoubtedly one of the ablest of the Rugby Masters, and to his training George Göscchen was, in common with his fellow-pupils, indebted for much of his success in his School career.

On entering the School, George Göscchen was placed in the upper middle fifth form, under the Rev. C. Anstey—a high position for a boy of his age. He passed quickly through the upper middle, and through the fifth and twenty, and entered the sixth in 1847, under the mastership of the Rev. Dr. Tait, the present Bishop of London. In the sixth no change of places is permitted, and George Göscchen rose gradually till 1850, when he became the head of the School.

During this time he had uniformly distinguished himself in the competitions for the School prizes and honours, and he was the only boy that I have ever heard of who at one of the Christmas examinations for honours in the sixth, got four first-classes—namely, in classics, in history and divinity, in mathematics, and in modern languages; being the greatest number that could be obtained.

Nor were his acquirements confined to the ordinary course of the School studies, for he wrote English verse with considerable taste and facility, and cultivated music and singing, for which he had a fair talent.

In 1850, George Göscchen became a competitor for the exhibitions which are annually awarded at Rugby to boys leaving for the University, and he obtained the fourth, which was of the value of £60, and tenable for two years, and in Michaelmas Term, 1850, he went into residence at Oriel College, Oxford, as a commoner, under the tuition of the Rev. C. P. Chretien.

Here he still pursued the course of intellectual activity upon which he had entered at Rugby. His declamations—which he, like the other members of the College, had to deliver in hall once a term, upon some subject to be treated in Latin or English—were always remarkable for their ability. He took a prominent part in the debates of the Union Society, in which he always advocated liberal views; and he was one of the most conspicuous members of an Essay Society which numbered amongst its members some of the cleverest undergraduates of the day.

In Easter Term, 1852, George Göscchen was placed in the first class in classics in moderations, and in Michaelmas Term, 1853, he broke the spell which had bound Oriel for
seven years, and was placed in the first class in classics at the final examination; a position which he could not fail to attain, considering his proficiency in political economy, logic, metaphysics, and moral and mental philosophy—to all of which subjects he had devoted much time and attention.

At this time an event happened—the serious illness of his father—which changed George Goscien’s plans for the future. He had intended to read for the bar, but upon his father’s illness it was thought better that he should go into his father’s business, and accordingly he left Oxford without taking his degree, or, indeed, passing the second school in the final examination, which was necessary to enable him to do so.

Shortly after entering the business he was sent out by the firm to South America, where he stayed for two years, and added a knowledge of the Spanish language to that of French and German, which he already possessed.

In 1856 he returned to England, and in 1857 he married, and was appointed a director of the Bank of England, and since that time he has been actively engaged in conducting one of the most important mercantile businesses in London.

In 1863 a vacancy having occurred in the representation of the City of London, he was requested by a number of influential electors to become a candidate for the seat, and having consented to be put in nomination, was returned to Parliament without opposition, in the Liberal interest. Soon after taking his seat he joined in the debates of the House, and though he did not speak often, he always spoke with weight and effect, and impressed his hearers with a very favourable opinion of his powers.

So satisfied were the electors of the City of London with his short career in the House, that at the general election in the summer of 1865, when the seats of the four Liberal members were hotly contested by two Conservatives, George Goscien was returned at the head of the poll.

The last honour conferred upon him was his appointment last November, by Earl Russell, to be Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and by Her Majesty to be one of her Privy Councillors. This appointment has made it necessary for Mr. Goscien to retire from the directorship of the Bank of England, and to give up his business as a merchant, which, although involving a considerable sacrifice to himself, will be of great benefit to the country, as it will enable him to devote the whole of his time and ability to the public service.

I had almost forgotten to mention that Mr. Goscien has found time, amidst the pressure of business, to write several valuable articles on subjects connected with political economy, and a “Treatise on the Theory of the Foreign Exchanges,” which is generally allowed to be a most masterly exposition of a very difficult and intricate subject.

---

AT KING’S COLLEGE.

Rev. Dr. Major, Head Master.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.A.,
M.P. FOR BRIGHTON.

Henry Fawcett, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, and M.P. for Brighton, was a King’s College Boy. He was born at Salisbury in 1833, and is the son of William Fawcett, Esq., of Longford, Wilts.

Professor Fawcett, at an early age, was sent to a country school, and in 1847 he went to
Queenwood College, near Stockbridge. Up to this time, Professor Fawcett had shown but little aptitude or desire for study; but he now exhibited a strong taste for mathematics, and for many other intellectual pursuits.

In 1849 he left Queenwood College, and studied for the next few years at King’s College, London. Here he obtained various mathematical prizes and scholarships, and the strong passion which he felt for politics he often sought to gratify by paying frequent visits to the House of Commons.

In 1852 he entered the University of Cambridge. At first he studied at St. Peter’s College, and after that at Trinity Hall. The life of Professor Fawcett here was that of a hard student, although he took an active interest in every kind of outdoor sport. He was also a frequent speaker at the University Debating Society.

In 1856 he obtained high mathematical honours, being placed seventh wrangler. In the same year he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity Hall. He then went to London, entered at Lincoln’s-Inn, and commenced studying for the Bar. But his heart was so much set upon politics, that he never took a real interest in legal studies. He determined, however, if possible, to obtain success at the Bar, because this seemed to be, for a poor man, the only avenue to the House of Commons.

In 1858, a melancholy accident occurred, which deprived him of his eyesight. He was spending the long vacation at his father’s house at Longford, and on the 17th September he was partridge-shooting. On this occasion, two stray shots from his father’s gun struck his face, and, miraculous as it may appear, the centre of each eye was pierced. Mr. Fawcett was, of course, at once entirely deprived of sight, but his health did not suffer, and he soon recovered from the shock. Not long afterwards he returned to Cambridge, and again vigorously pursued the study of political economy, and other cognate subjects, in which he had long taken a keen interest.

In 1859, when the British Association met at Aberdeen, he made his first appearance in public after his accident. Many people who listened to him were not aware that he was blind. After this, he frequently spoke at public meetings, and also at the Social Science and British Association meetings.

In the autumn of 1860 there was a vacancy for the borough of Southwark. Professor Fawcett went there without any introduction, except a strong letter of recommendation from Lord Brougham. Though a stranger, he soon became very popular, and after addressing a series of large public meetings, he entirely removed the impression that he was disqualified by blindness from following a political life.

He has published a treatise on economic science, which is entitled “A Manual of Political Economy,” and in November of that year he was elected to the Professorship of Political Economy in Cambridge University, which office he now holds.

J. R. M.

Extract from a Letter to Mr. Major, from an Undergraduate of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

“As to Professor Fawcett’s University career, after his degree he was elected Fellow of Trinity Hall. Amongst both dons and undergraduates he is a universal favourite. His kind and affable manner, his cheerfulness under his great calamity, his good nature, and the excellence of his disposition, make him to be esteemed, nay, almost loved by us all.

“In his public life in the University, nothing higher can be said of his popularity than that his lectures are always ‘densely packed.’ He is listened to with profound attention, and his course is attended not only by men who are compelled to go for their ‘certificate,’ but also by vast numbers who attend merely for amusement and self-instruction; in fact, he is the most popular professor in the University!”

Dec. 6, 1865.
AT CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

PURKISS, DROWNED IN THE CAM.

These are startling words; but a more appropriate inscription it would be difficult to find for the subject of this memoir. Purkiss, the Senior Wrangler of 1864, and the winner of many other distinctions (each capable of conferring additional lustre even on that prime honour), in the City of London School, at South Kensington, in the University of London, thus lamentably perishing—as some men count perishing—at the time of the enjoyment of healthy recreation, and when he was in all probability about to put his foot on the last round of the ladder of an almost unparalleled academical career.

The best summary of these accumulated successes—which having been so conspicuously and so intelligently enumerated and commented on by the public press, need scarcely to be repeated now—is this: that as a school boy, Henry John Purkiss was already obtaining University honours, and that ere the University course was completed, he had already won his vantage ground in the foremost ranks of science for the more arduous competition of the battle-field of life. But, as our object is to speak rather of the moral character of the man than the extent of his achievements, let it be added, that at the City of London School he obtained prizes for general proficiency, for French, for German, for Scriptural knowledge; so that there was scarcely a department of teaching in which he did not evince the marvellous comprehensiveness of his range of mind, or his unfailing steadfastness of perseverance in all that he had to do. He always attributed his success to working rather than to genius, and whether his friends coincided or not in that opinion, none could doubt that in the same spirit of self-depreciation he bore his “thickly blushing honours,” however won, so meekly as to “win golden opinions from all sorts of men;” from his defeated competitors, who were brought thus more readily to acknowledge his superiority; from his masters, who loved him as a son or a brother; from his companions, many of whom soon became his stedfast friends. One of these has given this testimony of his surpassing evenness of temper, that, in the whole course of his acquaintance, he never heard him speak a petulant or an angry word.

When he obtained a Minor Scholarship of Trinity, the same distinction was gained by a Pauline, W. P. Howard, whose singular praise it may now be accounted to have been, that he was judged to be nearly as nearly equal to Purkiss in the extent of his mathematical attainments. Strange was at first the parting of those peerless boys thus united together; but in the end there was but little dissimilitude in their destination. Poor Howard pined away in hopeless consumption at Grantham, and never kept a term at Cambridge; gradually breathing away his innocent life on the very banks of the river in which that of Purkiss, after a full completion of all his teacher’s expectations, by a wholly unforeseen and inexplicable fatality, was extinguished in the twinkling of an eye.

The life of a public school-boy is but half a life if its records do not include home and school alike; the parent teacher as well as the parental master, the tender association of sisters as well as the more boisterous companionship of school-day friends. And in this respect the contributor of these pages had, perhaps, unusually advantageous opportunities of judging how truly it has been observed of this accomplished school-boy, that with no common measure of affection he loved his now afflicted mother, his sisters, and the little Arthur, who has lately, in his seventh year also, dated his commencing at the City of London School. He loved his parents, his sisters, and it need not be added how tenderly he was loved by them. He loved his home, and well did he fill it with such precious
memorials as now bring together school, college, university, and home, in one. His widowed mother, childless now of that unique but not only son, has not only in her mind’s eye continually before her the walls of the Senate House—where she saw him greeted by the Vice-Chancellor, and heard him greeted with acclamations of loving contemporaries as Senior Wrangler of his year—but sees actually around her the living evidences of his surpassing achievements, his portrait presented to him as a prize, and his almost countless prizes, which in their wonderful variety are a no less faithful portraiture of his inner and immortal self. She may grasp the splendid gold medals till their superscription and image be almost graven by continued pressure on the palms of her hands; she may gaze continually on a whole library of prize volumes, emblazoned with school, with college, with university insignia. What would many sorrowing mothers not give to have such precious remnants to meet, if not satisfy, their longing eyes, to stay their aching hearts, and to quench with some faint streaks of light the darkness of their vacant homes?

His letters and private journals, which have been placed in the hands of the writer of this feeble memorial of his beloved parishioner and deeply-lamented friend, are, moreover, doubly precious as supplying continual evidence of the religiousness as well as the seeming purity of this harmless life. Continued in an unbroken series for many years, they never fail to record where he worshipped, mostly twice each Sunday, and what was his own pastor’s or the preacher’s text. The last entry, of the 16th of September, mentions his attendance at his College Chapel—from which he never once absented himself—and though there comes a blank for the following and all future days, a friend supplies the omission by recording of him that on the morning of the 17th he was also present, and that one of that Sunday’s congregation remarked the calm and peaceful expression of his countenance during this his last assembling with the visible on earth.

When the writer of this memoir last saw him, he was not aware of his having become Principal already, instead of being Vice-Principal of the College. On hearing of this fresh instance of advancement, he remarked, in utter astonishment, “Well, Purkiss, what will it—what can it be—next?” Alas, alas! what was next but the flashing of the same wire, which on the 29th of January, 1864, raised a simultaneous shout from six hundred boys, telling that “Purkiss was Senior Wrangler,” speaking now with the crash of the thunder as well as the lightning spark, of “Purkiss, drowned in the Cam;” all such extraordinary promise cut off from our sight—quenched and extinguished in a moment.

Such a life was short indeed—he had but recently kept his twenty-third birthday—if “measured, by number of years,” but if by the extent of its achievements, or the excellence of its wisdom, or the completeness of its teaching, then may Henry Purkiss be considered to have lived long enough. Who, indeed, of those who have lived out thrice his age can say he has begun, or continued, or finished one third as much? We well know that, whatever may be the advantage of prolonged living, to the thoughtful biographer, if it be worth recording at all, no life seems so suggestive for example as that of those who are cut off in the beginning or the middle of the manhood of their days. Beyond this how often is he tired or disappointed with his subject, what divergence does he trace of ulterior progress—what complication of the first and simplest theory of life!

He was laid in the same grave with his father—it is vain to attempt to avoid such incongruity of speech—at Abney Park Cemetery. The Rector’s wishes that the first part of the service should be performed at the parish church could not conveniently be complied with, so many having expressed the intention of being present at the grave. And there accordingly by that full assembly of mourners was appropriately represented the fulness, let us say, of this not uncompleted life. There were his teachers, his fellow-students—there were pupils of the College of which he himself was Principal
—and there were the companions of his last walk, who, after that distracting search, and those more agonizing but less effectual efforts for resuscitation, saw now the poor remains safely deposited, with those surer signs of death which are also the seal of their quickening to an undying life. But on Sunday, the 1st of October—when, according to usual custom, there was a gathering of the afflicted family and sympathizing friends to hear a funeral sermon, with appropriate hymns—a scene was presented which will not soon be forgotten by many then present. “There had been much people with the young man carried out; much people was there also now with the widowed mother, and with Jesus and the disciples of the Lord.” The text of the sermon—dear Henry never failed (we have remarked) to record the preacher’s subject; we will do it for him now—was from 1 Cor. xv. 51: “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.” The change required by the living was chiefly discoursed upon, and it was remarked that the same apostle, when he is speaking of our vile body’s change, is alluding to the living body also, as requiring “the mighty working of the Lord, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.” And so our dear departed brother was considered as a noble example of the natural—that is, the intellectual and the moral—requiring even such as he to attain to the last and highest standard—the heavenly and the spiritual man; when we shall, whether we wake or sleep, see Jesus as He is, and be changed to be ourselves like Him we see!

H. K.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

ERNEST HART.

It is one of the distinguishing features of the City of London School that its portals are open to all creeds and nations, and that none who are willing to conform to its rules are excluded from profiting by the education which it bestows. Our Jewish fellow citizens have largely availed themselves of the opportunities thus offered. To the late Head Master his Jewish pupils were, for many reasons, an object of special interest; and while he has often wondered at the feelings with which many professing Christians regard a nation from which, as concerning the flesh, Christ came—whose are the fathers, and the first preachers of Christianity, and the sacred books to which its appeal is made—he has always borne a ready testimony to the good conduct and ability by which his Jewish pupils in the City of London School have been distinguished.

The first number of a new Periodical seems a proper place for a brief memoir of one who, as far as the Jews educated in the City of London School are concerned, may be fairly regarded as their representative man. This gentleman is Mr. Ernest Hart, Professor of Ophthalmic Surgery in St. Mary’s Hospital. From a small but well conducted Preparatory School in Chelsea, Mr. Hart passed into the City of London School, and very soon attracted the attention of the Head Master by the ability and industry which he displayed. He rose from class to class, carrying off all the principal prizes, especially the Essay prizes, and the medals for proficiency in ancient and modern languages; and on quitting the school as its Captain, he obtained the Divinity Prize presented by the Chamberlain of London, and the first Scholarship ever gained by a Jewish boy at one of the public Schools of England.
The writer of this article was present at a dinner given by the then Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Challis, to some of the senior pupils of Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, and he well remembers the graceful speech in which Mr. Hart, as Head Boy, returned thanks on that occasion! The man who has learned to write and speak the English language well, enters on the battle of life armed specially for the conflict. Mr. Hart, while he paid great attention to all his studies, devoted himself to the attainment of a good English style; and such was his ability in composition, that before he was nineteen years of age, he was known as the author of a most able series of papers in Household Words, "On the Laws of the Botanical kingdom, and their subservience to the General Laws which Regulate the Universe."

From the City of London School Mr. Hart proceeded to St. George's School of Medicine. His College career was, like his School career, one of unexampled success; and in his second year he obtained the Gold Medal against the third year's candidates. He was now a marked man, and was requested to take a part in the Editorship of the Lancet—a publication of which he is understood to be still the directing spirit. In due course of time he was elected—on the retirement of Mr. White Cooper, and on his special recommendation—to the Professorship of Ophthalmic Surgery at St. Mary's Hospital—a post with which he unites that of Dean of St. Mary's School of Medicine.

Devoted to his profession, Mr. Hart has improved it by the discovery of a new method of treating aneurism, and by the introduction of the ophthalmoscope, by which disease of the back of the eye is detected, and its character determined. But in holding up the mirror of our Periodical to youth, we are not content with giving them the picture of a successful surgeon, who, at the early age of thirty, already occupies a prominent position. A man may be very clever and very distinguished, and yet after all may be very little, for that man is little who is contracted into self.

It is the desire to be generally useful, and the power to achieve public good, that enlarge the man, his character, and his mission. Mr. Ernest Hart is worthy of being imitated, in the sympathy which he has always shewn towards members of his own profession, and in his labours for their benefit. Those labours have improved the position of the naval surgeon, and have caused the defeat of a most mischievous bill, which would have lowered the standard of army surgeons in India. But he has not stopped here. His letters in the Times upon the state of our workhouses are calling public attention to the fact, that our sick poor are ill-housed and ill-cared for, and, trumpet-tongued, are demanding a remedy. To the schoolboy, then, we hold up his example, and we say, Labour diligently to acquire the knowledge which will be useful to you in after life, seek the ability to express yourself with energy and precision, and then, with Mr. Hart, adopt as your motto—

"Homo sum; nihil humanum a me alienum puto."  

G. F. W. M.
AN IRISH MODE OF ROBBING THE POST OFFICE.

[Befo re the present rate of cheap postage was established, the following circumstance is said to have occurred in a rural town in Ireland. It is taken from a popular work entitled "Handy Andy," written by the well-known Irish writer, Samuel Lover.]

An Irish squire told his servant to go to a neighbouring post office and inquire for letters. "Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the Squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."
"You know where to go?"
"To the town, sir."
"But do you know where to go in the town?"
"No, sir."
"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"
"Sure, I'd find out, sir."
"Did'nt I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"
"Yes, sir."
"And why don't you?"
"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."
"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance. "Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"
"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder."
"You're right for once," said the Squire; for His Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."
"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office.

On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad cloths, and linen drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letter, sir, if you please."
"Who do you want it for?" asked the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.
"I want a letter, sir, if you please."
"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.
"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.
"The directions I got was to get a letter here—that's the directions."
"Who gave those directions?"
"The master."
"And who's your master?"
"What concern is that o' yours?"
"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"
"You could give it, if you liked; but you're fond of asking impudent questions, because you think I'm simple."
"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."
"Bad luck to your impudence," said Andy, "is it Squire Egan you dare say goose to?"
"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"
"Yes, have you anything to say again it?"
"Only that I never saw you before."
"Faith, then, you'll never see me again, if I have my own consent."
"I won't give you any letter for the Squire, unless I know you's his servant. Is there anyone in the town knows you?"
"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not everyone as is so ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the Squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"
"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."
The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.
AN IRISH MODE OF ROBBING THE POST OFFICE.

"Here's a letter for the Squire," said the postmaster; "you're to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What uh I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this morn, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it!" said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkin' to be sure, sure; but don't be delayin' me now: here's fourpence for ye, and give me the letter."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you give me the letter?"

He waited for about half an hour in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The Squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it you?"

"That oldwel chape beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letter at all; not above half the size of one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you o'madhaun, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office.

When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letter," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I am not back soon!"

"I am glad to hear it," said the postmaster. While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the Squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket, and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the Squire, saying—

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I've brought your honour the worth o' your money anyhow!"
CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR BOYS.

BY ARMIGER.

OU ask me, my dear boys, to write to you and tell you of some indoor amusements with which you may, during your Christmas holidays, amuse your relations and friends. "Something in the way of tricks and puzzles," you say, "or anything of that kind."

In complying with your request, you must bear in mind that all the great tricks of lesserdemain, properly so called, are performed either by a marvellous quickness of the fingers, acquired only by long and incessant practice, or else with the aid of expensive and elaborate mechanical appliances; therefore you must not expect to rival the professional magicians, whose apparently marvellous performances you may have witnessed.

Indeed, many of the easier tricks depending upon sleight of hand could not be explained to you on paper, they must be shown to you, and then, with ten minutes' practice, you would be master of some of them; but those which I purpose explaining to you now do not depend entirely upon this, and you can easily make yourself master of them, bearing in mind that all tricks, even the most simple, require to be well practised before they are exhibited: and first I will tell you a few arithmetical puzzles:—

Having procured about a dozen nuts or marbles, or any small articles, ask one of your friends to take them up in his two hands, so as to have an odd number in one hand and an even in the other, but not to let you know which hand, and then you will tell him which hand has even and which odd. To do this you have only to ask him to multiply to himself the number of nuts in his right hand by an odd figure, and the number in his left by an even figure; then adding the two products together to tell you the amount, and this, if even, will tell you that the even number is in his right hand; but if the product is odd, then the odd number is in his right hand.

Let us take an example. Suppose you have 9 nuts: then, having turned yourself aside, your friend takes 6 nuts in his right hand and 3 in his left. You now tell him to multiply the number in his right hand by an odd number, and so on, as I have before told you, and the operation will stand thus:—

Number in right hand (6) multiplied by 3 (an odd number) makes 18, and number in left hand (3) multiplied by 2 (an even number) makes 6, and these products, 18 and 6, added together amount to 24, which, being an even number, tells you that the even number of nuts are in his right hand.

Supposing this was reversed, and the 3 nuts were in the right hand and the 6 nuts in the left, then by the rule: 3 \times 3 = 9, and 6 \times 2 = 12, and 12 + 9 = 21, an odd number, proving that the odd number of nuts in the right hand.

Ask some one to lend you his watch, and, pointing to the dial, tell him to think of one of the hours marked upon it, and you will tell him what hour he has chosen. You say that you will tap on the face of the watch with a thin wand (a pen-holder will do) a certain number of times, which he must count to himself until he has reckoned 20, and then he is to cry "stop," and he will find the point of the wand upon the number of the hour he has thought of; but in counting your taps he must not at your first tap say to himself one, but must reckon as the number next above that of the hour he has chosen.

Thus, if the hour he has chosen be VI, he must reckon to himself your first tap as 7, and the next 8, and so on until he has counted 20, when, saying "stop," you are pointing to the number VI, which he has chosen.

The explanation of this is simple. There are 12 hour-numbers on the watch, and 20 - 12 = 8, therefore 8 is the least number of taps that can be made (in which case XII would be the hour fixed upon) and the greatest number 19 (when the hour would be 1). Therefore, as soon as your friend has fixed upon in his own mind a number on the watch, and he understands what he is to do, i.e., count your taps until he comes to 20, reckoning your first tap as one above the number he has fixed on, then do you commence tapping indiscriminately upon any of the numbers seven times, and remember to bring your eighth tap
upon the number XII, and then tap round the watch backwards, i. e., your ninth tap upon XI, your tenth upon X, your eleventh upon IX, and so on till you are stopped, when you will be upon the number chosen. Ask some one to write down a series of figures in a line on a slip of paper, and then add them up, and placing the amount under the right hand figures of the line, deduct, and then from this fresh line of figures let him privately strike out one, and you will tell him the number: thus, suppose he writes down

2146578192,

which, added together, produce 45, which he is to place under the last right hand figures, and deduct thus:

\[
2146578192 - 45 = 214658147
\]

from which he is to privately strike away one figure, which we will suppose is the 7, and this you discover by asking him to add up this last line, leaving out the figure he has struck out, and tell you the amount. In this case he will tell you that the amount is 38; all that you then have to do is privately to find the next multiplication of the number 9 above this number, which you will find is \(9 \times 5 = 45\), and then by deducting 38 from this gives 7 the number struck out.

Let us take another example. Suppose the figures in the first line are

\[
598765437
\]

Then by rule deduct 54

\[
598 65383
\]

7 is struck out, and the amount without this is 47, and the next multiplication of 9 is \(9 \times 6 = 54\), and \(54 - 47 = 7\), the number struck out.

Now I will tell you how, with a pack of cards, after everyone has cut them as many times as they please, to deal them out into thirteen heaps, four cards in each heap, and having their backs upwards, you shall tell what cards are in any and every heap that is pointed out, and the four cards in every heap shall be of the same value—four aces together, four kings together, and so on. First you must commit to memory the following line—

Eight kings threatened to send nine fine ladies for one sick knave,

which will tell you the order of the cards thus:

Eight kings threatened to send nine fine ladies for one sick knave.

8 king 3 10 2 7 9 6 queen 4 ace 6 knave.

With this in your memory you previously arrange the pack, taking up first an eight, which you place at the top, then a king placed under this, then a three, and so on till you come to a knave; when you begin again with an eight, and so on till you come to the last knave. Thus prepared, the pack may be cut a hundred times without altering the arrangements of the cards; but before commencing to deal them out into the thirteen heaps you must privately notice the bottom card, and then you will know that the first card you put down will be the one next to the bottom one in the memorial line. Suppose the bottom card, after everyone has finished cutting, you find is a three, then, by going back to the line you find “eight kings threatened,” so that you know that the first card you lay down is a ten, and every card you lay upon it will be a ten; the next heap to it will be the twos, the next the sevens, and so on, by the line.

In dealing, deal one card at a time until you have put down thirteen single cards in a line or in any form you please, then begin again, place the fourteenth card on the first and so on till you have dealt out the pack, and then ask someone to point out as many heaps as he pleases, but not to move them, and you can in a moment tell what the cards are.

Before attempting to perform this trick you should practice it over two or three times to yourself, when you will easily make yourself master of it. Take a perfect pack of fifty-two cards and let anyone take two cards, and then tell him their value.

You must state that in this trick each court card counts for ten, and the other cards
according to the number of their pips. Then tell the person who has drawn the cards to take the pack and place on the top of his cards as many more cards as will make each of their numbers twenty-five. Then take the remainder of the pack in your hand, and while appearing to search for a card count them over to yourself, and their number will be the amount of the two cards drawn.

Let us suppose that your friend has drawn a ten and a seven, then to the former he must add fifteen, and to the latter eighteen cards to make them each twenty-five. Now, 
$15 + 18 + 2$ (for the two cards drawn) $= 35$, and $52 - 35 = 17$ the amount of the two cards he drew and the number of cards that you will find left in the pack.

You can, if you like, do this another way without touching the cards. Suppose, as before, your friend has drawn a ten and a seven, then, instead of dealing more cards on to them, tell him to deduct the value of each from twenty-six (the half of the pack), and add the two remainders together and tell you the amount: this you deduct from fifty-two, and the remainder will be the numbers of the two cards—for $26 - 10 = 16$, and $26 - 7 = 19$, and $16 + 19 = 35$, and $52 - 35 = 17$ the value of the two cards, ten and seven.

Now tell him to draw three cards, and in performing this trick you should draw one yourself, which you lay on the table face upwards, as though to assist you in the trick.

This done, tell him to deduct the number of each of his three cards from seventeen (which is one-third of the pack after you have drawn your card), and adding the three remainders together, tell you the amount, to which you must privately add one for the card you drew, and then by deducting this from fifty-two, you will have the number of the three cards drawn—thus—

He has drawn an ace, a knave, and a six. . . . $17 - 10 = 7$, $17 - 10 = 7$, and $17 - 6 = 11$, and $7 + 7 + 11 = 25$, to which you add one for your own card, which makes it twenty-six, and $52 - 26 = 26$, which is the value of the ace, knave, and six.

So much at present for the cards.

If you put a piece of money in the middle of a small basin placed upon a table, and you then draw back from it until the edge of the basin hides the coin, you can, without moving yourself, the basin, or the coin have the latter brought into your sight again by simply getting someone to gradually fill the basin with water, when to your astonishment, the coin will be again distinctly visible. This is, as I dare say you are aware, owing solely to the refraction of light.

Before concluding I will tell you of a singular impression that a luminous object will leave upon the nerves of your eyes; for if at any time when the day is bright, and you are sitting in the room, gaze steadily at the middle of the window for a few moments and then shut your eyes, the figure of the window will still remain, and with such distinctness that you may count the panes; and a remarkable circumstance attending this proves that the impression of form is better retained that of colour, for in the image of the window that you still discern it will represent the panes dark; and the cross bars of the sashes and the frames bright; but if you further add to the darkness of your eyes by covering them with your hand the reverse of this instantly takes place—the panes being bright and the bars and frames dark, and this will again change upon removing your hand.

And now, wishing you a merry holiday and a happy Christmas, I must bid you adieu.
A WINTER MORNING.

Breaking through the cloudlets,
With a wat'ry light,
Come the winter sunbeams,
Struggling into sight.

Glint upon the ice-marks,
Glares upon the snow,
Make the gloomy fir-trees
Gentle shadows throw.

Ice-drops on the house-tops
Twinkle in the beam,
Like a thousand jewels
Sending forth their gleam.

And the ice-bound river
Bears upon its face
Shouting, merry skaters,
Skimming o'er the space.

In the hazel covers,
Brilliant midst the snow,
Shines the bright-hued berry,
Hanging on the bough.

On the branches drooping,
In their winter coat,
Perch the tiny robins,
Chirping forth their note.

Cobwebs, stretched like lace-work,
Frosted o'er with white,
Where, disturbed, the throstle
Wings his rapid flight.

Quiet, solemn quiet,
Reigns the winter day;
Peaceful Nature sleeping,
'Neath the yellow ray.

S. C. S.

A WINTER NIGHT.

Soft the moonlight glimmers
On the shining snow,
Glances on the cedars,
In a dark'ning row.

And its mellow beauty
Lights the distant lea
With a glist'ning shimmer,
Like a silver sea.

Softened in the shadows
To a bluish light,
Fall the moonbeams radiant,
From the queen of night.

Crusted on the branches,
Of the naked firs,

Glance the snowy masses,
And the frozen burrs.
Still and calm and lovely,
Nature seems to sleep,
Yet some thoughts of sadness
In our bosoms creep.
'Tis the death-like stillness—
A white pall at our feet—
Dead and withered branches
In their winding sheet.
Solemn thoughts will enter,
Sadden'd ones will come,
At the death of Nature,
And its placid tomb.

S. C. S.
PRIZE ENIGMA.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD FOR SOLVING THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.—A First Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best Solution, which may be written either in Prose or Verse. In making the award, the following points of merit will be taken into account: 1. Accuracy of the Solution. 2. Grammatical correctness and literary merit of composition. 3. Superiority of penmanship; and the other points of merit, such as correct punctuation, &c. Solutions must be written on one side of the paper only.

II.—A Second Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA for the Solution esteemed next in point of merit. The above Prizes will be paid in a book or books of the value stated, or philosophical, scientific, or chemical apparatus. The claimant of each Prize to select whatever he pleases to the stated amount.

Every Solution sent in for competition must bear the competitor's name and address in full, and endorsed, "PRIZE ENIGMA."

The Solutions to which the first and second Prizes are awarded will be published in the Boy's FRIEND for March, 1866.
The Editor will also award PRIZES OF BOOKS for Meritorious Solutions, which may not become entitled to either the first or second Prize.

All Solutions for competition must be in the Editor's hands, care of the Publishers, 65, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., on or before the 1st of February, 1866.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. Now feebly; now of wondrous might—
3. Felt, but never known to sight.
4. Now in darkness, now in light,
5. I travel on the iron way;
6. I move where nothing else can stray;
7. I'm present with the whirling wheel;
9. I travel with the moving air:
10. Go to the tropics, I am there;
11. Even icy regions have their share.
12. You love me—yet of me beware.
13. In earth, in air, in sea, and sky,
14. Weak, or powerful, are I.

II.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. In the brain which doth indite;
3. Freed by fire, winged by light;
4. Beautiful when dark the night.
5. In the calm and in the storm;
6. In the fish, and in the worm;
7. Destitute of shape and form.
8. In the earth and in the air,
9. In the sky, and everywhere;
10. Killing those my strength who dare;
11. Healing those my chains who bear;
12. Telling wonders everywhere.
13. Every hour of every day
   Busily I work my way.

III.
14. When a mighty voice you hear—
    'Tis not me, but I am near.

1. On the hand that now doth write—
2. On the paper pure and white;
3. Near at hand in darkest night,
4. Every living creature's right;
5. Swifter than the lightning's wing;
6. Music of the birds I bring;
7. A bright, a pure, a heavenly thing.
8. Yet doom'd to long imprisoning.
9. By many I am turned away;
10. By many I am led astray,
11. And change my features on my way.
12. Some I cure, and some I kill—
13. Always moving, never still—
14. Some would give their wealth for me,
15. But thousands daily from me flee!

To solve what I have here indited,
Studious Boys are all invited;
Answer every numbered line:
The secrets are at present mine.
But, this admission made may be—
Of subjects there are plainly three.
Answer each, and answer all,
Puzzle great, and puzzle small—
The truths will every one surprise, And bring the wisest boy A Prize.
RICHARD WHITTINGTON.*

[The proprietors offer for the best English translation of the following an award of merit of a prize volume, handsomely bound, of the value of half a guinea.]

"Whittington.—Me voici, donc, à Londres, mais, hélas ! que c'est différent de ce que l'on disait au village ! Mon grand-père répétait sans cesse que les rues étaient pavées d'or ; j'ai beau regarder, je ne trouve que des pierres, et des pierres très sales. Que c'est triste ! pas un arbre, pas une fleur, pas même un brin d'herbe, rien que des maisons, et des gens qui passent si occupés que je n'ose leur parler. . . . Cependant, il faut que je cherche un smile, que je demande un morceau de pain, un peu de lait pour toi, Minette, seule amie qui me reste ; mais à qui donc m'adresser ? je n'ose frapper à la porte d'un étranger ; et ces maisons sont si belles, elles doivent appartenir à des grands seigneurs. [Il pleure.]
Pauvre Minette ! tu vas mourir de faim, et de soif. [Il s'assied sur le seuil d'une porte et pleure, un moment après Fitzstephen entre.]

"Fitz.—Que fais-tu ici, mon enfant ?
"Whit.—[Se lève et salue avec respect.]—Rien, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Tu es de la campagne, n'est-ce pas ?
"Whit.—Oui, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Et pourquoi es-tu venu à Londres ?
"Whit.—Pour chercher de l'or, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Comment, de l'or !

"Whit.—Oui, monsieur ; on dit dans mon village que les rues de Londres sont pavées d'or ; ainsi, monsieur, quand mon grand-père fut mort, je me suis dit, 'Rien, allons à Londres, on peut sans doute y ramasser quelques petits cailloux, quelques grains d'or.'
"Fitz.—Mon pauvre garçon, tu t'es joliment trompé.
"Whit.—C'est ce que je vois, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Et que penses-tu faire ?
"Whit.—Je ne sais pas, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Tais-toi travailleur ?
"Whit.—Oui, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Que peux-tu faire ?
"Whit.—Oh ! bien des choses, monsieur ; c'était moi que cultivait notre jardin, qui gardait les troupeaux du père Guillaume ; je sais conduire une charrette, je sais traire les vaches——

"Fitz.—Toutes ces occupations, quoique très utiles à la campagne, ne valent pas grande chose à Londres ; cependant, je suis disposé de te prendre à mon service ; tu me parais un honnête garçon, et tu apprendras facilement les devoirs qu'on exigera de toi.
"Whit.—Oh, monsieur! que de bonté ! je ferai mon possible pour vous satisfaire.
"Fitz.—Ainsi donc, suis-moi. Qu'as-tu là dans tes bras ?
"Whit.—C'est ma chatte, monsieur.
"Fitz.—Ta chatte ?
"Whit.—Oui, monsieur ; pauvre Minette, elle ne me quitte jamais.
"Fitz.—Pauvre enfant ! n'as-tu aucun parent ?
"Whit.—Non, monsieur. Minette et moi nous sommes seuls au monde, depuis que nous avons perdu mon grand-père.

"Fitz.—Il faut donc que Minette fasse la connaissance des chats de la maison. Viens, suis-moi, mon enfant. [Mariette entre, un panier à la main.] Ah ! voilà ma vieille Mariette ; je puis te confier à elle. Mariette ! Mariette !
"Mar.—Monsieur !
"Fitz.—Tu conduiras cet enfant à la cuisine, donne-lui à manger, et demain il faut que Jean lui apprenne à faire le service de la maison.

* We take the following from a pretty little book, just published by Reife Brothers, entitled "Écro- créations Franciases, Petits Drame pour la Jeunesse." The play from which our extract is taken opens upon the future Lord Mayor just as he has plodded wearily to London, with a bundle on his shoulder and his favourite cat in his arms.
"Mar.—Bien, monsieur; mais—

"Fitz.—Mais—quoi donc, Mariette?

"Mar.—Monsieur, a-t-il l'intention que cet enfant loge à la maison?

"Fitz.—Sans doute.

"Mar.—C'est que monsieur a reçu de très bonnes recommandations—

"Fitz.—Ce n'est pas ton affaire, Mariette; je suis maître chez moi, il me semble.

"Mar.—Sans doute, monsieur; seulement si monsieur voulait permettre à une servante fidèle de lui faire une observation, j'oserais dire qu'il est dangereux de recevoir dans sa maison des étrangers—des gens de la campagne.

"Fitz.—Tu es un peu trop disposée à croire le mal plutôt que le bien. Le pauvre enfant est seul, et malheureux, et sans abri; il restera chez-moi cette nuit, et il ne dépendra que de lui d'y rester bien longtemps. [Il entre dans la maison.]

"Mar. [à part].—Et s'il dépend de moi il n'y restera pas un jour. Mon maître a ses idées à lui; s'il fallait obéir à toutes ses fantaisies, la maison serait un véritable hôpital; heureusement, il est obligé de s'en rapporter à moi et à madame Marthe pendant ses longues absences, et ainsi il ne sera pas très-difficile de nous débarrasser du nouveau venu.

[Haut.] Comment t'appelles-tu, enfant?

"Whit.—Richard—Richard Whittington!

"Mar.—Qu'est-ce que tu as là,—une chatte?

"Whit.—Oui, madame.

"Mar.—Hé bien! tu vas la laisser à la porte; c'est bien assez d'être obligée de so charger de toi.

"Whit.—Je vous en prie, madame, laissez-moi avec ma pauvre Misette.

"Mar.—Alors tu passeras la nuit dans la rue, mon garçon; je ne veux pas de ta chatte dans ma cuisine."

SPEECH-DAY AT MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

(From Our Own Special Correspondent.)

THURSDAY, December 18th, was speech-day at the Merchant Taylors' School. Some time before the hour appointed, the theatre was well filled with the relations and friends of the boys. The Master and Wardens of the Worshipful Company having taken their seats, the performances were opened with a passage from the speech of Cicero in defence of Milo, pronounced by the Head Monitor.

The text was well delivered by George Shallock; and, if the earnestness of his manner was somewhat subdued, it may be considered as in place when personating the most eloquent of Roman pleaders under circumstances of popular odium towards his client, which so completely robbed him of his usual powers that the speech recorded in his works is what he would have spoken rather than that which he actually uttered.

The second piece was Greek, being an extract from "Single-speech" Lyeurgus (as one may style him), who, like our own Chancellor of the Exchequer, united a mastery of finance with an appreciation of polite literature; and, as appeared from the passage selected from his one extant oration, had a high opinion of the utility of poets to a State.

This fragment was declaimed by Charles Thomas Cruttwell (2nd) with admirable enunciation and modest self-possession, combined with a significance of manner that made the ladies sensible they were listening to an address which was a true exemplification of the reciter's intelligence.

To many other individual speeches succeeded dramatic scenes. The first was from the "Acharnians," the prize play of Aristophanes, in which, after an interlocution between the country man Diceopolis, and the Chorus representing the popular voice—indignant at the separate peace that he had made with the Spartans—an animated and protracted dialogue takes place between tho Acharnian and Euripides. The Greek text was followed, perhaps, by a very limited portion of the audience; but the case, freedom, and varied emphasis with which it was given by four boys in order of character, served to convince any ear able to receive the sound of the dramatist's words, how successfully they had been taught. When, one by one, Diceopolis carried off nearly all the "properties" of the tragic poet whom he had disturbed in his lofty studies, until he exclaimed, "φησίν μοι σι' θράματα." Even those who knew nothing of Greek
entered into the humour of the piece, and almost apprehended that the unfortunate Acharnian was privy to his author's delight in quizzing the lofty pretensions of Euripides. Henry Adeney Redpath made a vigorous and sounding Chorus. Henry Montague Randall Pope was effective as Euripides, and William McCullough Hill did well all that was required of him in the subordinate character of Cephasipho; but Walter Edmund Matthew, on whom the chief business lay, was the life and soul of the scene as Dicopolius.

While giving his part with the facility of one speaking in his mother-tongue, he acted it with much spirit and natural humour, keeping up, when a listener, that appropriate by-play which is one of the tests of a true comedian.

This scene was appropriately followed by one from "Les Plaisirs," of Racine, a play, the idea of which that French dramatist is well-known to have borrowed from the "Wasps" of Aristophanes. The "Wasps" of the Greek was meant to satirize the eager and greedy dicasts, or, as we say, "special jurymen," who made a living by systematically serving on juries in Athenian courts; and Racine's "Plaideurs," in like manner, is a satire on the selfish love of litigation—the wit and humour of which pleased Louis XIV. so well that he gave the lucky author a pension.

In the scene taken from this comedy, there were six characters, filled by boys who had appeared before, except Daniel Maule Birkett, who very efficiently acted the part of "Souffleur." All did themselves and their masters much credit by the accuracy and ease of their French; and Redpath, in particular, distinguished himself by the clever manner in which he personated the "Chicanos" (or Wrangler). His flexibility in suiting his voice to the different styles in which he had to speak, especially in the rapid, was remarkable, and created much amusement.

A short dialogue from Tenen, afforded Birkett and Isaac Saunders Leandon opportunity to show the easy terms on which they stood with the peculiarities of that author; after which, the afternoon's entertainments were brought to a triumphant close with Pickwick's famous trial, by Dickens. The eight characters on the scene brought out the main strength of the juvenile theatre, the effect being much aided by the wig and robe of Mr. Justice Stareleigh (the character appropriately reserved for the Head Monitor), by the dresses of the opposing counsel, and, above all, by the wonderful bonnet and gown of Mrs. Cluppins. Redpath acted this last character as admirably as he had dressed it. Shallack, the polished advocate in the first speech, was now the model of a sour brow-beating judge. Cruttwell made an excellent Sergeant Buzfuz, and Pope an equally good Sergeant Snubbin, while Matthew was a very well-composed Winkle, and Birkett did Sam Weller to the life. The conclusion of this amusing scene brought down thunders of applause from every part of the theatre, and even the young gods in the gallery seemed to give their sanction to the sentiment, that, while Latin, Greek, and French, were all well enough in their way, Dickens was the man for the Christmas holidays!

It must be confessed that there was a perceptible accession of interest when the sound of the English tongue was once more heard, and that of dead or other living languages had ceased to tantalize the understandings of the uninitiated more than a mere pantomime. While, however, this is said in homage to simple truth, must be added that, as a living proof of the manner in which these youths had been taught, the whole exhibition was one in which teachers and taught, parents and children, may well take an honest satisfaction and a just pride.

The day concluded with a statement of the names of the boys who will be entitled to prizes for their work in the past half-year. The Head Master, the Rev. Dr. Hessey, gave a list of the University distinctions which the year 1865 had brought to the School. Among these were, at Oxford, two first-classes in Classics at B.A., Mr. Hookham, of Lincoln, and Mr. Hall, of Pembroke; two first classes in Modern History at B.A., Mr. Dermer, of St. John's, and Mr. Hughes, of St. John's; and two first-classes in Classics at Moderations, Mr. Dear, of St. John's, and Mr. Hand, of St. John's, besides second-classes and scholarships. At Cambridge, a Second Wrangler and Fellow of his College, Mr. Alfred Marshall, of St. John's, had done credit to the School, and many others had gained open Scholarships.

Dr. Hessey, after some remarks on the utility of such exhibitions as the company had just witnessed, towards the formation of manly character and the acquiring of ease and self-possession, dismissed the boys till January 19, at quarter past nine a.m., a few days beyond the ordinary time having been granted in honour of the six first-class men.
PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.—A NOVEL POSTMAN.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.

MEETING my old acquaintance, the Proprietor of the Boy's Friend, he accosted me, saying: "You appear to know the 'Reason Why' of most things; I wish you would explain to my boys the curious phenomena exhibited by serpents' eggs, as they are termed." "What boys?" I inquired. "Why, my boys," he exclaimed, with the proud air of the father of a very large family; "the youths who are readers of the Boy's Friend," I assented, and hence the following account of "serpent's eggs," as they have been termed.

In the outset, they are not eggs at all, but pastille-shaped cones of tinfoil, filled with a whitish powder, which is poisonous in a high degree, giving forth noxious fumes when burnt, and leaving a poisonous ash after the combustion has ceased. But, like all other poisons, the substance is harmless if not misapplied. Do not, therefore, attempt to make these chemical toys, but buy one or two ready made, witness the curious effect, and then throw the ashes into the fire.

The chemical compound which fills the tinfoil is the sulpho-cyanide of mercury. When a match or a bit of burning paper is applied to the point of the cone, the tinfoil melts, and the powder burns slowly. But, instead of being dissipated in a thin light smoke, the fumes assume a solid form of extreme lightness, which is small at first as it issues from the point of the cone, and gradually increases in circumference as the cone burns down towards its base. As the solid fume escapes, it twists and coils in various directions as it is forced through the apex of the tinfoil, and produces gradually a solid body from one to two feet in length, according to the size of the cone and the quantity of the compound contained in it.

The "reason why" of the chemical changes that produce the serpent-like appearance is somewhat complicated. The mercury is separated by the heat, and becomes dissipated in vapour, whilst the sulphur takes fire and burns with its ordinary pale blue flame, producing an unpleasant odour. The cyanogen, which is the remaining ingredient, is entirely decomposed, and converted into a compound of carbon and nitrogen, of the name of mellone, or mellione. This is solid, and extremely light, and constitutes the essential bulk of the serpent-like coil; but, at the same time that it is formed from the cyanogen, some surplus carbon is also set free. This mechanically mixes with the mellone, and imparts a black colour to what would otherwise be a dull yellow. The body of the serpent is, therefore, black, but the apparent skin is yellow, and this external colour is derived from the burning tinfoil. The black smoke of mellone and carbon is covered by a thin coating of yellow oxide of tin as fast as it is formed, and the result is the curious serpent-like appearance.

The best way to exhibit them is to place a chair in front of the fire; set a plate upon the chair, and put the cone upon the plate and ignite it. The fumes will then pass up the chimney, the spectators will be much amused, and after examining the ashes can throw them all into the fire. Perhaps the effect is better seen by burning the cone upon a black tea-tray, which may be turned bottom upwards, to prevent its being stained. But a layer of paper placed under the cone will prevent any harm being done to the tray.

A NOVEL POSTMAN.

What a sagacious animal is the dog, and what a useful and trusty servant he is to man. Every day we are hearing new anecdotes of his wonderful intelligence.

Doubtless, my young friends, you are all acquainted with clever dogs, and can repeat marvellous instances of their sagacity; but you may not have heard of the novel "Postman of Peckham."

There is a poulterer and fishmonger living there, who owns a dog of the terrier breed, which is a most valuable assistant in the business. The dog goes out with his master in the cart every morning, and if the master wants a trusty messenger to go back to his shop, and inform his wife that he wishes an extra quantity of fish or poultry sent to any place, the dog is always ready to go.

The poulterer writes a note, which he ties to the faithful creature's neck, who instantly sets off home at full speed, often running a mile in less than five minutes.

When the dog arrives at the shop, he goes straight up to his mistress, who opens the note, and sends off what is required. The dog is never anxious to return home until he sees his master writing a note, and then he becomes quite restless, and uneasy to be off.

—From "Our Children's Pets," a beautiful book, beautifully illustrated.
TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

With this number the New Series of the Boy's Friend commences, and, as our readers will perceive, the magazine has been enlarged, and many necessary and important improvements adopted, all tending to the better amusement, instruction, and assistance of the readers and friends of the Boys' Friend.

The purchase of this magazine has but just been completed, and the new management have, at great expense, collected together a numerous and well-selected staff, including all the most successful and popular authors whose writings are solely addressed to their friends, the boys of the United Kingdom. The responsibility of the present proprietors commences with this number, and we have been requested, in this place, to state that they are not in any way answerable for the disgraceful state in which the December number, without an illustration of any kind, was brought before the public; nor for the very unsatisfactory state of many of the Answers to Correspondents.

All correspondence, seeking information, or of general interest, will receive the most careful attention, and be answered in the Correspondence pages; but it must be borne in mind that all communications requiring answers must be received at the office on or before the 15th of the month. Those received after that date must necessarily stand over till the next number.

Under special circumstances, letters of a private nature will be answered through the post, the writer enclosing with his communication a stamped directed envelope.

All Correspondence to be addressed, "The Editor of the Boy's Friend, No. 65, Paternoster Row, E.C."

* * * E. Bradshaw—Sunbeam—B. W. B.—Young Monarch—P. Horrock—H. B.—P. J. L.—and Tavistock Youth—will find their inquiries re-answered below.

Sunbeam.—If you will send us a copy of your enigma, we will, if suitable, insert it; but in any case it will be noticed under the head of "Contributions received."

E. Bradshaw.—If you will tell us for what purpose you require the catgut, we will ascertain where you can obtain what you require, and the price, and communicate with you.

B. W. B.—Pharaoh's serpents consist of a small cone about the size of an ordinary pastile, and can be made by simply folding tinfoil into the shape of a cone, and filling it with sulpho-cyanide of mercury, which, with the tinfoil, you can procure at most chemists. Upon applying a light to the apex of the cone, the tinfoil melts, and the powder slowly takes fire, burning at the rate of an ordinary pastile, or a little faster; and the flames which now arise assume a solid form of extreme lightness, very small at first, and gradually increasing as the cone burns lower and lower, till at length it is equal to about the thickness of your finger. As this solid fume escapes, it twists and coils about in various directions; and when all is burnt out, it presents a striking resemblance to a serpent, with tapering tail and thicker body of a yellow colour. If you should make one, remember that the sulpho-cyanide of mercury is a dangerous poison, therefore be careful not to leave any of it about.

Young Monarch (of Tavistock).—If you divide 31,755 days by 365 days, it will give you 87 years exactly, supposing that each year consists of 365 days; and in this case if the man died on the 3rd March, 1837, he would have been born on 4th March, 1750; but since between the years 1837 and 1750 there occurs 22 leap years, you must deduct 22 days from the 87 perfect years, which will bring the date of his birth to the 26th March, 1760; but here again we must add 11 days for the "old style." Therefore the actual date will be 15th March, 1760. You can ascertain whether any year is leap year or not, by dividing its date by 4. If there is no remainder then it is leap-year; if there is, then the remainder is the number of years after leap year. Thus: \( \frac{1869}{4} = 464 \) and 1 over, therefore the year 1869 was not leap year; but \( \frac{1868}{4} = 466 \), without any remainder, therefore 1868 was leap year.

P. Horrock.—Your tale, "The Village Belle," is under consideration.

H. B.—Put the canary in a warm bath, holding him lightly with your hand in the basin with his head just above water; keep him there for about five minutes, then take him out and wrap him loosely up in flannel, and place him somewhere near the fire. When he is dry put him in his cage, which you must be careful not to hang anywhere near a draught. Give him some maw seed, and put a little saffron in his water, and your little pet will soon be well. Canaries are very often reduced to the state in which you
represent yours to be through having their cages hung in front of the window, exposed to the draught that comes through the opening of the frames where the window is fastened.

P. J. L.—We regret that you were not answered with a little more courtesy. If you will repeat your inquiry, we will give it every attention.

Twentienth Youth.—The surname of the Queen is Guelph. If you will repeat your inquiry as to H. M. S. Duncan, we will ascertain for you what you require, and not coolly refer you to the Navy List, which in all probability you cannot without great difficulty and some expense obtain.

We have received a copy of “Try, Try again,” by Old Jonathan.

Correspondence.

Orphea.—1. You will find an article on Electricity and how to make an electrical machine in No. 3 of the Boy’s Friend, page 166; but we advise you to buy one ready made, which you could do for the same money it would cost you for your materials. If you wish it, we will procure one for you upon your writing to us. 2. Not at present. 3. You will for the future always be able to address the Boy’s Friend on or before the 1st of every month. Should your bookseller not be able to supply you at that time, let us have his name and address, and we will see that he is well supplied.

W. Harrington.—Your first question you will find answered above. If you will write to Mr. Statham, 111c, Strand, he will fully answer your other questions as to the price of chemical apparatus, and send you a priced list of all you require.

Jane Hudson.—The book you mention, “Pyrotechny,” is published by Hodgson, Portugal-street, Lincoln’s-inn, price 3s.

D. Morrison.—You will find that your very modest requests have been anticipated, with the exception of the price, which, instead of 6d., will be 4d.

Frank Trevor.—1. You will find your name, amongst others, under the head “Contributions received.” 2. You can obtain the book you require at F. B. and W. Marshall, Stationers’ Hall-court.

Mary E. McPherson.—Pull particulars will be announced on the subject of the prize essays.

Headless Horseman.—We have done what you wished.

W. Davenport Adams.—You will perceive that the leading tales are “The Rifle Rangers,” and “The Saxon’s Oath,” which we hope will suit your apparently particular taste.

J. W. (Glasgow).—Your writing is very good, much better than your composition; but in this you can easily improve yourself.

Chemical Bill.—Your letter has been laid before the new management, who will take it under their consideration. You may rest assured that any suggestions received from our subscribers upon subjects likely to amuse and instruct the readers of the Boy’s Friend will be attended to.

A. B. B.—1. See above. 2. Write to Mr. Statham, who will send you his priced list. 3. Your writing is very good.

R. C. Hemerow.—1. What you state is perfectly correct, but the arrangement with the proprietors of the “Boy’s Illustrated Magazine” went off, and that magazine was discontinued after the December number. 2. There are many English editions of the work you mention; we do not think it would be suitable for our columns.

Oxygen.—If you wish to make hydrogen gas, put some granulated zinc into a bottle with a small quantity of water, then add your sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol, when the gas will immediately begin to form, and may then be collected with ease in the manner you mention.

Calculs.—You will find both your questions answered elsewhere.

L. M. N. E.—See answer to R. C. Hemerow, who asks a similar question.

Ben Cennis.—Your rendering is correct. Your master’s wrong.

Q. Y. X. Y. Z.—You cannot restore it to its original colour.

J. C. W. D., jun.—1. See answer to Frank Trevor. 2. A guinea the pair. 3. You must consult a doctor on this subject. 4. You had better address your letter “To the Editor” of the paper. The mails leave Southampton on the 2nd and 15th of each month. 5. Your writing is very good, but capable of improvement. 6. You can obtain a model steam engine such as you describe at Bell’s Model Dockyard, Fleet Street.

A Traveller.—The steamer leaves the London Docks three times each month. If you write to Messrs. Rickett’s Brothers, 35, Fenchurch Street, E. C., they will give you every information.

Vich-Varin.—1. Phenology was originally taught by the Germans, and is there acknowledged as a science. It teaches that the powers of the mind, and the sensations, are performed by peculiar parts of the encephalon, or brain; the front parts being intellectual, the middle sentimental, and those behind governing the animal propensities; degree being in proportion to the projection or bulk of the parts. 2. Many books have been written on this subject. You can obtain a small plaster cast of the head with the different “humps” and divisions of the skull marked and numbered for about one shilling.

A Delighted Reader.—1. You will find all the information you require in Stowe’s Survey of London, which you can see at any time at the British Museum. Were we to answer your first modest question in our pages, we should require nearly the whole of the number. 2. The sun’s diameter in miles is about 82,000. It is 110 times greater than the earth, from which it is 92,000,000 miles distant. Diameter of Mercury about 3,000 miles; of Neptune 33,000, his distance from the sun 2,950,000,000. A large star in the southern
heavens, called Alpha "centauri" is the nearest fixed star to the earth. 3. The number of the Asteriods (as you call them) is now known to be upwards of fifty. Sixty years ago the first four were discovered, and received the names of Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. 4. Your writing is better than your grammar; "How many Asteroids is there, &c." for example.

An Inquisitive One.—1. You must have some further particulars about the cross before we can do what you ask. 2. Consult the clergyman of your parish. 3. Yes, a fine castle formerly stood upon the "Castle Hall," at Mere. The celebrated Lord Cottington was a native of the town in the time of Charles I. 4. Impossible. 5. Wednesday. 6. Answered elsewhere. 7. There is no such place.

C. G. S. and C. J. C.—We will ascertain, and let you know.

J. G. Store.—Next month's number.

J. E. Swan.—1. The best way in which you can assist us is to introduce the Boy's Friend to the notice of such of your friends as have not seen it. 2. The "new style" was introduced in the year 1752, the 3rd day of September being reckoned the 14th. 3. No, the Isle of Man is not a separate sovereignty. It was annexed to the crown of Great Britain by virtue of an Act of Parliament passed in the year 1423. 4. One Academy account book was first introduced into England in the year 1630.

James Stevenson.—What you read was incorrect, for the "Curfew bell" was abolished in the year 1750.


A. O. C.—1. You will find the best account of them in "Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy." 2. The leading tales commenced in this number will be concluded in the volume for December next. 3. When you say, "Was not Henry VIII. the first king styled "your majesty," &c.," if you mean the first English king, you are right, but the first King to whom that title was given was Louis XI. of France. Previously to this it was usual to address the King of France as "Your Despotism," and of England, "Your Grace," and "Your Highness." Before the time of Louis XI. "Majesty" was the title only of Emperors.

J. E. Bowell.—1. An Article will shortly appear on the subject. 2. You say you have subscribed to the Boy's Friend from the commencement. If so, and you refer to No. 5, page 245, you will there find the ballad you require.

D. S. F.—You can get a good second-hand air-pump at Baker's, Surgical Instrument Makers and Opticians, Holborn, opposite Day and Martin; or you could hire one.

C. E. D.—Partridge and Cozens, corner of Chancery Lane, Fleet Street.

Jas. Cos., jun.—We will lay the matter before the management. Thanks for your good wishes.

E. A. Rub it over with sweet oil. 2. Yes.

W. Lades.—Your letter with the enclosure has been laid before the management, who desire us to say that they can only insert what you require as advertisements on the terms mentioned in the advertising prospectus, which will be forwarded to you.

A. L.—"Asteroid from the first." We will ascertain the particulars you require from the late pro-

priest of the Boy's Friend, and communicate with you.

Erik.—It entirely depends upon the degree of intimacy between you and your friend; but, as a rule, if you leave your card, you will have complied with the rules of courtesy. 2. If you take them in moderation no harm can be done. 3. We could not venture to prescribe for you on such slight information. The best preservatives against the complaint from which you suffer is regularity in meals and exercise.

S. B. X.—1. Your voice "broke as it is commonly called. This happens to all boys at a certain age. There is nothing to be alarmed at. Your voice can be trained to sing much better than you have done. 2. If you will put the whole of the matter you allude to in the form of a statement, paying a little more attention to your spelling, and confining yourself as much as possible to brevity, we will place it in good hands for you.

Robert Rafter.—Many thanks for your offer of assistance. You cannot do better than you propose. 1. You will, after a little practice, write a much better enigma than the one enclosed, although that is far from bad. 2. "Is it any use for you to try for a prize or honourable mention?" Certainly it is: "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady." Work away like a man on pay money subjects that will be set for prizes and awards of merit. Send us your work, and be assured that you and all competitors will have a "fair field and no favour." 3. Anything you may like to send us we will look over and give our opinion upon it.

Timothy J.—1. *Spemnae valgus.* 2. If your translation of the feuilleton is correct, as you say, that it was at the tomb of Tasso that Petrarch, during his first absence, cherished his regretful remembrances of Laura: "the author writes nonsense, for Petrarch died in the year 1374, and Tasso in 1594.

Young Marcus.—1. The Assyrian Empire was founded B.C. 2059, and was divided B.C. 1593. 2. "Artium Baccalarius," or Bachelor of Arts.

D. D. Davies.—You are not at all troublesome in asking sensible questions. If you wish to write to Mr. Welch, 24, Houghton Street, Strand, W.C., he will select for you what you type require, and let you know the cost. 2. Let us have the name of your news-agent.

John Johnson.—Steamers leave Liverpool for Canada every Thursday. You can obtain a passage for as low as £5 10s.

Mr. Menor.—A Baccalauréau, or Bachelor of Arts. W. C. Starr, and Company, 150, Cheapside, will furnish you with further particulars upon application.

A. W. X.—Send us twenty-four stamps, and we will send you the eight numbers, post free. 2. On receipt of twenty-six stamps we will forward you the 1864 numbers.

**"** Several correspondents write to us desiring information where they can best procure chemicals and apparatus, &c., for experiments, and the different prices. We have made an arrangement with Mr. Statham, No. II i 1. Strand, and if our young friends who desire such information will write to him, stating that they are subscribers to the Boy's Friend, he will send them priced lists of every article they require, and the articles themselves, cheaper than they can get elsewhere, to any part of the kingdom.

If our correspondents prefer it they can send their orders to us, and we will send them on to Mr. Statham.

=o**"** Owing to the large space occupied by the PRIZE ENIGMAS, we must defer the usual Charades, Riddles, &c., to a future Number.
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

By Captain Mayne Reid.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE ON THE ISLAND OF LOBOS.

After calling at Brazos Santiago, we were ordered to land upon the island of Lobos, fifty miles north of Vera Cruz. This was to be our “drill rendezvous.” We soon reached the island. Detachments from several regiments debarked together; the jungle was attacked, and in a few hours the green grove had disappeared, and in its place stood the white pyramids of canvas with their floating flags. It was the work of a day. When the sun rose over Lobos it was a desert isle, thickly covered with a jungle of mangrove, manzanol, and isaco-trees, green as an emerald. How changed the scene! When the moon looked down upon this same islet, it seemed as if a warlike city had sprung suddenly out of the sea, with a navy at anchor in front of its bartered walls.

In a few days six full regiments had encamped upon the hitherto uninhabited island, and nothing was heard but the voice of war.

These regiments were all “raw,” and my duty, with others, consisted in “licking them into shape.” It was drill, drill, from morning till night; and, by early tattoo I was always glad to crawl into my tent and go to sleep—such sleep as a man can get among scorpions, lizards, and soldier-crabs; for the little islet seemed to have within its boundaries a specimen of every reptile that came safely out of the ark.

The 22nd of February being Washington’s birthday, I could not get to bed as usual. I was compelled to accept an invitation, obtained by Clayley, to the tent of Major Twing, where they were—using Clayley’s own words—“to have a night of it.”

After tattoo we set out for the major’s marquee, which lay near the centre of the islet, in a copse of caoutchouc-tree. We had no difficulty in finding it, guided by the jingling of glasses and the mingling of many voices in boisterous laughter.

As we came near, we could perceive that the marquee had been enlarged by tucking up the flaps in front, with the addition of a fly stretched over an extra ridge-pole. Several pieces of rough plank, spirited away from the ships, resting upon empty bread-barrels, formed the table. Upon this might be recognized every variety of bottles, glasses, and cups. Open boxes of sardines, piles of ship-biscuits, and segments of cheese, filled the intervening spaces. Freshly-drawn corks and glistening fragments of lead were strewn around,
while a number of dark conical objects under the table told that not a few champagne bottles were already "down among the dead men."

On each side of the table was a row of colonels, captains, subalterns, and doctors, seated without regard to rank or age, according to the order in which they had "dropped in." There were also some naval officers, and a sprinkling of strange, half-sailor-looking men, the skippers of transport brigs, steamboats, &c.; for Twing was a thorough republican in his entertainments; besides, the day leveled all distinctions.

At the head of the table was the major himself—one of those wiry, hard-headed, hard-drinking fellows—who always carried a large pewter flask suspended from his shoulders by a green string; and without this flask no one ever saw Major Twing. He could not have stuck to it more closely had it been his badge of rank. It was not unusual on the route to hear some weared officer exclaim, "If I only had a pull at old Twing's pewter!" and "equal to Twing's flask" was an expression which stamped the quality of any liquor as superfine. Such was one of the major's peculiarities, though by no means the only one.

As my friend and I made our appearance under the fly, the company were in high glee, every one enjoying himself with that freedom from restraint of rank peculiar to the American army-service. Clayley was a great favourite with the major, and at once caught his eye.

"Ha, Clayley! that you? Walk in, with your friend. Find seats there, gentlemen."

"Captain Haller—Major Twing," said Clayley, introducing me.

"Happy to know you, Captain. Can you find seats there? No. Come up this way. Cudjo, boy! run over to Colonel Marshall's tent, and steal a couple of stools. Adge! twist the neck off that bottle. Where's the screw? Hang that screw! Where is it, anyhow?"

"Never mind the screw, Mage," cried the adjutant, "I've got a patent universal here." So saying this gentleman held out a champagne bottle in his left hand, and with a down-stroke of his right cut the neck off as square as if it had been filed.

"Nate!" ejaculated Hennessy, an Irish officer, who sat near the head of the table, and who evidently admired that sort of thing.

"What we call a Kentucky corkscrew," said the adjutant, coolly. "It offers a double advantage: it saves time, and you get the wine clear of——"

"My respects, gentlemen! Captain Haller—Mr. Clayley."

"Thank you, Major Twing. To you, sir!"

"Ha! the stools at last! Only one? Why no more, Cudjo? Come, gentlemen, squeeze yourselves up this way. Here, Clayley, old boy; here's a cartridge-box. Adge! up-end that box. So, give us your fist, old fellow; how are you? Sit down, Captain; sit down. Cigars, there!"

As soon as we had got seated, several voices were heard vociferating, "The song! the song! round with the song!" and I learnt that the order of the night was "a song, a story, or half-a-dozen bottles of champagne."

"Sibley's turn next!" shouted one.

"Sibley! Sibley!" cried several voices.

"Well, gentlemen," said the officer called upon, a young South Carolinian, as I make no pretensions to singing, I will endeavour to clear the forfeit by a story."

"Good! a story, by all means—nothing like variety."

"Liftinum, take a trifle of the squeezed lemon before ye begin."

"Thank you, Captain Hennessy. Your health, sir."
LIEUT. SIBLEY AT THE GEORGIA HOTEL.
CHAPTER V.
LIEUTENANT SIBLEY’S STORY OF A GEORGIA HOTEL.

“WELL, gentlemen, about six months ago I had occasion to make a journey to Pensacola on horseback. My road from South Carolina of course lay through the State of Georgia.

“It is well known, gentlemen, that there are large tracts in the territory of our southern neighbour that have proved very ungrateful to the labours of the husbandman. These districts are, in consequence, but sparsely settled, and ill-provided with the necessaries of life.”

Here the lieutenant looked significantly towards the major, who was a thoroughbred Georgian.

“On the third day of my journey I had ridden about twenty miles through one of these tracts—a dry pine barren—without having caught the first glimpse of a human habitation. I was faint with hunger and thirst; so was my horse, who stretched out his neck and moaned piteously, as each new, and apparently illimitable, prospect of the hot, sandy road opened before us. There was no help for it, however; so we jogged on painfully—both of us keeping a sharp look ahead. You cannot fancy my delight when, on turning a corner, I saw before me a large and substantial log-house, with a pine mast stuck up before the door, and a broad swinging sign, upon which was legible, in bold characters, the word ‘Hotel.’

“I rubbed my eyes, then shaded them with my hand, to make sure it was not the mirage, which frequently makes its appearance upon these sandy plains. But no; it was a house, and, better still, a hotel.

“I straightened myself in the saddle. My horse whickered and stepped out cheerily. ‘Come,’ said I, patting him on the neck, ‘we’re through it at last, old fellow; you’ll soon be up to your ears in the best of Georgia corn, and I——’ Here the anticipated enjoyment of ham and eggs, fried chicken, strong coffee, hot biscuit and waffles, deprived me of the power of speech, and I rode up to the ‘hotel’ in silence.

“As I got nearer the house, it began to look weather-beaten and desolate-like, and I was growing fearful that it might be uninhabited; but no—there sat the landlord in the porch, and his two sons. ‘It’s all right,’ thought I; so I rode up, and drew bridle in front of the door.

“So far, the three individuals whom I had observed in the porch—three sallow, dry-looking chaps, in their shirt-sleeves—had not moved an inch. I am not sure that they even changed the direction of their eyes. A couple of gaunt, yellow dogs, that lay on the stoop, remained equally motionless.

“‘Come,’ thought I, ‘this is cool for people who keep a house of entertainmen. They ought to know, from the direction in which I have come, that I must be both hungry and tired, and likely to put up for the night. They might offer to take one’s horse, I should think.’ But no one stirred.

“I began to suspect that, after all, the house might not be a tavern, as I had at first supposed; and I again looked up at the sign. Enough—the word ‘Hotel’ was there in large letters.

“‘Can I stop here for the night?’ I inquired at length.

“I waited for an answer, but none came. I repeated the question in a louder and more imperious tone.

“‘You kin if yer like, stren-ger,’” replied the oldest of the three, but without moving a muscle except those of his mouth.

“‘Have you got any corn?’ I inquired, intending to make sure of something for my horse before alighting, as the house, on a nearer inspection, looked naked and empty.
"Got any corn?" echoed the same speaker as before.
"Yes," said I, "corn."
"No, we hain't got any," was the reply.
"Well, have you got any fodder, then?"
"Got any fodder?"
"Yes—fodder."
"No, we hain't got any."
"This is bad," thought I. "My poor horse! I will have to turn him loose; and I might as well tie him up, for that matter," I continued to soliloquise, as, on looking around, I could not see a blade of grass within the circuit of a mile. "I had best hitch him to the post, take a hurried snack myself, and then ride on to the next house; but first let me see what they can give me to eat."

All the time I was occupied with these reflections the three men remained silent and motionless, except when one or the other of them would bring his hand down with a smart slap over his cheek, or along his thigh, or behind his ear, as though one and all of them were afflicted with the malady of St. Vitus.

"I was at first startled by these demonstrations; but, upon further observation, I perceived that my saturnine friends were only killing mosquitoes.
"Have you any ham and eggs?" I asked, after a pause.
"Got any ham and eggs?" echoed the original speaker, with an emphasis that clearly betokened surprise.
"Yes—ham and eggs," repeated I.
"No, we hain't got any."
"A pity; I am fond of ham and eggs. Have you any chickens, then?"
"Chickens?"
"Yes," said I, "chickens."
"No, we hain't got any chickens—nery chicken."
"Well, have you got any meat?"
"Got any meat?"
"Yes—any sort of meat—beef, pork, mutton, or veal. I'm not particular; I'm hungry."
"No, we hain't got any."
"Have you any bread, then?"
"Any bread?"
"Yes—bread—a piece of bread and a glass of water. That to a hungry man is a banquet."
"No, we hain't got no bread."
"Well, my friend, have you got anything to eat of any kind?"
"Anything to eat of any kind?"
"Yes, anything! I'm as hungry as a wolf."
"No, we hain't got nothing to eat of any kind—nery thing."
"Can you give my horse some water, and I'll ride on?"
"We hain't none drewed, stren-ger; but the crick ain't more'n a kipple o' miles ahead—yer kin git water thar."
"Oh!" I ejaculated, involuntarily; 'no meat, no bread, no corn, no water, no nothing! Look here, old fellow! will you tell me how you do here, any how?"

"Not at all put out by the question, the old chap looked up sideways, and replied—

"Very well, I thank thee, stren-ger; how de yer deo yerself?"

"I gave a violent wrench at the bridle, which brought my horse round like a pivot; and digging the spurs into his sides, I headed him at the road. But the poor beast did not need any driving, for, whether he had been satisfied by his own inspection of the place, or whether he had understood the conver-
sation, he broke into a sort of despairing gallop, and did not stop until we had reached the top of a long hill. Here I had the curiosity to turn round in the saddle and look back; and, to my astonishment, the three men were still seated just as I had left them; and I really believe that they are sitting there to this day. Captain Hennessy, I'll trouble you again."

"With all the pleasure of life; here's at you, lifterman!"

"Fill up, gentlemen—fill up!" shouted the sharp, hard voice of the major, as soon as the laughter had subsided; "fill up—there's a basket left."

"Ay, and when that's through, Old Blowhard here has another stowed away in the lockers of his steamer."

"Ay, a dozen of 'em for such a day as this," said the transport master, who was known among the officers at Lobos as "Old Blowhard."

"Speaking of the day, allow me, gentlemen, to propose a sentiment, which until now we have by some accident overlooked."

This came from a tall, gray-haired officer of a venerable aspect.

"Sentiment from Colonel Harding!"

"Colonel Harding's sentiment!"

"Fill up for the Colonel's toast; pass that champagne."

"The memory of the immortal man whose birthday we celebrate."

This toast was drunk standing—all heads uncovered—and in perfect silence. The riot that rang but a moment ago through the crowded canvas was hushed, out of respect for the memory of the illustrious dead. The silence was only momentary. Like waves for a while baffled, and back returning, the sounds of revelry again broke forth. Above the din of conversation, several voices were heard vociferating—

"A story from Twing! A back-hit from Georgia!"

"Well, gentlemen," responded the major, "I'm ready as soon as you have all filled; I don't like to be interrupted."

"Fill up, gentlemen," continued he. "Adge, out with some corks! Cudjo, where's the screw? Hang that screw! I believe it's sunk into the sand. Look out for your purses, gentlemen; if you drop them here, they're gone. I've lost several valuable articles in this horrid sand-hole."

"Mine is as low as it can possibly get!" cried a voice.

"Never mind the screw, Mage," said Hillis, the adjutant, who by this time had broken—Kentucky fashion—the necks of several bottles, and was pouring out their foaming contents.

"Now gentlemen," cried the major, after swallowing a glass of champagne, "I am at your service."

Silence was at once re-established, and the whole company sat eyeing their host with interested looks. The major was well known to be a sharp hand—a regular "Georgia Yankee"—and every one expected to hear the South Carolinian receive a Roland for his Oliver. The Georgian began.

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR TWING'S STORY OF THE GUYAS-CUTIS.

"Mine, gentlemen, is also a travelling story:" here the major looked significantly towards Sibley.

"Many long years ago, when I was a wild young man, I was journeying to the city of Washington in company with a friend—a Georgian boy, like myself. We went, as thousands have gone before and since, to try our luck at office-hunting. You are all well aware, gentlemen, that the road from Georgia to Washington passes through the Palmetto State, a state distin-
guished for the fertility of its soil, as well as for the wealth, chivalry, and intelligence of its sons.” Here the major winked knowingly at the company with one eye, while he kept the other fixed upon the South Carolinian.

“I thought myself a smart traveller, gentlemen, but compared with my companion I was as green as a blade of spring grass. He was naturally sharp, but experience had polished his wits to the keenness of a cambric needle. His name was Cobb—Wiley Cobb.

“We started from home on a capital of three hundred dollars. It was all we could rake together. But we had a couple of stout Georgia ponies; and this, we concluded, would be enough to put us through to Washington and back.

“If we're stumped,” said Cobb, “we can sell the cattle.”

“Unfortunately, before entering the Palmetto State, it was our luck to pass through the town of Augusta, on the Georgia side, where we halted to feed. Augusta had always been considered a ‘brisk little place.’ We found it so. Not being in a great hurry, we remained over night and the next day. We had fallen in with some very agreeable acquaintances. We got to playing first at ninepenny poker; then quarter-dollar loo; then brag; and finally our Augusta friends introduced us to the interesting game of faro. We played all night; and by daybreak on the morning of the second day had deposited our three hundred dollars in the ‘bank,’ where they remained.

“What’s to be done?” said I.

“I’m thinking,” answered Cobb.

“Sell the ponies and start back?” suggested I.

“No such thing!” sharply responded Cobb.

“What better can we do?” I asked. ‘We have no money—we can’t go on to Washington—what can we do but slope home again?’

“What have you got in your saddle-bags?” inquired my friend, without heeding my last interrogation.

“A shirt, a pair of pistols, a plug of tobacco, and a bowie,” was my reply.

“We must sell the bowie first,” said Cobb; ‘it will pay our tavern bill, and get us out of this dreadful hole.’


“Of course,” said Cobb; “we would look wise turning back. We would be the standing joke of the county,” added he.

“But how can we travel without funds?” I asked.

“That we shall have to find out,” said Cobb, with a look as cheerful and happy as if he had relays of horses all along to Washington, and his bill paid at every tavern upon the road.

“I have an acquaintance,” continued he, ‘at the end of the first stage from here; we can stop all night with him—that won’t cost anything; beyond that, we must trust to the hospitality of the planters. I think we can get through South Carolina handsomely; good, generous fellows, the South Carolinians.” Here the major again looked significantly across the table.

“The danger is, we may stick in the Turpentine State. We must travel through it on the proceeds of your pistols. But come, let us first dispose of the bowie, and get out of this sharers’ nest.’

“As Cobb was my senior, and in my estimation a great genius, I of course acquiesced. He sold the bowie-knife to one of our gambling friends for six dollars; the tavern bill was liquidated, leaving a few shillings in our joint purse; and with this we took the road through South Carolina.

“At the end of the first day we stopped with Cobb’s friend, and were hospitably entertained. Cobb felt a strong inclination to borrow from him, but could not bring himself to confess the cause of our being without funds.

“We left his friend’s house, therefore, after an excellent breakfast, our horses well fed and curried, but without any increase to our finances. On the
contrary, we had given a quarter-dollar to the ‘darkie’ who had saddled our ponies.

"We were now fairly en route—travelling through, to both of us, terra incognita.

"That night we stopped at a planter’s house. I do not know what Cobb told the planter as we were preparing to leave in the morning; but I heard the latter remark somewhat sneeringly, as we got into our saddles, ‘It ain’t usual for folks to travel through these parts without money,’ and then there was a half-stifled, angry-like ejaculation, followed by a hissing through his teeth of words which would have sounded badly in polite ears.

"'Rather an inhospitable sort of a chap,' whispered I, as we rode off.

"'Very inhospitable,' said Cobb, ‘especially for a South Carolinian. But he’s an exception, I guess.’

"And he was an exception; for the next place we stopped at they turned to and blackguarded us outright, calling us ‘impostors’ and ‘Georgia Yankees;’ and the next after that, the landlord of the house, which was a country tavern, threatened to levy upon our saddle-bags. This he certainly would have done, had not Cobb told him very significantly that they contained only a pair of pistols that were loaded, and might go off. Saying this, Cobb took out the pistols, and handed one of them to me; then, cocking his own, he told the landlord he ‘might have the saddle-bags now, as they were empty.’

"But Cobb was a boy of six feet two in his stockings, with a pair of fierce whiskers, and an eye as black as a coal; and the landlord concluded to let the bags hang where they were; so we leaped into our saddles and rode off.

"'This will never do, Harry,’ said Cobb, as we jogged leisurely along.

"'Never,’ said I.

"'We must hit upon some plan to raise the wind,’ continued he.

"'I wish we could,’ said I.

"'Think of something,’ said he.

"'I’ll try,’ said I; and I commenced turning over in my mind every plan I could think of that would be likely to relieve us from our difficulty.

"But ‘raising the wind’ by the mere process of thought is an achievement which has puzzled sharper intellects than mine; and I was about abandoning the twentieth project that had offered itself to my mind, when Cobb, who was riding some distance in advance, suddenly checked his horse, and, wheeling round in the saddle, with a triumphant gesture, shouted out—

"'Harry, I have it!'

"'Good!’ cried I.

"'I’ve tred the varmint!’ continued he.

"'You have?’ said I.

"'Like a knife!’ said he.

"'I am glad of it,’ said I; ‘but how?’

"'Never mind; I’ll tell you at night. I haven’t got the thing straightened out yet. How far do you suppose we are from Columbia?’ inquired he.

"'About twenty miles, I should think. We have come five, and they said it was twenty-five from the tavern.’

"'Well, then, ride slowly,’ said Cobb. ‘We must not get there before dark. What sized place is it?’

"'I haven’t an idea,’ replied I. ‘It ought to be a good chunk of a place, though; it’s the state capital.’

"'So it is; you’re right—it’ll do,’ said he; and we rode on in silence, Cobb buried in profound meditation, maturing his plans, and I dying with curiosity to know them.

"About half an hour after dark we entered the town, and rode up the streets, Cobb looking inquiringly into the different stores as we passed.
"Here's the very thing!" ejaculated he, pulling up in front of a shoe-shop and getting off his horse.

He entered the shop. I could see, by his gesticulations to the owner of the establishment, that he was in treaty for a large empty shoe-box which stood in the middle of the store. All that I could hear was the following:—

"After you have made the hole, you may nail down the lid and paint the letters upon it. Here they are."

Saying this, he took up a scrap of paper, and, after writing some words upon it, handed it to the store-keeper.

"I'll send a dray for it in half an hour," continued he, as he paid for the box; and, bidding the man good night, came out and got into his saddle again. We then continued our way to the principal hotel of the place, where we drew up and dismounted.

"I'll be back in an hour, Harry," said Cobb, throwing me his bridle; 'in the meantime, take your supper, engage a snug room, and wait for me. Don't register till I come—I'll attend to that." So saying, he disappeared down the street.

Agreeably to his instructions, I did not register our names; but, as the supper-gong rang before Cobb's return, I walked into the room and ate supper—heartily, too, for I had not tasted victuals since the morning. I was then shown to my room, where I waited patiently for the appearance of my friend. I was still conjecturing how the supper was to be paid for, when the door opened and Cobb entered. He was not alone. A couple of 'darkies' followed at his heels, carrying the box that I had seen him purchase, upon the lid of which was now painted, in large bold letters,

"'THE WONDERFUL GUYAS-CUTIS'"

"Underneath was an oblong hole or slit, newly-chiselled in the wood.

"Cobb held in his hand a broad sheet of paper. This, as soon as the darkies had gone out of the room, he spread upon the table, and, pointing to it, triumphantly exclaimed—

"'There now, Harry; that's it!'"

"'It? what it?' asked I.

"'Read for yourself, old fellow!' cried he.

"I commenced reading:—

"'THE WONDERFUL GUYAS-CUTIS'

"'Caught in the Wilds of Oregon! near the boundary of 54° 40'!!'

"This was in large capitals. Then followed the description, in smaller letters:—

"'This remarkable animal, hitherto unknown to the naturalist, possesses all the intelligence of the human, combined with the ferocity of the tiger and the agility of the orang-outang! He is of a bright sky-blue colour, with eleven stripes upon his body, and one more round his nose, which makes the even dozen; and ne'er a one of them alike!!'

"'In his rage, he has been known to carry Indians up to the tops of the highest trees, and there leave them to perish with hunger, thirst, and cold, which accounts satisfactorily for the uncivilized nature of the red man!!'

"'The highly-intelligent citizens of Columbia are respectfully informed that this wonderful quadruped has arrived among them, and will be exhibited this evening, Tuesday, at the Minera Rooms, at the hour of eight o'clock. Admission, 25 cents!!'

"'But,' said I, 'my dear Wiley,' now for the first time catching the idea of Cobb's project, 'you don't intend—'

"'But I do, though,' interrupted he; 'and I will—that's as certain as my name's Wiley Cobb, of the state of Georgy.'

"'But you do not really think you can gull the intelligent people—-?'
"Bah! intelligent people! It's plain, Harry, you don't know the world," said Cobb, contemptuously.

"And what part do you expect me to take in the play?" I asked.

"Nothing but to keep in this room to-morrow, and see that nobody peeps into that box."

"But at night?"

"At night you will stand at the door of the Minerva Rooms, take the money, and, when you hear me groan and shake the chain, run in behind the screen—that's all."

"Beginning to look upon the thing as a good joke, I promised faithfully to follow Cobb's instructions; not without some disagreeable anticipations that both he and I would spend the following night in the Columbia jail."

"Next morning Cobb was up at an early hour; and, after moaning piteously, and groaning in the most hideous and frightful manner, and talking at intervals into the box, as—'Be still, Guy!' 'Down, Guy! down!'-he left the room, bidding me keep a sharp look-out."

"As soon as he had gone I heard a considerable shuffling and whispering outside the door; and presently a darkie looked in, and asked me if I wanted anything."

"Not anything,' said I; 'don't come in!'

"The darkie drew back his head with a look of terror, and pulled the door behind him."

"Shortly after, the whispering recommenced, and the door again opened. This time it was the landlord of the hotel, whose curiosity had brought him up to 'see the elephant.'"

"'It's a terrible fierce critter that,' said he, putting his head inside the door, but still holding on to the handle."

"'Dreadful!' said I."

"'Could I not have a peep?' inquired he.

"'It's against the rules,' answered I; 'besides, a stranger makes him savage.'"

"'Oh, it does! does it?' said he, apologizingly.

"'Terrible!' said I.

"'You'll have a good house, I think,' said he, after a short pause.

"'I hope so,' said I.

"The bills is out. Mr. Van Amburgh was about putty early this mornin'.'

"Mr. Van Amburgh?" interrogated I.

"Yes; Mr. Van Amburgh—your partner."

"Oh!—yes; Mr. Van Amburgh, my partner,' I chimed in, as I saw that this must be an alias of my friend Cobb. 'But Mr. Van Amburgh did not put out the bills himself?'

"I said this to lead the landlord's thoughts upon a new trail, and cover the mistake I had made.

"'Oh—no; of course not,' replied he; 'he hired a boy.'

"Certainly—that was right,' I added.

"Breakfast'll be ready in a minute; ye'll come down?"

"Oh! of course."

"At this, Boniface took himself off, to my great satisfaction.

"Cobb now returned, bringing with him about six feet of a log-chain, done up in paper."

"After repeating his groaning and growling, we descended to breakfast—Cobb having first carefully locked the door and put the key in his pocket."

"We were evidently objects of great interest at the breakfast-table—Cobb calling me 'Mr. Wolfe,' and I addressing him as 'Mr. Van Amburgh.' The servants waited upon us with delighted attention."

"After breakfast we returned to the room, when Cobb again went through his groaning rehearsal, and shortly after left me.
"The groaning he repeated at intervals during the day; upon each succeeding occasion louder and more terrific than before.

"Night came at length; and with our box, covered up in one of the landlady's bed-quilts, we started for the Minerva Rooms, which I found already fitted up with a running screen, and brilliantly lighted with candles. Cobb had the box and chain carried behind the screen, while I remained at the door to look after the 'treasury.' We had no tickets, each one paying his or her 'quarter,' and passing in.

"In a short time the room was full of ladies, gentlemen, and children; tradesmen and their wives; merchants and their families; young bucks and their sweethearts; and even a number of the intelligent members of the state assembly! Expectation was on tiptoe to see the 'Wonderful Guyas-cutis.'

"At length a low moaning was heard behind the screen.

"'Down, Guy! down! Still, dog! still!' cried a voice, in hoarse, commanding accents.

"The people had now all arrived, and began to stamp and clap their hands, and exhibit the usual symptoms of impatience, crying out at intervals, 'The Guyas-cutis! the Guyas-cutis!'

"'Bring him out, Mr. Showman! trot him out!'

"'Let us see the savage varmint!'

"The Guyas-cutis growled fearfully.

"'Give him a bone!' cried one.

"'Go it, old fifty-four forty!' exclaimed another.

"'The whole or none!' shouted a third.

"'Fifty-four forty, or fight!' cried a fourth.

"'Go it, old K. Folk!' from a distant part of the room.

"At this the audience became convulsed with laughter. The groaning grew louder and more terrible, and Cobb's voice was heard in hoarse accents apostrophising the Guyas-cutis. Then was heard a struggle behind the screen, followed by the rattling of a chain.

"This was my cue. Putting on a look of terror—as I had been instructed by Cobb—I rushed up the open space between the spectators, and pushed in behind the curtain. I stole a glance backward as I entered, and saw that the audience had already caught the alarm. Some of the people had risen to their feet, and stood pale and trembling! Behind the screen, Cobb was running to and fro, scraping the sanded floor, rattling the chain, and chiding an imaginary object in the most threatening accents. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and streams of what appeared to be blood were running over his face, neck, and bosom!

"'Down, savage! down!' cried Cobb.

"'Boo-boo! bow-wow!' growled the Guyas-cutis.

"'Oh, Mr. Wolfe!' cried Cobb; 'come here! help, help, or he'll be off!'

"'Hold on to him!' shouted I, in a loud voice; 'hold on!'

"'Bow-ow! wow-awow!' roared the Guyas-cutis.

"'Help! help!' cried Cobb.

"'Hold on!' shouted I.

"At this moment Cobb seized the chain in both hands, and after giving it a fierce rattle, rushed in front of the scene, shouting, in a voice of thunder—

"'Save yourselves, gentlemen! Save your wives and children! The Guyas-cutis is loose!'

"Gentlemen," said the major, drawing a long breath, "it's more than I can do to describe the scene that followed. In less than two minutes the room was empty; and when Cobb and myself reached the street, there was not a soul—man, woman, or child—to be seen! We hurried to the hotel, and ordered our horses to be saddled with all despatch—Cobb telling the landlord that the Guyas-cutis had taken to the fields, and we must pursue him on
horseback. While our horses were being saddled, we settled the landlord's bill out of our newly-acquired funds. Starting at a brisk gallop, we did not draw bridle until we had put twenty miles between us and the good city of Columbia. Then we halted and counted our receipts, which amounted to—how much, Mr. Cobb?"

"Sixty-six dollars seventy-five cents, to a figger," said a tall, swarthy, personage who sat some way down the table, and whose dark, saturnine countenance would never have betrayed him as the hero of the story; but it was he indeed; and peals of laughter followed the discovery.

"To the Major!—the Major and his story!" shouted several voices.

At that moment the report of a musket was heard without the tent, and simultaneously a bullet whistled through the canvas. It knocked the foraging cap from the head of Captain Hennessy, and striking a decanter, shivered the glass into a thousand pieces!

"A very nate shot that—I don't care who fired it," said Hennessy, coolly picking up his cap. "An inch of a miss—good as a mile," added he, thrusting his thumb into the bullet-hole.

By this time every officer present was upon his feet, most of them rushing towards the front of the marquee. A dozen voices called out together—

"Who fired that gun?"

There was no answer, and several plunged into the thicket in pursuit. The chapparal was dark and silent, and they returned after a fruitless search.

"Some soldier, whose musket has gone off by accident," suggested Colonel Harding. "The fellow has run away to avoid being put under arrest."

"Come, gentlemen, take your sates again," said Hennessy; "let the poor fellow slide—yez may be thankful it wasn't a shell."

"You, Captain, have most cause to be grateful for the character of the missile."

"By my soul, I don't know about that! A shell or a twenty-four would have grazed me all the same; but a big shot would have been mighty inconvenient to the head of my friend Haller here!"

This was true. My head was nearly in range; and, had the shot been a large one, it would have struck me upon the left temple. As it was, I felt the "wind" of the bullet, and already began to suffer a painful sensation over the eye.

"I'm mighty curious to know which of us the fellow has missed, Captain," said Hennessy, turning to me as he spoke.

"If it were not a 'bull,' I should say I hope neither of us. I'm inclined to think with Colonel Harding that it was altogether an accident."

"By the powers! an ugly accident, too, that has spoiled five dollars' worth of an illigent cap, and a pint of as good brandy as ever was mixed with hot water and lemon-juice."

"Plenty left, Captain," cried the major. "Come, gentlemen, don't let this damp us. Fill up! fill up! Adge, out with the corks! Cudjo, where's the screw?"

"Never mind the screw, Mage," cried the adjutant, repeating his old trick upon the neck of a fresh bottle, which, nipped off under the wire, fell upon a heap of others that had preceded it.

And the wine again foamed and sparkled, and glasses circled round, and the noisy revelry waxed as loud as ever. The incident of the shot was soon forgotten. Songs were sung, and stories told, and toasts drunk; and with song and sentiment, and toast and story, and the wild excitement of wit and wine, the night waned away. With many of those young hearts, bold with hope and burning with ambition, it was the last "Twenty-second" they would ever celebrate. Half of them never hailed another.
CHAPTER VII.

A SKELETON ADVENTURE.

It was past midnight when I withdrew from the scene of wassail. Clayley was one of those tireless spirits who could "drink all night till broad daylight"; and as he preferred remaining for some time longer, I walked out alone. My blood was flushed, and I strolled down upon the beach to enjoy the cool fresh breeze that was blowing in from the Mexican Sea.

The scene before me was one of picturesque grandeur, and I paused a moment to gaze upon it. The wine even heightened its loveliness to an illusion.

The full round moon of the tropics was sweeping over a sky of cloudless blue. The stars were eclipsed, and scarcely visible, except a few of the larger ones, as the belt of Orion, the planet Venus, and the luminous radii of the Southern Cross.

From my feet a broad band of silver stretched away to the horizon, marking the meridian of the moon. This was broken by the line of coral reef, over which the surf curled and sparkled with a phosphoric brightness. The reef itself, running all round, seemed to gird the islet in a circle of fire. Here only were the waves in motion, as if pressed by some subaqueous and invisible power; for, beyond, scarcely a breath stirred the sleeping sea. It lay smooth and silent, while a satellite sky seemed caved out in its azure depths.

On the south, a hundred ships were in the deep roadstead, a cable's length from each other—their hulls, spars, and rigging magnified to gigantic proportions under the deceptive and tremulous moonbeam. They were motionless as if the sea had been frozen around them into a solid crystal. Their flags drooped listlessly down, trailing along the masts, or warped and twined around the halyards.

Up against the easy ascent extended the long rows of white tents, shining under the silvery moonbeam like pyramids of snow. In one a light was still gleaming through the canvas, where, perchance, some soldier sat up wearily wiping his gun, or burning the brasses upon his belt.

Now and then dark forms—human and uniformed—passed to and fro from tent to tent, each returning from a visit to some regimental comrade. At equal distances round the camp, others stood upright and motionless—the gleam of the musket showing the sentry on his silent post.

The plunge of an oar, as some boat was rowed out among the anchored ships—the ripple of the light breaker—at intervals the hail of a sentinel, "Who goes there?"—the low parley that followed—the chirp of the cicada in the dark jungle—or the scream of the sea-bird, scared by some submarine enemy from its watery rest—were the only sounds that disturbed the deep stillness of the night.

I continued my walk along the beach until I had reached that point of the island directly opposite to the mainland of Mexico. Here the chaparral grew thick and tangled; running down to the water's edge, where it ended in a clump of mangroves. As no troops were encamped here, the islet had not been cleared at this point, and the jungle was dark and solitary.

The moon was now going down, and straggling shadows began to fall upon the water.

Certainly some one skulked into the bushes!—a rustling in the leaves—yes! some fellow who has strayed beyond the line of sentries, and is afraid to return to camp. Ha! a boat!—a skiff it is—a net and buoys! As I live,
'tis a Mexican craft! Who can have brought it here? Some fisherman from the coast of Tuspan. No, he would not venture; it must be—

A strange suspicion flashed across my mind, and I rushed through the mangrove thicket where I had observed the object a moment before. I had not proceeded fifty yards when I saw the folly of this movement. I found myself in the midst of a labyrinth, dark and dismal, surrounded by a wall of leaves and brambles. The branches of the mangroves, rooted at their tops, barred up the path, and vines laced them together.

"If they be spies," thought I, "I have taken the worst plan to catch them. I may as well go through now. I cannot be distant from the rear of the camp. Ugh! how dismal!"

I pushed on, climbing over fallen trunks, and twining myself through the viny cordage. The creepers clung to my neck, thorns penetrated my skin, the mesquite slapped me in the face, drawing blood. I laid my hand upon a pendant limb; a clammy object struggled under my touch, with a terrified yet spiteful violence, and freeing itself, sprang over my shoulder, and scampered off among the fallen leaves. I felt its fetid breath as the cold scales brushed against my cheek. It was the hideous iguana!

A huge bat flapped its sail-like wings in my face, and returned again and again, breathing a mephitic odour that caused me to gasp. Twice I struck at it with my sword, cutting only the empty air. A third time my blade was caught in the trellis of parasites. It was horrible; I felt terrified to contend with such strange enemies.

At length, after a continued struggle, an opening appeared before me—a glade; I rushed to the welcome spot.

"What a relief!" I ejaculated, emerging from the leafy darkness. Suddenly I started back with a cry of horror; my limbs refused to act; the sword fell from my grasp, and I stood palsied and transfixed, as if by a bolt from heaven!

Before me, and not over three paces distant, the image of Death himself rose out of the earth, and stretched forth his skeleton arms to clutch me! It was no phantom. There was the white, naked skull, with its eyeless sockets; the long fleshless limbs; the open, serrated ribs; the long, jointed fingers of Death himself!

As my bewildered brain took in these objects, I heard a noise in the bushes, as of persons engaged in an angry struggle.

"Emilie! Emilie!" cried a female voice, "you shall not murder him—you shall not!"

"Off! off! Marie, let me go!" was shouted in the rough accents of a man.

"Oh, no!" continued the female, "you shall not—no—no—no!"

"Curses on the woman!—there! let me go now!"

There was a sound as of some one struck with violence—a scream—and at the same time a figure rushed out of the bushes, and, confronting me, exclaimed,

"Ha! Monsieur le Capitaine! coup pour coup!"

I heard no more; a heavy blow, descending upon my temples, deprived me of all power, and I fell senseless to the earth.

When I returned to consciousness, the first objects I saw were the huge brown whiskers of Lincoln; then Lincoln himself; then the pale face of the boy Jack; and, finally, the forms of several soldiers of my company. I saw that I was in my own tent, and stretched upon my camp-bed.

"What?—how?—what's the matter?—what's this?" I said, raising my hands to the bandage of wet linen that bound my temples.

"Keep still, Cap'n!" said Bob, taking my hand from the fillet and placing it by my side.

"Och! by my soul, he's over it; thank the Lord for his goodness!" said Ochane, an Irish soldier.
“Over what? what has happened to me?” I inquired.
“Och, Captin, yer honner, you’ve been nearly murthered, and all by thim
Frinch scoundrels; bad luck to their dirty frog-atin’ pichters!”
“Murdered! French scoundrels! Bob, what is it?”
“Why, yer see, Cap’n, yer’ve had a cut hyur over the head, and we think
it’s them Frenchmen.”
“Oh! I remember now; a blow—but the Death?—the Death?”
I started up from the bed, as the phantom of my night adventure returned
to my imagination.
“The Death, Cap’n?—what do yer mean?” inquired Lincoln, holding me
in his strong arms.
“Oh! the Cap’n manes the skilleton, may be,” said Chane.
“What skilleton?” I demanded.
“Why, an owld skilleton the boys found in the chapparil, yer honner.
They hung it to a three; and we found your honour there, with the skilleton
swinging over ye like a sign. Och! the Frinch bastes!”
I made no further inquiries about the “Death.”
“But where are the Frenchmen?” asked I, after a moment.
“Clane gone, yer honner,” replied Chane.
“Gone?”
“Yes, Cap’n; that’s so as he sez it,” answered Lincoln.
“Gone! What do you mean?” I inquired.
“Desarted, Cap’n.”
“How do you know that?”
“Because they ain’t here.”
“On the island?”
“Searched it all—every bush.”
“But who? which of the French?”
“Dubrose and that ‘ar boy that was always with him—both desarted.”
“Ay, and the devil go wid them! He’ll never hiv his own till he gets a
hoult ov Misther Dubrose; bad ‘cess to him!”
“You are sure they are missing!”
“Looked high and low, Cap’n. Gravenitz seed Dubrose steal into the
chapparil with his musket. Shortly afterwards we heern a shot, but thought
nothin’ of it till this mornin’, when one of the sodgers foun’ a Spanish som-
brary out thar; and Chane heern some’dy say the shot passed through Major
Twing’s markety. Besides, we foun’ this butcher-knife where yer was lyin’.”
Lincoln here held up a species of Mexican sword called a machele.
“Ha!—well?”
“That’s all, Cap’n; only it’s my belief there was Mexiksins on this island, and
them Frenchmen’s gone with them.”
After Lincoln left me, I lay musing on this still somewhat mysterious affair.
My memory, however, gradually grew clearer; and the events of the preceding
night soon became linked together, and formed a complete chain. The shot
that passed so near my head in Twing’s tent, the boat, the French words I
had heard before I received the blow, and the exclamation “Coup pour coup!”
all convinced me that Lincoln’s conjectures were right.
Dubrose had fired the shot, and struck the blow that had left me senseless.
But who could the woman be, whose voice I had heard, pleading in my
behalf?
My thoughts reverted to the boy who had gone off with Dubrose, and whom
I had often observed in the company of the latter. A strange attachment
appeared to exist between them, in which the boy seemed to be the devoted
slave of the strong, fierce Creole. Could this be a woman?
I recollected having been struck with his delicate features, the softness
of his voice, and the smallness of his hands. There were other points, besides,
in the tournure of the boy’s figure that had appeared singular to me. I had frequently observed the eyes of this lad bent upon me, when Dubrose was not present, with a strange and unaccountable expression.

Many other peculiarities connected with the boy and Dubrose, which at the time had passed unnoticed and unheeded, now presented themselves to my recollection, all tending to prove the identity of the boy with the woman whose voice I had heard in the thicket.

I could not help smiling at the night’s adventures, determined, however, to conceal that part which related to the skeleton.

In a few days my strength was restored. The cut I had received was not deep—thanks to my forage cap and the dulness of the Frenchman’s weapon.

(To be continued.)

REV. DR. MORTIMER.

At the request of the Rev. Dr. Mortimer we have much pleasure in supplying the following particulars, which were omitted in the short memoir of the Doctor in the Boy’s Friend for last month:—

“Whoever it was who wrote a short memoir of me, makes a mistake in supposing that I was ever engaged in tuition at Edinburgh. I once spent a fortnight in the northern capital on a visit to family connexions; and I regret to say that I never have had an opportunity of seeing Edinburgh a second time. My summary of work is briefly stated. I took my degree at Oxford at twenty-one. I remained in the University two years, engaged in private tuition. At the close of that time I was elected, at the age of twenty-three, to the Head Mastership of the Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne, through the strong recommendation of my kind, early, and valued friend, John Scott, Earl of Eldon, who himself received his education in this school, where his brothers, Lord Stowell and Lord Collingwood were his contemporaries.

“From Newcastle, where I remained four years, I was elected to the Head Mastership of the Western Grammar School, Brompton; and, after seven years service there, I was a successful candidate for the Headship of the City of London School, where I spent twenty-five years and a half.

“One other slight mistake I must mention. I proceeded from school not to Queen’s, but to Balliol College, Oxford; and in my fourth term was elected a Michel Exhibitioner of Queen’s. The position which Balliol has held for the last forty years makes any connexion with this admirably managed College an honour, which no one who has a right to claim it would willingly ignore.”

We have very sincere gratification in announcing to the numerous friends and admirers of the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, that an influential meeting of his old pupils and other friends, was held on the 13th inst. at the Clarendon Hotel, to consider the propriety of opening a subscription for a Public Testimonial in commemoration of his invaluable services to the cause of Education for a quarter of a century. The Ven. the Archdeacon of Ely, Dr. Emery, a City of London scholar, ably presided at the meeting.
THE SAXON’S OATH:
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ROBIN HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG HUNTER."

CHAPTER III.

THE LORDS OF BARNESSDALE.

LACK SIGURD stood before them—a strange looking being he was; tall and broad-shouldered, clad from top to toe in an old deerskin suit, patched and worn. An enormous beard and whiskers concealed almost entirely his features, with the exception of a long hook-nose and a pair of brilliant black eyes, which appeared to shine in the gloom of the porch, where he stood resting upon a long crab-tree quarterstaff.

So absorbed had been both the knight and the outlaw in the subject of their conversation, and not dreaming of any interruption, they had not heard a sound of the stranger’s approach, and for a moment both gazed upon him without the power to utter a word.

The outlaw was the first to recover himself, and he welcomed the intruder without a trace of astonishment at his strange and sudden appearance.

We must, however, for a time leave the forest hut, and introduce our readers to the Castle of Barneßdale and the company there assembled.

Guided by the light of the moon, which has some time risen, and, now at the full, shines brightly upon the forest, we wend our way along the silent and deserted paths—through thicket, brake, and covert—now enshrouded in the dark shadows of the vast oaks, and ever and again passing an open glade—to which the bright patch of moonlight gives the appearance of burnished silver—we at length reach the border of the forest, and behold a sight that well repays us for all the toil of our long journey.

We stand on the high ground, and away, for miles beneath us, stretches a landscape of the most varied and picturesque description. Within a bow’s shot of where we stand, irregular rows of straggling cottages denote the presence of a village; beyond these, upon a little eminence, surrounded by its small burial-ground, stands the quiet, unpretending village church, to which the “villeins” daily go to hear mass; and close beside this is the old Hall of Barneßdale, now, by the king’s license, converted into a castle.

In the good old Saxon days, the hall of the thane was open to all in peace; the swineherd slept unmolested in his humble cot, and every man respected his neighbour’s landmark; but after the Conquest, and before the two races were united together by the ties of blood, and had learned each to respect the good and overlook the bad qualities of the other—when the common oath of a Norman gentleman was, “May I be an Englishman!”—when every day fresh hordes of merciless ruffians, too worthless to be countenanced in their own country—men with nothing to lose and everything to gain—landed upon the English shores, eager to share in the rich plunder with which their
blackguard comrades had gorged themselves to the full—then was the whole
land one continued scene of pillage, murder, and oppression. The Norman
barons built up vast fortresses; crowds of mercenaries of all ranks flocked
to their standards; and, secure in the powerful protection of their chief, they
perpetrated without danger the foulest crimes. With them, to look upon the
goods of a Saxon was to seize upon them, and murder all who dared raise a
hand to protect their property.

Throughout all the turbulent scenes of this reign of terror, the domain of
the Saxon thanes of Barnessdale had been left undisturbed. The present
thane’s grandaule, Turchil, Earl of Warwick, although he did not side with
King Harold, by whom he had been mortally offended, and whom he looked
upon with great contempt, yet opposed the Conqueror with all his might, and
defeated every force that was sent against him. The fame of his name spread
throughout the country; numbers from all parts joined his standard, and
soon he was at the head of so powerful an army that King William himself
was alarmed, and, hastily collecting together a vast army, he placed himself
at its head, and marched against the unconquered Saxon; but again and
again the king was defeated, and compelled to retreat for fresh reinforce-
ments, leaving the braves of his knights dead upon the field.

William now, with fresh troops, sat down before the Castle of Warwick,
and regularly invested it; but for a long time he seemed no nearer to success
than at first. At length, however, through the treachery of Turchil’s ser-
vants, the Conqueror was enabled to accomplish what all the force of his
arms had failed to do; and the person of the earl was seized and carried
bound into the Norman camp before any resistance could be made.

The king’s first thought was to put his prisoner to instant death; but well
knowing the invincible valour and terrible prowess of his foe, and how
valuable an ally he would prove could he be brought over to his side, he
ordered the prisoner’s bonds to be struck off, and offered him terms, which
were, that he should be confirmed in all his possessions save the earldom of
Warwick, and a free pardon granted to all who had fought under his banner,
if he would swear allegiance to the king; and to this the earl, seeing the
hopelessness of further resistance, now that the country swarmed with his
enemies, and unwilling to be the cause of useless bloodshed, agreed.

The Saxons returned to their homes, and the earl accompanied the king to
London, where he swore to be his man; and William there confirmed him in
his possessions, and swore that he and his children should hold them un-
molested.

To the day of his death the king kept his word, and so, for a short time, did
his red-headed successor leave the Saxon in peace, but not for long; first one
and then another of the fair estates were seized, and very soon only Barness-
dale and its domain remained to old Turchil. But here the red ruffian stopped.
He was far from securely seated on his throne; and the whole land cried out
against his tyranny. The Saxon was no mean enemy, and should he hold up
his hand against the king, a flame might be kindled which should reach even
to the throne and consume it. So a pension from the royal treasury was
granted to the earl in lieu of his plundered lands, and “a licence” given him
to convert his Hall of Barnessdale, where he had taken up his abode, into a
castle, for the better security of his lands from attack; and with these he was
fain to be content.

Thus, with little variation, matters had gone on, and so remained at the
opening of our story. Turchil, the grandson of Earl Turchil, at whose death
the title was dropped, was Thane of Barnessdale and its domain, and had for
some years enjoyed the royal pension; for his cousin, Sir Michael, or, as the
Saxons persisted in styling him, from his uninterrupted descent from the
Mercian kings, “Earl Michael of Mercia,” was in high favour with King
Richard, whom he accompanied to Palestine; and there, on more than one occasion, the Saxon knight had performed such acts of desperate courage and astounding valour as to call forth tumultuous applause from the bravest knights in the armies of England and France.

His giant stature and incredible strength seemed to hurl him scatheless through the serried ranks of the enemy, striding harmless through danger and death. In all the mighty host of Saladin there was no man dare stand against him, and his name was more terrible than even that of Richard himself.

The king, who loved him as a man after his own heart, had appointed him his royal standard-bearer, in those days one of the highest military offices, given only to a great noble or knight who had particularly distinguished himself; and at Ascalon the king and the knight rode side by side—the one with an axe that but few of his warriors could wield; the other, in one hand bearing on high the royal standard, with its two golden leopards and crimson field, and in the other a terrible long two-handed sword, which, in his mighty grasp, seemed but as a reed. There, on that fearful field, with thrice ten thousand men, the picked and bravest warriors of the Moslem, drawn up in battle array against the handful of the champions of the cross, the Norman king and Saxon knight rode forth at the head of England's chivalry; and, like to the Dioscuri of old, who led the Roman arms to almost hopeless victory, mowed down the mailed and turbaned foe like corn before the reaper.

That evening, after the fierce and bloody day was done, King Richard called earl, baron, and knight together throughout the camp, and there, before all his nobles, swore by his kingly word, that aye, whatever boon Michael, Lord and Earl of Mercia, should ask would be granted.

After this Sir Michael was sent by the king to England on a special mission, but he had scarce landed there, after a sojourn in Navarre, when he heard of Richard's captivity; upon which he at once set out for Austria to aid his royal master. He had not long entered the archduke's dominion before he received a message from the imprisoned king, bidding him lose no time in reaching England again, and there await his arrival at York—and it is a few weeks after his landing in the kingdom that the reader makes his acquaintance.

Let us approach the hall, and, making our way through a crowd of magnificent lurcher hounds that start up from the porch, knock loudly at the strong iron-bound oaken door.

The next moment we are within—in the great dining apartment of the household, in form nearly a square, about seventy feet in length and sixty wide. The walls are hung with trophies of the chase, and curious groups of Saxon, Norman, and Saracen arms. Along three sides stand long, narrow tables, covered with good things, amongst which it is easy to scent the savoury odour of an enormous dish of venison. Large silver flagons, of exquisite workmanship and great value, that would have made a Norman's fingers itch to seize upon them, are filled with ale and wine, and distributed in profusion; and the good company assembled are, without doubt, doing justice to all these good things.

At the far end of the room is the "high table," so called, being raised on a kind of platform some six inches above the remainder of the floor. Here sits the thane, a handsome old man, with a long, patriarchal beard, white as snow, and his family; on his left his three sons and his daughters, and on his right his newly-restored young kinsman, Edmund, his guests, and such as have sought his hospitality and a shelter for the night. Amongst these latter are two palmers, in their long grey weeds, travel-stained and worn; and to watch them put away both meat and drink, one would think they had fasted the whole week. They have not removed their heavy cowls from their faces, so that little or nothing can be seen of their features, but they appear to be strong and sturdily-built men.
Two huge log fires burn cheerfully at either end of the apartment, and although the clattering of the knives on the wooden platters, and the ring of the massive tankards as they are set down upon the hospitable board, give forth a pleasant and homely sound, yet a look of sadness and gloom is depicted upon the faces of the old thane and his family.

All through the evening meal Turchil was in deep conversation with his young kinsman Edmund, who had, not two hours before, mysteriously returned home, accompanied by Black Sigurd. Young Edmund had brought strange tidings with him, which he had had, as yet, little time to repeat to the thane, who, although he longed to be closeted with the boy, would not break through the rules of hospitality of his ancient house, and be absent from his board when guests and strangers sought shelter and refreshment; but during the whole of the evening meal his eye wandered constantly to where a group of servitors and hounds had collected together within the porch. Long and anxiously he looked, but it seemed as though he whom he expected would never arrive. At length, tired beyond patience, the thane had risen to take leave of his guests, when the deep baying of the hounds without heralded the approach of a stranger; and the next instant there came a blow without the oaken portal, followed by several others, as though the strong gate would have been beaten in. The two palmer's sprang to their feet, and thrusting their right hands beneath the folds of their robes, for a moment disclosed to view what looked suspiciously like the bright hilts of knightly swords. The thane, too, remained standing for a moment, in doubt as to the character of his visitors; for it would have been nothing strange had a raid been made against him at that hour by some needy Norman baron.

This lasted, however, but a moment; for, the next, the massive door was swung open, and Sir Michael, enveloped in his long cloak, and his great sword slung from behind his shoulder, strode into the hall, closely followed by Black Sigurd.

CHAPTER IV.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

OBIN HOOD offered his strange visitor a tankard of wine as he drew near to the fire, but Black Sigurd only put it to his lips with a "waes-hael" to the knight. "If thou wilt follow me," he said, "I will guide thee to the thane, who impatiently waits thy coming; and on the way thou shalt learn all thou desirest to know—but good Robin must go another way, and rest till my return.

"Nay—i' faith," said the outlaw, "I leave not the knight alone with thee; for truly I trust thee not."

Black Sigurd stepped forward, and bringing his mouth close to the outlaw's ear, whispered rapidly a few words, inaudible to Sir Michael. Whatever they were, their effect was electrical, for Robin started back in astonishment. "My good lord," he said, "I pray thee go with this trusty yeoman to thy kinsman, Lord Turchil, and there await my coming at mid-day to-morrow. Now I go on his and thy service."

The knight seemed like one in a stupor; the terrible news of the attempted murder and abduction, and the uncertain intelligence of the safety of his only son, the pride of his heart, had almost unmanned him. It was certain, however, that the first and immediate step now to be taken was to see his son and
the thame; so with a parting grasp of the hand of the outlaw, he rose and followed his guide in silence out of the hut.

Robin closed the door upon them, and returning to the fireside threw himself into an oaken settee, and for some moments appeared lost in deep thought.

"'Tis strange," he muttered, "very strange, how varied are the destinies of men, and that this supposed swineherd should prove——"

A low peculiar whisper from without struck upon his ear, and put an end to his reverie: and the next instant the shaggy head of the dwarf made its appearance through an inner doorway. "Whist," he said in a loud whisper, "we're surrounded! Follow me and be silent, or the loons will hear us."

Robin started from his seat, and catching up his bow and sheaf, followed the dwarf into the next apartment; where to his surprise he found Little John and a dozen of his sturdy followers assembled. "We would not have disturbed thee," said the tall forester, interrupting the other's question, "but that the danger presses, and there is no time to spare; for the Sheriff's and Fitzwarren's men are in force in the forest. About four hundred are marching on to Barnessdale, and some four score are quietly closing around this spot, for they are on the scent of high game; but now let us speedily away, and anon 'Will o' the brook' shall relate to you the Nottingham news." So saying, Little John set a light to a long pine-torch, and stooping down he lifted up a trap door, and preceded his companions down a rickety ladder into a spacious cellar below.

Scarcely had the dwarf, who descended last, closed the trap and securely bolted it, when the indistinct sound of many voices from without reached them, and the next moment they heard several heavy blows against the door, and a loud voice demanded admission in the name of the king.

"Haste thee! haste thee! my men," said Robin, now in the hour of danger cool and collected; and he seized the torch from Little John, who had taken up a short iron bar, and inserted its point between two large flag-stones forming part of the cellar floor; then he gave it a terrible wrench, and the flags, aided by a concealed machinery, shot back, disclosing an opening about two feet square, and through which could now be plainly heard the sound of water running below. But the outlaws paid no heed to this; for many a time they had sought the secret path they were now about to tread. Little John descended first, and the others quickly followed him; Robin lighting the way with the torch, for the uproar without was now increasing. Threats and imprecations were plainly heard, and just as the door of the hut was burst open and the assailants crowded in with fearful clamour, the chief outlaw had joined his companions underground. Then he quickly drew back the flagstones to their former position with the help of a wheel, which moved the machinery from below, and the next instant, at the head of his followers, was rapidly leading the way.

The subterranean path which the outlaws now traversed had evidently existed for many, many years; for Robin had discovered it a long time ago in the same state as it was now, with the exception of the entrance from the cellar of the hut—this, he and his men had contrived themselves. In form it was about six feet in height, and four in width, with an arched roof—and nearly its whole extent was built up with masonry.

Ankle deep in water, the outlaws wended their way, and in a few minutes halted in a large square vault. Here the passage ended—or, more correctly, commenced—for directly overhead stood the ruins of an old Saxon priory, destroyed by the Danes more than two hundred years before.

The light of the torch was now concealed, and a secret opening exposed, by moving aside a large square stone in the wall at the far end of the vault; and from this, four stone steps led into a small chamber, built in a part of the solid east wall of the old abbey which still remained.
Into this chamber the dwarf, whose powers of vision and hearing were almost
marvellous, at once ascended to reconnoitre through certain small apertures
made for that purpose; and almost immediately returned to his companions
with the startling intelligence that a large body of men-at-arms, bearing the
Fitzwarren badge, were encamped within the ruins, and their horses picketted
at a little distance.

(To be continued.)

PIN MONEY IN THE DAYS OF JAMES I.

The following is copied from the original, preserved as a curiosity in the
Harleian MSS., British Museum. The writer was Lady Compton:—

"My sweet life.—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of
your state, I supposed that it were best for me to bethink and consider within
myself what allowance were meetest for me; for considering what care I ever
had of your estate, and how respectfully I dealt with those which both by the
laws of God, of nature, and civil polity, wit, religion, government, and
honesty, you, my dear, is bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me, your
most kind and loving wife, the sum of £26,000 quarterly to be paid.

"Also, I would, besides that allowance, have £600 quarterly to be paid, for
the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither
will 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 indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand
mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate.

"Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to
another, I will have them attending me: 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 fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced
with gold; the other with scarlet, and laced with silver, with 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 pestering my things with my
women’s, nor theirs with either chamber-maids; nor theirs with wash-maids.
Also, with laundresses, when I travel, and the chambermaids I will have go
before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean.

"Also, for that it is indecent 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. 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 £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay
my debts. Also, I would have £6,000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing
I have been, and am, so reasonable unto you, I pray you do find my children
apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages.

"Also, I will have all my houses furnished; and my lodging-chambers to
be suited with all such furniture as is fit; as beds, stools, chairs, suitable
cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair havings,
and such like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them deli-
cately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy; glass, carpets, chairs,
cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Your loving wife, ELIZA COMPTON.”
SMALL BEGINNINGS—GREAT ENDINGS.

By the Author of "Famous Boys."

Some years ago there was a very high wind, which passed over the village of Oldminster—so high that the "oldest inhabitant" did not remember the like. It bent the trees, swept the chimney-pots from the roofs of the houses, ripped the shed to pieces under which Farmer Jolly's cattle were huddled together, and threw down the vane on the top of the church steeple. From the alarm it created, and the havoc it left, that wind gave cause to be remembered for many and many a year.

As it went swinging up and down the village, like a mad thing as it was, it came in contact with the old oak under which the gossips of Oldminster had gathered on summer evenings for fifty years and more. It could not rive it from its fastenings, blow as it might; all silently, but surely, for a century it had been taking a firm grasp of the earth, and now, though it might bend and sway, as it did, yet presently it came back again to its old form, and defied the wind to do its worst.

During one of its most fierce attacks, however, it stripped the branches of their leaves, and swept away a bunch of acorns that the old oak had put forth in its pride to show that there was still life in the old tree. One of the acorns, as it fell, got away from the bunch, and was swept miles away, right across the country, until it came to Daisey Green, close by Workborough, so famed for its carpet manufactory. Here it fell into a hole made by the hoof of a horse that had got astray, and was safe from the wind, blow as it might; the next day the green was padded down, to prepare for the great cricket match that was to come off between the boys of Workborough and Oldminster.

During that memorable contest, that resulted in the victory of the Workboroughs, with ever so many wickets to go down, the unthought-of acorn was pressed more than a foot deep into the soil. But that acorn, so little, so insignificant, had within it the power to put forth a strong, mighty oak—which it did; and many years after, it towered in the midst of Daisey Green, its chief ornament and pride.

One summer's evening, when Nature, satisfied with her day's work, was folding her arms, and making ready for a good night's rest, the rustic seat that had been formed round the oak was occupied by Ralph the thatcher, Dick Hammerwell the blacksmith, Hawthorne the gardener, Hodge Miller the ploughman, Pink-eyed Joe, the odd man of Workborough, and last, but not least, the schoolmaster, Mr. Steadyman, who had promised on the occasion to give his rustic auditors some account of "Great Endings" that had "Small Beginnings." Carefully unfolding a manuscript, he thus read:

"Napoleon said of the English, that they were 'a nation of shop-keepers'; of course the 'little corporal,' as he was called, could not mean that every Englishman kept a shop. He meant that Englishmen were traders—that they bought and sold and exchanged with the inhabitants of all parts of the world. If Napoleon meant that (and he could not mean anything else), then that which he thought was our shame, we consider to be our glory, for such 'shop-keeping' adds to the peace, the comfort, and the happiness of the world.

"There are some persons, however, who affect to look down upon trade and tradesmen as something low and mean; they do not know, probably, that the noblest names on the roll of England's worthies are connected with trade—
nay, with what are generally supposed to be mean and ignoble callings. The
noblest lady in the land—the Queen—would not consider that she did herself
any dishonour in sitting down with the Archbishop of York; and yet that
eminent prelate is the son of a draper in Whitehaven, and might, for anything
that we know to the contrary, have frequently assisted his father in his shop.

"One of the most successful barristers formerly practising in the London
law courts—Bodkin—was a furniture broker. Indeed, there are several of
these esquires who have come from the ranks of labour: one learned serjeant
was a house painter, and another a policeman! Sir Humphry Davy, the
inventor of the miner’s safety lamp, was an apothecary’s boy; De Foe, the
author of ‘Robinson Crusoe,’ was a brickmaker; Sir Richard Arkwright,
whose name is so intimately connected with cotton manufacture, was a barber
and hawker; while Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, was the son of a barber,
and became a barber himself; Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Tenterden, and the
eminent and eloquent writer, Jeremy Taylor, were sons of barbers.

"Henry Kirke White, the writer of poetry that will live as long as the
English language, Cardinal Wolsey, and the poet Akenside, were the sons of
butchers; the eminent chemist, Faraday, whose lectures were frequently
attended by the late Prince Consort, was a bookbinder; Quintin Matays,
whose painting of ‘The Misers’ is so well known, and Elihu Burritt, the
famous linguist and writer, were blacksmiths.

"Joseph Lancaster, the projector of the public schools known as the
‘Lancastrian Schools,’ was a basket maker; the late Baron Guerne was the
son of a bookseller; Homer was a ballad singer, and so was the leader of the
Northern Circuit, the late Serjeant Wilkins, who, before he went to the bar,
earned a precarious existence by affording amusement at public houses in the
evening; Alexander V. was a beggar in the streets, and so was Goldsmith,
when he lived on the earnings of his flute collected in the streets.

"Imigo Jones, the architect of Whitehall, was a cloth-dresser. John Hunter,
the great authority for surgeons; Professor Lee, the most extraordinary
linguist ever known; John Gibson, the sculptor of the tinted Venus shown in
the International Exhibition of 1862, and Romney and Harrison, were all
carpenters; while Opie, the painter, was the son of a carpenter. Archbishop
Tillotson was the son of a clothier; Chantrey was a wood-carver; Huntington,
who accumulated a fortune, lived a useful life, and wrote many books, always
signing himself ‘S. S.’ (sinner saved), was a coal heaver. Lord Kenyon, with
the late Recorder of Faversham, Mr. Clarkson, were clergymen; Mr. Platt, Q.C.,
is the son of a clerk; Bewick, whose name is associated with charming
volumes of wood-cuts, always commanding a high price, was a coal miner;
while Lord Eldon was the son of a coal fitter.

"It is not an uncommon error to suppose that a man who owns millions has
attained the highest aim of life. In that case, Morrison, the London draper,
would have been an object of envy. Archbishop Sharpe was a drysaltuer;
Hogarth, whose paintings are in value worth more than many a German
kingdom, was an engraver; Stephenson, to whom we are so much indebted
for our almost perfect system of railways, was an engine fireman; while the
popular Liverpool lecturer, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, was an engine
driver. Sir Edward Saunders never forgot that he started in life as an errand
boy; the world-famed African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, and the late mem-
bers for Salford and Stockport, Joseph Brotherton and James Kershaw, were
factory lads.

"Sir Thomas Potter, the first Mayor of Manchester, had been a farmer;
Mr. Petersdorff was the son of a furrier; Edmund Stone was a gardener.
Cowley was the son of a grocer; Izaak Walton was a hosier; James Wilson,
the eminent financier, was a hatter; Sir Thomas Lawrence, the court painter,
was an innkeeper; while George Whitefield was the son of an innkeeper.
Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was an instrument maker; and Ebenezer Elliott, the corn law rhymer, was an iron founder.

"The poets Burns and Bloomfield, and Sir Isaac Newton, and Brindley, were labourers; Niebuhr was the son of a labourer; Ben Jonson was a bricklayer; Telford, who erected the Menai Bridge, Hugh Miller, author of the 'Red Sandstones,' Allan Cunningham, with William Jay, the eminent preacher, were all stonemasons; Herschel was a performer in a military band; Allan Ramsay was a miner; Fairbairn and Brunel were working mechanics.

"Caxton, to whom we trace the origin of printing, was a mercer; Eyck was a house painter; Etty, and Franklin, and Béranger, the French poet, were printers; Sir William West, the painter Gainsborough, and Dr. Dalton, the author of the 'Atomic Theory,' were the sons of poor parents, as was Adrian IV. and the German poet, Schiller.

"The gifted boy, Chatterton, was the son of a Bristol sexton; Claude Lorraine, whose paintings are 'things of beauty,' was a pastrycook; Alderman Mechi, and the great Irish coach proprietor, Bianconi, were pedlars; Thomas Allen, the author of a remarkable series of discourses on 'The Immortality of the Soul,' was a journeyman potter; Cobbett and Alexander Sommerville were ploughmen, and both afterwards common soldiers. The late Lord Campbell, and Sergeant Spankie, and Charles Dickens were newspaper reporters; Sir F. Pollock was a saddler; Ferguson and Dr. Alexander Murray were shepherd's boys; Crabbe the poet was apprenticed to a surgeon.

"There are many modern instances of slaves in America achieving eminence: ancient history is not silent in this respect. Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus were all slaves. Linnaeus, Thomas Cooper, Gifford, Samuel Drew, Dr. Carey, Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sturgeon (the electrician), Morrison, Edwards, Holcroft, and Plummer were all shoemakers; Demosthenes was the son of a sword-maker; Lindsay was a sailor, so was Falconer, the author of 'The Shipwreck,' Barry, and Lord Chelmsford. Keats was the son of a servant; Dodsley was a footman; Holcroft was a groom; Sixtus V. tended pigs; Jackson, the painter, and Admiral Hobson, were tailors.

"John Bunyan was a tinker; the eminent dramatist, Molière, was an upholsterer; Dollond, John Foster, Simpson (the mathematician), Bacon (the sculptor), the two Milners, Adam Walker, Wilson (the ornithologist), Tannahill, Samuel Bamford (the Lancashire poet), Thom, the Scotch poet, were all weavers; George Fox, the Quaker, was the son of a weaver; Dr. Kitto was a workhouse boy; Granville Sharpe and Richard Cobden were warehousemen; Haydon was a wheelwright, and Shakespear a woollenner."

"There," continued Mr. Steadyman, "are instances of eminence as wonderful as this oak coming from a simple acorn; more wonderful, for it is the nature of the acorn to shoot, grow, and expand; but these moral and mental wonders, without resolution, effort, patience, and perseverance, would never have been known. They are examples for all time; they are powerful stimulants and encouragement to exertion; the man who looks upon them as incentives, and will take as his motto, 'Never say fail!' will, so sure as the sun shines, achieve something, and will leave the world better than he found it."

It was curious to mark the interest of the listeners. Hammerwell was astonished to learn that there had been a learned blacksmith; while Hawthorne vowed secretly, if he could not achieve the position of Sir Joseph Paxton, he would yet attain to a first-class position as a landscape gardener; and Miller concluded that if Cobbett could unaided do so much, he might at least do more towards his own education than he had done; while Pink-eyed Joe said Mr. Steadyman's discourse was as good as a sermon.
THE YOUNG SAILOR.

The British tar has a soul proverbially open and generous; his heart is in his tongue, or in his hand. He is as straightforward as the shot coming from an eight-and-forty pounder, as sturdy as a handspike, as true as the compass to the pole, and as steadfast as the best bower anchor. While he knocks his enemy overboard with one hand he would save him from drowning with the other. The spirit of the lion and the lamb is united in him, and generosity and fine feeling, sentiment and blunt impudence, are so mixed in him, that he is the most nondescript animal in earth, air, or water. Now for a specimen.

There was in the village of Benhall, in Suffolk, close to the sea-port of Aldborough, a poor sea oficer's widow, who had lost her husband by an act of daring bravery to a ship in distress, which was wrecked off the coast, fifty years ago. The excellent clergyman of that parish befriended the widow, and undertook to provide for her son, a lad of only twelve years of age, and had already procured a middy's berth for him on board the Ajax, when the good man was carried off by a fever. It had, no doubt, been the clergyman's intention to have fitted the boy out for the service; but, in consequence of this mis-hap, the widow, Jack's mother, had to provide for him, with great difficulty indeed, for she was very poor, and was obliged to borrow of her neighbours, and to go in debt to stock Jack's sea-chest; but, however, the matter was accomplished, and Jack went to sea, and was soon after in an engagement.

It so happened that the British Government in those days were exceedingly fond of beating every one that looked at all like an enemy. Our people at the head of affairs thought the Danish people were going to do something or other, so a powerful fleet was sent to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, to burn and destroy that town, and all the rest of the country, if necessary; though what good ever came of it, has not been seen to this day.

But that is neither here nor there, as the saying is. We have no business with these matters; all that is sufficient for us is, that Jack Bowline, in the Ajax, was ordered on this service. The fleet stood in for the harbour, and peppered away at the Danes for a good many hours, who returned pepper-corns, in the way of shot, so as woefully to maul our ships and boats; but the British stood to their guns the longest, and fired the fastest, and took it the coolest, and the Danes got the worst of it.

In the middle of the fight, Jack's captain, Commodore Martin, wanted a despatch taken to the Admiral's ship, near in shore; for the smoke was so great, and such damage had been done to the masts and rigging, that no signal could be kept flying.

A boat was manned, and the despatch entrusted to a young lieutenant; but before she had got a hundred yards from the ship, three or four shots struck her in succession, and she and all her crew perished. Another effort was made with the same result. At last Jack sidled up to the commodore, and said, "I can swim to the Admiral's ship, your honour, and will take the despatches; they can't hit me."

The old commodore looked at the stripling, and, without saying another word, scratched a few words with a pencil on a scrap of paper, and said, "Try it."

Jack was overboard in an instant, and amidst a hot discharge of shot, shells, and rockets, struck out to the admiral's ship, which he reached in safety, and mounting by some rigging which had been shot away and hung over the sides, presented himself to the admiral.

"How did you come here?" inquired the admiral.

"I swam here," said the boy.

"Very brave conduct. Now take this, and swim back again, and be lieutenant of the Ajax."
Jack took the despatch, leaped overboard, and swimming through the thickest of the shot, reached the *Ajax* in safety.

The battle soon after this was over. Honour for many, glory for all; death for a great number; broken legs, broken heads, broken arms; cuts, maimings, pains for life; misery, wretchedness, sorrow, for those on shore; money spent, houses burnt, churches riddled; and yet, after all, Jack was not made a lieutenant.

For ten long years did Jack "plough the watery deep" as a midshipman, without any advancement. He, indeed, had reason to hope, for he saw all the other midshipmen, but one, raised to various posts; some had even obtained the rank of post-captain; but, then, they were the sons or cousins of those that had influence with the minister or the Admiralty, which, of course, made a very proper distinction.

The ship Jack was in, during these ten years, been in many engagements; in one of them, Jack had rallied a boarding party, after it had been repulsed, and the lieutenant who led it killed. Jack cheered on the men, put himself at the head of them, and, sword in hand, leaped over the nettings, and having killed the captain of the ship with his own hand, took possession of her. Yet, seven years after this, Jack was still a midshipman.

After having been seventeen years in the service, Jack began to think he had not had fair play, and got rather low and moody; but still he had a heart in the right place, and would do a good turn for anyone. There was on board the *Ajax*, at this time, a young lord, the son of the cousin of the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a proud, selfish upstart, treated the poor middy with great hauteur, and would frequently, although a lad and young in the service, give himself great airs, and pretend to know a great deal, when, in fact, he knew nothing. He took a great antipathy to Jack, on account of his well-known bravery and the love his shipmates bore him, and did him many petty injuries, and contrived to have him excluded from the captain's table almost entirely.

The ship was now on her West India station, and one morning the officers amused themselves with bathing. To protect the bathers against the sharks, which are numerous in these seas, a large sail was let down in a swag, so as to make a kind of bottom, and Jack, who was very fond of the sea-bath, had stripped ready for a plunge, when the young scion of nobility called out to him, "You sir, wait till I come out; you are not going in before me;" so saying, he took hold of the maintop bowline, and threw himself into the water. But somehow or other, the sail had swagged out too much at one end, which remained open to the sea, and the young lord had not bobbed about in the water long, before a shark appeared, and making a grab, as sharks know how, took the young gentleman into deep water.

The cry, "A man overboard!" was heard; but none of the crew bestirred themselves smartly. The life-buoy was entangled, the boat was not readily lowered, and the grapple was thrown over so as to be of no service. The fact was, the young lord was thoroughly hated, and no one cared whether the shark swallowed him or not.

Jack, however, being a noble-hearted fellow, and ready to forget or to forgive, drew his dirk, plunged into the sea, and at the moment the shark rose with his prey, gave him such a poke under the gullet, that he found it difficult to take another bite. Taking the wounded boy in one hand, he dealt the monster another blow in the throat, and by this time the boat being lowered, both of the midshipmen were taken on board—the young lord dreadfully mangled, and almost dead, but Jack as lively an an eel.

The young lord soon recovered, but instead of feeling any gratitude to his deliverer, contrived to get him draughted to another ship. "It's only what one man ought do for another," he said to himself; never, I dare say, asking himself whether he would have done the same for Jack. However, the captain
of the Ajax thought differently, and, as no family connexion stood absolutely in the way, when Jack was draughted to the Iphigenia got him a lieutenant’s commission, through the agency of the young lord’s mother, who felt really grateful for his services.

Years and years passed on; Jack signalized himself in several engagements. He lost an arm, had an eye knocked out, got a splinter in his back, and a wound in his leg; he could not stand upright, hobbled in his walk, and of course could see only on one side; and at the end of twenty-five years’ fighting and hard service, he retired on half-pay, with a little smart money, and a slight pension, which put him into the possession of the large sum of about one pound sixteen shillings a week.

Jack went back to his native village. His mother had been long dead—nearly all his old friends had followed her to the grave; his playmates were grown up into selfish men and women; some scarcely knew him—a few had grown rich, but most of them were miserably poor. Among the poor ones was old Mrs. Barton, of Saxmundham, who kept a sort of chandlery and drapery department, and who had helped to fit out Jack, more than twenty years before, for the “sea service”; and there was old Snobbin, the shoemaker, who had supplied Jack with half-a-dozen pairs of shoes as his outfit, and lent him two guineas besides; and there was the carpenter, who made his sea-chest; and, above all, there was old Joe Cragg, who carted his kit all the way to Ipswich for nothing. As to the principal friend of Jack’s mother, old Ezekiel Homespun, the Quaker, he had long since died, and left his two daughters behind him, who kept a school, and could scarcely make two ends meet, with the best of all practical economy. Such was the village when Jack returned; and all his friends were dead, and most of his mother’s creditors living.

One day, when he was sitting on the beach at Aldborough, old Snobbin, the shoemaker, came towards him. His cheeks were pale, his hair was grey, his looks pinched and miserable; but they soon recognized each other, and Jack was the first to think of the two borrowed guineas. He invited the old boy to the Red Lion, and, after giving him a good meal, put two golden guineas into his hand, with a couple of Spanish dollars as interest.

With this little bit of true heroism, Jack began to think that there were others to whom he was under pecuniary obligations; he soon found out, too, that his mother had died a little in debt; that the loan of the Quaker’s had never been paid, amounting to twenty pounds; and that several other matters had never been settled. This troubled Jack not a little.

To make a long story a short one—Jack was so convinced that true heroism consists in paying our debts, when we are not forced to pay them according to law, that he determined to pay every farthing owing by his mother or himself, before he set up for a gentleman. And, indeed, there was not one to whom money was not very acceptable. Old Snobbin had been settled with; old Joe Cragg was quickly paid; the carpenter was satisfied to the full—and Jack went to the children of the old gentleman, who kept the boarding school, and paid the loan their father had lent his mother. This was all the work of a day. Jack’s sixty pounds was dwindled down to thirty shillings: but, if his pockets were lighter, so was his heart, and he slept sounder that night than ever he did before in his life.

Now, this is what we call the highest kind of bravery. Jack, it is true, had fought like a Briton; he had shown the noble generosity of a Briton to his enemy—he had done his duty to his king and country—but if he had not paid his debts, he would have been no “true man” after all. Believe me, my young friends, it is sometimes easier to go into battle than to put our hands into our pockets to pay an old debt. Believe me, too, that the greatest valour we can possess, is the valour of pinching our desires for the sake of doing justice to others; at the same time we should not forget that this is also the greatest of pleasures.
MEMOIR OF THE REV. DR. MAJOR.

(With Portrait, engraved expressly for the "Boy's Friend")

The Rev. John Richardson Major, D.D., one of the most successful schoolmasters of the time, was born in the Parish of St. Andrew, Middlesex, in the year 1797. He was educated at Reading School, under Dr. Valpy; from thence he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and was elected a Scholar; he graduated as Senior Optime in the year 1819.

Dr. Major was Second Master of the Grammar School at Leicester for about two years, and Head Master of the Grammar School at Wisbeach for five years. He distinguished his name by the publication of some careful and exact commentaries upon the Porsonian plays of Euripides, and by contributions to the great edition of the "Thesaurus of Stephanus," published by Valpy.

In 1831, on the establishment of King's College, he was prevailed on by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, to undertake the gathering and shaping the school department. It opened with about forty boys, and about twenty years afterwards numbered six hundred. He is well known for the courtesy and consideration with which he attends to the wishes of parents, and the kind feeling he always displays towards his boys. Many old pupils have been indebted to him for furtherance in their pursuits in after life. He devotes all his powers to his school with no niggard will; and has published useful manuals for classes. By his assistants and pupils he has ever been regarded with all respect.

To remain thirty-five years at the head of a school formed by himself, and still flourishing, is an unusual destiny; and Dr. Major's faculties seem as vigorous as ever.

A commercial department having been added, pupils are now enabled to prepare themselves successfully, not only for the learned professions, but also for the active walks of life, and particularly for appointments where facility and accuracy of computation are the chief qualifications.

A few Scholarships (of different values) are competed for annually in Classics and Mathematics; and prizes are distributed (generally by a member of the council) to deserving pupils throughout the school, at the close of the month of July, previous to the summer vacation.

The King's College Calendar supplies a long list of those who have gained honours at the Universities; but it does not include those who, throughout the kingdom and the colonies, are filling the highest positions—educational, clerical, military, and civil.

For the benefit of the rising generation, we hope that so useful an institution may flourish through a long succession of years; and, in the name of the past and present pupils of King's College School, we venture to express our hearty wish that Dr. Major may have health and strength to continue in that honourable post for many years to come.
OUR DOMESTIC PETS.

By the Author of "Small Seeds."

It is a long time since I talked last with you, my young friends. There have been many changes, and a good deal has come to pass since then. But I am so happy to be able to speak with you once more, that I should like to tell you everything I can think of to amuse and interest you. And as I don't know where you have been during the Christmas vacation, nor what you have been doing, the best way will be for me to tell you some of my own adventures since we last met.

Not that they have been very varied. No; I have been living very quietly in a far away village, a great many miles from London, where the people all seem as if they lived out of the world, and its bustle and business. Indeed, it is so quiet that I and my son, whom I will call Frank, and who was about ten years old when we went to live there first, set our wits to work to contrive how we could best enliven the solitude.

And we were not long before we succeeded; for this far away village being in the midst of lovely woods and hills, abounded in all kinds of natural beauty, and in those creatures of the good God that it is such a pleasure to make acquaintance with. In short, we took in all sorts of pet animals and birds, until our cottage was often known as "Noah's Ark"; and although there was a certain trouble attending them (for pets to be well and happy must be carefully fed and kept clean), yet by their various habits and tricks they were a source of great amusement to us, and I do hope we also got, what every body may get who studies God's works with loving attention, some profit from them also.

Now as I never yet knew a boy or a girl who did not love pets, whether it be a dog, or a cat, or a bird, or a rabbit, or perhaps a pony, I propose telling you something about our different pets, and how we fed and treated them, and what discoveries we made concerning their habits and tricks and powers. A sort of gossiping chat about these beasts and birds, in which we can talk of their natural history a little; but in which I shall keep to what I have seen myself, or know as certainly as if I had seen it, and therefore you may be quite sure that all the stories I shall tell you are really true.

Perhaps my experience may be of some use to those boys and girls who are very fond of their pets, and don't quite know how to manage them. Now I will begin by telling you something of our cottage, which will help you to understand some of the things I shall have to say.

It was a low long building, with casement windows and an old porch, and green creepers mixed with roses grew all over it. There was 1666 on one of the stones in the wall, so it really was old. There was a lawn with flower beds in front, and a garden behind, and a wall all round the back grounds. It stood on the borders of a beautiful park, and the tall trees of this park would hang over the road that divided it from our cottage. A little brook, that made pleasant music over the pebbles as it flowed along, pursued its wayward path, sometimes on one side of the road and sometimes on the other, even in the hottest weather, when other streamlets and shallow ponds were dry.

And here in this pleasant place we lived some happy years, and with us during that time dwelt—some at one time some at another, but always several at once—the following creatures: three dogs, two cats, two rabbits, four hens,
and a bantam cock; a squirrel, three tortoises, one owl, two hawks, a magpie, a jackdaw, a jay, two thrushes, a blackbird, some white mice, some dormice, and a number of singing birds of different kinds.

We had also a beehive, and an aquarium with fish, beetles, water-spiders, and newts in it. The amusement that these creatures were to us in their different ways I cannot tell you, and the more I watched them the more I felt the wonderful power and goodness of God who has made "all things to praise Him." For the instincts and intelligence of even the meanest amongst these beasts and birds, aye, and reptiles too, who are all made to live happily, fed by the hand of God alone, opens forth to those who study their habits the love He has for all His creatures.

They have, too, their different tempers and dispositions—wonderfully at times like those which move human beings, but in their anger there is no malice, in their passions no sin; in all their ways they fulfil the will of Him who made them, and rely, day by day, unconsciously, on the hand that "openeth and filleth all things living with plenteousness."

When we consider this, it should make us very tender and careful over God's creatures; and especially if we take them (as birds, for instance) from the wild, free life in which He has placed them, and pledged Himself to provide for them, we are surely bound to supply all their wants, and make them as happy as we can.

Our pets, I do think, have been, on the whole, very happy. We will begin with the Owl, because he is the quietest and gravest of all, and also because, to this day, the dear old fellow still lives with us, almost the only one of those pets still surviving.

THE OWL.

The first time I ever saw an owl was many years ago, in the keep of Arundel Castle, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk. Several very fine large owls were then kept there, and seemed perfectly at home. They could fly about within the tower as they liked, but there was some enclosure of wire, if I recollect rightly, which prevented their getting away.

They had grey old nooks in the ancient walls which were, to their taste, far better than the sunniest hilltop; and there they dozed away their days, after the manner of owls. There was one very old fellow, known as Lord Lyndhurst (for they all had names), and it is said that one day the man who usually fed the owls, came to the Duke of Norfolk's breakfast table, and gravely told him that "Lord Lyndhurst had laid an egg!" very much to the amusement of all the company. From that day it was many years before I saw another owl, indeed, not until our dear old Owly came to live with us; and this was the way in which I made acquaintance with him.

One evening, returning from a walk, I found Frank busy on his knees over a large cage, which had been bought for a pigeon that had since died. Leaping up directly he saw me, he said, "Only look here; see what Charley [a school-fellow] has given me! It is a young owl." I looked in the cage, and saw a bird about as large as a chicken of a month old, perfectly white, and with eyes as red as the sun on a winter's morning. A most singular-looking bird, covered with down instead of feathers, with a very ferocious aspect, and apparently about a thousand years old. I say that, as giving the best idea I can of the extremely aged look the bird had.

As he grew older, this appearance wore off, so that, in fact, he seemed to grow younger instead of older, so far as looks went. Frank fed him with bits of raw meat, which he seemed to relish greatly. He soon grew tame, and would allow Frank and me to scratch his poll, but never was anyone else permitted to take so great a liberty.

By degrees, feathers grew thickly all over him, especially round his neck;
very beautiful feathers, having a peculiar softness to the touch, more like velvet than anything else. This softness is caused by a fringe of downy filaments, which helps the bird to float silently through the air when foraging. These feathers were all of exactly the same colour—softly shaded brown, melting from deep burntumber colour to almost white. Thus we knew our owl was of the kind called tawny or brown owl.

He very soon became a great pet, lived in a large cage in the woodhouse, and, before he was three months old, he had put on the grave demeanour of a middle-aged and very stately gentleman. Indeed, I never saw him once relax from this dignity of manner. All his actions are, to this day, slow and deliberate. He always seems afraid of compromising his dignity, and as if State secrets were surging through his brain.

His walk is that of an illustrious minister, who feels that all eyes are upon him. Though ever so hungry, he takes his food as if it was a matter of no moment; and, if hurried in what appears to him a disrespectful manner, he will refuse even to look at the food. Everything must be done with due regard to etiquette, and, to this day (when from want of proper accommodation out of doors he resides in an underground cellar), if he hears a man coming down the stairs (men being his particular aversion) he manages to slip out of sight behind some tub or faggot, so that he may not be put to the disgrace of being seen to run away.

No one, indeed, ever saw him run. His walk is a sort of floating, sliding step, most inexpressibly amusing in the self-importance it seems to betray. Three happy years Owly lived in his outhouse. At first he was kept in a cage, but this soon was left open so that he might retire to it at pleasure; and he spent most of his time dozing on a large log of wood, coming out in the dusk occasionally, but always retreating to the outhouse as to a home. One of his wings we kept cut, one only, for if both are cut the bird can fly tolerably.

Of an evening we sometimes carried him into the garden, but when there he always got into a thick rhododendron, and appeared to employ his whole powers of calculation on the possibility of making a final escape. One day he got away, but we knew nothing about it until he was brought back by a good
woman, who had met him in the road as she went to market, and popped him into her basket, guessing he belonged to us.

Another time he was more successful. He got, by means of some laurels, over our wall, crossed the road, and got up into the high trees in the park on the other side. There he remained for two days and nights, and in vain were all our endeavours to get him down. All day long we could tell where he was by a troop of timid birds that kept within about a yard of him, screaming and scolding as if they knew he was their bitterest enemy, and that he could not attack them in broad daylight. For, as I take it for granted you know, the owl is a nocturnal or night bird, and is unable to bear the glare of sunshine, thought he has magnificent large bright black eyes; but they serve him better by night than day.

I have often myself seen owls of an evening sailing slowly along under a hedge in a field, keeping about a yard from the ground, and now and then pouncing down on some mouse or other small creature when it was too dusk for any eye but that of a cat or an owl to discern.

But I have left Owly up in the tall trees. We were very sad about him, first, because we did not want to lose him, and secondly, because we were afraid he would die of hunger, not being used to find food for himself. So we spent hours in calling him by all sorts of coaxing names to come down. But no. Owly seemed well pleased with his liberty, and though when we said, "Pretty Owly," he answered with a fond little cry that serves him for speech, he still kept his place amongst the leafy branches.

However, at last hunger compelled him to look down longingly at tempting viands which we held out as baits; and one in particular, a dead magpie (for, as you know, owls are carnivorous, and like birds and mice better than anything else) proved so attractive that I thought I could make it the means of securing him; so I let him see me lay it in the yard, near the wood-house, and, knowing he would not come down (the cunning old fellow!) whilst I was there, I hid myself behind a door of the house, and waited. Owly used his best discretion. He waited for some time, but he heard no sound, he saw no human being. A considerable time was given to reflection, and at last he made up his mind to venture. A soft noise, up-sailing through the air (for we had omitted cutting his wings as usual, and the feathers had grown almost to their full length), and to my great joy, I saw Owly perched upon the magpie's carcass.

With one bound I was upon him. Poor old fellow, he opened his wings to rise instantly, but the dead bird had entangled his claws, and was heavier than he had reckoned on. At any rate there was an instant's delay, which turned the scales in my favour, and with both hands I grasped him round the body, and called Frank, who had waited anxiously the result of my enterprise.

He brought a pair of scissors, and we cut the wing and restored him to his home; and from that time watched him more carefully.

One thing strikes me as very peculiar in the owl. He never drinks. Once or twice when there had been heavy rains, and the drippings from the roof of the woodhouse had made puddles near its door, we have with great amusement watched Owly come forth and wash himself; but he never drank. Very careful were we obliged to be that he should not see us; for if watched, he would instantly retire with an indignant and even injured air.

If laughed at, I doubt whether he would ever forgive the affront. He is very fond of young birds, which he swallows whole; and of mice, which he takes in the same way, always head first. The tail will hang out of his mouth for a minute sometimes after he has swallowed the body.

I remember our giving him a canary once which had died, and which he took down like a pill. It had a very long tail, and this tail stuck out of
Owly's hooked beak for some little time, before, by a final gulp, he could
despatch it. He will eat raw fish or meat, if nothing else can be had, but he
prefers rats to everything; always beginning with the head, which, in a full-
sized rat, will be sufficient for a day's meal. Two or even three days without
any food will, if the owl is well-fed in general, do him no harm, but rather
be good for his health. However, these fasts should not be too frequent.

He loves a twilight residence, as I have said before, and prefers solitude;
although he likes to be talked to and petted by those he loves. Our Owly,
since we have left our old country house, lives, as I said, in our cellar;
but when he hears my voice in the kitchen, which is near the cellar-stairs,
he begins to utter his social cry, and likes me to stand at the top and say,
"Owly, my beauty; Owly, dear!" responding every time by a soft and
affectionate cry.

When Frank went to a day-school near, Owly used to know his knock at
the door, and his very step, even when he did not hear his voice, and would
solicit notice with persevering efforts that were quite touching. But then
Owly loves Frank far more than anyone else; and when he went lately to
college, and, before that, when absent for some weeks on a visit, the poor
bird was absolutely silent for many days, refused his food for the same time,
and moped so we were afraid he would die. It was only by great care and
petting that I succeeded in restoring his spirits.

I told you he generally prefers solitude, and this is so as regards other
animals more particularly. He did not like the hens we used to keep in the
yard, and once a regular pitched battle took place between Owly and Dinah—
a vigorous black hen, who had just brought out her first brood of chickens,
and was leading them about with great pride. Poor Dinah! she came to a
tragic end. One day, being destined for the dinner-table, and the servant,
in ignorance of the usual method of killing poultry, took her to the chopping-
block, and chopped off her head; after which, to Mary's great horror, and
almost terror, Dinah's headless body ran all round the yard.

Well, at the time I am telling you of, Dinah was alive and vigorous, and
Owly, who was blinking in a corner of the yard, was gazing in a contemplative
way on the chickens, not really thinking of any mischief, I do believe.
Dinah, however, in all the pride of early motherhood, chose to imagine some
affront, and ruffling up her sooty plumage, strutted up to him, and actually
pecked at him. It is wonderful the love of creatures for their young! still
more wonderful (for from a God of love the gift of love even to His meanest
creatures can surprise us little) the courage and powers of defence that they
are armed with by their Divine Creator, for the protection of their helpless
little ones.

Owly, you may be sure, was not the bird to take meekly so glaring an
insult. But his method of fighting was different altogether to Dinah's.
Turning himself over as easily as a fish in the water, he lay all at once
on his back, presenting to his opponent a ferocious beak like that of a
parrot, but much larger, and two feet well armed with most terrific claws (I
speak from experience of their powers; for once, in a great terror at a sudden
fright, Owly struck them into my hand, and crippled me for a week) drawn
up to his chest, but all ready to dart forward at his enemy with murderous
power. The encounter was short though severe, for we separated them as
soon as possible, lest the chickens should be motherless.

Our great dog Leo once paid Owly a visit in the cellar, but has never
repeated the call, for Owly made a stately descent upon his curly black back,
which frightened poor Leo so much that he rushed forthwith up the cellar-
stairs, carrying Owly with him to the top, where the old gentleman quietly
stepped off, and returned to his solitude.
One thing more I must mention, and then we will take leave of the owl. This bird will die if it is not supplied from time to time with either rats, mice, or birds. Fur or feathers are absolutely necessary to him as an article of food, and bones also. But this fur, and these bones and feathers, are not retained or digested in the stomach. Some hours after a meal of this kind, the owl will eject or throw up from his mouth what is called a casting, which is a pellet about the size of a mouse’s body, more or less consisting of these indigestible substances. Nor will he eat a second meal until he has in this way got rid of the relics of the first. I have seen perfect and very beautiful little skulls and skeletons of mice and birds taken carefully by a young friend of mine from some castings which he had found in vast numbers on the top of an old ruined tower haunted by owls.

FORTITUDE OF LORD AND LADY RUSSELL.

If we were to select an example of the most perfect fortitude and constancy under oppression and suffering, it would be from the ‘Life of Lord Russell,’ published by his noble descendant, Earl Russell.

It appears that Lord Cavendish having sent him a proposition, by Sir James Forbes, to change clothes with him, and to remain in prison whilst he should make his escape, Lord Russell, in a smiling way, sent his thanks to him, but said he would make no escape—prompted, as Earl Russell supposes, by the reflection that flight would look like a confession of guilt, might prejudice his associates, and also injure the great cause to which his whole life had been devoted. He afterwards said he was very glad that he had not fled, because he could not have lived from his children and wife and friends, to live with whom had been all the happiness he ever saw in life.

Indeed, his love for Lady Russell was such that when he spoke of her the tears would come into his eyes, and he would suddenly change the discourse. Her ladyship was, at the moment, very active in her endeavours to save him; but he said that he wished she would give over beating every bush for his preservation; nor did he acquiesce in these attempts, except upon the principle, that in permitting them it would be some mitigation of her future sorrow to reflect that she had left nothing undone for him. But he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit that he saw in her: and observed, that the parting with her was the greatest thing that he had to do, for he was afraid she would hardly be able to bear it. His cheerfulness almost amounted to mirth, between the sentence and execution.

When Rich (one of the sheriffs, and a man who had then recently changed sides to the Catholic party) came to acquaint him with the warrant for his fate, he received him without even a hint at the change. He afterwards observed, however, to Bishop Burnet, that if it had not been indecent to be merry in such circumstances, he would have told Rich that they two should never sit together again to vote in Parliament.

On the day previous to his execution he had bled at the nose, on which he said, “I shall not now let blood to divert this; that will be done to-morrow: and when it rained hard that night, he observed, ‘Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day!’”

Before his wife left him, he took her by the hand and said, “This flesh you now feel, in a few hours must be cold.” At ten o’clock she left him. He kissed her four or five times; and she so governed her sorrow as not to add, by the sight of her distress, to the pain of separation. Thus they parted, not with sobs and tears, but with a composed silence; the wife wishing to spare the feelings of the husband, and the husband those of his wife, they both restrained the expression of a grief too great to be relieved by utterance. When she was gone, he said, “Now the bitterness of death is past!”
URRAH, Tom! Such a spree! You know I am well up in French. I know all the verbs by heart, and have gone through all the grammar, and had as many sacrés from Monsieur Le Mallet as would fill a sack. You know I have coup d'œil to look into everything, if I see into nothing; am ready for a coup de main, and have courage sans peur, coûte que coûte. So whereupon, having obtained the great prize at our castigatory for my French translation of “Jack the Giant Killer,” “Cinderella,” and “Puss in Boots,” I determined to see the country and the people about which and whom I have faggéd so hard for the last seven years, and to go to Paris. It’s only five pounds, you know; and that was given me by my best beloved and most magnanimous Aunt Sally, whose idea of France was quite of the old school, and a long way before railways, which she thought bad ways. She did not like raillery nor anything of the kind; she was sentimental, and she went to Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey” for her French notions. She often talked about his sitting at the window of his hotel, and seeing the old soldier parent being chucked under the chin by his affectionate niece; and of the National Guards in their picturesque costumes; of the valises, and of the French cooks; and of “La Fleur,” and the powder blown out of the window; and of the Rue de Frapperie, and how she would weep over poor Maria and the little goat, and over the old man’s ass, and so stain her best cambric pocket handkerchief trimmed, with Brussels lace!

She has talked of these things hundreds of times; and it is no wonder that she should tell me, that if I went to France I should find all its glory had departed since the fall of the Bastille; “for,” said she, “you are a vast deal too rude and rumustical, and want polish; and if you go to that empório of manners, rough as you are, you will be sure to come home as polished as a darnig needle.” So she dived into her cul de sac, and fished up five golden opinions —no, sovereigns—and said, not in French—although she was mistress of that language—but in Latin, for she was mistress of that too, and would have taken a degree, only she was too old, they said. Well, her expression was, Dulce est desipere in loco; but she told me also, Dulcis amor patriae dulce videre suos; and that I should never forget the snapdragons, the plum puddings of Christmas, the custards at Easter, and the whip-syllabubs at all seasons; and then she ended by a fine quotation from old Pliny, Et sub occultis posita negligentius, proximorum incuriosi longinquaque sectamur. This she said as she gave me the sovereigns, which was a sovereign remedy for her Latin; and then she gave me her benediction, and prayed that I might come back with no monkey airs and no monkey tricks, for I had enow of both already; but that I should meet her longing eyes with an elegant step, a polite demeanour, and a new set of highly-polished manners, which would make a man of me.

So I made my bow—English style—and packing up my leather bag—“put in your razors!”—no, I didn’t put in my razors, Mr. Sharp, but I did a comb. “Coxcombs wear their combs on their head.” Now, will you be quiet? if you don’t, I will send a piece of Latin at your knowledge-box, for you are Force nature. Well, as I said, I packed up my box, and went straight down to the steamer at London Bridge, and shipped myself for Boulogne, with a cargo of
very odd fish indeed, but all as lively as grigs—the ladies especially, merry and talkative all the way, till we got to the “chops” of the Channel, when steam began to cast aside all the marine deities as we passed that very troublesome Buoy at the Nore. Then, alas! a spirit came over our fond dream of delight, better imagined than described. The fun and the frolic suddenly ceased, the multiplicity of words without meaning suddenly capsized, the boat went thumping over the billows, and—oh, there was a sea, just as we sighted Boulogne! Up and down, up and down, smashing of crockery, odd swinging of lamps, topsilityness of everything! How did I stand it? I could not stand it; I tried to sit it; that would not do; so then I was forced to lie down. What passed then I can hardly remember. All I know is, that I wished somebody would have taken me by the leg and thrown me overboard. I gave it up, and how I wished I had kept safe at Harrow-on-the-Hill, for I was ill, as the cockneys say, very—but at last my ears were saluted with the joyful word “Boulogne.” “So up I rose, and donned my clothes,” and joyfully leaped on shore.

Boulogne is a nice place, after you have been as bad as I was crossing the Channel. Any terra firma is good then, and pleasant to look at. The most pleasant thing is to get up the heights, as I did, to see the other steamers going out and coming in, and to imagine, or perhaps to behold through a glass, the wretched state of the passengers. “It’s pleasant to behold,” says the old poet—you know the rest, because you had to get the whole passage off before the last holiday. When I presented myself at the baggage place, I looked rather haggard and jagged, and out of trim, as you may suppose, with peaked nose and stringy hair, and a sort of woe-begone expression of face. Well, I soon began to feel different; and when I got up the heights, as I said, and saw the beautiful sea without feeling it, and the people on the sands having their fun in the water—better than any fun on it—I began to feel like a Briton, for I was very hungry, and in the instinct of my stomach, found out that good lady, Sally Manger, who gave me a luncheon worthy the Emperor himself.

Boulogne is a row-de-dow sort of a place. Shoals of schoolboys, girls, and governesses, and all sorts of people; English folks turned into French, and French people all over English; a very great number who look as if they had seen better days, and a very great number who seemed as if fortune had done the worst for them, and they had come out of Fallentis semita vix.

After I had paid my reckoning at the hotel, I went over the place. It consists of two towns, an upper and a lower. The upper is of course uppermost, as upper towns will be. It is on a hill, and there are ramparts and walls, and arched gateways, and an old castle—all that sort of by-gonery. Then there is the lower town, where all is bustle: hotels, markets, concert-rooms, and hotels without number; and what is very grand is the new bathing establishment. The sands are a wonder. They extend for miles, and are from two to three thousand feet broad at low water; the coast is a very amiable-looking coast, except in stormy weather, but in the summer season it is delightful. Did I have a dip?—yes, I should think I did—and very jolly it was. I should have had another, but the train for Paris started early the next morning, and I was forced to be at my post. I ought to tell you, though, that there is at Boulogne a famous monument, almost as tall as the one near London Bridge. It was erected by Napoleon the First to commemorate the invasion of England—a thing which never happened, and isn’t likely, while we have got such a splendid army of Volunteers.

I got early to the railway station, and when the cab drew towards it, I
thought that John had made a mistake, and that he was going to drive me
to the church or cathedral of the place; but I soon found out where I was,
from the hubbub and lumbering of boxes and bales, and the whistling and
ringing of bells from trains going off. It was not long before I was seated,
and away we went exceedingly comfortable.

We soon came to Abbeville, one of the principal stations on the line, the
principal attraction of which is the cathedral; of course I could see only the
outside of it, but I was told that the interior was very fine. A gentleman said
that the great charm of the church was its want of uniformity.

The next place we came to was Amiens. Here, as before, the cathedral is
the place to go and look at. I saw the outside at a distance. The interior is
very beautiful. Over the centre door the last judgment is represented. Above
the portals are a line of French kings standing "at ease."

It was not long after this Paris appeared in sight, at least we could see the
Arc de Triomphe high over all the houses, shining bright in the evening sun-
light. On we went, till at last the smell of Paris, so unlike the fresh country
air through which we had been passing, regaled our olfactory nerves, and soon
after we found ourselves at the terminus of the Great Northern Railway of
France—a very fine station. Of course, being very tired, I soon made my way
to the Bedford Hotel, which is handy for everything, and was not long before
I fell into the arms of Orpheus—Morpheus, I mean—and dreamed—a dream.

Getting up next morning with the lark (only I did not see any lark),
I took a turn before breakfast to see what I could see, and I turned down many
rues, and up many more. Among other places, I came to the Cathedral of
Notre Dame. I saw a good many people going in to say their prayers,
some with their apples and some with their fish-baskets on their heads.
While I was standing at the door, a man came and asked me if I should like
to see the church; of course I should like to see the church, so I followed my
conductor, who introduced me to the church, and told me a good deal about it.
He said it was one of the oldest churches in Paris, going back to about 700
years ago. Then he told me about the two towers, which, he said, were 240
feet high; that the tower on the south side contained the famous bell, whose
name is "Bourdon," which, like our great bell of St. Paul's, is only tolled on
important occasions. It weighs 32,000 pounds, and its clapper weighs 960.

The interior of the cathedral contains a great number of painted windows,
chapels, altars, crosses, and tombs, which would take a long time to describe,
and almost as long to see properly. But I was longing to see Paris. So I took
the advice of my guide, and ascended to the top of the northern tower; and
here I had a sight such as very few take the trouble of seeing. There was no
smoke or haze to obscure the view, as there is when you get to the top of St.
Paul's in London, for here the air is beautifully light and clear. On surveying
Paris from this central situation, the city presents, with its suburbs, a form
nearly circular, while numerous domes and spires are displayed on all sides;
the gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Great Arch, the Champ
de Mars, and the river, with all its bridges, the Pont Neuf being most con-
spicuous. I looked this way and that way, to the right and to the left, to the
north, to the south, to the east and the west, taking the bearings as well as
I could of the different public buildings, for my guide took great pains to
point them out to me.

The air on the top of the tower gave me a prodigious appetite, and when I
got to the bottom I rushed like a tornado towards the breakfast-table at the
hotel. After having made my toilette, as the French say, as the place was
close by, I went to the Louvre. "What did I go there for?" Why, of course to
get out of the wet, and to see the pictures; and here are lots of all sizes, but
particularly of large ones, some of them as big as a London suburban garden.
The Louvre is the Great Museum of France.
And it took me a hard day's work to get through it. Gallery upon gallery succeeded each other, room after room, museum after museum, jewellery, sculpture, antiquities, Italian pictures, Spanish pictures, and Flemish, English, Dutch, and I know not what. The first room contained some of the English pictures of the middle ages, which are very curious, and seem so odd as to make one laugh; comical saints and angels, funny martyrs, and excessively ridiculous old maids, turned into saintesses. Then the grand gallery, as I said, was more to my mind; so was the Salle de Bijoux, which contains a great number of things. There is a silver statue of Henry IV, when a boy, the looking-glass of Mary de Medici, some beautiful cups in sardonyx, designed by that wonderful artist Benvenuto Cellini.

Next to these apartments is the chamber of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., and adjoining is the bedroom of Henry IV., in which is the alcove in which his body was laid after his assassination by Ravaillac, which you know all about, as you used to read French history, you know. Close by is the apartment of Henry II. In the centre is a glass case, containing a beautiful suit of armour that belonged to him. You know that this monarch was killed by the spear of the Count de Montmorenci piercing his eye at a tournament.

The next apartments contain the Naval Museum. It is full of models of ships, forts, cities, and everything connected with the marine; and the rooms close to it form La Salle des Sauvages, and is all about voyages of discovery, and the habits of savages. From these rooms I went through the sculpture galleries, where there were more than a thousand pieces of ancient sculpture; then as many modern pieces, arranged in fine salles or halls. It contains many of the finest pieces of French sculpture. In the first room is a model of the tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, and two statues, said to be by Michael Angelo, and the very best of his productions. There is also a beautiful Cupid and Psyche, by Canova. In the last room there is a fine statue of Milo, of Crotona, whose prodigious strength is said to have enabled him to cleave a large tree with his own hands, and he looks strong enough to have chopped it up for firewood. But this is not half what is to be seen at the Louvre; room succeeds room, to the amount of nearly a hundred. Your eyes get tired, and your poor feet tender; and, worse than these, your neck and back get stiff by raising up your head so much, so that you can hardly move the next morning. There is, indeed, too much to be seen—you get gluttied, tired of it; and when you go to sleep, your dreams are of gold picture frames and other vanities, "too numerous to mention," as we say at home.

Soon after I left the Louvre, and found myself in front of the Palais Royal. This splendid edifice was built in 1629, by Cardinal Richelieu, and passed from him to Louis XIV., who gave it to his nephew, Philip of Orleans, on his marriage; from which period, until the latter end of the last century, it remained the private, but magnificent residence of the Orleans family. In the centre were hundreds of trees and plants, and orange trees in full bearing. Under the trees were chairs, and tables, and stools; and, seated here, all the gay people of Paris were drinking their coffee or sugar-and-water, and laughing and talking at a great rate; when every now and then you saw a very handsome, perhaps prodigious-looking man, something like an officer, but not quite so military—not at all like a policeman, although that is his duty; he has to perform, and to look out for any disturbance in the streets. He looks very grand and magnificent, and I seemed afraid he would take me up for nothing, he looked so féroce.

On the next day after my "great go" at the Louvre, I made a series of "little go." But it is not a very "little go" to see the Palace of the Tuileries. The word sounds little enough when you know the meaning of it, namely, a place for tile making—not hats, mind. At the time when it was built, this
part of Paris was not enclosed within the walls. Nothing was seen in the neighbourhood but wild wastes of wood and plain, and the water of the Seine.

The construction of this Palace was begun in May, 1564. Henry IV. enlarged the principal building, and in 1660 began the great gallery which unites it with the Louvre. Napoleon I. greatly embellished it, and the present Emperor has enlarged it very considerably and improved the approaches, especially on the north side. I went through all the public show-rooms, and very fine they were, full of pictures, statues, and curiosities of one kind or other, and magnificent in the highest degree. I wish I could have seen the Emperor's private apartments, but as I did not happen to know a minister of state, and was only a boy, I stood no chance, so I contented myself by going into the Gardens of the Palace. It was very nice to walk among the orange trees, of which there were more than a thousand, and to repose one's eyes on the nice bits of green sward which the present Emperor has put down in various places among the flower beds. The extent of the Gardens being sixty acres, there was plenty of room to walk; but at the same there was more than sixty acres of amusement!

Passing out of the Gardens I came to the Place de la Concorde, without question the finest looking place in all the world—not that I have been all over the world, nor round it, nor much into it—but everybody says it is, and therefore it must be, because what everybody says must be true. In the middle of the "Place" is erected the Obelisk of Luxor, on each side of which is an elegant fountain. One of these fountains is dedicated to the sea, and the other to the rivers. And don't these fountains send up the water! Our fountains in Trafalgar Square are no more than penny squirts to them, and the figures beneath, that take an everlasting shower-bath, look cool and comfortable enough.

Passing onwards, I now entered the Champs Elysées, or Elysian Fields. You know what the Elysian Fields are. It is where the ghosts of good sort of people wander about in a half-melancholy and half-sprightly manner. Well, here it is that all Paris comes out to air itself on fine days, and sometimes wet ones. It has something of the appearance of an English fair—booths, stalls, tents, and shows being scattered here and there and everywhere, all among the trees; and it is here that the Emperor is now and then seen walking about as natural as any other man, and looking very good-tempered, not at all as if he had the world on his shoulders; and what is almost as good a sight as even an Emperor, is to see the children, with their parents and playmates, amusing themselves; and the next agreeable thing is to see the old people enjoying themselves under the shade of the trees, with their funny little dogs—for funny little dogs are always seen. And here the poor people sit, happy as the ghosts in the Elysian Fields of Homer; and with far more substantial comforts, for ghosts can't eat, you know, but the visitors to this place can; and, and they carry whole bags full of provender, and stuff themselves to their hearts' content. I took care not to do anything of the kind, and so, not having anything but myself to carry, I walked all along through the avenue of trees, towards a huge, high triumphal arch, which I saw about three miles off, called the "Arc de Triomphe." It towers over the loftiest trees in the vicinity, and over all the houses, and you may see it a long way off, before you get to Paris, for it is as high as our Monument.

From the Rue de Triomphe I went to St. Germain's, to see one of my cousins who is at school there. When I got there, the fellows were all at play on the lawn behind the house. But such play! Uncommon slow, I can tell you. None of your cricket, or leap-frog, or foot-ball, but all baby play, that did not suit me at all. My cousin is a good fellow, but very quiet. He showed me a long religious letter which he had received from an old friend of his mother's, living in Switzerland.
From St. Germains I found my way back to the Place de la Concorde, and, going to the Obelisk, stood to gaze again on the finest spot in the world. Then came the Palace of the Legislative Body on one side, and the Tuileries on the other. The great arch far in the distance is the beautiful church of the Madeleine. All was indeed grand and imposing, and I stood for some time overpowered with the grandeur of the place. The church of the Madeleine drew my steps towards it, and I approached it with that feeling of reverence due to any place dedicated to the worship of God.

It contains many beautiful groups and pictures, the worthies and saints of the Eastern Church, the Emperor Constantine, and others. Next come the crusaders; Urban, St. Bernard, and Peter the Hermit, who are urging on the expedition. Then came representations of many of the early martyrs, and, above all, in the dim shadow, is the Wandering Jew. Then there is Napoleon I, receiving the Imperial crown from the hands of Pius VII.

From the Madeleine, my next visit was to the Hôtel des Invalides, the Chelsea Hospitall of Paris. Nearly 10,000 veterans, who have fought and bled for the country to no purpose, are kept for curiosity, when age or wounds prevent their fighting any longer. Well, I went into the dining-rooms, and saw the old fellows spooning it away in good style, and the smell of the soup was good—not so the colour of the bread or of the floors. After I had stood looking at the old men, and longing for some of the soup, for I sadly wanted “my nosebag on,” as that vulgar boy Jackson used to say, I went to see the curiosities of the place. I saw in one room the models of the principal strongholds of Europe. Then I went to the churches—there are two. In the first there are a great number of flags taken by the French from other nations. There are some from Algiers, and some from Italy, taken in the last bit of a brush with Austria. Before the Hôtel is an esplanade, furnished with guns, whose voices have spoken of many celebrated events. Whether they spoke the truth—that is, whether the events were worth so much noise—is, as they say at school, a question.

But the chief object of my visit was to see the tomb of the great Napoleon. My “Guide to Paris” described what I went to see very graphically. On the two sides of the doors of the crypt are two colossal statues in bronze, of a very grave aspect, which is highly proper. One represents civil force, and the other military force—brute force is not represented. Leaving these, you find yourself in a vault, formed by the steps of the altar above, and you soon find yourself in the crypt, and here are twelve colossal statues, which number are arranged round the portico, holding in their hands symbols of the principal victories of Napoleon. In the centre of the crypt is the tomb, four yards long and two yards wide. He must have been a great man, you will say. From the foot of the sarcophagus extends a rich mosaic pavement, representing a vast laurel crown, and on it are inscribed the names of Napoleon’s great victories. And here lies all that was mortal of the First Emperor. His body is enclosed in a cedar coffin, encompassed by a leaden one, and this again with one of mahogany. He is calm now; all the thunders of the Invalides he hears not; all the restoration of Paris he sees not; all the politics of the day he knows not; nor of the gaities and conspiracies, the plots and the pantomimes, of the gay city; but he “rests on the banks of the Seine, among the French people whom he loved so well.”

I think one of the best things a fellow can do when he goes into a foreign city, is to go into the markets, for there, more than in any other place, will he see the real population. People in fine clothes, walking in fine streets, or in museums, or showing themselves at theatres, give you no idea of the people of a country; but if you go into the markets you will see them in the rough, in
the free-and-easy, non-artificial style. And so I took good care to go to the markets in Paris, and generally early in the morning. One of the principal markets is the Marché des Innocents. In its centre is a fountain, in the middle of which is a beautiful vase, out of which the water falls in a cascade upon stone steps into a receptacle, with four lions at the corners.

As to the market itself, it was full of every kind of vegetables, flowers, fruit, melons, and pumpkins of enormous size, and snails sold by the peck; yams, little, short, pug-nosed carrots, and stacks of salad as big as haycocks. Some of the pumpkins made me think of the coach of Cinderella. Then there were grapes, plums, pears, and apples in profusion; and here and there were intermixed, for the benefit of the early riser, sorrel soup, hot boiled peas, roasted and boiled chestnuts, and some other condiments which I could not make out. Close by the market is the Marché aux Herbes, the market where medical herbs, leeches, tadpoles, worms, slugs, and other "dainty deer," are sold; and close by, going from the reptile department, we come to that of Pisces, the fishmarket, where there are plenty of fish, among which I saw several baskets of ugly-coloured, sandy, dead-eyed looking fish, which they told me were young sharks, and which made me shudder as I looked at them; and the gigantic conger eels were enough to frighten children. These are sold at so much the cut, and you may get a tolerably good slice for six sous. Not far from this market is the Rue des Cordonnerie, the boot and shoe market, and close by, the Rue de Friperie, the Rag-fair of Paris, and I assure you there are some very funny things to be seen there.

After the markets, one of the places with which I was most pleased was the Royal Library, formerly called "la Bibliothèque du Roi," now "Impériale." It has lately been enlarged, and almost entirely rebuilt. This Library is of great antiquity, dating as far back as the reign of King John, and it has been contributed to by many of the monarchs, down to Napoleon III.

Besides the books, the celebrated MSS. here consist of above 80,000 volumes, in Greek, Latin, Oriental, and other languages, including 30,000 relating to the history of France. Among them are the MSS. of Galileo, some original letters of Henry IV., addressed to Gabrielle, the prayer book of St. Louis, the MS. of Telemachus, in Fenelon's own hand, a MS. of Josephus, and letters of Racine, Molière, Corneille, Bossuet, Rousseau, and other great authors.

When I left this "sight," I passed over the Bridge of Arcole, and soon reached the Mint. I took a glance at the coining going on, but was most pleased upon entering a magnificent saloon, which contains an immense collection of the coins of France and other countries, beginning with the reign of Childebert, who reigned in 520. A sight of these afforded me much pleasure, especially when I saw amongst them a medal struck in commemoration of the visit of our Queen to the present Empress.

After this I went to the palace of the Luxembourg, a beautiful place, indeed. All the rooms of Mary de Medicis, full of fine furniture and paintings; and in front of the palace are very fine gardens laid out in the hopscotch style. I was positively wearied in looking at the fine things in this palace, but shall never forget my visit.

Nothing can surpass my next visit, I think. There is a place about six miles from Paris called St. Denis. It is a sort of Westminster Abbey to Paris, for a great many of the French kings are buried there. The cathedral was founded by a lady named Catala, who first built a chapel on the spot, in which to bury St. Denis and his companions, who had been barbarously martyred.

After seeing everything worth seeing above ground, I went underground, and suddenly came upon a hundred monuments of dead kings, once so famous for valour or for glory. The royal folks are too numerous to mention; but
there was Charlemagne, Charles Martel, Hugh Capet, Philip the Fair, Charles V., Charles VII., Louis I., Louis XVI., and his unfortunate queen. I hope you are well up in French history; if you are not, it is of no use for you to go to St. Denis.

These vaults are faced with slabs of black marble, upon which the names of the kings and queens are written in gold.

I had seen almost enough of this sort of thing; but when I got back to Paris, I had just time to pay a visit to the new Boulevard de Sebastopol. Close by, is the tower of St. Jacques, which may be seen from almost every part of Paris. The new Boulevard is the pet of the present Emperor, and is one of the finest streets in Paris.

After a while I found the way to my hotel, and slept as soundly as a top, till the clock of the Hôtel de Ville told me it was nine o’clock.

The next day was Sunday, the day of rest and peace, and which I usually, and almost without exception, spent pleasantly at home between church and a walk in the fields, or in the company of my parents. I was not going to give up my church, although I was far from home; so I took the opportunity of going to the English church, where I found many more English people than I expected. It was pleasing to hear our beautiful Church Service in a foreign land, and I felt quite at home.

I had now been a week in Paris, and I had seen a great deal, and I began to feel pretty considerably “used up”; but the excitement hung about me, and I felt very feverish by day and worse by night—for my dreams were a higgledy-piggledy mass of gold and glitter, finery, and frippery, high houses, and low people, gorgeous churches, and very mean cafés, sometimes puppet shows and palaces, frescos, and funny men, and hôtels, and hospices. Yet it was a treat; but, like the grocer’s boy, you may eat French plums till you are sick of them, as I was; and so, early on the Monday morning I took the train for Calais, so as to get back by a different route. I crossed the Channel on a “hazy day,” and it was some time before I obtained a sight of the white cliffs of old England; but at last the heights of Dover appeared in all their milk-white majesty, and you can’t think how my heart leaped up in my chest as my trunk put its foot upon English ground. *There is no place like old England after all!*

---

**THE PASHA.**

However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and derivation are scarcely familiar even to the “erudite few.” The word itself is compounded of the Persian “pāi shāh,” or the shah’s foot, and is a standing memorial of the designations which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state; calling them his feet, hand, eyes, and ears. Those entrusted with domestic affairs were styled “the eyes”; the secret emissary was termed “the ear”; the tax-gatherer, “the hands”; the warrior, “the foot”; and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, “the tongue of equity.” Of so remote an institution as this is the name of the present Turkish pashas, who, in their several capacities of governor, general, and vizier or minister, are appositely styled the “feet of their master.”
A LETTER ABOUT ANCIENT EGYPT.

By J. P. CARRINGTON, Esq., F.A.S.I.


The kingdom of Egypt is supposed to have been founded by Misrain, the son of Ham, the second son of Noah, in the year B.C. 2188, and to have lasted 1663 years, until conquered by Cambyses, King of Persia, B.C. 525; but if you believe the account of the Egyptian historians, they will tell you that the records of the kingdom extend over a period of 50,000 years, or more than 48,000 years before the time we assign for the creation of the world. They will also tell you that their first kings were the gods themselves; after them, the demigods; and lastly, mortals of the race of Menes or Mitzrain; and they claim for their nation the honour of being the mother of all others on the face of the globe.

Notwithstanding that the records of their early history are so unsatisfactory, and involved in so much obscurity and fable as to compel us to pass them over for many ages in silence, yet there can be no doubt that, as a nation, Egypt may with justice claim as high antiquity as any in the world. It was anciently called Chemia, and in the language of the Copts, or native Egyptians, it is still called Chemia, a name it is supposed to have received from Ham. The name “Egypt” is of later date, having been given to the country by the Greeks, on account of the blackness of its soil, and the dark colour of its rivers and inhabitants, such a colour being called by them ἀγγυτος, from γυναικός a vulture.

Egypt was allowed by all the ancients to be the most renowned school for wisdom and politics, and the source from whence most arts and sciences were derived. It bestowed its noblest labours on the improvement of mankind, and Greece was so sensible of this, that its most illustrious men, Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, the great legislator Lycurgus, Solon, and many others, travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that source whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning.

The kingdom was hereditary, and the king under the same restraint of the laws as his subjects. He was guided by certain rules, digested by the early monarchs, which composed part of the sacred books, and everything being settled by ancient custom, he never sought to live in a different way from his ancestors. In these books rules were laid down for his guidance in every action of his life, and even the amount and quality of his food prescribed. His table was covered with the most common food, all feasting and gluttony being prohibited; and Plutarch tells us that one of the pillars of a temple in Thebes was inscribed with imprecations against that king who first introduced profusion and luxury into Egypt. His hours, too, were regulated by the laws, without variation, and were somewhat as follows: In the morning, at day-break, when the head is clearest, the king read the letters he had received. When dressed, he went with his court to the daily sacrifice performed in the
temple, and assisted in the prayer pronounced by the high priest, in which health and other blessings were asked for him of the gods, because he governed his people with clemency and justice. The high priest then entered into a long detail of the royal virtues, observing that he was religious to the gods, affable to men, moderate and just, an enemy to falsehood, master of his passions, punishing crimes with lenity, but boundless in rewarding virtue and merit; next he spoke of crimes of which kings might be guilty, but supposed, at the same time, that they never committed any, unless by surprise or ignorance, and loaded with imprecations such of their ministers as gave them evil counsel, and suppressed or disguised the truth.

Such was the method of conveying instruction to their kings. It was thought that reproaches would only sour their tempers, and that the most effectual manner in which to inspire them with virtue, would be to point out to them their duty in praises, pronounced in a solemn manner before the gods. After the prayers and sacrifices were ended, the counsels and actions of great men were read from the sacred books, in order that the king might govern according to their maxims, and maintain the laws which had made his ancestors honoured and their subjects happy.

The king's principal duty was to superintend the administration of justice to his subjects; and for this purpose thirty judges, chosen from the principal cities, were appointed, and proper revenues assigned them, so that they might devote the whole of their time to the execution of the laws, and administer gratuitously to all the people that justice to which they had a natural right. The President of the Senate wore a collar of gold, set with precious stones, from which was suspended a figure, represented blind, as the emblem of Truth; and with this he touched the party in whose favour he was about to decide, this being equivalent to a verdict.

Every individual was, from his infancy, brought up in the strictest observance of the laws. A new custom in Egypt was a kind of miracle. All things ran in the old channel, and the exactness with which little matters were observed by all, preserved those of more importance; consequently, no nation retained their laws and customs longer than the Egyptians. Wilful murder was punished with death, whatever might be the condition of the murdered person. In this the humanity and equity of the Egyptians was superior to that of the Romans, who gave the master a power of life and death over his slave. Perjury was also severely punished, and the false accuser suffered the punishment the accused was to have undergone had the perjurer proved his accusation to have been true.

No one was allowed to be useless to the State—everyone being compelled to enter his name and place of abode in a public register, and therein describe his profession or means of support; and anyone who gave a false account of himself was put to death. To prevent borrowing of money, King Asyches is said to have made a law that no man should borrow money without pawning to the creditor the body of his father, which every Egyptian embalmed with great care. This law put the whole of the sepulchre of the debtor into the power of the creditor, who removed to his own house the pledged body, so that the debtor refusing to discharge his obligation was denied the rights of burial both in the family and any other sepulchre; nor was he allowed to bury any relative descended from him.

The sepulchres of the Egyptians were built with the greatest splendour, and many were of stupendous magnitude; for, besides that they were erected as so many sacred monuments, destined to transmit to future ages the memory of good men, they were also considered as the mansions where the body was to rest during a long succession of ages.

Witness the pyramids, standing not far from the ancient city of Memphis,
the largest of which, built by King Cheops, justly ranked as one of the seven wonders of the world.

It was built of stones of prodigious size, the least of which were thirty feet, wrought with wonderful art, and covered with hieroglyphics. According to several ancient authors, each side was 800 feet broad, and as many high. The summit of the pyramid, which, to those who viewed it from below, seemed a point, was a fine platform, eighteen feet square. In the construction of this stupendous tomb it is said 100,000 men were employed; and these relieved every three months by the same number. Ten years were spent in hewing out the stone in Arabia and Ethiopia, and twenty more in the building. There are expressed on the pyramid in Egyptian characters the sums it cost for garlic, leeks, and onions only, for the workmen, and the whole amounted to 1,600 talents of silver (£210,000). Within are numberless chambers and passages, leading in all directions; and in the very heart of this giant tomb an empty sepulchre may still be seen, cut out of one single black stone, a little more than six feet long, and three in depth and breadth. Thus all this enormous expense, and the labours of so many thousands of men for so many years, ended in procuring for a prince in this vast and almost boundless pile, simply shelter for a little stone coffin, six feet in length.

When any person in a family died, all his kindred and friends would quit their usual habits, and, clothed in mourning, abstain from the bath, wine, and dainties of every kind, for a period, varying according to the rank of the dead, from forty to seventy days. In the meantime, the dead body was embalmed; and this was done in three different ways, also in accordance with the deceased's rank. Many hands were employed in this ceremony. The body having been stripped and cleansed, the brain was first drawn through the nostrils by an instrument made for the purpose; and the intestines then removed, through an opening in the side made with an Ethiopian stone ground as sharp as a razor, no iron being allowed to touch the flesh.

The persons employed in these two operations fled for their lives as soon as they had finished, for they were always pursued with stones by the standers by, and seldom escaped without a broken crown. But those who embalmed the body were treated with great honour. They filled it with myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, and other fragrant spices, except frankincense. As soon as it was sewn up, it was placed in a tub full of a solution of nitre, and there left to pickle for seventy days. At the end of this time it was taken out, dried, and swathed in linen fillets stuck together with a very thin gum, and then crusted over with perfumes. By this means, the entire figure of the body and the lineaments of the face, even to the hairs on the eyelids and eyebrows, were preserved in perfection. The body, thus embalmed, was delivered to the relations, who enclosed it in an open chest, and then placed it upright against the wall of their sepulchre—if they had one—or in their house.

All the people recognized the virtues of deceased persons, because before the body could be admitted into the sacred asylum of the tomb, the departed soul must undergo a solemn trial; and this peculiarity in the Egyptian funeral customs is one of the most remarkable in ancient history. The Egyptians would not suffer praise to be bestowed indiscriminately on all deceased persons. This honour was alone to be obtained from the public voice. An assembly of judges met on the other side of a lake, which they crossed in an open boat. He who sat at the helm was called Charon in their language, and this in all probability first gave the hint to "Orpheus," who had been in Egypt—and, after him, to the other Greeks—to invent their fiction of "Charon's Boat." As soon as a man was dead, his deeds were brought to trial. The public accuser was first heard, and if he proved that the deceased had led a bad and worthless life, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial; but if, on
the contrary, he had led a good and virtuous one, and had not been convicted of any crime, his body was interred with all honour.

Thus the people admired the power of the laws which extended even beyond the grave; and struck with the disgrace inflicted on the worthless dead, everyone was afraid to reflect dishonour on his own memory and on his family.

The first rank in Egypt, after the king, was the priesthood, and next to this the army, which possessed peculiar immunities. To every soldier, no matter what his rank, was granted a piece of arable land, equal to about nine acres of our measure, exempt from all tax and tribute. In addition to this, every man received a daily allowance of five pounds of bread, two of flesh, and a quart of wine; so that a portion could be set apart for the support of their families. 400,000 native soldiers were kept in continual pay, and inured to the fatigues of war by a severe and rigorous education. Foot, horse, and chariot races were performed with wonderful agility, and the world could not show better horsemen than the Egyptians; and the Scriptures in several places praise their cavalry. (Cant. i. 9; Isa. xxxvi. 9.) The military laws were easily preserved, for sons received them from their fathers, the profession of arms, like all others, being transmitted from father to son to the last generation. But the Egyptians loved peace better than war, and maintained soldiers only for their own security. They triumphed rather by the wisdom of their counsels, and the superiority of their knowledge, than by the force of their arms.

They were among the first who noted the course of the planets, and their observations led them to regulate their years from the course of the sun, the duration of which, from the remotest antiquity, being composed of 365½ days.

When a man fell sick, he was not left to the arbitrary will and caprices of a doctor, but was obliged to follow fixed rules for the cure of diseases, which were the observations of old and experienced sages, and were written in the sacred books, and every physician confined his practice to the cure of one disease only. The Egyptians entertained but a mean opinion of those exercises which did not contribute to invigorate the body or improve health; as well as of music, which they held to be a diversion not only useless, but dangerous, and calculated only to enervate the mind. No profession or trade was considered dishonourable; and every Egyptian was held noble, for as all were held to be descended from Misraim, their common father, the memory of their still recent origin in the minds of those living in the first age established amongst all a kind of equality, and stamped a nobility upon every person derived from the common stock.

Every man had his way of life assigned to him by the laws, and this was perpetuated from father to son. Two professions at one time, or a change of that to which a man was born, were never allowed; and by this means the arts were raised to the highest perfection.

The first libraries were in Egypt, and the titles they bore inspired an eager desire in all to enter them. They were called, “The Remedies for the Diseases of the Soul”; and that justly, for the soul was there cured of ignorance, the most dangerous of all maladies.

The ancients first wrote upon palm-leaves, next upon the inside of the “bark” of trees (from this the Latin liber, a book, and the English library), then upon tables covered with wax, on which the characters were impressed with a stylus, pointed at one end and flat at the other, to efface what had been written. At last the use of paper was introduced, which was made from the bark of the “papyrus,” a reedy grass growing in great profusion in the marshy country; and this plant was also used for sail-tackling, clothes, and various other domestic purposes.
Polygamy was allowed in Egypt, except to the priests, who could marry but one woman; and whatever was the condition of the woman, whether free or a slave, her children were held to be free and legitimate. One custom in particular that prevailed through the land it is necessary to mention, for it reveals to us the darkness into which a great nation, universally renowned for its wisdom, was plunged; this was, the marriage of brothers with their sisters, which was not only authorized by their laws, but in a great measure originated from their religion, from the example of their principal gods, Isis and Osiris.

The priests, as I have already told you, held rank second only to the king. They had great privileges and revenues, and their lands were exempted from all imposts. We read in Genesis xlvii. 26, that Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt that "Pharaoh should have the fifth part; except the land of the priests only, which became not Pharaoh’s." They were the repositories of religion and all the sciences, and they were on all occasions treated with the greatest honour and respect; and in so great an estimation were they held, that learned men from all parts sought them out, to consult them upon all that related to the mysteries of religion, and the most profound subjects in the several sciences.

It was in Egypt that Pythagoras conceived his favourite doctrine, "Metempsychosis," or transmigration of souls; for the Egyptians taught, that at the death of men their souls transmigrated into other human bodies; but, if their lives had been bad and vicious, they were imprisoned in the bodies of unclean beasts, to expiate their first digression, when, after the revolutions of some centuries, they again animated other human bodies. I should require many pages to describe to you fully the religion of the ancient Egyptians, but in this paper I must confine myself to a short account of the various deities worshipped by them.

No people were more superstitious than the Egyptians; none had a greater number of gods, of different orders and degrees.

Of these the principal were Osiris and Isis, representing the sun and moon. They also worshipped a great number of beasts—the ox, the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the crocodile, the ibis, the cat, and many others. It was death for any person to kill one of these animals intentionally, and severe punishments were decreed against whoever should accidentally kill an ibis or a cat.

Diodorus relates an incident of which he was an eye-witness during his stay in Egypt. A Roman having inadvertently killed a cat, the exasperated populace chased him to his house, and neither the authority of the king, who immediately dispatched a body of his guards, nor the terror of the Roman name, could rescue the unfortunate offender. Of all these animals the bull apis was the most famous.

Magnificent temples were raised, and extraordinary honours paid to him when alive, and still greater when dead. Then all Egypt went into mourning, and his obsequies were celebrated with extraordinary pomp. In the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, the bull apis dying of old age, the funeral outlay, besides the ordinary expenses, amounted to a sum equal to £11,250 of our money. After the last honours had been paid to the deceased bull-god, the next and immediate care was to provide a successor, and throughout all Egypt a close search was instituted for that purpose. The new bovine deity was to be known by a white spot in the form of a crescent on his forehead, on his back the figure of an eagle, and upon his tongue that of a beetle. As soon as found, mourning gave place to joy, and nothing was heard but rejoicings throughout the kingdom. The new god was brought to Memphis to take possession of his dignity, and there installed with a great number of ceremonies, with the particulars of which you would not be interested. The idea of the golden
calf set up by the Israelites near Mount Sinai, as also those afterwards set up by Jeroboam, was derived from Egypt, and a wretched imitation of their god Apis.

The Egyptians ascribed a divinity to the very roots in their gardens; and one reason assigned for the servile worship paid to animals is taken from fabulous history, which relates that once the gods, in a rebellion made against them by monsters, fled into Egypt, and there concealed themselves under the form of different animals. Another is taken from the benefit which these several animals produced—the oxen by their labour, sheep by their wool, and dogs by their services in hunting (whence the god Anubis was always represented with a dog's head), the ibis, or Egyptian stork, was worshipped because he put to flight the winged serpents, with which Egypt would otherwise have been infested; the crocodile, because he defended them against the incursions of the Arabs, and the ichneumon, because he prevented the too great increase of the crocodiles themselves. This service the little animal is said thus to perform: Watching the time when the crocodile is fast asleep on the muddy banks of the Nile—and it always sleeps with its jaws open—the ichneumon leaps into the slimy monster's mouth, forces his way down to the entrails, and eats his exit through the belly. He also destroys their eggs whenever he comes across them.

To read of animals and vile insects honoured with religious worship, placed in temples, and maintained with great care and extravagant expense—to be told that those who slew them were punished with death, and that these animals were embalmed and solemnly deposited in gorgeous tombs, assigned to them by the public—to hear that these extravagances were carried to such lengths that even leeks and onions were acknowledged as deities—were invoked in times of necessity, and depended upon for succour and protection—are absurdities which we, with the light of Christianity and science, can scarcely believe; and yet they have the evidence of all antiquity.
KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.
GREAT EVENTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ORIGINAL SERIES OF THE "FAMILY FRIEND."

MY DEAR BOYS,—Fifteen years ago I commenced an interesting Magazine, called the Family Friend, which your papas and mammies will doubtless remember; and probably you may still have volumes of my little book, which became a popular favourite, in your families.

Some of you, who may read what I am now writing, were not then born; and others were very young, and therefore may not know of the interest which the tales, anecdotes, enigmas, puzzles, &c., which were circulated in my little magazine, created. I therefore seek to gain your goodwill and attention by addressing myself to you as an old friend, and hope henceforward to become your friend, and always to remain so.

I propose at the present time to commence a series of historical narratives, showing that many great events have sprung from causes or circumstances that appeared trivial at the time of their occurrence. One object I have in doing this is to teach you to observe and to reflect upon occurrences that fall under your own observation; for it is very possible that you may, in the course of your early lives, see things which afterwards you may apply to good purposes—not only for yourselves, but also to mankind.

And now I will commence telling a story which will illustrate my meaning.

About the year 1230, a monk of Cologne, who devoted attention to the rude chemistry of an unenlightened age, was preparing for some experiment a pot of nitre—a pan of which he had placed upon the side of his simple furnace. Apparently unaware of the explosive nature of the compound with which he was operating, he exposed it to the flames or sparks of the fire, and it exploded. The fragments of the pan which had held the nitre were scattered all about the apartment; the monk's hand was lacerated and scorched; his habit was singed, and in parts broke into a simmering fire.

The monk was, of course, greatly alarmed. He dressed his wounds, and patched his burnt garment; and whenever he looked at the treacherous substance (nitre) again, he vividly recollected the whiz, the flame, and the suffocating odour that followed its explosion. He never ceased to reason upon what had occurred; and if ever he relapsed into forgetfulness, the sight of the scar on his hand reminded him of the danger and the suffering through which he had passed.

Determined not to be conquered, even by so fiery an element, he ventured to take some small particles of nitre, to combine them with other materials, in various forms, and to burn or explode them with proper precaution. He appears to have made at first some recreative fireworks, and called parties of friends together to witness the wonders of his scientific toys.

But, as these toys were not made in the best fashion, and the use and control of explosives was little understood, the premature bursting of a "squib" or other firework, sometimes put the whole party to flight, frightened them extremely, and burnt holes in their garments; so that they must have felt this kind of recreation to be rather alarming than amusing.

In those days, as unfortunately now, men looked upon each other as enemies. They had various inventions for flinging arrows and hurling stones at each other. The monk seems very naturally to have considered that if the explosive
compound which he had discovered would lacerate his flesh, burn his garments, and, even in the shape of toy-fireworks, frighten and scare away his friends, it might in larger quantities be made a terror to his enemies, or the enemies of his country. This led to the consideration of the means to such an end; and hence arose the invention of guns, and the introduction of gunpowder as a new mode of warfare.

The first “bombards,” as they were called, consisted of bars of iron, strengthened with hoops of the same material, welded together; and they were employed to discharge balls of stone, and pieces of broken flint, and other missiles, at the enemy. The first introduction of these deadly weapons excited great consternation among the people to whom they were opposed.

An account of a battle fought in 1325 speaks of “machines that discharged globes of fire, with a noise resembling thunder”; and in the account of another battle, fought probably after the introduction of handguns, people are described as “falling down dead, and sorely wounded, without knowing what it was that hurt them.”

The events that followed this unexpected discovery of gunpowder have been of the highest consequence to mankind. It is impossible to follow the chain of events—which would in fact comprehend the history of all great nations for the last five hundred years. We have only to think of the great battles on the sea, in which the wooden fortresses of various nations have been shattered to pieces, and the wounded bodies of thousands of human beings sunk in the mysterious deep; of the great battles that have been fought by land, counting their hundreds of thousands slain; of massive castles, ramparts, and batteries levelled with the dust. It is necessary only to reflect upon these great events to recognize the importance of this apparently trifling accident, which wounded the hand of the poor old monk, and set fire to his simple robe. Nor must I omit to mention the Pacific uses of gunpowder; which, in blasting rocks, deepening mines, levelling hills, making tunnels, deepening the beds of rivers, and raising ships that have been sunk, have produced results of the highest importance to mankind.

I will now tell you one other narrative, of a very different character; yet in this, as in the former one, a seemingly trifling circumstance led to a very important result; indeed, a great scientific triumph.

HERE JANSSEN of Middleburgh, kept a shop as a spectacle maker. One day he had quitted his shop, and, with his spectacles on his nose, he retired into a little back parlour, to pore over the pages of a book printed in the old-fashioned black letter. There he sat, with a silk cap on his head, his legs crossed, and looking very gravely over his glasses, revolving some problem of primitive philosophy. He had little knowledge of what was going on in his shop.

There a group of children had gathered; some were his own kindred, and others were his neighbours. And they, prying little quizzical creatures, had taken out a packet of the old man’s spectacle glasses. They looked at each others’ eyes and hair and skin, and at little bits of thread and paper, and flies that were buzzing about, and were greatly amazed by the appearance these objects presented when highly magnified. At length the elder girl thought she would try the effect of two of these magnifying glasses at once; and having hold them in her hand, and moved them backward and forward until she had obtained the proper focus, she gave a scream, which roused old Jansen from his reverie, and he rushed into the shop.

There he saw a beautiful group; the elder girl, with an expression of wonder upon her face, peering through the lenses at some distant object, which appeared to be brought near to her. Around her were the younger children, all longing for a look at the mysterious object. Old Jansen took hold of the
FAREWELL.

glasses: he looked also; and from that time we may date the discovery of the telescope; and before many moons had passed, there were thousands of people looking upwards to the heavens, and exploring their boundless space.
From that time man was enabled to form a comprehension of the infinite majesty of God. Children are often called angels by those who love them; and were not those angels whose little innocent hands thus pointed a way to the knowledge of the universe, and drew back the dark folds of mysterious space, which had hitherto hidden from the sight of man those vast works which, more than any other natural evidences, bear witness to Almighty power and omnipotence? But for this child-made discovery, where had been Herschel or Newton?

Therefore, my dear boys, let nothing, however simple, escape your observation without reflection. Possibly, great discoveries remain for you to make; and when you have read a few more of the narratives which I hope to contribute to the Boy's FRIEND, I feel sure you will be encouraged to hope that some such pleasing and profitable opportunity will be afforded to you hereafter.

FAREWELL!

Parting from the friend we love,
Who Old England leaves,
Sadness on each bosom falls,
And each spirit grieves.
As fades upon the distant view
The form we know so well,
That one word rises to our lips—
That last, sad word—Farewell!

Yes, 'tis the saddest in our tongue,
It bears a hidden spell;
How many varied memories flock
In that one word—Farewell!

Two stand silent, side by side,
In the twilight hour,
Then the sorrow, hidden deep,
Comes with crushing power;
And they cannot speak the word
In that flow'ry dell,
That ruthless breaks their cherished dreams,
That last, sad word—Farewell!

Standing by a dying bed,
As the spirit flies,
Lifts the patient, weary head,
Opens the glazing eyes.
With a solemn emphasis,
Like a funeral knell,
Issues from his pallid lips
That last sad word—Farewell!

Yes, 'tis the saddest in our tongue,
It bears a hidden spell;
How many varied memories flock
In that one word—Farewell!

Though we meet no more on earth,
In a better place
May we recognize each one,
See each well-loved face;
And the happy notes of hope,
Like a silver bell,
Whisper, "Friends, thus met again,
Have no sad word, Farewell!"

Yes, though the saddest in our tongue,
It breathes a hidden spell;
Hope gilds the varied thoughts that rise
In that one word—Farewell!

S. C. S.
Boys I Have Known.

AT ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL.

The Rev. Dr. Kynaston, Head Master.

WILLIAM PAGE HOWARD.

The writer of the memoir of Henry John Purkiss in the last number of the Boy’s Friend, has been requested to furnish its readers with some particulars of the life of William Page Howard, who, it will be remembered, was mentioned as sharing with the future Senior Wrangler the honour of gaining a Mathematical Minor Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, in May, 1860. This was the first examination for such a purpose, and the three scholars elected were Howard, Purkiss, and Turnbull.

Two of the names thus alphabetically arranged appeared again in the Class List of 1864, when Purkiss was Senior, and Turnbull Second Wrangler. Where Howard would in all probability have been a subject now of regretful surmise only. Let the answer to such a question be that which was made by Purkiss himself to the writer of both these memoirs, who had the inexpressible sorrow of seeing the hopes which he had affectionately cherished for his beloved Pauline pupil—for the flower of his parish congregation—cut short at different periods of their Academical career indeed, but alike in the blossom of early expectation—“O Purkiss, where would Howard have been?”—“He has a better place.”

William Page Howard was born on the 11th of May, 1842, at Grantchester, where his family has resided for many generations, and where he himself was laid in the grave of many fathers on the 11th of January, 1862. He was first placed at Merchant Taylors’, but was afterwards removed to St. Paul’s—in order, no doubt, that he might be with his two brothers—in September, 1853. When he left Merchant Taylors’, he had obtained a School Class Prize, and also the Montefiore Prize, awarded to the boy who passes the best examination in the Old Testament History in the Lower School. At St. Paul’s, after holding a good place for classical proficiency in all the classes through which he passed, he obtained the First Mathematical Prize two years consecutively, and was elected to the First Campden Exhibition, in May, 1860;—a sorrowful year in the annals of St. Paul’s School—

“Cum occidit fato consul uterque pari.”

When Henry Lacy Taverner, First School Exhibitioner, commoner of Balliol, highl distinguished for classical, and Howard for mathematical proficiency, both died within a short time of each other, fulfilling many expectations, but leaving, alas! many more still unfulfilled. The end, notwithstanding all such promises, was in fact already begun. During the Midsummer holidays, 1859, he passed a happy time (it might be thought) at Cromer. While walking on the sands with one of his brothers, he heard a cry of distress. A school of boys, accompanied by their master, was bathing close by; one of their number had sunk—was drowning; William plunged in to save him. Without divesting himself of the encumbrance of his clothes, he dived again and again, but in vain. The poor
boy's body was shortly afterwards raised to the surface by some fishermen, who were near at hand, and let down their nets for that purpose. Howard returned to his lodging in an open carriage, with all his wet clothes about him. From that day the hand of death was upon him. He returned to school, but his masters soon marked the change when he was there, and also the frequent interruption of his studies when he was by progressive sickness more and more frequently detained by his tender mother, who for years made her home where she might be near him at school. Yet, even thus enfeebled, he gained his Minor Scholarship at Trinity when he was struggling inch by inch with the cruel malady which had already set its seal hopelessly upon him. To no purpose, though with some slight mitigation of his sufferings, he passed the autumn of 1860 and the winter of 1860-61 in the south of France. He returned home in the month of May, and after attending the Apposition at St. Paul's School in the following month, with scarcely a mark of his former self but that sweet, gentle expression of face which uncomplaining sickness had but served to fix more indelibly upon him;—few will forget him as he walked that day, supported by the High Master, or sat lovingly by his side. He languished still a few more months, to see the beginning of a better year, consoling others in the way that he was himself consoled—praying for his schoolfellows when too weak to send them a last message—purely and guilelessly "beholding the Lamb of God."

The tale of such a life is but the story of his death; and it might well end here, but that its threads so curiously interweave themselves, both by way of comparison and contrast, with those of the destiny of Purkiss that a few words may still be permitted in conclusion of this article, which was, in fact, intended to include them both.

On the banks of the same river by which Purkiss (as his journal mentions) often walked to Grantchester (the place of Howard's residence), now marking the strength of the weeds, now wringing away the tedious interval while he waited for the publication of the Tripos List on the 29th of January, 1864—there where he passed in a moment from the sight of his companions, and was not seen again alive, Howard, dear Howard, month after month was gently passing away, filling his mother's heart and home with the sweetest reminiscence, and that ineffable peace which is the better return often of otherwise unanswered prayer.

Contrast this with the sorrow of the afflicted mother of Purkiss, who, when supposing that she had laid her hand on a letter from her dear son, saw the announcement, in one which other communications had been supposed to precede, beginning at once with the overwhelming words, "Your distinguished son was drowned yesterday, whilst bathing in the Cam"—who could not be permitted to take even a last look of his poor remains, but had to strive despairingly with her minister, who besought her to think of him rather as she had seen him in the bloom of untainted youth, and still more as she should see him hereafter in the likeness of his Saviour's glory.

The one widow-mother writes of the other as follows (and who more competent than either to take the gauge and dimension of their several sorrows?):—"I received your kind letter on the fourth anniversary of the death of my darling boy. My first thought on that morning was of him, and my first action to read your letter, which affected me deeply. Ever since my boy, through your introduction, became acquainted with Purkiss, I felt an interest in him; and this feeling became stronger after he and my dear one had competed successfully together. Each step he made upwards I rejoiced in, and when at length he gained the highest honour attainable in his University career, I felt the fullest sympathy with his mother. I thought her happiness must be complete, and that she would never
feel the anguish I had endured. But when the news of the sad catastrophe reached me, I felt how mercifully I had been dealt with, who had thought no trial could equal mine. My dear one's gentle removal, the sweet remembrance of the last loving intercourse we had together, were blessings denied her."

H. K.

AT KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Rev. Dr. Major, Head Master.

REV. KING SMITH, B.A.

"Whom the gods love, die young." This, like many sayings of the old philosophers, comes home with startling force to each one, ever and anon, as he passes through this vale of tears, and sees, one by one, many who have been engaged in the battle of life, and who have striven earnestly to do good in their generation, removed by the mysterious dispensations of Providence, and translated to "that rest which remaineth for the people of God." Happy are they who in the midst of their grief can mourn not "as those who are without hope," feeling assured that those they have lost are only gone before, and that they are divided from them but by "the narrow stream of death."

If such can be the feeling of any, surely it must have been the feeling of those who were plunged into grief by the untimely death of King Smith, the subject of this memoir.

Entering King's College School in his 16th year, he became Captain two years afterwards. He competed successfully for an open Scholarship at Brazenose College, Oxford, and, though prevented by ill-health from going in for a place in the final honours' list, he received a Double Honorary Fourth, was Hulmian Exhibitioner, and was admitted to be inter primos among the distinguished men of his year. Shortly after leaving College he was ordained, and on that occasion was specially selected by the Bishop to read the Gospel, which is considered as marking the man who has passed the best examination.

In addition to his clerical duties, to which he devoted himself with all his heart and soul, he was engaged for some years in teaching, and many there are who will attribute to him much of the success which has attended them in their after life. He took part for a few months in the work of St. Marylebone and All Souls' Grammar School, one of the schools in union with King's College, and evinced, by frequent lectures,—lectures which will ever dwell in the memories of those who heard them—and by taking part in the examinations year after year, the lively interest which, to the last moment of his life, he felt in all connected with that School.

On the last speech-day at which he was present he travelled a long distance, and under peculiar circumstances, to give his words of encouragement and commendation, of advice or of censure,—censure ever blended with that kindness that was inherent in him—to his young friends. It was on this occasion that he was seized with the attack which, in a few brief weeks, terminated his short earthly career.

He was for some time curate at St. Ethelburga, where he was instrumental in introducing the midday services for City men, and relinquished this appointment to assist a gentleman of great eminence and renown for his success in the preparation of pupils for the public examinations. Here he was universally beloved by a large circle of friends,
attracted by his varied and estimable qualities, and here he remained till his marriage with a young lady whose Christian and noble character led his friends to hope for a long life of happiness and continued usefulness.

This, alas! was not to be: in four short months he was cut off, at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving a name that will ever be cherished as embodying all that was good.

His literary attainments were of a high order, and some of our readers may remember his translation of the Barlaam and Josaphat, which was spoken of with much praise at the time.

While at School and College he wrote many little pieces, the memory of which may still linger in the minds of his cotemporaries. His speeches also at the Literary Union at King's College, and at "the Union," made an impression which will not be forgotten by those who heard them.

His compositions are scattered up and down in various periodicals, and he was, I believe, a regular contributor to the Literary Gazette, the Parthenon, and other papers. One or two exquisite little pieces also appeared in a magazine called London Society.

An intimate friend who was at College with him has observed:

"King Smith was certainly a remarkable boy, and one of the most remarkable men I have known. As an undergraduate, he studied, as few did, Biblical criticism. He was one of the most humble, unaffected, devout Christians I have ever met with, and so pure-minded that in all our intercourse I cannot recall a single word he would have wished unsaid.

"He was a most eloquent speaker, and as a conversationalist he has rarely been equalled; he would talk epigrams. He had not only a sense of humour, which is common enough, but more pure, genuine, intellectual wit than I have met with in good talkers. I heard him preach his first sermon, and I shall never forget it as long as I live. He was a poet, a scholar, and a historian. His poetry was in the style of Pope—the correct, scholarly style. To crown all, I will venture to say that before his translation (alas! too early for his friends, but not for himself) he had this testimony, that he pleased God 'by his faith and holiness.'"

In conclusion, I may mention, that the Head Master of St. Marylebone and All Souls' Grammar School has, with a noble spirit, and in grateful remembrance of his friend, founded a Scholarship of the annual value of twenty guineas, to be called the "King Smith Scholarship," with a view to keep alive in the School the memory of one who "being dead yet speaketh."

---

**WELLINGTON COLLEGE.**

Before leaving for the Christmas recess, the scholars gave their annual concert, to a very large assemblage of neighbours and friends. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, the music by Andreas Romberg, formed the first part of the entertainment. Its grandeur and occasional solemnity severely tried the voices of the performers, all more or less youthful. Mr. Hyslop was the Master Bellfounder, and, though the attempt was ambitious, it was successful. The treble solos, by Mr. E. Theed and Mr. Kennedy, were done with much sweetness and execution, and obtained rounds of applause. The choruses were wonderful for so youthful an orchestra. The second part began with Mendelssohn's chorus, "Thou comest here to the land." Pearsall's madrigal, "O, who will o'er the downs so free," showed the steady but decided improvement of the boys in part-singing. Another of Mendelssohn's choruses, "Fair Semeele's high-born son," from the Antigone of Sophocles, was given with all the vivacity that the subject required, and with great force and accuracy. The instrumental pieces were by Mr. Gheva, Mr. A. G. Theed, Mr. Horace Maxwell, and Mr. Mainland, a very young but promising performer. "We are beggars struck with blindness," from Rossini's Carnevale, wound up the performance with most brilliant and amusing effect.—Church and School Gazette.
CRICKET.

Perhaps the best work on Cricket will be
the New Edition of John Lillywhite's
Cricketer's Companion, which will be
published this month. Having seen the
work in passing through the press, we extract
the following for young beginners, who can-
not do better than furnish themselves with a
copy.

On Batting the author says:—

"If you want to learn to bat, get on a
good wicket, with a medium-pace bowler to
bowl to you; and if he understands the
game (good 'coaches' are very scarce) you
will soon get on. In the first place, always
have bats, gloves, and pads, &c., of your own;
do not borrow from anyone. You hear some
say, 'If I had my bat I should not have
been out that time.' Another will say, 'If
there had been a button on that glove, I
should not have been given out.' Therefore
it is always best to have things of your own.

"Do not play with a heavy bat; say about
2lb. 1 oz. or 2oz. Take your guard to leg—
some like the middle—and let your right toe
be in a line with the leg-stump. Do not
stoop too much. Hold your handle about 14
inch from blade; in fact, hold your bat so
that it balances well in your hand, and at all
times when you hit hard hold the handle
tight. Never make up your mind before the
ball is bowled, you may have to alter it when
it leaves the bowler's hand; there is plenty
of time after he has bowled the ball to know
what to do. For instance, if you have a
good length ball on a fast ground, about a
foot wide off side, place your right foot
across, and meet the ball about the middle of
the two creases. So doing, and holding the
handle tight, you will make a splendid cut.

"Watch such players as Daft, T. Hum-
phrey, Mortlock Jupp, T. Hayward, or
Carpenter, and others who do the cut. See
them do it, and then try and do it yourself.
On a very slow ground the cut is not of much
use. You must stand firm on your right leg,
and move your left a little across, and make
a sort of half drive to cover-point in front of
point—he generally is there when the ground
is slow. If you have an over-pitched ball
the off-side, hold your bat tight, and drive it
towards middle wicket. The great fault of
most batsmen with this hit is, they do not
hold the bat tight; consequently they are
captured by cover-point or long-stop—who is
brought up to save the run when the ground
is slow. There are a great many players
who make this off-drive. Tom Hearne,
perhaps, hits this ball as well as any; and
he often gets out by it. To play forward,
and kill the ball, is now done by a very few
players. There is a ball bowled now and
then that you are obliged to play forward to,
or it would (as we term it) "stick you up";
but what one batsman would play forward
to, another will drive past the bowler for
four. When playing forward, the bat must
be close to the ground, to avoid the sad
consequences of a badly shot ball. The bat
must be perfectly upright."

Our author also fully explains how to
bowl, field, &c., but we must not encroach
farther upon our limited space. (See Adver-
tisement.)

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE CONCERT.

The eighteenth of these celebrations came
off before the scholars left for the holidays.
Nearly 2,000 persons were present. The
chorus singing, the practice for which had
been most carefully conducted by Mr. W. S.
Bambridge, the college organist, is always
particularly effective, and it is hard to say
which piece best deserved an encore well-
merited by all. "Oft in the Stilly Night!"
"Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Pearsall;
Leslie's "Awake, awake!"; Smart's "Lady,
rise!"; and Pearsall's "King of Thule"
are only specimens of the musical successes
of the evening in this direction. The modu-
lation in "Oft in the Stilly Night" and
"Lord Ullin's Daughter" was given with
most touching effect; nor must we forget
the vigorous singing of Handel's magnificent
"Galatea, dry thy tears." The overtures
from Rossini's I'Italiana and II Barbiere
went with excellent smoothness and pre-
cision. The most popular solo in the school,
however, was deservedly that of H. G. Baily,
whose voice had wonderfully advanced
since last year, and whose singing of
Boyton Smith's "Merry Bird" drew down
roars of applause. The concert ended with
the production of an entire novelty, no less
than a species of Dulce Domum peculiar to
the school. "Carmen Marliensis" is the
work of a master lately connected with the
sixth form, and has been cleverly set to
music by Herr W. Schultes. The music
was excellently rendered.
PRIZE ENIGMA.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD FOR SOLVING THE
PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.—A First Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best Solution, which may be written either in Prose or Verse. In making the award, the following points of merit will be taken into account: 1. Accuracy of the Solution. 2. Grammatical correctness and literary merit of composition. 3. Superiority of penmanship; and the other points of merit, such as correct punctuation, &c. Solutions must be written on one side of the paper only.

II.—A Second Prize of HALF-A-GUINEA for the Solution esteemed next in point of merit.

The above Prizes will be paid in a book or books of the value stated, or philosophical, scientific, or chemical apparatus. The claimant of each Prize to select whatever he pleases to the stated amount.

Every Solution sent in for competition must bear the competitor's name and address in full, and endorsed, "PRIZE ENIGMA."

The Solutions to which the first and second Prizes are awarded will be published in the Boy's Friend for April, 1866.

The Editor will also award PRIZES OF BOOKS for Meritorious Solutions, which may not become entitled to either the first or second Prize.

All Solutions for competition must be in the Editor's hands, care of the Publishers, 65, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., on or before the 1st of March, 1866.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. Now feeble; now of wondrous might—
3. Felt, but never known to sight.
4. Now in darkness, now in light,
5. I travel on the iron way;
6. I move where nothing else can stray;
7. I'm present with the whirling wheel;
9. I travel with the moving air:
10. Go to the tropics, I am there;
11. Even icy regions have their share.
12. You love me—yet of me beware.
13. In earth, in air, in sea, and sky,
14. Weak, or powerful, am I.

II.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. In the brain which doth indite;
3. Freed by fire, winged by light;
4. Beautiful when dark the night.
5. In the calm and in the storm;
6. In the fish, and in the worm;
7. Destitute of shape and form.
8. In the earth and in the air,
9. In the sky, and everywhere;
10. Killing those my strength who dare;
11. Healing those my chains who bear;
12. Telling wonders everywhere.
13. Every hour of every day
   Busily I work my way.
14. When a mighty voice you hear—
   'Tis not me, but I am near.

III.
1. On the hand that now doth write—
2. On the paper pure and white;
3. Near at hand in darkest night,
4. Every living creature's right;
5. Swifter than the lightning's wing;
6. Music of the birds I bring;
7. A bright, a pure, a heavenly thing.
8. Yet doom'd to long imprisoning.
9. By many I am turned away;
10. cBy many I am led astray,
11. And change my features on my way.
12. Some I cure, and some I kill—
13. Always moving, never still—
14. Some would give their wealth for me,
15. But thousands daily from me flee!

To solve what I have here indited,
Studios Boys are all invited;
Answer every numbered line:
The secrets are at present mine.
But, this admission made may be—
Of subjects there are plainly three.
Answer each, and answer all,
Puzzle great, and puzzle small—
The truths will every one surprise,
And bring the wisest boy A Prize.
PRIZE CRYPTOGRAPH.

The Editor has much pleasure in calling the attention of his readers to the following note from one of his intelligent contributors:—

"Eastfield, "

"Peterborough."

"R. C. Hemberow offers the following Cryptograph to all the boys of England for solution, and trusts their endeavours will be successful. For the best solution he will give a Prize of a couple of handsome volumes, value half-a-guinea.

"In awarding the Prize, due consideration will be taken of the best written and most correct.

"The winner must write to the Editor of the "Boy's Friend" acknowledging the receipt of the Prize. A list of the competitors will also be sent by the giver to the Editor. All answers must be received at the above address (Peterborough) on or before February 26th, and two postage stamps must be enclosed for postage of Prize."

7 12, 7 19 22, 9 22 26 23 22 9 8, 12 21, 7 19 22, 25 12 2 8, 21 9 18 22 13 23,
22 26 8 7 21 18 22 15 23, 11 22 7 22 9 25 12 9 12.
9, 24, 19 22 14 25 29 12 4, 12 21 21 22 9 8, 7 19 18 8, 24 9 2 11 7 12 20 9 6 11 19, 7 12, 26 15 15, 7 19 22, 25 12 2 8, 12 21, 22 13
20 15 26 13 23, 21 12 9, 8 12 15 6 7 18 12 13, 12 13 23, 7 9 6 8 7 8, 7 19 22 18 9, 22
13 23 22 26 5 12 6 9 8, 4 18 15 15, 25 22, 8 6 24 24 22 8 8 21 6 15, 21 12 9, 7 19 22,
25 22 8 7, 8 12 15 6 7 18 12 13, 19 22, 4 18
15 15, 20 18 5 22, 26, 11 9 18 1 22, 12 21, 26, 24 12 6 11 16 22, 12 21, 19 26 13 23 8
12 14 22, 5 12 15 6 14 22 8, 5 26 15 6 22, 19 26 15 21, 26, 26 6 18 13 22 26,
18 13, 26 4 26 9 23 18 13 20, 7 19 22, 11
9 18 1 22, 23 6 22, 24 12 13 8 18 23 22 9
26 7 18 12 13, 4 18 15 16, 25 22, 7 26 16 22
13, 12 21, 7 19 22, 25 22 8 7, 4 9 18 7 7 22
13, 26 13 23, 7 19 22, 14 12 8 7, 24 12 9 9
22 24 7, 7 19 22, 4 18 13 13 22 9, 14 6 8 7, 4 9 18 7 22, 6 11, 7 12, 7 19 22, 22 23 18 7
12 9, 12 21, 7 19 22, 25 12 2 8, 21 9 18 22
13 23, 26 24 16 13 12 4 15 22 25 20 18 13
20, 9 22 24 22 18 11 7, 12 21, 11 9 18 1 22,
26 13 23, 26, 15 18 8 7, 12 21, 7 19 22, 24
12 14 11 22 7 18 7 12 9 8, 4 18 15 15, 26 15
8 12, 25 22, 8 22 13 7, 25 2, 7 19 22, 20 18
5 22 9, 7 12, 7 19 22, 22 23 18 7 12 9.
26 15 15, 26 13 8 4 22 9 8, 14 6 8 7, 25
22, 9 22 24 22 18 5 22 23, 26 7, 2 19 22, 26
25 12 22, 26 23 23 9 22 8 8, 12 13, 12 9,
26 22 24 12 9 22, February 26th, 26 13 23,
7 7 4, 11 12 8 7 26 20 22, 8 7 26 14 11 8,
14 6 8 7, 25 22, 22 13 24 15 12 8 22 23, 21
12 9, 11 12 8 7 26 20 22, 12 21, 11 9 18 1 22.
R. C. H.

ENIGMA.
The initials will name a town in Worcestershire:—
1. An explanation.
2. A metal.
3. A boy's name.
4. A domestic animal.
5. A part of the body.
6. An answer.
7. A girl's name.
8. The scarlet oak.
10. A small bird.
11. A pavilion.
12. A Publisher.
13. A small animal. ORPHEUS.

CHARADES.
1. My first a woman should not be without,
   My whole must always be about,
   My next without a woman is undone,
   And sow the seed when summer's done.

2. My first is Harlequin's magic staff,
   Possessed of virtue rare;
   That waved aloft must make one laugh,
   Or else to make one stare.

My second is the second son,
   And one of brothers five;
   He can't be spared, nor any one;
   Nor would our language thrive.

My third a circle made of gold,
   And for a life would linger,
   When once placed in its place by man,
   Upon a lady's finger.

My whole the state of man, when found
   Wasting his life away;
   Oh, let us then show light around,
   And bring him back to stay!

U. B.

HISTORICAL PUZZLE.
The initials, read downwards, will name a celebrated officer in the Afghan war; and the initials, read upwards, will name a celebrated personage in the reign of Henry VIII.

1. A country of Europe.
2. A girl's name.
3. A county of Scotland.
4. An image.
5. A river of Spain.
6. A county of Scotland.

ORPHEUS.
PRIZE TRANSLATION.

THE DERVISE.

A Prize Volume, of the value of five shillings, will be awarded for the best Translation of the following into the French language:—

Literary merit of translation, excellent penmanship, accurate punctuation, and correct accentuation, must be rigidly attended to.

THE DERVISE.

A Dervise, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, thinking it to be a public inn or caravansary. Having looked about him for some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it after the manner of the Eastern nations.

He had not been long in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business in that place. The dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in was not a caravansary, but the king's palace.

It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary. "Sir," says the dervise, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" The king replied, his ancestors. "And who," says the dervise, "was the last person that lodged here?" The king replied, his father. "And who is it," says the dervise, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him that it was he himself. "And who," says the dervise, "will be here after you?" The king answered, the young prince, his son. "Ah, sir!" said the dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests, is not a palace, but a caravansary."

We regret to announce that the continuation of "Boy Life in the Country" is obliged to be deferred till next month.
Correspondence.

Albert A. Roberts.—1. Your suggestion has been baulked before the management, who will give it every attention. 2. Arrangements are in progress.

Tom Cawkes.—1. Kent, Paternoster Row. 2. The “Art of Illuminating; a Guide to Beginners,” by Albert E. W. H. D. 339, Oxford Street. Mr. Barnard will send you a list of his prices of all illuminating materials on application. 3. Any other letters would do as well. 4. It is derived from the Greek. 5. See Mr. Barnard’s list. 6. If you walk from Oxford Street down Tottenham Court Road and the Hampstead Road, you will see one on your left hand. There are many of them in the kingdom.

Robert Bradbury.—Your own good sense should tell you to consult a doctor, for it is just possible that you have not got the heart disease.

A Northumbrian.—1. The solution of the cipher given as an example in the article on secret writing in No. 3, you will find in No. 4, page 150, under the heading, “How to Change the Colour of a Rose.”—the example cipher beginning with the word “Hold,” and ending with the word “restored.”—The cipher in No. 2 is answered in page 324, No. 4. 2. “The Legends of the Camp” will be continued.

William Sherlock.—1. It shall be corrected. 2. Arrangements are in progress.

Busy Bee writes us a letter about some rubbish he has heard at a discussion society, about “inspiration,” and whang in measure; and concludes with a hope that some of our better-informed correspondents will try and answer the question, “Can inspiration cease?”

Art.—1. The former. 2. Clocks, then callopa “water-clocks,” were first used in Rome, a.d. 150; clocks and dials first set up in churches, a.d. 613; first made to strike by the Arabians, 851; and by the Italians about 1300; repeating clocks and watches invented, 1678. 3. We suppose you mean Linné. If this is so and if so, do you want the motto of the borough or of the West Lothian County?

W. D. Dundee.—We are quite of your opinion, and will lay your letter before the management.

Amelia B. Evans.—We are glad that you and your friends are pleased with our two leading tales. We must lay your letter before the proprietors before we can answer your question.

Fanny Tommy.—Mix a little gum water with the cinnamon water, and you will be able to paint what you require with ease. 2. Do not read such trash as the penny numbers of Dick Tappin, and others of its class. They are not fit to be seen in the hands of any respectable boy.

A Troublesome Boy.—A. T. B.—1. If you have read through the “Notice to Correspondents” in the last number, you must have seen it mentioned that Captain Mayne Reid’s “Adventures in Southern Mexico,” and “The Saxon’s Oath,” by the author of “The Young Hunter,” would run through the volume; therefore, you need scarcely have asked your first question. 2. We cannot tell you anything about the tale, “The Young Hunter,” or, indeed, enter into this question at all. You must write to the proprietors on the subject, for we have no authority to make any engagement with authors. 3. In March, May, June, and October, the Nones are on the 7th, the Ides on the 15th; in all the other months, the Nones are on the 5th, and the Ides on the 13th. It is a very simple matter to understand, and if you use Edward the Sixth’s Latin grammar you will find in the appendix the Roman Calendar, which will tell you all you all you want to know. 4. “Die Uhr wird sigloch schlagen.”

W. Irvine.—1. Let a be the digit in the tens and y in the units, then 10x + y is the number, . . . by the question 10x + y = 4 (x + y) = 4e + 4y. 10x + 4e = 4y — y, 6e = 3y, 2x = y. Now reverse the digits; then 10y + x will be the number. . . . by the question 10y + x = 2 (10x + y) — 12. = 2x + 2y — 12, 18y — 12y = 12, 18x — 16x = 12, . . . y = 2x, 2x = 12, . . . x = 4, and y = 2x, 4x = 8, . . . 4 is the number required. We really cannot see anything very dreadful in this; it is a simple equation of two unknown quantities. 2. Read the article on Cricket in Numbers 1 and 2. You will there find all you want to know about its origin. Thanks for your good wishes; we are glad you like the tales.

Turchill.—The banian tree, or, as you call it, banway tree, is one of the greatest wonders of the vegetable kingdom. It never dies, but continually extends itself, for every branch shoots downwards, and, striking into the ground, becomes itself a parent tree, whose branches in like manner spread. The one you mention, the “Cubber Burn,” has nearly 400 stems, each equal to a large oak, and more than 5,000 smaller ones, covering a space large enough to shelter 7,000 men. In various quantities of bats and monkeys crowd its branches and find luxurious food in the rich scarlet figs that grow in great quantities. 2. Bannockburn is a little rivulet near Stirling. The battle was fought June 25th, 1314. 3. An article will shortly appear on the subject.

James Edgar.—1. Meerschaum is composed of silk and hydrate of magnesia. 2. The lighter the pipe the better the quality of the meerschaum.

R. J. G.—1. Mr. Statham will supply you with any quantity of magnesium wire. 2. It is published at 6s. 6d.; we will obtain and forward it to you on receipt of that amount, and stamps for postage.

A Subscriber from the first (Doncaster).—If you will write to Mr. Statham you will obtain all the information, and list of prices of all you desire.

J. Craison.—1. It is made from the bark of the holly; two or three pennyworth will be as much as you require. 2. If you will let us have the name of the book you allude to, we will obtain it for you.

J. Robinson.—See answer to R. P. G.

E. J. C. (Bristol).—If you will send us fourteen stamps, we will obtain what you require, and forward it to you post-free.

J. H. T. B. (Bloomfield).—You can get what you want from Judd and Co., 5, Brownlow Street, Drury Lane. J. H. T. B. should pay more attention to his spelling and grammar, for he writes a good hand.
D. S. F.—8. Maw and Son, Aldersgate Street, surgical instrument makers.

James Davies.—We have laid your letter before the management, and we have no doubt that they will adopt your suggestion. Your handwriting is very good.

A. Jolly Dog.—See answer above.

B. W.—Under consideration.

J. B. W.—Your questions have been fully answered before.

J. H. U.—No.

J. Accidental.—1. Tincture of Arnica. 2. Two or three days. 3. At any chemist’s.

Alfred Blahu.—1. Your handwriting is very good. Your next two questions have been fully answered elsewhere. 4. No.

Enquirer.—At the publishing office.

E. S.—No. Your remedy has long since lapsed.

W. N. Sedgely.—Dr. Ahn’s first French course; Allman, 463, Oxford Street, 1s. 6d.

Caudalea.—You have omitted to put any address to your letter, therefore it is impossible for us to tell you what the carriage of the cheet will amount to. Apply to Mr. Stattham.

Alex. Bruce.—We will attend to your suggestion.

J. P.—Many thanks for your kind assistance.

T. W. Mancon.—We will inquire into the matter and communicate with you. You will see by our notice in the last number that we are in no way responsible for those of November and December. Your contributions are very clever, but capable of a little improvement.

J. B. Williams.—Allman’s, 463, Oxford Street.

J. S. Clerk.—1. When the arbitrators have made their award, immediate notice will be given. 2, 3, and 4. Write to Mr. Stattham. 5. Both the leading tales will last through the year.

R. S.—1. Dr. John Bull. 2. Is not your riddle rather ancient?

A Manuscript Magazine.—We call special attention to our advertisement announcing the intended publication of a Manuscript Magazine, to be called “Our Own Magazine.” We sincerely wish success to this spirited attempt at mutual self-improvement. As we believe several of our intelligent correspondents will contribute to its pages, we expect it will be well conducted, and will be the means of enabling its correspondents to attain a good style of English composition.

The continuation of “Boy Life in the Country” is unavoidably deferred till next month.

The author will find the letter a after his name if his contribution is accepted.

We cannot undertake to return rejected MSS.

If our young friends will bear this in mind they will save all parties much trouble and anxiety.


Jas. Cox, jun.—“New Year’s Eve. Robert Radford.—Hofspar.

CITY SCHOOL.—ALDIS, SECOND WRANGLER.

When we were going to press, we learned with great pleasure that Thomas Stradman Aldis, son of Rev. J. S. Aldis, of Reading, came out Second Wrangler at the recent examination at Cambridge University. In consequence of this highly gratifying intelligence, the Rev. Edwin Abbott Abbott, the Head Master, granted a holiday to his pupils last Saturday.

The successful competitor for this high honour is one of three brothers, all of whom have been educated at the City of London School. His elder brother attained the distinction of Senior Wrangler a few years ago, and the third brother was the Sixth Wrangler of his year.
EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

We commence the review of the month by gratefully acknowledging the kindness of our Young Friends, in all parts of the country, for their unanimous verdict in our favour as to the efforts we have made to make the Boy's Friend, an "instructive and entertaining Magazine," with which they have so completely identified themselves, that it has now become their

OWN MAGAZINE.

We thank them very cordially for their spontaneous and generous efforts to recommend the Boy’s Friend to their schoolfellows and friends, which has had the effect of greatly increasing its circulation. From numerous quarters we hear that they have "added largely to the number of our readers."

Inquiries are constantly made by our intelligent Correspondents, in what way they can best increase the usefulness of the Boy’s Friend, which several describe as "the best, cheapest, and most valuable of any similar publication issued for circulation among boys."

To these we reply emphatically—

LET EACH OBTAIN ONE ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIBER,

And the Boy’s Friend will at once attain a position never before arrived at in so short a time by any similar publication.

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The unanimous opinion expressed by the Public Press has been strongly in favour of the Boy’s Friend, and of the "healthy tone" and "improved character" of its articles.


FROM CONDUCTORS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, CLERGYMEN, &c.

From Head Masters of Public Schools, Clergymen, and others, the most flattering encomiums have been expressed of our Magazine.

One Head Master.—"I like your first number very much, and will do all I can to help it. I can promise you at least 100 copies for my boys."

Another.—"I like what I have seen of your Magazine very much; I think it admirably adapted for circulation among boys."

Another.—"I like it very much indeed."

Another.—"I like it much—send me 50 copies."

Another.—"I like the matter of your Magazine, and predict for it a great success; send me 100 copies."

We could multiply the above to a great extent.

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Such expressions as the following, extracted from the hundreds of letters we have received, will denote the general character of the communications with which we have been honoured:

"I like your publication very much."

"I was much pleased with No. 1 of New Series of 'Boy’s Friend.'"

"Great satisfaction at the improved appearance of 'Boy’s Friend.'"

"It is the cheapest, best, and most valuable, in every sense, of any similar Magazine issued."

"The greatly improved character of New Series."
“Just the thing wanted.”
“I am exceedingly well pleased with the New Series.”
“I have read it all, and we think it just suited for boys.”
“I should have been delighted with such a book when I was a boy.”
“I beg to congratulate you on the excellent manner in which the number is got up.”
“If it is still published in as worthy a manner as it is this month, it will be well worth reading by all boys.”
“I am very well pleased with your Magazine, and will recommend it to my friends.”
“I think your Magazine a very good one, having quality combined with cheapness. I will do all I can to promote its already extensive circulation. I have gained several new Subscribers.”

We might continue these extracts until our readers became wearied with the perusal, but will not add any more extracts.

While we gratefully acknowledge the generous confidence shown by our numerous readers, it becomes a powerful motive to the conductors of the Boy’s FRIEND to make it still more worthy of their support.

**THE PRIZE ENIGMA.**

In compliance with the request of several of our intelligent correspondents, we will extend the time for receiving the Solutions till the first day of March.

**TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.**

The number of translations received has been so numerous, that we have found it impossible to examine them. *We must decline to receive any more.* The name of the successful competitor will be announced in the Number for March.

**TEN GUINEA PRIZE ESSAY.**

The adjudicators not having yet fixed upon a subject for the Prize Essay, we are obliged to defer the announcement till our March number.

---

**Advertisements.**

**RIMMEL’S NEW PERFUMED VALENTINES,**

ANIMATED FLOWERS, a novel and charming illustration of the Language of Flowers—Rose, beauty; Carnation, pure love; Dahlia, loveliness; Violet, modesty; pansy. “Think of Me.” Price, on paper, printed in twelve colours, with lace border, 1s., by post, 14 stamps; printed on satin by a new process, with rich border, 2s. 6d., by post for 32 stamps.

Also an extremely varied Stock of New and Elegant Designs, all sweetly Perfumed,

3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., £1 1s., £1 5s., £1 10s., £2 2s., £3 3s., £4 4s., £5 5s.

All sent by post on receipt of Post-office Order or Stamps, with 6d. additional for postage. Sold by all the Trade.

**E. RIMMEL, Perfumer to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales,**

96, Strand, 24, Cornhill, and 128, Regent Street, London.

12 **CARTES DE VISITE** for 8d.—By my method any party can take their own Carte de Visite for 8d. per dozen, same as those sold by Photographers at 10s. per dozen. No Camera required. Full directions sent for 11 Penny Stamps.

T. L. RIDDELL, at 12, Bell Street (City), Glasgow.

**DAVID P. GOODING, Dealer in Fancy Rabbits, Pigeons, Fowls, &c.,**

Tower Mill, Woodbridge Road, Ipswich. Price Lists ready on March 1st, and forwarded post free on receipt of stamped directed envelope. Further particulars next month.
A SKELETON ADVENTURE.
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LANDING AT SACRIFICIOS.

Early in the month of March the troops at Lobos were re-embarked, and dropped down to the roadstead of Anton Lizardo. The American fleet was already at anchor there, and in a few days above a hundred sail of transports had joined it.

There is no city, no village, hardly a habitation upon this half-desert coast. The aspect is an interminable waste of sandy hills, rendered hirsute and picturesque by the plumed frondage of the palm tree.

We dared not go ashore, although the smooth white beach tempted us strongly. A large body of the enemy was encamped behind the adjacent ridges, and patrols could be seen at intervals galloping along the beach.

I could not help fancying what must have been the feeling of the inhabitants in regard to our ships—a strange sight upon this desert coast, and not a pleasing one to them, knowing that within those dark hulls were concealed the hosts of their armed invaders. Laocoon looked not with more dread upon the huge ribs of the Danaic horse than did the simple peasant of Anahuac upon this fleet of “oak leviathans,” that lay within so short a distance of his shores.

To us the scene possessed an interest of a far different character. We looked proudly upon these magnificent models of naval architecture—upon their size, their number, and their admirable adaptation. We viewed with a changing cheek and kindling eye this noble exhibition of a free people’s strength; and as the broad banner of our country swung out upon the breeze of the tropics, we could not help exulting in the glory of that great nation whose uniform we wore around our bodies.

It was no dream. We saw the burnished gun and the bright epaulette, the gleaming button and the glancing bayonet. We heard the startling trumpet, the stirring drum, and the shrill and thrilling fife; and our souls drank in all those glorious sights and sounds that form at once the spirit and the witchery of war.

The landing was to take place on the 9th; and the point of debarkation

VOL. III.
fixed upon was the beach opposite the island of Sacrificios, just out of range of the guns of Vera Cruz.

* * * * * * *

The 9th of March rose like a dream, bright, balmy and beautiful. The sea was scarcely stirred by the gentlest breeze of the tropics; but this breeze, light as it was, blew directly in our favour.

At an early hour I observed a strange movement among the ships composing the fleet. Signals were changing in quick succession, and boats gliding rapidly to and fro.

Before daybreak the huge surf-boats had been drawn down from their moorings, and with long hempen hawsers attached to the ships and steamers. The descent was about to be made. The ominous cloud which had hung dark and threatening over the shores of Mexico was about to burst upon that devoted land. But where? The enemy could not tell, and were preparing to receive us on the adjacent shore.

The black cylinder began to smoke, and the murky cloud rolled down upon the water, half obscuring the fleet. Here and there a broad sail, freshly unfurled, hung stiffly from the yard; the canvas, escaping from its gasket fastenings, had not yet been braced round to the breeze.

Soldiers were seen standing along the decks; some in full equipments, clutching the bright barrels of their muskets; while others were buckling on their white belts, or cramming their cartouche-boxes.

Officers, in saash and sword, paced the polished quarter-decks, or talked earnestly in groups, or watched with eager eyes the motions of the various ships.

Unusual sounds were heard on all sides. The deep-toned chorus of the sailor—the creaking of the capstan and the clanking of the iron cogs—the "heave-ho!" at the windlass, and the grating of the huge anchor-chain, as link after link rasped through the rusty ring—sounds that warned us to make ready for a change.

In the midst of these came the brisk rolling of a drum. It was answered by another, and another, and still another, until all voices were drowned by the deafening noise. Then followed the mingling shouts of command—a rushing over the decks—and streams of blue-clad men poured down the dark sides, and seated themselves in the surf-boats. These were filled in a twinkling, and all was silent as before. Every voice was hushed in expectation, and every eye bent upon the little black steamer which carried the commander-in-chief.

Suddenly a cloud of smoke rose up from her quarter; a sheet of flame shot out horizontally; and the report of a heavy gun shook the atmosphere like an earthquake. Before its echoes had subsided, a deafening cheer ran simultaneously through the fleet; and the ships, all together, as if impelled by some hidden and supernatural power, broke from their moorings, and dashed through the water with the velocity of the wind. Away to the north-west, in an exciting race—away for the island of Sacrificios!

On struggled the ships, bending to the breeze, and cleaving the crystal water with their bold bows; on the steamers, beating the blue waves into a milky-way, and dragging the laden boats in their foamy track. On followed the boats through the hissing and frothy cauldron. Loud roller the drum, loud brayed the bugle, and loud huzzas echoed from the adjacent shores.

Already the foe was alarmed and alert. Light horsemen with steaming haste galloped up the coast. Lancers, with gay trappings and long pennons, appeared through the openings of the hills. Foaming, prancing steeds flew with light artillery over the naked ridges, dashing madly down steep defiles, and crushing the cactus with their whirling wheels. "Andela! Andela!" was their cry. In vain they urged their horses—in vain they drove the spur
deep and bloody into their smoking sides. The elements were against them, and in favour of their foes.

The earth and the water were their impediments, while the air and the water were the allies of their enemies. They clung and sweltered through the hot and yielding sand, or sank in the marshy borders of the Mandinga and the Medellin, while steam and wind drove the ships of their adversaries like arrows through the water.

The alarm spread up the coast. Bugles were sounding, and horsemen galloped through the streets of Vera Cruz. The alarm-drum beat in the plaza, and the long roll echoed in every cuartel.

Signal-rockets shot up from San Juan, and were answered by others from Santiago and Concepcion.

Thousands of dark forms clustered upon the roofs of the city and the ramparts of the castle; and thousands of pale lips whispered, in accents of terror, “They come! they come!”

As yet they knew not how the attack was to be made, or where to look for our descent.

They imagined that we were about to bombard their proud fortress of San Juan, and expected soon to see the ships of these rash invaders shattered and sunk before its walls.

The fleet was almost within long range, the black buoyant hulls bounding fearlessly over the water. The eager crowd thickened upon the walls. The artillerists of Santiago had gathered around their guns, silent and waiting orders. Already the burning fuse was sending forth its sulphurous smell, and the dry powder lay temptingly on the touch, when a quick, sharp cry was heard along the walls and battlements—a cry of mingled rage, disappointment and dismay.

The foremost ship had swerved suddenly from the track, and bearing sharply to the left, under the manteo of a skilful helmsman, was running down under the shelter of Sacrificios.

The next ship followed her guide, and the next, and the next; and before the astonished multitude recovered from their surprise, the whole fleet had come to within pistol-shot of the island!

The enemy now, for the first time, perceived the ruse, and began to calculate its results. Those giant ships, that but a moment ago seemed rushing to destruction, had rounded to at a safe distance, and were preparing, with the speed and skilfulness of a perfect discipline, to pour a hostile host upon the defenceless shores. In vain the cavalry bugle called their horsemen to the saddle—in vain the artillery car rattled along the streets; both would be too late!

Meanwhile, the ships let fall their anchors, with a plunge, and a rasping, and a rattle. The sails came down upon the yards; and sailors swung themselves into the great surf-boats, and mixed with the soldiers, and seized the oars.

Then the blades were suddenly and simultaneously dropped on the surface of the wave, a naval officer in each boat directing the movements of the oarsmen.

And the boats pulled out nearer, and by an échelon movement, took their places in line.

Light ships of war were thrown upon our flanks, to cover the descent by a cross fire. No enemy had yet appeared, and all eyes were turned landward with fiery expectation. Bounding hearts waited impatiently for the signal.

The report of a single gun was at length heard from the ship of the commander-in-chief; and, as if by one impulse, a thousand oars struck the water, and flung up the spray upon their broad blades. A hundred boats leaped forward simultaneously. The powerful stroke was repeated, and propelled
them with lightning speed. Now was the exciting race—the regatta of war! The Dardan rowers would have been distanced here.

On, on, with the velocity of the wind; over the blue waves, through the snowy surf—on!

And now we neared the shore, and officers sprang to their feet, and stood with their swords drawn; and soldiers half sat, half crouched, clenching their muskets. And the keels grated upon the gravelly bed; and, at the signal, a thousand men, in one plunge, flung themselves into the water, and dashed madly through the surf. Thousands followed, holding their cartridge-boxes breast-high; and blades were glancing, and bayonets gleaming, and banners waving; and under glancing blades, and gleaming bayonets, and waving banners, the dark mass rushed high upon the beach.

Then came a cheer—loud, long, and exulting. It pealed along the whole line, uttered from five thousand throats, and answered by twice that number from the anchored ships. It echoed along the shores, and back from the distant battlements.

A colour-serjeant, springing forward, rushed up the steep sides of a sand-hill, and planted his flag upon its snowy ridge.

As the well-known banner swung out upon the breeze, another cheer, wild and thrilling, ran along the line; a hundred answering flags were hauled up through the fleet; the ships of war saluted with full broadsides; and the guns of San Juan, now for the first time waking from their lethargic silence, poured forth their loudest thunder.

The sun was just setting as our column commenced its advance inward. After winding for a short distance through the defiles of the sand-hills, we halted for the night, our left wing resting upon the beach.

The soldiers bivouacked without tents, sleeping upon their arms, with the soft sand for their couch and the cartridge-box for their pillow.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY OF THE TRUE CROSS.

VERA CRUZ is a fortified city. Round and round it is girt by a wall, with regular batteries placed at intervals. You enter it from the land side by three gates (garitas), and from the sea by a beautiful pier or mole that projects some distance into the water. The latter is a modern construction; and when the sun is descending behind the Mexican Cordilleras to the west, and the breeze blows in from the Gulf, this mole—the seat of but little commercial activity—becomes the favourite promenade of the dark-eyed Vera-Cruzanas and their pallid lovers.

The city stands on the very beach. The sea at full tide washes its battlements, and many of the houses overlook the water. On almost every side a plain of sand extends to a mile’s distance from the walls, where it terminates in those lofty white sand-ridges that form a feature of the shores of the Mexican Gulf. During high tides and “northers” the sea washes over the surrounding sand-plain, and Vera Cruz appears almost isolated amid the waves. On one side, however, towards the south, there is variety in the aspect. Here appear traces of vegetation—some low trees and bushes, a view of the forest inward into the country, a few buildings outside the walls, a railway station, a cemetery, an aqueduct, a small sluggish stream, marshes, and stagnant pools.

In front of the city, built upon the coral reef, stands the celebrated fortress-
castle of San Juan de Ulloa. It is about one thousand yards out from the mole, and over one of its angles towers a light-house. Its walls, with the reef on which it stands (Gallegra), shelter the harbour of Vera Cruz—which, in fact, is only a roadstead—from the north winds. Under the lee of San Juan the ships of commerce lie at anchor. There are but few of them at any time.

Another large fort (Concepcion) stands upon the beach at the northern angle of the city, and a third (Santiago) defends it towards the south. A circular bastion, with heavy pieces of ordnance, sweeps the plain to the rear, commanding it as far as the sand-ridges.

Vera Cruz is a pretty picture to look at, either from the sea or the sand-hills in the interior. Its massive domes, its tall steeples and turreted roofs, its architecture—half Moorish, half modern—the absence of scattered suburbs or other salient objects to distract the eye—all combine to render the City of the True Cross a unique and striking picture. In fact, its numerous architectural varieties, bound as they are into compact unity by a wall of dark lava-stone, impress you with the idea that some artist had arranged them for the sake of effect. The coup d'œil often reminded me of the engravings of cities in “Goldsmith's Epitome,” that used to be considered the bright spots in my lessons of school geography.

* * * * * *

At break of day on the 10th the army took up its line of march through hills of sand-drift. Division lapped upon division, regiment upon regiment, extending the circle of investment by an irregular échelon. Foot rifles and light infantry drove the enemy from ridge to ridge, and through the dark mazes of the chapparral gorge. The column continued its tortuous track, winding through deep defiles, and over hot white hills, like a bristling snake. It moved within range of the guns of the city, screened by intervening heights. Now and then the loud cannon of Santiago opened upon it, as some regiment displayed itself crossing a defile or pushing over the spur of a sand-hill. The constant rattling of rifles and musketry told that our skirmishers were busy in the advance. The arsenal was carried by a brilliant charge, and the American flag waved over the ruins of the Convent Malibran. On the 11th the Orizava road was crossed, and the light troops of the enemy were brushed from the neighbouring hills. They retired sullenly under shelter of their heavy guns, and within the walls of the city.

On the morning of the 12th the investment was complete. Vera Cruz lay within a semicircle—around its centre. The half circumference was a chain of hostile regiments that embraced the city in their concave arc. The right of this chain pitched its tents opposite the Isle Sacrificios; while, five miles off to the north, its left rested upon the hamlet, Vergara. The sea covered the complement of this circle, guarded by a fleet of dark and warlike ships.

The diameter hourly grew shorter. The lines of circumvallation lapped closer and closer around the devoted city, until the American pickets appeared along the ridges of the nearest hills, and within range of the guns of Santiago, Concepcion, and Ulloa.

A smooth sand-plain, only a mile in width, lay between the besiegers and the walls of the besieged.

* * * * * *

After tattoo-beat on the night of the 12th, with a party of my brother officers, I ascended the high hill, around which winds the road leading to Orizava.

This hill overlooks the city of Vera Cruz.

After dragging ourselves wearily through the soft, yielding sand, we reached the summit, and halted on a projecting ridge.

With the exception of a variety of exclamations, expressing surprise and
delight, not a word for a while was uttered by any of our party, each individual being wrapped up in the contemplation of a scene of surpassing interest. It was moonlight, and sufficiently clear to distinguish the minutest objects on the picture that lay rolled out before us like a map.

Below our position, and seeming almost within reach of the hand, lay the City of the True Cross, rising out of the white plain, and outlined upon the blue background of the sea.

The dark grey towers and painted domes, the Gothic turret and Moorish minaret, impressed us with the idea of the antique; while here and there the tamarind, nourished on some azotea, or the fringed fronds of the palm tree, drooping over the notched parapet, lent to the city an aspect at once southern and picturesque.

Domes, spires, and cupolas, rose over the old grey walls, crowned with floating banners—the consular flags of France and Spain and Britain waving alongside the eagle of the Aztecs.

Beyond, the blue waters of the Gulf rippled lightly against the sea-washed battlements of San Juan, whose brilliant lights glistened along the combing of the surf.

To the south we could distinguish the isle of Sacrificios, and the dark hulls that slept silently under the shelter of its coral reef.

Outside the fortified wall, which girt the city with its cincture of grey rock, a smooth plain stretched rearward to the foot of the hill on which we stood; and right and left, along the crest of the ridge from Punta Hornos to Vergara, ranged a line of dark forms—the picket sentries of the American outposts, as they stood knee-deep in the soft, yielding sand-drift.

It was a picture of surpassing interest; and, as we stood gazing upon it, the moon suddenly disappeared behind a bank of clouds; and the lamps of the city, heretofore eclipsed by her brighter beam, now burned up and glistened along the walls.

Bells rang merrily from church-towers, and bugles sounded through the echoing streets. At intervals we could hear the shrill cries of the guard—"Centinela, alerte!"—and the sharp challenge, Quien viva?"

Then the sound of sweet music, mingled with the soft voices of women, was wafted to our ears; and, with beating hearts, we fancied we could hear the light tread of silken feet, as they brushed over the polished floor of the ballroom.

It was a tantalizing moment, and wistful glances were cast on the beleaguered town; while more than one of our party was heard impatiently muttering a wish that it might be carried by assault.

As we continued gazing, a bright jet of flame shot out horizontally from the parapet over Puerto Nuevo.

"Look out!" cried Twing, at the same instant flinging his wiry little carcass squat under the brow of a sand-wreath.

Several of the party followed his example; but, before all had housed themselves, a shot came singing past, along with the loud report of a twenty-four.

The shot struck the comb of the ridge, within several yards of the group, and ricocheted off into the distant hills.

"Try it again!" cried one.

"That fellow has lost a champagne supper!" said Twing.

"More likely he has had it, or his aim would be more steady," suggested an officer.

"Oysters too—only think of it!" said Clayley.

"Howld your tongue, Clayley, or, by my soul, I'll charge down upon the town!"

This came from Hennessy, upon whose imagination the contrast between
champagne and oysters and the gritty pork and biscuit he had been feeding upon for several days past, acted like a shock.

"There, again!" cried Twing, whose quick eye caught the blaze upon the parapet.

"A shell, by the powers!" exclaimed Hennessy. "Let it drop first, or it may drop on ye," he continued, as several officers were about to fling themselves on their faces.

The bomb shot up with a hissing, hurttling sound. A little spark could be seen, as it traced its graceful curves through the dark heavens.

The report echoed from the walls, and at the same instant was heard a dull sound, as the shell buried itself in the sand-drift.

It fell close to one of the picket sentinels, who was standing upon his post within a few paces of the group. The man appeared to be either asleep or stupified, as he remained stock still. Perhaps he had mistaken it for the ricochet of a round shot.

"It's big shooting for them to hit the hill!" exclaimed a young officer.

The words were scarcely passed, when a loud crash, like the bursting of a cannon, was heard under our feet; the ground opened like an earthquake; and, amidst the whistling of the fragments, the sand was dashed into our faces.

A cloud of dust hung for a moment above the spot. The moon at this instant reappeared; and, as the dust slowly settled away, the mutilated body of the soldier was seen upon the brow of the hill, at the distance of twenty paces from his post.

A low cheer reached us from Concepcion, the fort whence the shell had been projected.

Chagrined at the occurrence, and mortified that it had been caused by our imprudence, we were turning to leave the hill, when the "whish" of a rocket attracted our attention.

It rose from the chapparal, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the camp, and, before it had reached its culminating point, an answering signal shot up from the Puerto Nuevo.

At the same instant a horseman dashed out of the thicket, and headed his horse at the steep sand-hills. After three or four desperate plunges, the fiery mustang gained the crest of the ridge upon which lay the remains of the dead soldier.

Here the rider, seeing our party, suddenly reined up, and balanced for a moment in the stirrup, as if uncertain whether to advance or retreat.

We, on the other hand, taking him for some officer of our own, and wondering who it could be galloping about at such an hour, stood silent and wondering. "By heavens, that's a Mexican!" muttered Twing, as the ranchero dress became apparent under a brighter beam of the moon.

Before any one could reply, the strange horseman wheeled sharply to the left, and drawing a pistol, fired it into our midst, then, spurring his wild horse, he galloped past us into a deep defile of the hills.

"You're a set of Yankee fools!" he shouted back, as he reached the bottom of the dell.

Half-a-dozen shots replied to the taunting speech; but the retreating object was beyond pistol range before our astonished party had recovered from their surprise at such an act of daring audacity.

In a few minutes we could see both horse and rider near the walls of the city—a speck on the white plain; and, shortly after, we heard the grating hinges of the Puerto Nuevo, as the huge gate swung open to receive him. No one was hit by the shot of his pistol. Several could be heard gritting their teeth with mortification as we commenced descending the hill.
Did you know that voice, Captain?" whispered Clayley to me as we returned to camp.

"Yes."

"You think it was——"

"Dubrose."

CHAPTER X.

MAJOR BLOSSOM.

On reaching the camp, I found a mounted orderly in front of my tent.

"From the General," said the soldier, touching his cap, and handing me a sealed note.

The orderly, without waiting a reply, leaped into his saddle and rode off.

I broke the seal, and read with delight——

"Sir,—You will report, with fifty men, to Major Blossom, at 4 A.M. to-morrow.

"By order, "

(Signed)

"A. A. A.-G.

"Captain Haller, commanding Co. Rifle Rangers."

"Old Bloo, eh? Quartermaster scouting, I hope," said Clayley, looking over the contents of the note.

"Anything but the trenches; I am sick of them."

"Had it been anybody else but Blossom—fighting Daniels, for instance—we might have reckoned on a comfortable bit of duty; but the old whale can hardly climb into his saddle—it does look bad."

"I will not long remain in doubt. Order the Sergeant to warn the men for four."

I walked through the camp in search of Blossom’s marquee, which I found in a grove of caouchouc-trees, and out of range of the heaviest metal in Vera Cruz. The major himself was seated in a large Campeachy chair, that had been “borrowed” from some neighbouring rancho; and, perhaps, it was never so well filled as by its present occupant.

It would be useless to attempt an elaborate description of Major Blossom. That would require an entire chapter.

Perhaps the best that can be done to give the reader an idea of him, is to say that he was a great fat red man, and known among his brother officers as “the swearing Major.” If any one in the army loved good living, it was Major Blossom: and if any one hated hard living, that man was Major George Blossom. He hated Mexicans, too, and mosquitoes, and scorpions, and snakes, and sand-flies, and all enemies to his rest and comfort; and the manner in which he swore at these natural foes would have entitled him to a high commission in the celebrated army of Flanders.

Major Blossom was a quartermaster in more senses than one, as he occupied more quarters than any two men in the army, not excepting the general-in-chief; and, when many a braver and better officer was cut down to “twenty-five pounds of baggage,” the private lumber of Major Blossom, including himself, occupied a string of wagons like a siege-train.

As I entered the tent he was seated at supper. The viands before him were in striking contrast to the food upon which the army was then subsisting. There was no gruel grating between the major’s teeth as he masticated mess-pork or mouldy biscuit. He found no débris of sand and small rocks at the bottom of his coffee-cup. No; quite the contrary.

A dish of pickled salmon, a side of cold turkey, a plate of sliced tongue, with a fine Virginia ham, were the striking features of the major’s supper,
while a handsome French coffee-urn, containing the essence of Mocha, simmered upon the table. Out of this the major, from time to time, replenished his silver cup. A bottle of eau-de-vie, that stood near his right hand, assisted him likewise in swallowing his ample ration.

"Major Blossom, I presume?" said I.

"My name," ejaculated the major, between two swallows, so short and quick that the phrase sounded like a monosyllable.

"I have received orders to report to you, sir."

"Ah! bad business! bad business!" exclaimed the major, qualifying the words with an energetic oath.

"How, sir?"

"Atrocious business! dangerous service! Can't see why they sent me."

"I came, Major, to inquire the nature of the service, so that I may have my men in order for it."

"Very dangerous service!"

"It is."

"Horrid cut-throats! thousands of 'em in the bushes—bore a man through as soon as wink. Those yellow fellows are worse than——" and again the swearing major wound up with an exclamation not proper to be repeated.

"Can't see why they picked me out. There's Myers, and Wayne, and Wood, not half my size, and that thin scare-crows, Allen; but no, the General wants me killed. Die soon enough in this nest of centipedes without being shot in the chapparal! I wish the chapparal was——" and again the major's unmentionable words came pouring forth in a volley.

I saw that it was useless to interrupt him until the first burst was over. From his frequent anathemas on the "bushes" and the "chapparal," I could gather that the service I was called upon to perform lay at some distance from the camp; but beyond this I could learn nothing, until the major had sworn himself into a degree of composure, which after some minutes he accomplished. I then re-stated the object of my visit.

"We're going into the country for mules," replied the major. "Mules, indeed! Heaven knows there isn't a mule within ten miles, unless with a yellow-hided Mexican on his back; and such mules we don't want. The volunteers have scared everything to the mountains; not a stick of celery nor an onion to be had at any price."

"How long do you think we may be gone?" I inquired.

"Long? Only a day. If I stay over night in the chapparal, may a wolf eat me! Oh, no; if the mules don't turn up soon, somebody else may go and fetch 'em—that's all."

"I may ration them for one day?" said I.

"Two; two, your fellows'll be hungry. Roberts, of the Rifles, who's been out in the country, tells me there isn't enough forage to feed a cat. So you'd better take two days' biscuit; I suppose we'll meet with beef enough on the hoof; though I'd rather have a rump-steak out of the Philadelphia market than the beef in Mexico. Hang their beef! it's as tough as tan leather."

"At four o'clock, then, Major, I'll be with you," said I, preparing to take my leave.

"Make it a little later, Captain; I get no sleep with these horrid gally-nippers and things; but, stay—how many men have you got?"

"In my company, eighty; but my order is to take only fifty."

"There again! I told you so; want me killed—they want old Blos killed. Fifty men, when a thousand of the leather-skinned fellows have been seen not ten miles off! Fifty men! great heavens! fifty men! There's an escort to take the chapparal with!"

"But they are fifty men worth a hundred, I promise you."

"And if they were worth five hundred, it wouldn't be enough: I tell you
the chapparal’s full—full as ——” (a certain place of torment, familiar to the major’s lips).

“ We shall have to proceed with more caution,” I rejoined.

“Caution——” and caution was summarily sentenced to the same regions. “Bring all—every son of a gun—bugler and all.”

“But that, Major, would be contrary to the General’s orders.”

“Hang the General’s orders! Obey some Generals’ orders in this army, and you would do queer things. Bring them all; take my advice. I tell you, if you don’t, our lives may answer for it. Fifty men!”

I was about to depart when the major stopped me with a loud “Hilloa!”

“Why,” cried he, “I have lost my senses. Your pardon, Captain! This unlucky thing has driven me crazy. They must pick upon me? What will you drink? Here’s some good brandy—very good; sorry I can’t say as much for the water.”

I mixed a glass of brandy and water; the major did the same; and, having pledged each other, we bade “good night,” and separated.

CHAPTER XI.

SCOUTING IN THE CHAPPARAL.

Between the shores of the Mexican Gulf and the “foot hills” (piedmont) of the great chain of the Andes lies a strip of low lands. In many places this belt is nearly a hundred miles in breadth, but generally less than fifty. It is of a tropical character, termed in the language of the country “tierra caliente.” It is mostly covered with jungly forests, in which are found the palm, the tree-ferns, the mahogany and India-rubber trees, dyewoods, canes, lianas, and other gigantic parasites. In the underwood you meet thorny aloes, the “pita” plant, and wild mezcal; various cactaceae, and flora of singular forms, scarcely known to the botanist. There are swamps dark and dank, overshadowed by the tall cypress with its pendant streamers of silvery moss (Tillandsia usneoides). From these arise the miasma—the mother of the dreaded “vomito.”

This unhealthy region is but thinly inhabited; but here you meet with people of the African race, and nowhere else in Mexico. In the towns—and there are but few—you see the yellow mulatto, and the pretty quadroon with her black waving hair: but in the sparse settlements of the country you meet with a strange race—the cross of the negro with the ancient inhabitants of the country—the “zamboes.”

Along the coast and in the back country, behind Vera Cruz, you will find these people living a half-indolent, half-savage life, as small cultivators, cattle-herds, fishermen, or hunters. In riding through the forest you may often chance upon such a picture as the following.

There is an opening in the woods that presents an aspect of careless cultivation—a mere patch cleared out of the thick jungle—upon which grow yams, the sweet potato (convolvulus batata), chile, melons, and the calabash. On one side of the clearing there is a hut—a sort of shed. A few upright poles forked at their tops; a few others laid horizontally upon them; a thatch of palm-leaves to shadow the burning rays of the sun—that is all.

In this shadow there are human beings—men, women, children. They wear rude garments of white cotton cloth; but they are half-naked, and their skins are dark, almost black. Their hair is woolly and frizzled. They are not Indians, they are not negroes, they are “zamboes”—a mixture of both.
They are coarseeatured, and coarsely clad. You would find it difficult, at a
little distance, to distinguish their sex, did you not know that those who
swing in the hammocks and recline indolently upon the palm-mats (petates)
are the men, and those who move about and do the work are the females.
One of the former occasionally stimulates the activity of the latter by a stroke
of the “cuarto” (mule-whip).

A few rude implements of furniture are in the shed: a “metate,” on which
the boiled maize is ground for the “tortilla” cakes; some “ollas” of red
erathenware; dishes of the calabash; a rude hatchet or two; a “machete”; a
banjo made from the gourd-shell; a high-peaked saddle, with bridle and
“lazo”; strings of red pepper pods hanging from the horizontal beams: not
much more. A lank dog on the ground in front; a lean “mustang” tied to
the tree; a couple of “burros” (donkeys); and perhaps a sorry galloped mule
in an enclosure adjoining.

The zambo enjoys his dolce far niente while his wife does the work—what
work there is, but that is not much. There is an air of neglect that impresses
you; an air of spontaneity about the picture—for the yams, and the melons,
and the chile-plants, half-choked with weeds, seem to grow without culture,
and the sun gives warmth, so as to render almost unnecessary the operations
of the spindle and the loom.

The forest opens again, and another picture—a prettier one—presents
itself. It bears the aspect of a better cultivation, though still impressing you
with ideas of indolence and neglect. This picture is the “rancho,” the settle-
ment of the small farmer or “vaquero” (cattle-herd). Its form is that of an
ordinary house, with gables and sloping roof, but its walls are peculiar. They
are constructed of gigantic bamboo canes, or straight poles of the “Fouquieria
splendens.” These are laced together by cords of the “pita” aloe; but the
interstices between are left open, so as freely to admit the breeze. Coolness,
not warmth, is the object of these buildings. The roof is a thatch of palm-
leaves, and with far-impending eaves casts off the heavy rain of the tropics.
The appearance is striking—more picturesque even than the chalet of
Switzerland.

There is but little furniture within. There is no table; there are few
chairs, and these of raw hide nailed upon a rude frame. There are bedsteads
of bamboo; the universal tortilla-stone (metate); mats of palm-leaf; baskets
of the same material; a small altar-like fireplace in the middle of the floor;
a bandolon hanging by the wall; a saddle of stamped leather, profusely
ornamented with silver nails and plates; a hair bridle, with huge Mameluke
bit; an esopette and sword, or machete; an endless variety of gaily-painted
bowls, dishes, and cups, but neither knife, fork, nor spoon. Such are the
moveables of a “rancho” in the “tierra caliente.”

You may see the ranchero by the door, or attending to his small, wiry and
spirited horse, outside. The man himself is either of Spanish blood or a
“mestizo.” He is rarely a pure Indian, who is most commonly a “peon”
or labourer, and who can hardly be termed a “rancho” in its proper sense.

The ranchero is picturesque—his costume exceedingly so. His complexion
is swarthy, his hair is black, and his teeth are ivory white. He is often
moustached, but rarely takes the trouble to trim or keep these ornaments in
order. His whisker is seldom bushy or luxuriant. His trousers (calzoneros)
are of green or dark velvet, open down the outside seams, and at the bottoms
overlaid with stamped black leather, to defend the ankles of the wearer
against the thorny chapparal. A row of bell buttons, often silver, close the
open seams when the weather is cold. There are wide drawers (calzoncillos)
of fine white cotton underneath; and these puff out through the seams, form-
ing a tasty contrast with the dark velvet. A silken sash, generally of scarlet
colour, encircles the waist; and its fringed ends hang over the hips. The
hunting-knife is stuck under it. There is a short jacket of velveteen, tastefully embroidered and buttoned; a white cambric shirt, elaborately worked and plaited; and over all a heavy, broad-brimmed hat (sombrero), with silver or gold band, and tags of the same material sticking out from the sides. He wears boots of red leather, and huge spurs with bell rowels; and he is never seen without the "serape." The last is his bed, his blanket, his cloak, and his umbrella.

His wife may be seen moving about the rancho, or upon her knees before the metate, kneading tortillas, and besmearing them with "chilé colorado" (red capsicum). She wears a petticoat or skirt of a flaming bright colour, very short, showing her well-turned but stocklingless ankles, with her small, slippered feet. Her arms, neck, and part of her bosom are nude, but half concealed by the bluish grey scarf (reboso) that hangs loosely over her head.

The ranchero leads a free, easy life, burthened with few cares. He is the finest rider in the world, following his cattle on horseback, and never makes even the shortest journey on foot. He plays upon the bandolin, sings an Andalusian ditty, and is fond of "chinarito" (mescal whisky) and the "fandango."

Such is the ranchero of the "tierra caliente" around Vera Cruz, and such is he in all other parts of Mexico, from its northern limits to the Isthmus.

But in the "tierra caliente" you may also see the rich planter of cotton, or sugar-cane, or cocoa (cacao), or the vanilla bean. His home is the "hacienda." This is a still livelier picture. There are many fields enclosed and tilled. They are irrigated by the water from a small stream. Upon its bank there are cocoa-trees; and out of the rich moist soil shoot up rows of the majestic plantain, whose immense yellow-green leaves, sheathing the stem and then drooping gracefully over, render it one of the most ornamental productions of the tropics, as its clustering legumes of farinaceous fruit make it one of the most useful. Low walls, white or gaily painted, appear over the fields, and a handsome spire rises above the walls. That is the "hacienda" of the planter—the "rico" of the "tierra caliente," with its out-buildings and chapel belfry. You approach it through scenes of cultivation. "Peons," clad in white cotton and reddish leathern garments, are busy in the fields. Upon their heads are broad-brimmed hats, woven from the leaf of the sombrero palm. Their legs are naked, and upon their feet are tied rude sandals (quarachés) with leathern thongs. Their skins are dark, though not black; their eyes are wild and sparkling; their looks grave and solemn; their hair coarse, long, and crow-black; and, as they walk, their toes turn inward. Their downcast looks, their attitudes and demeanour, impress you with the conviction that they are those who carry the water and hew the wood of the country. It is so. They are the "Indios mansos" (the civilized Indians): slaves, in fact, though freemen by the letter of the law. They are the "peons," the labourers, the serfs of the land—the descendants of the conquered sons of Anahuac.

Such are the people you find in the "tierra caliente" of Mexico—in the environs of Vera Cruz. They did not differ much from the inhabitants of the high plains, either in costume, customs, or otherwise. In fact, there is a homogeneity about the inhabitants of all Spanish America—making allowance for difference of climate and other peculiarities—rarely found in any other people.

* * * * * * * *

Before daybreak of the morning after my interview with the "swearing major," a head appeared between the flaps of my tent. It was that of Sergeant Bob Lincoln.

"The men air under arms, Cap'n."

"Very well," cried I, leaping from my bed, and hastily buckling on my accoutrements.
I looked forth. The moon was still brightly shining, and I could see a number of uniformed men standing upon the company parade, in double rank. Directly in front of my tent a small boy was saddling a very small horse. The boy was “Little Jack,” as the soldiers called him; and the horse was little Jack’s mustang. “Twidget.”

Jack wore a tight-fitting green jacket, trimmed with yellow lace, and buttoned up to the throat; pantaloons of light green, straight-cut, and striped along the seams; a forage-cap set jauntily upon a profusion of bright curls; a sabre with a blade of eighteen inches, and a pair of clinking Mexican spurs. Besides these, he carried the smallest of all rifles. Thus armed and accoutred, he presented the appearance of a miniature “Ranger.”

Twidget had his peculiarities. He was a tight, wiry little animal, that could live upon mezquite beans or maguay leaves for an indefinite time; and his abstemiousness was often put to the test. Afterward, upon an occasion during the battles in the valley of Mexico, Jack and Twidget had somehow got separated, at which time the mustang had been shut up for four days in the cellar of a ruined convent with no other food than stones and mortar! How Twidget came by his name is not clear. Perhaps it was some waif of the rider’s own fancy.

As I appeared at the entrance of my tent, Jack had just finished strapping on his Mexican saddle, and seeing me, up he ran to assist in serving my breakfast. This was hastily despatched, and our party took the route in silence through the sleeping camp. Shortly after we were joined by the major, mounted on a tall, raw-boned horse; while a darkie, whom the major addressed as “Doc,” rode a snug stout cob, and carried a basket. This last contained the major’s commissariat.

We were soon travelling along the Orizava road, the major and Jack riding in the advance. I could not help smiling at the contrast between these two equestrians; the former with his great gaunt horse, looming up in the uncertain light of the morning like some huge centaur, while Jack and Twidget appeared the two representatives of the kingdom of Lilliput.

On turning an angle of the forest, a horseman appeared at some distance along the road. The major gradually slackened his pace, until he was square with the head of the column, and then fell back into the rear. This manoeuvre was executed in the most natural manner, but I could plainly see that the mounted Mexican had caused the major no small degree of alarm.

The horseman proved to be a zambo in pursuit of cattle that had escaped from a neighbouring corral. I put some inquiries to him in relation to the object of our expedition. The zambo pointed to the south, saying in Spanish that mules were plenty in that direction.

“Hay muchos, muchisimos” (there are many), said he, as he indicated a road which led through a strip of woods on our left.

Following his direction, we struck into the new path, which soon narrowed into a bridle-road or trail. The men were thrown into single file, and marched à l’Indienne. The road darkened, passing under thick-leaved trees, that met and twined over our heads.

At times the hanging limbs and joined parasites caused the major to flatten his huge body upon the horn of the saddle; and once or twice he was obliged to alight, and walk under the impeding branches of the thorny acacias.

Our journey continued without noise, silence being interrupted only by an occasional oath from the major—uttered, however, in a low tone, as we were now fairly “in the woods.” The road at length opened upon a small prairie or glade, near the borders of which rose a “butte,” covered with chaparral.

Leaving the party in ambuscade below, I ascended the butte, to obtain a view of the surrounding country. The day had now fairly broken, and the sun was just rising over the blue waters of the Gulf.
His rays, prinkling over the waves, caused them to dance and sparkle with a metallic brightness; and it was only after shading my eyes that I could distinguish the tall masts of ships and the burnished towers of the city.

To the south and west stretched a wide expanse of champaign country, glowing in all the brilliance of tropical vegetation. Fields of green, and forests of darker green; here and there patches of yellow, and belts of olive-coloured leaves; at intervals a sheet of silver—the reflection from a placid lake, or the bend of some silent stream—was visible upon the imposing picture at my feet.

A broad belt of forest, dotted with the life-like frondage of the palm, swept up to the foot of the hill. Beyond this lay an open tract of meadow, or prairie, upon which were browsing thousands of cattle. The distance was too great to distinguish their species; but the slender forms of some of them convinced me that the object of our search would be found in that direction.

The meadow then was the point to be reached.

The belt of forest already mentioned must be crossed, and, to effect this, I struck into a trail, that seemed to lead in the direction of the meadow.

The trail became lighter as we entered the heavy timber. Some distance farther on we reached a stream. Here the trail entirely disappeared. No "signs" could be found on the opposite bank. The underwood was thick; and vines, with broad green leaves, and huge clusters of scarlet flowers, barred up the path like a wall.

It was strange. The path had evidently led to this point, but where beyond?

Several men were detached across the stream to find an opening. After a search of several minutes, a short exclamation from Lincoln proclaimed success. I crossed over, and found the hunter standing near the bank, holding back a screen of boughs and vine leaves, beyond which a narrow but plain track was easily distinguished, leading on into the forest. The trellis closed like a gate, and it seemed as if art had lent a hand to the concealment of the track. The foot-prints of several horses were plainly visible in the sandy bottom of the road.

The men entered in single file. With some difficulty Major Blossom and his great horse squeezed themselves through, and we moved along under the shady and silent woods.

After a march of several miles, fording numerous streams, and working our way through tangled thickets of nopal and wild maguey, an opening suddenly appeared through the trees. Emerging from the forest, a brilliant scene burst upon us. A large clearing, evidently once cultivated, stood before us. Broad fields, covered with flowers of every hue—thickets of blooming rose trees—belts of the yellow helianthus—and groups of cocoa trees and half-wild plantains, formed a picture singular and beautiful.

On one side, and close to the border of the forest, could be seen the roof of a house, peering above groves of glistening foliage, and thither we marched.

We entered a lane, with its guarda-rayas of orange trees planted in rows upon each side, and meeting overhead.

The sunlight fell through this leafy screen with a mellowed and delicious softness, and the perfume of flowers wafted on the air.

The rich music of birds was around us; and the loveliness of the scene was heightened by the wild neglect which characterized it.

On approaching the house we halted, and, after charging the men to remain silent, I advanced alone to reconnoitre.

(To be continued.)
THE GNOME'S LADDER.

A LEGEND OF THE REDRICH.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibo of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character anything rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at his castle gate, and besought his hospitality; a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snows that fell fast about him.

The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild, dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise rather for its energetic conciseness than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and, simply saying, "I will requite your kindness, with a vengeance!" passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time, Sibo did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely girl in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty throughout the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was not more successful in the search than his vassals; nobody had seen her; nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, "That early in the day he had seen a young girl, gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on a plain. God forbid!" added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden centre of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims!"

The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes to the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, although several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock. This attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain-top, that they were compelled to fly for safety.

At the same time, a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words: "It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse
to heaven; and, as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But those holy folks prospered no better with their pickaxes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console poor Sibo except the certainty of his daughter’s living. His first looks at daybreak, and his last at nightfall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greetings to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little fondling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusement for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snowdrop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed, she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times: “Be of good heart, my dear child! I am preparing for you a dowry such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king.”

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibo had nearly renounced all hopes of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibo’s loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt.

With this design he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter’s absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibo grasped the young warrior’s hand, and a smile (the first he had known for many years) passed over his hard features as he replied, “Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibo; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I look up my gold, enough to purchase another such province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours, and a prize beyond all this—my daughter’s hand. Go forth, my young knight, and Heaven’s blessing go with you!”

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich, to explore his ground; but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shrubs that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him, on a sudden, and thus accosted him:

“Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I’ll be your friend in this business; she is my pupil, and I promise you she is yours as soon as you can get her.”

“Be it so,” replied the knight, holding out his hand, in token that the offer was accepted.

“I am but a dwarf in comparison with you,” replied the little man, “but my word is as good as yours, notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. Set about it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey.”
Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with a loud burst of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, “Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings.”

“It may happen without wings,” said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder. “I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibb, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and, besides, the maiden has none of her father’s harshness. She is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others. I am certain that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word—a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore, this silver bell; go with it to the Wisper Valley, where you will find a mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognize by the beech tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time, the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me. Request him to make a ladder for you up to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day; and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger.”

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Wisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees twined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next moment it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most deifying vehemence, as if to stone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound, a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale blue meteor. To the gnome’s question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him to be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day; at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough; they set off in the direction of the Redrich; when in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun, by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Wisper Valley.

Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes—the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor, indeed, did Ruthelm desire better music; for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love without the superfluity of seeing her!

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn, than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose; a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear in his heart as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased in proportion to his advance. In a short time he arrived, happily, at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east; when the first object presented to his
eyes was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was rivetted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the ecstasy that thrilled through every vein. In an instant he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed, and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through her tears, like the sunbeams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first, the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Rathelm; but when he perceived the ladder, he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, 'Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than her father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came; for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and Heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness.'

Rathelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its foot by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman, presenting her with a box, formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:

"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you! and do not forget your mountain friends; for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day perhaps may come when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child."

Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking her.

And now Rathelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without her casting many a lingering look back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days. And Rathelm received the hand of Garlinda in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blessed in themselves, and no less blessed in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of a demon. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of "The Gnome's Ladder."
OUR FOOTBALL MATCH;
OR, HOW WE CHAIRED YOUNG HARVEY.

BY A CORRESPONDENT.

When I was a boy at school I cannot remember ever being very unhappy for any length of time; but it must not be supposed, on that account, that our school was one of the happiest places in existence, for old Dr. Canaboy (our head master) was not the sort of man who would allow any misdemeanour—no matter how slight—to pass unpunished. Indeed, I must say that the trials I experienced as a little boy at school, always seem to me to have been much harder than any I have ever experienced since.

People may talk as they like about school days being the happiest days of our lives, but with all respect I beg to differ; for I think the anxiety when threatened with a whipping—the nervous terror when a lesson is not known—however lightly we may in after life regard it, is not to be equalled by many misfortunes we may afterwards suffer.

When at school, and under the domination of masters, there is always a feeling of helplessness; in fact, I remember I have sometimes felt all the sensations of slavery, when every word, look and action has to be accounted for to some heavy-handed master.

But, somehow, this sort of trial does not seem, as a rule, to interfere much with a boy’s enjoyment in his play hours. No disappointment, no punishment, and even very few expected punishments (which are worst of all!) will will make a boy’s step less springy, his laugh less joyous, or his interest less keen in his play hours.

It so happens that however unhappy he may say he is at school, once lead him to talk of the play hours, and all trials and hardships are forgotten. Remember, I am writing from my own experience, and as I do not intend giving a sermon about school hours, I will at once proceed to the account of the FOOTBALL MATCH we played and won against a rival school.

We had just been “let out” of school for half-an-hour’s play before it was time to learn our lessons, when Hartson, the Captain of our Football Club, came into the playground with a letter in his hand.

“Oh yes! yes!” shouted several voices.

“Well, don’t too many of you speak at once,” said Hartson; “there are many things to be considered. First, Have we men enough? second, Are we practised enough? and third, Can we get a holiday?”

“I can answer the first question,” said Denbigh, a tall handsome lad of fifteen, whose parents lived in India, and who was being brought up for the Indian army.

“That’s right,” said Hartson.

“Well, you know that Brombridge, who was one of our best men, left last term?” continued Denbigh.

“Yes.”

“Well, I find he is the only man who has left, and in his place I propose little Harvey, who is a sharp, clever little chap, and whom I will warrant useful in the field.”
Harvey was a boy of about twelve years of age, and a quick little fellow he was. Moreover, he was a great favourite in the school, so it did not require much persuasion on Denbigh's part for him to be elected.

For the second consideration the letter was consulted, and finding the date of the match to be in a fortnight's time, it was decided that there was plenty of time for practising. And for the third question, a deputation of boys was at once chosen to ask Dr. Canaboy for a holiday. So it happened that next morning after prayers there was a slight bustle in the school, and six boys rose, and proceeding along the school, approached the sacred desk of the head master.

The leader of the deputation was, of course, Hartson, who held the challenge letter before him as a sort of shield. Luckily for us, the head master was in a good humour. I do not pretend to say why, but it was whispered that the fines had run high enough that week to buy two or three new canes, which he intended trying that very day.

But whatever the reason might have been, the result was that our request was graciously granted. Accordingly, for the next fortnight, all the masters declared that never had they known us to say our lessons so badly before, and the new canes were most vigorously applied to the backs and hands of the football lovers, who preferred practising and getting thrashed to not practising and learning lessons.

Never did fortnight pass by so slowly before, and never was football match played on a more beautiful day than that which viewed the match between the boys of Dr. Canaboy's Grammar School and those of Fincham House Academy. The ground was in splendid condition, as were the players, and all were in good spirits. Before commencing the match, our captain, Hartson, told us that he expected us all to do our best, and that if we won, the boy who won the goal should be carried by his schoolfellows round the field in a chair. Our adversaries won the first kick-off, which was very well managed by their captain; then ensued a scene which baffles description. In the centre were the rival captains, each with some of his best men around him, struggling, kicking, and pushing, till the poor unfortunate ball would be sent to the other side of the field by a vigorous and well-directed kick, when the same sort of struggle would take place over again. In these struggles an impassive observer might have noticed young Harvey taking a prominent part; but as everybody happened to be entirely engaged in trying to “get a kick” at the ball, it was with no small surprise that they happened to see a little fellow running over the field towards the Finchamites' (as they were called) goal, with the football in front of him, which he ever and anon kicked just far enough ahead, for him to reach it before another person could interfere.

So well did he manage, that when two persons would come at the ball from each side of him, he would allow them to get, as they supposed, within kicking distance, when he would rush quickly forward, and bobbing, as it seemed, actually between their noses, would send the ball flying forward, and allow the disappointed pair to rush into each other's arms.

In vain did the goal-keepers rush out to oppose him; he allowed them to come close to him, when he kicked the ball completely over their heads, and through the goal, which won the game for the boys of Dr. Canaboy's Grammar School.

"Hurrah!" shouted our fellows, whilst the Finchamites looked particularly glum.

"Who kicked it through?" said Hartson, who had just arrived from the other side of the field.

"Young Harvey!" said Denbigh; "but I don't see him anywhere."

"Go and find him, one of you fellows," said Hartson. "Phew! I'm awfully hot!"
OUR FOOTBALL MATCH.

Saying this, he sat down on a pile of coats, but quickly jumped up again, as if bitten, and pulling the coats aside, discovered a leg, of which he immediately caught hold, and soon drew to light first the body, and then the head of young Harvey, who had hidden there to avoid being chaired. But he was soon pulled out, and immediately placed in a chair, supported by as many as could get near enough to hold it. In this elevated position he was carried round the field, cheered as well as chaired (so Denbigh observed) by both the conquerers and the conquered.

Afterwards we all adjourned to a supper provided by Dr. Canaby, and, of course, “fought our battles o’er again,” until the master who accompanied the Finchamites declared it was time to go home.

So ended our football match, and I have never forgotten the day on which we beat the Finchamites, and chaired young Harvey!

A SPRING MORNING.

Gorgeously painting the horizon
With an ever-changing hue,
Float Aurora’s tinted cloudlets
Lightly on the gleaming blue.

When the golden sun arises,
And from out his prison breaks,
Morning voices rouse from slumber,
Sleeping Nature gladly wakes.

Swift the little lark, upspringing
From its fragrant-scented bed,
Decked with thousand pearly dewdrops,
Carols lightly overhead.

And the gentle sapphirs, playing,
Bear upon their balmy breath
Fragrance from the blackthorn stolen,
And the purple-blossomed heath.

Gleaming white upon the hedges,
Soon the budding “May” is seen,
Speckling, like a sudden snow-storm,
Nature’s pleasant coat of green.

Echo from the sylvan covers,
Warbles of the tuneful thrush,
And the whistling of the blackbird
Issues from the holly-bush.

Blue and cloudy in the distance,
Lighted is the range of hills,
Dancing in the wooded coppice,
Come the sparkling, murmuring rills.

Down the stream, with willow’d border,
Where the water-lily sleeps,
There the dace’s sides are gleaming,
And the spotted troutlet leaps.

Well, I love the happy spring-time,
Of the year oft times the best,
Nature dons its verdant garment,
Rousing from its winter rest.

S. C. S.
WHILE the eye gazes with a feeling of veneration on the classic towers of this noble Establishment, as represented in our engraving, imagination pictures many of the celebrities who have here imbibed their earliest taste for literary and scientific acquirements, who have afterwards become famous in the history of their country, and have made the world ring with their praises.

Rugby School was established in the year 1567 by Laurence Sheriff, a benevolent citizen of London, "of credit and renown," who was connected with the court of Queen Elizabeth, and who was knighted by the "virgin queen" for faithful services rendered to Her Majesty.

As a proof of his loyalty, a story is told by Foxe, the martyrlogist, who says, that a neighbour of Sheriff's, one Farrar, who was "too much addicted to sack and babbling," talked against the Lady Elizabeth, calling her a "Jill," and hoped that she and her friends would one day "hop headless," as it was said she was in some way connected with Wyatt's rebellion. Accordingly, Sheriff, in his zeal for his Royal Mistress, complained to the Bishop of London (Bonner), who assured Sheriff that some of the officials would take care to call Farrar to account for his rash and daring disloyalty. This assurance being deemed sufficient to satisfy the mind of Sheriff, the matter dropped.

The annual income of Rugby School in 1567 was only £24 13s. 4d., out of which the sum of £12 was to be paid annually to the Master! In the year 1748 the annual income had increased to £116 17s. 8d.; but we are not able to say how much the Master then received annually.

In the year 1807 the property had so much increased in value that the accumulated capital reached £43,221 7s. 1d., and the annual revenue amounted to £3,421 8s. 5d. In the year 1865 it reached, on an average of seven years, £5,653 14s. 11d. The annual income, which was only £24 13s. 4d. in 1567, in 1865 had grown to the enormous amount of £5,653 14s. 11d. per annum!

The number of boys in the School is about 500; and it is one of the rules of the establishment that, when the number shall exceed 480, there shall never be less than three classical Masters to each hundred boys. The total number of Masters is fourteen.

Prizes of different value are given annually by the Rev. Dr. Temple, the Head Master, and several of the Assistant Masters.

In 1784 there were fourteen Exhibitions, of £40 a year. In 1826 they were considerably increased in number, and the annual amount augmented. These are tenable for four years.

Within the last ten years this remarkable School has obtained:—

At Oxford, 35 First-Classes in Moderations and 27 in the Final Schools; and 17 Scholarships. It has also gained 19 open College Fellowships, 41 open Scholarships, and 7 open College Exhibitions.
RUGBY SCHOOL.

At Cambridge, 12 Wranglerships, 6 First Classes in the Classical Tripos, 11 Prizes and Medals, 13 open Fellowships, and 18 open Scholarships.

It may cause a smile on many faces, when our young friends contrast the classic cap and gown in which the pupils now gracefully appear, with the costume worn in 1778, when the boys ordinarily wore cocked hats and queues, while those in a high social position wore scarlet coats! Scholars from distant parts generally came to school on horseback. At that time the distance between London and Rugby took two days, whereas it now only takes two hours!

The first Master of Rugby School was Nicholas Greenhill, who was appointed in 1602. Little is known of him beyond the following quaint epitaph, copied from the wall of the church in Witnash, near Leamington:

"This green hill, periwig'd with snow,
    Was levil'd in the spring;
This hill the nine and three did know
    Was sacred to his king;
But he must downe, although so much divine,
    Before he rise never to set, but shine."

In 1674 Robert Ashridge was appointed Master. The name of Henry Holyoake is the next on this honourable roll, who for forty years presided over this important institution. He was succeeded in 1731.

The next Master was Thomas Crossfield, but death soon caused another vacancy, which, in 1742, was filled by the appointment of William Knail. He resigned his post, and was succeeded in 1754 by John Richmond.

The names of Burrough, James, Ingles, Wool (who filled the post twenty years), make up the list of Head Masters until we meet with the well-known name of Dr. Arnold. The reforms he introduced were very extensive, and Rugby became a model School to all the great Scholastic establishments of England. In 1842 the present Bishop of London, Dr. Taft, assumed the Head Mastership, and ably carried forward the great improvements introduced by his predecessor. In 1850 Dr. Goulbourn was appointed.

In 1858 the present Head Master succeeded to the important office, second to none in the kingdom. Great results must flow from the exercise of such brilliant talents as pre-eminently distinguish the Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., whose portrait graces the Boy's Friend for the present month, and in which work he generously takes an interest, believing that a well-conducted publication is calculated to be very useful to the youth of England.

It was intended to have given a short sketch of the present distinguished Head Master, who is, emphatically, "the man of the time," in connexion with the Public Schools of England, but, as one of his friends remarks, "It is too soon to think of that yet." We agree with this remark. A future age will embody, in some imperishable form, the important services he will render to the cause of education in England. At present,

"History, not wanted yet,
    Leans on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, shall supply her with a theme!"
Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D.,
Head Master of Rugby School.
THE BUTCHER’S BOY OF IPSWICH.

A TALE FOR THE BIGGER BOYS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR OF "PETERS PARLEY’S ANNUAL."

PART I.

EVERYBODY, I dare say, knows what butchers’ boys are in our days—how jolly, how independent, how saucy, and at the same time how civil they are; how they ride, and without hats too, and what a wonderful power they possess in getting speed out of the sorriest screws. They are great favourites with the public, for they are clean and good-tempered, and sit a horse so well. Every one is fond of butchers’ boys, and it is not to be wondered at.

In my younger days, in passing down that part of London called White-chapel, and on that side called Butcher Row, I was often struck by observing what I had never before noticed in the boys of other trades. In most other businesses the masters eschew literature with a most fierce and determinate hatred, and the reading of a book by a youngster is nothing less than heresy or flat rebellion; but among butchers the case is different. They are allowed, and, indeed, encouraged, to read; and I have seen the butcher boys of Butcher Row lying lengthwise on the clean scrubbed stalls among the tenter-hooks—or meat-hooks, rather—with their elbows on their benches, and their heads or chins resting on their hands, like so many Jaqueses, poring over a book, and no doubt drawing from it amusement or instruction, or, may be, philosophy: and often as I have seen these uncouth urchins have I thought of this same butcher’s boy of Ipswich, whom I have now brought forth “to point a moral, and adorn a tale.”

There is much in the early life of this butcher’s boy which entitles him to take his place among the noble boys of our country. There must have been something in him, or he would never have risen to the proud height from which he fell. His father was one of the “meaker sort”—there can be no question about that, and that he was a butcher, is a tradition worthy of all possible respect. Some would endeavour to make out that his father was a kind of grazier, but from the testimony of the times immediately after him, there can be no doubt that Thomas Wolsey, afterwards cardinal, was veritably the son of a “butcher”; and there are, even at the present day, more than one Wolsey of Ipswich who belongs to this useful and honourable fraternity.

Wolsey was born in the month of March, 1471, and from his earliest years displayed the noblest qualities of mind. He was of a ruddy and cheerful aspect, full of activity, and fond of the athletic games of youth. He loved enterprise, and was fearless of danger; and it is on traditionary record in Suffolk, of his father having entrusted some beasts to the care of a dishonest drover, who sold them at Bury instead of taking them to Cambridge, when young Wolsey, then only ten years of age, mounted a horse, and having scented the fugitive, followed him across the country to St. Albans. On coming up to the offender in a bye-road, Wolsey seized his horse’s bridle, and
commanded him to stop; but the drover made use of his cudgel on the head and shoulders of the boy, who repaid it with interest, and so discomforted him, that after a severe struggle he gave himself up to his captor.

Wolsey's pursuit of knowledge was equal to the alacrity he displayed in pursuit of the drover. He read and digested books; and it was not to the reading or the learning of them, but to the digesting of them, that made him of so much promise in the eyes of his father, that he determined upon giving him a classical education. He was sent to Oxford when he was not quite fifteen years of age. Here his application was so intense, and his talents so vigorous, that before he was sixteen he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts, which procured him at the University the name of the Boy Bachelor. Few so young, with all the advantages of rank and affluence, attained in that age academical honours. His progress in philosophy, mathematics, and languages was so great, that it procured for him a fellowship in Magdalen College. He was also appointed master of the school there, and entrusted with the education of the sons of the Marquis of Dorset.

During one of the Christmas holidays, he was invited by the marquis to pass his vacation with his pupils; and it was at this time that a circumstance occurred which had an important effect on his future fortune. The sons of the marquis had amused themselves with skating, and other sports, on an extensive mere. Wolsey had warned them that the ice was hardly of sufficient thickness to bear their weight, but the young noblemen would persist. While skating rapidly over the ice, they pursued their sports with comparative safety; but it so happened that the lads came suddenly in contact, and their united gravity bearing on one spot, the ice broke, and they sank to the bottom of the mere. Wolsey, with quickest daring, plunged to their rescue, thinking nothing of the loss of his own life in his noble effort of preserving theirs, in which he was successful, after several narrow escapes, and landed the venturesome youths upon terra firma. The marquis, as might be supposed, was so grateful to Wolsey for this act of heroism, that he rewarded him with the rectory of Lynington, in Somersetshire.

Wolsey afterwards became one of the domestic chaplains to Archbishop Dean. At the death of that prelate he went to Calais, where Sir John Nanfau, then treasurer, appointed him as his deputy. In this situation he conducted himself with such probity and honour, that Sir John procured him to be nominated one of the chaplains of the king.

Wolsey, when he obtained this appointment, possessed many of those personal endowments which are so useful in advancing lads of talent. He spoke and acted with a generous assurance; he was truthful and sincere, and of such a cheerful and magnanimous disposition, that he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. The abbot of the rich monastery of St. Edmunds appointed him to the rectory of Redgrove, in the diocese of Norwich; and now it was that the star of his destiny seemed to be really in the ascendant. Fox, bishop of Winchester, who at that time held the Privy Seal, and Sir Thomas Lovel, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, also distinguished him by their friendship. They thought his uncommon capacity, strict integrity, and activity, might be useful in state affairs; and, accordingly, when the treaty of marriage was pending between the king, Henry VII., and Margaret, the dowager of Savoy, they proposed him, the butcher boy of Ipswich, as a fit person to be sent to her father, the Emperor Maximilian, on that business. His majesty had not before particularly noticed Wolsey; but after conversing with him, he was so satisfied with his prompt and ready replies, his evident tact and clear-sightedness, that he commanded him to be in readiness for his embassy.

The Court was then at Richmond, from which Wolsey proceeded with his despatches to London, where he arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. He
had a boat waiting, and in about three hours was at Gravesend, being rapidly rowed down the river on an ebb tide. From Gravesend, with post horses, he got next morning to Dover, and was so lucky as to find a boat ready to start for Calais, which he reached early in the forenoon, having a stiff and fair breeze. He made immediately to the court of the Emperor, who instantly admitted him; and the business being agreeable and the ambassador prompt, the negotiation was quickly settled. Wolsey lost not a moment in returning, and reached Calais at the opening of the gate; found the passengers going on board the boat that brought him from England; embarked, and about 10 o'clock landed at Dover. He reached Richmond the same evening, and after taking some repose, he met the king as he was going from his chamber to his morning service. His majesty, surprised at seeing him there, and supposing that he had not yet departed, rebuked him for neglecting the orders with which he was charged. "May it please your Majesty," said Wolsey, "I have been with the Emperor, and have executed my commission, to the satisfaction, I trust, of your Grace." He then knelt, and presented Maximilian's letters. The king was astonished at such expedition, and inquired if he had received no orders by a pursuivant who had been sent after him. Wolsey replied, "He had met the messenger as he was on his return, but having pre-conceived the purpose for which he was sent, he had presumed of his own accord to supply the defect in his credentials, for which he solicited his majesty's pardon."

Pleased with this foresight, and gratified with the result of the negociations, the king readily forgave his temerity, and commanded him to attend the council in the afternoon. Wolsey at the time appointed reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety, that he received the applause of all present; and when the deanery of Lincoln soon after became vacant, it was bestowed upon him by his majesty, who from the period of that embassy continued to treat him with particular favour.

Wolsey had not been Dean of Lincoln long, when Henry VII. died, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Henry VIII., then in the eighteenth year of his age. Wolsey was at this time in his thirty-eighth year, yet there was in him so much of cheerfulness and wit, and he was so entertaining a companion, and, at the same time, gave evidence of such profound wisdom, that his royal master enlisted him at once into the number of his friends. Riches and honours now flowed upon him. In the first year of Henry's reign he received a grant of lands and tenements in London, was admitted to the Privy Council, and appointed Almoner. Soon after the king gave him the rectory of Torrington, made him canon of Windsor, while Archbishop Bembridge appointed him to be a prebendary of York, where he was soon advanced to the deanship. The Pope, too, informed of his increasing ascendancy over the monarch, allowed him to hold benefices to the amount of two thousand marks annually, so that he was perhaps the greatest pluralist that ever lived; and in a short time afterwards he was appointed Prime Minister of England.

The conduct of Wolsey was, up to the present time, with the exception of his clerical rapacity, calculated to exalt the dignity of England, and to render her the arbiter of surrounding states; and when the Pope issued a bull against Henry, through the secret influence of the French, that authorized them to claim Tournay, Henry was dreadfully incensed, and his reply through Wolsey shook defiance in the face of the hierarch. "The bull," said he, "is an exorbitant grant, and the Pope may know that I will not obey it. It is a great dishonour to the laws of God and man, and I will resist the author of it to the teeth." For the right of Tournay, therefore, the French king had to pay six hundred thousand crowns; and it was also stipulated that Wolsey should have a pension of twelve thousand livres for the revenues of the bishopric, which he agreed to resign, although he had never been formally installed.
England was at this time in a most fearful state as regards religion, and especially with regard to the wickedness of the clergy, the monks, and the monasteries. Public opinion was roused, and could not be appeased, and it was reserved for Wolsey, as the boldest man of his time, to effect a reform. He therefore obtained a bull from the Pope, which conferred on him a right to visit all the monasteries of the realm, to reduce the number of monks, to correct their evil habits, and to give their endowments into the hands of cathedrals and colleges— a noble work, but it was the first step in Wolsey’s downfall. The priests rose against him; all those who fattened on their vices also rose, and then it was that Wolsey was taunted with being a butcher’s son, and his ignoble origin thrown in his face, while the vilest scandals were raised against him, but still the mass of the people were with him; and the measures pursued by him, under the sanction of the Pope, show the superiority and patriotism of the character of the cardinal to much advantage; and this was further enhanced when Wolsey applied to the Pope to permit the perusal by the people of England of Luther’s prohibited writings, for the purpose of refuting their errors, but which was greatly instrumental in promulgating the truth.

The progress of Wolsey continued to increase. He was created cardinal in the year 1515, being then in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was installed at Westminster Abbey, with circumstances of pomp equalled only by the coronation of a king. About the same time the great seal was given to him for life, with the dignity of Chancellor of the realm; henceforth, he may therefore be regarded as the Comptroller of England, and not only keeper of the king’s conscience, but governor of the royal will.

Henry, however, began now to be agitated by a passion not to be controlled, even by the advice of his favourite statesman; and when the cardinal, whom he had appointed to forward his divorce from Queen Catherine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn, instead of promoting the affair, did, under the advice of the Pope, all he could to retard it, the king became dissatisfied, and determined to make him feel the weight of his resentment. It happened unfortunately for the cardinal that both the queen and her rival were his enemies: the queen from her suspicion that she never had a cordial friend in him, and Anne from a knowledge that he had secretly endeavoured to prevent her match with the king; but a minute detail of these transactions and intrigues belongs to history, in which they occupy a large space, and that by no means very instructive.

I have said that the cardinal was now approaching the zenith of his power and magnificence. Besides his numerous public works, he had built himself a palace at Hampton Court, of such magnificence that it was hardly to be surpassed; and this, deeming it himself too gorgeous for a subject, he presented to the king, while Henry gave him in exchange the palace at Richmond, which was no mean gift; and the circumstances of the gift did more to set forth the pomp of the cardinal, than even the enjoyment of the palace he had erected at so much cost.

The manner of the cardinal’s journey and progress in France strikingly displays his magnificence, and the splendour of the age. When his equipages were landed at Calais, and while the French court were coming to meet him, he ordered all his household into his presence, and addressed them to the following effect: “You know,” said he, “that the king, for certain important affairs, has appointed me on this occasion to be his lieutenant: as such I shall expect from you reverence accordingly, and I will take care, on my own part, to preserve the dignity with which I have been invested. But it is necessary that I should caution you with respect to the character of the persons whom you are to meet. The nature of Frenchmen will make them treat you at the first
interview as familiarly as if they were your own acquaintances, and they will speak to you in their French language as though you understood every word. Use them in the same way, and familiarly talk to them in English, while they speak to you in French, so that if you do not understand them, they shall not understand you." And he added, turning facetiously to one of his gentlemen, who was a Welshman, "Speak to them in Welsh, and I doubt not but your language will be more puzzling to them than theirs to you. But I pray you all to be orderly, gentle, and polite, that after our departure it may be said that you knew the duties of your station, and the reverence belonging to your lord; for the commendations that you may attain by the propriety of your behaviour will reflect the greater honour on your Prince and country."

From Calais Wolsey proceeded towards Amiens. Francis having, as a mark of his esteem, empowered him to pardon all criminals, except those guilty of high treason, murder, or sacrilege, passed on, distributing his mercy on every side. When he had arrived at a short distance from the city, word was brought that Francis and the court were advancing to meet him. He immediately alighted, and entering a small chapel which stood on the road side, he arrayed himself more sumptuously than usual, and his mule was at the same time caparisoned with gold and crimson velvet. By the time he was again mounted, the king with his guards had come very near, The cardinal advanced a little way, and then stopped. Francis, surprised, sent forward one of his attendants to inquire the cause. Wolsey said he expected to be met half-way. The messenger returned, and the king advancing, the cardinal also came forward, and both alighting at the same time, embraced in the mid-way, between their respective retinues.

Francis now placed Wolsey on his right hand; and each English gentleman and attendant, being furnished and marshalled by a Frenchman of equal rank, the procession, extending nearly two miles in length, proceeded to Amiens, and thence to the castle of Compiègne, and the business which had been preluded with so much grandeur now commenced: but in the early stage of it he was frequently irritated by the crooked policy and chicanery of the French ministers; and one day, when the French king was himself present, he lost all patience, and, starting from his seat, said to the French chancellor indignantly, "Sir, it becomes not you to trifle with the friendship between our sovereigns; and if your master follow your practices, he shall not fail shortly to feel what it is to war against England," and he immediately left the room, nor could be induced to return until he had been implored to do so by the queen mother.

This was the bold conduct of an Englishman, and the matter under discussion was speedily brought to a conclusion; and an important treaty it was, although the particulars of it need not be recapitulated. There is one part of it, however, which shows that Wolsey was a resolute enemy to anything like Papal usurpation; for it declared that any commandment, sentence, bull, letter, or brief, proceeding from the Pope, who was then under durance, should not be obeyed, if contrary to the interests of the two kings, or to the legatine authority of Cardinal Wolsey: and thus it was that the Pope, for the first time, was put on a level with the secular princes.

Wolsey had now attained the meridian of his fortune. In every transaction abroad his name was mentioned, and his influence felt; the learned and the artistic geniuses of all countries came trooping to his gates, and the kingdom resounded with the fame of his influence, and the noise of the buildings, which he was erecting to luxury and knowledge. His revenues, derived from the fines in the legatine courts, the archbishopric of York, the bishopric of Winchester, with several other bishoprics, and the abbey
of St. Albans, together with the pensions granted to him by Charles and Francis, the emoluments of the chancellorship, the revenues of the bishoprics of Badajos and Placentia in Spain, with rich occasional presents from all the allies of the king, and the wealth and domains of forty dissolved monasteries, formed an aggregate of income equal to the royal revenues. His mansions—and he had several—exhibited the finest productions of art, which such wealth could command in the highest period of art, in the age of Leo X. The walls of his chambers were hung with cloth of gold, and tapestry still more precious; the floors were covered with embroidered carpets, and sideboards of cypress were loaded with vessels of gold. The sons of the nobility, according to the fashion of the age, attended him as pages, and the daily service of the household corresponded with the opulence and ostentation of the master.

The entertainment which the cardinal gave at Hampton Court to the French Commissioners sent to ratify the league, exceeded in splendour every banquet which had before that time been celebrated in England. Two hundred and eighty beds, with furniture of the costliest silks and velvets, and as many ewers and basins of silver, were prepared for the guests. The halls were illuminated with innumerable sconces and branches of plate. Supper was announced by the sound of trumpets, and served with triumphal music. But the master was not yet come. He had been detained late in London; and the dessert, which consisted of figures, castles, and cathedrals in confectionery, with all the emblems of ecclesiastical pomp and the pageantry of chivalry, was on the table when he entered, booted and spurred. Having welcomed his guests in a golden cup filled with hippocrae, the French commissioners were served at the same time with another, and reciprocally drank to the health of their respective sovereigns. Wolsey then retired to dress, and returning speedily to the company, exerted those convivial talents which had first contributed to the attainment of this excessive grandeur. The Frenchmen doubted which most to admire—the mansion, the feast, or the master. Wolsey felt exultingly gratified, and the measure of his greatness could hold no more.

The grandeur of Wolsey, in a political point of view, equalled his domestic splendour. He was, perhaps, possessed of greater absolute power than any subject before his time had ever enjoyed. He was virtually the head of the Church in England, prime minister, chancellor, legislator of the two Universities, arbiter of disputes between the king and foreign princes—in short, he was "everythink everywhere"; and the only wonder is, that the success of his great career, his enormous power and wealth, did not turn his brain. Not so. His head did not turn dizzy from the height he had reached. He kept his eyes upon what he thought to be a higher summit still, and climbed onwards and upwards, till at last the ground gave way under him. He found kingly friendship but a quicksand, and it was his fate to exhibit one of the most striking instances in the history of mankind of the instability of earthly grandeur, the ingratitude of despotic power, and the folly of ambition.

(To be continued.)
THE SAXON'S OATH:
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ROBIN HOOD.

CHAPTER V.
FRIENDS IN NEED.

HE thane of Barnessdale warmly greeted his noble kinsman, Sir Michael, and welcomed him to his ancestral halls.

"Thou hast come most opportunely, fair cousin," he said, "for I much need your counsel and advice, seeing that I have not the power to force the Lord Fitzwarren to restore to me my gentle daughter Godiva. I was about to set forth in peaceable guise to appeal to Prince John, albeit I love not his proceedings or character. Fitzwarren is high in his favour, and if I could gain the Prince's ear, he might induce the Earl to restore to me my daughter. So revengeful is he, however, that I truly believe, did he not suppose that he had slain your son, he would have put his vile and cowardly threat into execution, and wreaked his vengeance on the head of the innocent maiden."

"Trust not to Prince John, he is a bending reed; his promise will only mislead you," observed Sir Michael. "There is one who will soon be in England, if he has not already arrived, to whom it will be far wiser to appeal, if such a proceeding becomes a noble Saxon thane. By St. George, I would rather compel the ruffian earl to give up his prey at the sword's point, than appeal to any king or prince in Christendom. If you apply even to king Richard, such are the arguments methinks he himself would use to induce the Earl to comply with his demands. What say our sons? What says Ulric? What says my boy Edmund?"

"We will appeal to arms," exclaimed both the young men in a breath, for they had their spurs to win, as they had been too young to go to the crusades, and there had been no fighting in England during the time it had lasted, with the exception of a few skirmishes among rival barons.

"But suppose this fierce Earl, when he hears that we are coming against him in arms to rescue the Lady Godiva, were to carry out his threat of destroying her precious life, of which I believe he is fully capable," exclaimed Edmund, in a voice which showed the agitation of his feelings—"what then, noble friends? what then?"

"Raze his castle to the ground, and let not one of his kith or kin remain alive," said a deep voice from the end of the hall, where Black Sigurd still stood leaning on his long staff, having refused to partake of the substantial fare with which the board was loaded. "Such were the way to treat all these ruffian Normans who infest our fair England."

The two palmeras, as he spoke, both lifted up their heads from their trenchers, and their eyes seemed to sparkle from beneath their cowls.
“Might we not first attempt to rescue my sister by stratagem, and then, 
when safe, wreak vengeance on the head of the robber earl?” said young 
Ulric.

“As well expect to rescue the lamb borne off in the talons of the eagle, as 
by soft words or stratagems to get back the maiden from the hands of Earl 
Fitzwarren,” cried the voice which had just before spoken from the end of the 
hall. “To arms! to arms! Fear, and fear alone, will induce him to give up 
the maiden; and fear will prevent him from injuring her: for he knows full 
well that a thousand Saxon swords to avenge it would fly from their scabbards 
should he commit such an outrage.”

“Ay, methinks there would not be wanting swords among the chivalric 
Normans also to make common cause with the Saxons, such being the 
motive,” said one of the palmers, who stood up as he spoke, drawing his robe 
close around him.

“To arms! to arms!” echoed from all parts of the hall.

“To arms!” repeated the old thane; “yet I tremble for my beloved 
daughter’s safety.”

“To arms then we will appeal,” said both the young men. “When shall we 
set forth on our enterprise?”

“That point requires mature consideration,” said Sir Michael. “Our success 
will depend on the way in which our enterprise is undertaken. We must 
summon our friends to our assistance. I can depend on the aid of full two 
hundred bold men, who are not far off at present.”

“What are they, Sir Michael?” asked one of the palmers, suddenly lifting 
up his head. “Hast thou any of thy retainers near at hand?”

“Wishing to pay all courtesy to my kinsman’s guest, I must decline to 
answer that question when put by a stranger,” said the knight. “But perchance 
if I knew the name of the humble palmer who addresses me, I might be 
more willing to reply.”

“I asked not the question for idle curiosity, nor from any treacherous pur-
pose, Sir Knight,” answered the palmer, in a somewhat haughty tone, very 
unlike that which would be used by a humble palmer. “But as my com-
ppanion and I came through the forest, we saw at a distance a large body 
of horsemen, full two hundred men or more, but the distance of the inter-
vening trees and the approaching shades of evening prevented us from ascer-
taining their badges and banners, or other insignia, which would have informed 
us in whose service they fight. We were on the watch very naturally for any 
of Robin Hood’s, the bold outlaw’s men—to avoid them of course; not that 
they would have interfered with humble palmers like us, but these horsemen 
were none of his company.”

“In what part of the forest didst thou meet with these horsemen, Sir Palmer, 
and in what direction were they going?” asked Black Sigurd, in the hoarse 
tone in which he always spoke.

The palmer turned his head towards the strange-looking being who addressed 
him, and seemed rather disinclined to reply; but a touch on the arm from his 
companion made him change his mind, and he replied—

“About three miles from the borders, or five miles or so from hence. We 
had just before seen in the distance the ruins of an abbey—one of 
those destroyed in days of yore by the Danes. We judged by their 
movements that the troop were about to encamp in the neighbourhood, 
for their scouts were seemingly in search of some spot for that purpose; in 
truth, had they continued their way, they would have been benighted ere 
they could have got one quarter of the distance through the forest, in its 
narrowest part.”

“They are the scurril Fitzwarren’s knaves, and intent on no good object!” 
exclaimed Black Sigurd; and, without another word, he strode from the hall.
No one attempted to interfere with him; indeed, the service he had just rendered young Edmund, as also the assistance he had given to Sir Michael, made all present feel sure that, whoever he was, they might trust to his integrity and good intentions.

"This information is of the greatest importance," observed Sir Michael. "If these men are really Fitzwarren's followers, it is probable that he purposes a sudden attack on this castle. We must therefore be prepared for a surprise; or what say you, friends, might we not rather come suddenly on the knaves while they are encamped, and put them to the rout? They have given us ample cause for attacking them, by carrying off the Lady Godiva, even though they should not purpose coming hither, as we suspect."

This proposal was thoroughly in accordance with the temper of all present, as well as with the usual mode of proceeding in those days, when it may truly be said that every man's hand was against his neighbour. The only doubt was whether the men were Earl Fitzwarren's, or the retainers of any other baron. It was important to avoid making a mistake on this point.

Sir Michael, having delivered his opinion, rose from his seat, and strode up to where the palmer was sitting still, with their trenchers before them, though they had of late been pretending to eat, rather than eating. He was puzzled evidently by the remarks which had been made by the slighter of the two, and their actions, which had not escaped his keen, observant eye. He touched the Palmer who had hitherto spoken on the shoulder, and drew him aside, as he rose from his seat.

They were soon joined by the other palmer, and scarcely had they exchanged a few words when Sir Michael's hand was grasped in his, and then an earnest conversation ensued between the three, regardless of those present.

"They are all known to my kinsman, and true men," said Sir Michael, in answer to an observation of one of the palmer.

His countenance wore a more pleased and satisfied expression than heretofore, while his manner to the stouter palmer, while friendly, was deferential. This conversation was evidently of deep interest to the three persons engaged in it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAXON MAIDEN.

N an upper chamber of the donjon of the Norman castle of Beau-regard, belonging to Earl Fitzwarren, sat a young and beautiful girl. Her light auburn hair, blue eyes, and delicately fair complexion, together with the simple though well-fitting and not inelegant dress she wore, showed that she was a Saxon maiden. Her countenance wore an expression of the deepest sorrow, as she sat leaning her head on her elbow, which rested on the arm of a richly-carved oak chair, near the only window in the room, through which the light came streaming on her fair brow and golden hair, adding brilliancy to her beauty.

The window was high and narrow, in a deep recess, thus formed to allow an archer to shoot his shaft, while he himself was protected from those let fly by the assailants of the castle. She was gazing through this window over a wide extent of country, of hill and dale, but only partially cultivated, in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle, while in the far distance could be seen, stretching across the horizon, the confines of the forest of Sherwood. She sighed deeply.

"Oh that I had wings to fly away from the power of this fierce, cruel baron.
to lay me down in my father's arms, and die!” she said to herself, in a half whisper, unconscious that she was speaking aloud. “He tells me that he has slain my Edmund, and that, if I will not consent to become his, he will kill all my kindred, and lay my father's castle in ashes. He has the power, and from his ferocious aspect, and the way he spoke to me, I fear that he has the will to commit any amount of cruelty and injustice.

“Do not thus give way to grief and despair, sweet lady,” said a voice near her.

She looked up, and saw standing, in a respectful attitude by her side, a youth of fifteen years or so, habited in the dress usually worn by the pages of the Norman barons of those days. Though he spoke in the Norman tongue, his features and general appearance were those of a Saxon; indeed, he bore a striking resemblance to the Lady Godiva, who had now been for some weeks a captive in the castle of Beaurregard.

“You said, lady, you wish that you had wings to fly away from hence,” continued the page. “So do I, and gladly would I fly with you; but as that cannot be, I live on in hope that I may be able to free myself from my tyrant.”

“Ah, boy, but I see no means by which I can be rescued!” said Godiva. “Should my friends make the attempt to do so by force, he threatens—I dare not tell you how he will treat me, and that they will find my dead form alone, for their pains.”

“He may threaten more than he dare execute!” exclaimed the boy. “Did I say dare?—then he will have the power, boast as he may. He fancies that I know not who I am—that I am ignorant of my birth and parentage, and of the mode in which he attempted to extirpate my family, that he might gain possession of the broad lands and noble castle they possessed. Often have I felt inclined to avenge our wrongs by slaying him as he slept; but the act were unworthy a Saxon noble, though one, methinks, these Norman ruffians would have had slight scruple in performing. So I let him live on; but, lady, I swear, rather than that baron should injure you, I will strike my dagger to his heart, even though I should be torn to pieces directly afterwards by his infuriated retainers.”

“Oh, do not even contemplate so dreadful a deed, for my sake!” said the young lady. “I pray to Heaven—and Heaven will hear my prayer—that some way may be found by which I may be rescued, though I know not how it may be. But tell me, Nigel, what you know of your history. You have several times been on the point of speaking on the subject, and you have been interrupted; but now, as the cruel earl and his retainers are absent, we may hope that no one will intrude on us.”

The page, still standing in an attitude of respect, answered—

“Most gladly, sweet lady, will I tell you all I know of myself, for from the time you were brought a prisoner to the castle my heart has yearned towards you as towards one of a kindred race. Still, what I know for certain is but little, and will not take long in telling. My fancy has conjured up many more things, but whether true or not I cannot now say.

“I remember living in a lordly castle, not one so large, may be, as this; but there were knights, and men-at-arms, and retainers, and people went and came, and much state was kept up; and I remember my mother, a sweet and noble dame, fair as you are, lady, and much respect was paid her; and by this, I know that I am the son of the lord of the castle. And I remember my father, a tall and gallant knight, clad in richly-ornamented armour. And I had brothers and sisters, too, for I remember certainly other children with whom I played, and we were all cheerful and merry, and there was little chiding, and no quarrelling, among us.

“But matters changed. My mother looked sad and anxious, and my father
I never saw, except in armour, for a few moments in the day. Workmen were employed in the castle strengthening the walls, and retainers came in, and there was much mustering of men and cleaning of arms. Then all was quiet, and I saw my father moving about from room to room throughout the castle, and men were stationed in all parts. I had never before seen so many men collected. Suddenly the blast of a horn was heard in the distance, and a horseman with a white flag rode up; but he soon rode away again after my father had spoken to him from the castle walls.

"My mother and the women, and I and my brothers and sisters, were all hurried together into the donjon keep; and there was much crying, and trembling, and wringing of hands, while outside a terrific noise was raging—shouts and shrieks, and bolts from crossbows striking against the walls, and thundering sounds, as if the walls were being battered down—crashing of masonry—falling of beams. Such, indeed, was the case. Overwhelming numbers had assailed the castle; one defence after another was taken, and now our foes were advancing to the attack of the donjon itself.

"Then—I remember it too well—smoke was seen to ascend around us, rushing up on every side of the tower, and the women's shrieks and cries for help were redoubled. Our own men had filled the lower part of the building, to which they had retreated, hoping to hold out till night, I conclude, when they might have cut their way through their enemies, or resolved to sell their lives dearly. But, whatever their intentions, they were defeated, for bolts with burning brands attached had been shot into the tower, or by some other means it had been set on fire, and flames were bursting out immediately above our heads.

"The old seneschal now rushed into the room, and urged us to fly, taking charge of my mother, to help her to do so. Each woman seized a child, and the whole party rushed down the narrow, winding stairs towards the small gateway at the bottom. I must have been among the first. I know that the smoke curled thickly around us, and flames were darting out on every side. Suddenly there was a loud, crashing sound, followed by fearful shrieks, and shouts and execrations from those without.

"The upper story of the tower had fallen in, crushing all beneath it amid the burning ruins. In that fell moment perished my mother and all my brothers and sisters, and numerous kinsmen. I found myself in the open air, not with the woman who had charge of me, but in the grasp of a Norman soldier. Fallen on the ground, I saw, not far off, my noble father. Close to him was standing one whom I have long since known as the Earl Fitzwarren.

"'I swore to revenge myself on yon Saxon thane, and I have done so,' exclaimed the earl, casting a look of deep hatred on his fallen adversary; 'but the cup of my vengeance is not yet full. Your wife, your children, and retainers, lie dead or dying, though the woman and children died not by my hands; not one remains, except this boy.' And, taking me from his retainer, he held me up before my father's sight. 'This child is the last scion of your race. This instant he too dies, unless you swear on the cross and book, by the graves of your ancestors, by all you hold sacred, without reservation, never more, while this boy lives, to handle sword, or spear, or battle-axe, or to lift a weapon against a Norman. I know your love of arms; I know your bold spirit and your hatred of my race; and therefore have I chosen this method of wreaking a more bitter vengeance than death could inflict on your head. I treat you with Norman refinement, thane! You would have killed your foe outright; I let him enjoy a living death. Choose, I say, Saxon, Shall your only child live or die?'

"And he held his blade, yet dripping with the blood of our kindred and friends, above my head.
"I will swear," groaned out my father at length, his paternal feelings overcoming every other consideration.

"It is well. Send hither Father Ambrose, with his book and crucifix, and the other emblems of his trade, and all here shall witness the proud Saxon thane take his oath," cried the earl, in a scornful, vaunting tone. Then, he added, looking at my father—and he said it not from respect, but to bind him more firmly with the galling chain he had resolved to throw round him—'One thing I will acknowledge, that I can place confidence in a Saxon's oath, and see to it, Sir thane, that my opinion is not altered through you.'

"Every word he uttered must have been gall and wormwood to my noble father's heart. Had his own life alone depended on it, no power would have induced him, I am certain, to take the oath, but for the sake of saving my life, believing that I should then be restored to him, and that he might retire with me to some Saxon monastery, or other place, far from the hateful Normans, and there bring me up to avenge our cause and that of our race. His frank, open mind could, however, little comprehend the refined cruelty practised by our Norman conquerors. Father Ambrose himself was soon brought, pale and trembling, into the presence of the earl, for he was himself a Saxon, taken some years before by the Norman lord, and retained to shrieve his followers on the field of battle and doctor their wounds, with scant recompense for his labours.

"The crucifix was set up. The Norman barons, and knights, and retainers of the earl drew around to witness the degradation of the Saxon thane, as they considered it. The earl stood with his drawn sword in his hand to quicken his movements, should my father have shown any hesitation. With a voice, husky through agitation, kneeling before the crucifix, with his lips to the book, he took the required oath, and then stretched out his arms, expecting to receive me; but the cruel earl, with a scornful laugh, handed me to a retainer, saying, 'I gave thee no promise to deliver back thy child. He will remain in my safe keeping as a hostage for thy behaviour. He will be brought up among my swineherds—a fit training for one of thy base race. Go, foolish man, go—thou art at liberty.'

"Once more, by the terrible feelings raging in his bosom, my unhappy father sunk back fainting on the ground. The earl's cruel temper was not yet satisfied. Turning to his retainers, he added, 'He wants not now that knightly armour, and that dagger by his side; strip them off him, and let him go forth into the world to herd with the wretched serfs, among whom he must now take rank, instead of lifting up his head so proudly, as was his wont, among the Norman nobles who were born to be his masters.'

"The order was executed immediately. A serf's cap was put on the thane's head, a coarse cloak over his shoulders, instead of his steel armour, and an ashen stick left by his side, while Father Ambrose was ordered to apply such remedies as might restore him to consciousness. The earl's people then moved away, carrying me with them, and the good father went to the camp to get such remedies as he required. When he returned the thane had disappeared, and no trace of him has yet been discovered. Father Ambrose was of opinion that the shock he received was sufficient to overturn his mind, and that, on recovering, he had wandered off into the forest, there to perish miserably of starvation. Oh, lady, it grieves my heart to tell you the tale, when I recollect that such was the fate of my noble father and of all my kindred.'

"A sad tale, in truth," remarked the Lady Godiva, the tears standing in her eyes. "It makes me almost forget my own grief to hear of it; but it is no strange tale to my ears, as I will tell you presently. But how came you to know all these particulars, and why have you not once mentioned the name of the thane your father?"
"Because I know it not, lady," answered the page. "The particulars of the account were given me by the good Father Ambrose, when I questioned him, and convinced him how most of the events of that fatal day had been impressed on my memory; but, as the earl had bound him by an oath not to reveal to me the name of my father or of his castle, he was compelled to keep that information from me. I was brought to this castle, and was about to be consigned to a swineherd to be brought up as a peasant boy, when the Lady Gertrude saw me, and being herself childless, and struck with my appearance, exclaimed, that it would be a cruelty thus to treat me, and insisted on my being given up to her.

"The seneschal of the castle, who had charge of seeing that the earl's orders were executed, dared not disobey his master, nor did he wish to displease her. I was, therefore, consigned to the keeping of a swineherd, Gulph by name, and, as soon as the earl had taken his departure on another expedition, which he shortly did, I was brought back and presented to the Lady Gertrude. The swineherd received a bribe, and was instructed to say, should the earl inquire for me, that I had been carried off by a wolf; and, as a proof, he was to exhibit my bloody and torn garments to the earl. This story was told the earl, and it is supposed that he believed it, for he has never appeared to have any suspicion as to who I really am.

"The countess was delighted to have me, and brought me up with the tenderest care. Whenever the earl came to the castle, she, fearing that I might be sent away again, kept me concealed, and it was not till some years had passed by, and I could not have been recognized, that she allowed me to appear before him as her page, saying, that she had selected me from among some of the children of his retainers for my appearance—she was pleased to say, for my good looks. I was now more constantly than ever with the countess, attending her whenever she went out to enjoy the pleasant sport of hawking, or to be present at a tournament, and, indeed, on every occasion when she went abroad. In the house, thanks to the instruction I had received from good Father Ambrose, I was able to read to her certain romances and poems and the lives of saints, which pleased her right well. She in return insisted that I should be instructed in all the knowledge which it befits one of lordly birth to possess, and thus I can ride, and wield a sword and lance, and run a joust, with any youth of my own age, or indeed, without boasting, with many who are almost men.

"Thus, lady, have the designs of the cruel earl been defeated, without any effort of mine, by those of his own household, and others. Father Ambrose has told me the plots of the wicked are often overthrown by the power of Heaven."

"Yes, yes, I am right sure they are, and I trust that in my case also they may be so," exclaimed Godiva, who had shown by her looks the deep interest she had taken in the narrative of the Saxon youth. "But I was not aware that Earl Fitzwarren had a wife. Is there indeed a lady, gentle as you describe the countess to be, in this castle? To her I will appeal, and she may move her lord's cruel heart."

"Alas! she died more than a year ago," answered the page, in a tone of deep grief. "She was to me truly a second mother, and for her sake, never while she lived would I have lifted sword against a Norman. But now I am free, and Father Ambrose tells me I am right to do what I list."

"Then on your courage and faithfulness, brave young Saxon, I must depend," said the Lady Godiva. "I have, indeed, I believe, a claim on your aid besides that which our common origin would give me. Your tale is not altogether strange to me, and, if I mistake not, you are my near kinsman, the son of my mother's brother, the Saxon Earl of Ellendune, though deprived of his title by the Normans. The sad fate you describe happening to your father was his, and the leader of the robber band who assailed and destroyed his
castle was this Earl Fitzwarren. Though I was but a child, I remember full well the grief and indignation which the news caused in my father’s castle, and bow deeply all who heard it swore to be avenged on the savage Normans for their cruelty. This it was which caused such implacable hatred to spring up in the bosom of my cousin Edmund—I must try to speak of him with composure—for this Norman earl has kept alive the feud between all the members of my family and his. It was generally believed that your father had been slain, and though reports reached us that he was still alive, they were not believed. Even now I can remember the lineaments of my young cousins (some were playmates, several were younger, and one or two older), and the grief we felt when we heard that all had been butchered. One, who bore the name of Nigel, a fair-haired child, had on his left hand a mark—an almost perfect cross, the blessed sign of our redemption. He would now, methinks, be of your age——”

As Godiva was speaking, the page put forth his hand, which had been concealed by his long sleeve, and exhibited the very mark of which she spoke.

“I had little doubt before—I have none now—that you are my dear kinsman,” exclaimed the maiden, taking both his hands, and bending forward to receive the kiss which it was his duty to bestow. “This is indeed a happy meeting, and if I could discredit the account of my cousin’s Edmund’s death, my courage would rise, and, with your aid, I should not fear of being able to escape from this cruel earl.”

“I am ready to lose my life in your service, sweet cousin,” exclaimed the page—or Nigel, as we will call him—with all the enthusiasm of youth. “But, hark! some one approaches!”

As he spoke, a heavy step was heard ascending the circular stair which led to the apartment.

“Fly!—hide yourself!—it might be ruin to you to be found here,” cried the young lady. “I fear much that it is the earl himself!”

 CHAPTER VII.

FRIAR TUCK.

El will return once more to the green glades and leafy shelters of Sherwood Forest. Underneath some of its tallest trees, and within the shelter of its densest thickets, were a group who, by their dress of Lincoln green, their long bows, and other arms and accoutrements, were evidently foresters; and it was also clear, by their somewhat unkempt locks, rough, sunburnt visages, free and easy manners, and style of conversation, that they belonged to the free bands who lorded it in those domains under the leadership of Robin Hood.

In the centre was a figure to whom the rest were listening with evident attention and delight, giving signs occasionally of their appreciation of what they heard by shouts of laughter and clapping of hands, shaking of bows, or thumping of quarter-staffs on the greensward. The shaven crown of his huge bullet-head showed that he was a priest, though there was little else priestly about his appearance. His robe of stout cloth was unusually short, so as not to impede his movements when walking, and was fastened round his well venison-filled paunch by a leathern belt, to which was secured a huge hunting-knife, a leathern bottle of large proportions, various articles belonging to the foresters’ craft, a double-handed sword, and some things which might have been required for the services of the church; while a long bow at his back, and a quiver full of arrows, showed that, whatever the calling of his
companions, he was prepared to take an active part in the chase, or in the more serious business of fighting with his fellow-men. His sturdy legs, too, instead of being bound with the thongs of sandals, were encased in a pair of thick, buskins, to guard them from the thorns and briars amid which he was wont to tread his way.

We have said that there were a good many rough, sturdy, veteran-looking foresters among the party, but there were also a considerable number of younger men, whose dress and countenances did not show the same signs of hard work as the rest.

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed the jovial-looking friar, laughing at one of his own good stories. "I tell thee, lads, there never has been, and never will be, such a pretty man as our right honest leader, Robin Hood. I wish that he was just King of England for a few years, or months even, and he'd set everything to rights in no time—send the Normans to the right-about, and the priests and the friars after them—saving and except my right worshipful self—and me he would make Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Abbot of the whole kingdom. They would be fine times! And you—why, he'd make earls, and barons, and knights, and our well-loved Little John his chancellor or chief minister, an' if he would but learn to read and write—arts of which he is at present, I opine, profoundly ignorant. But, in the meantime, the world must wag on, and we must make the best of it. Now, my merry men all, just see our position. We pay no taxes, but we levy them; we have the best the land can produce for the taking; we protect the poor, and maidens in distress, and punish evil-doers whenever we can catch them. Where are men so free, where are men so rich, where are men so merry as we to be found in the whole realm of England? Nowhere! And I tell you, my men, it is only those whose honesty and valour and hardihood and discretion we can confide in, that we will admit into our free band of foresters."

Thus the friar ran on in a manner worthy of the most accomplished recruiting serjeant of modern days. The younger part of his audience, who had been retainers of a Saxon noble, whose property had lately been confiscated by Prince John that he might bestow it on some Norman sycophant, listening with gaping mouths, one and all made up their minds to join the standard of Robin Hood, and to take the oath of allegiance whenever it was offered them. But the friar had not done; a jovial story or two more, he knew, would have a good effect.

"Did you ever hear tell, gallants, of the trick our right noble, jovial Robin played to the two priests of St. Hilda's, who had been at Nottingham one day shrinking wives, widows, and maids—thirty score and more? He knew full well that their pouches would be well lined with gold, and that as they had taken it by roguery, lying, and deceit, it was surely his by right—and yet that it might be a hard matter to get it from them. Whereupon he disguised himself as a friar, with hood, gown, beads, and crucifix—in whose dress I need not say—and a right rogueish friar he looked. No one could have known him from a real one; and he took his post near the roadside where they would pass. He had not long to wait, when two sturdy priests came riding by on strong mules, all clad in black. And as they saw him, a stranger friar, they ceased their laughter, and began to talk on matters pertaining to their vocation.

"Our noble Robin knew well what that meant, and walking humbly up to them, 'Benedicite,' quoth he, 'take pity on a poor mendicant friar, for our dear Lady's sake, and cross my palm with a silver groat, for in truth I have been wandering all day, and could get neither a bit of bread to eat, nor a cup of ale to drink; and I wager, by the appearance of your reverences, that you have had venison, and ale, and wine to boot in abundance.'

"'Now, by our Lady and all the saints, we hav'n't so much as a silver groat between the two of us,' answered the priests in a breath, 'for, alack! we were robbed this morning, and not a silver piece could we save.'"
"There, reverend sirs, have I caught you trifling in the truth, for no one is robbed in this forest without my knowing of it. Now then, that I am the confessor of all the foresters that range these woods; and, therefore, worthy priests, down from your steeds, and let me finger the contents of your pouches."

"Whether or not the priests suspected who the holy friar who addressed them could be, I cannot say, but, pricking on their steeds, off they galloped as fast as they could go. But Robin was quickly after them, and getting in front, seized both their bridle, and made them jump off more nimbly than was their wont. They cried out for mercy.

"'Yes,' quoth Robin, 'mercy you shall have from me, and as we are all three poor men, we will kneel down here on the roadside and set to work and pray that our pockets may be filled; and he who gets the money shall share it between all three.'

"The lusty priests dare not refuse him, for there was something in his air which told them they had better not, and so down they knelt, and beat their breasts, and wrung their hands, and prayed and cried alternately, while Robin laughed heartily at their confusion and terror.

"After they had been thus at work for an hour, 'Now let us see what store of money kind Heaven has sent us,' cried Robin; 'and that neither shall deceive the other, we will each examine the other.'

"The priests began to fumble away in each other's pockets.

"'Now comes my turn,' said Robin, and forthwith out of the two priests' pockets he drew forth five hundred pieces of silver.

"'This is indeed a goodly show,' quoth Robin, 'and because you prayed so heartily—whether Heaven sent it you or you filched it out of the purses of the maids and widows you have confessed, I know not—you shall each have your share, while the rest into my pocket goes.'

"The priests were rising from their knees, when Robin stopped them.

"'Before you go, I must have three vows from you, sworn on this cross. Now open your lips and swear never again to tell lies wherever you go; never to deceive maid, widow, or wife, or to kiss a pretty girl on any account whatever; and the third is to give to the poor and needy the wealth you squander on your own fat carcasses.'

"The priests, with sorry countenance, took the oaths, and, mounting their steeds, rode with full speed away, followed by Robin's hearty peals of laughter."

Friar Tuck (for he was the speaker) had scarcely ceased his story when a forester, who had been acting as a scout, came running up at full speed to announce the satisfactory intelligence that a small party of Nottingham men were escorting a large train of animals, carrying stores and provisions, including numerous casks of wine, to the monastery of St. Hilda, whose abbot was known to be fond of good cheer.

"No time to be lost then, my merry men, in changing the direction in which the said provisions are travelling, so that instead of going down the throats of the gluttonous monks, they may go down ours," exclaimed the friar, fastening his belt tightly round him. "I only wish that our noble chief were here to join us in so righteous an enterprise. What business has the fat abbot of St. Hilda and his bloated monks to be guzzling ale and wine while honest Saxon peasants are starving of cold and hunger throughout the land? But Will Stutely will lead you, and if any advice is wanted, I shall be at hand to give it, as well as any extra blows if the guard should not run away quick enough."

The address, and the enterprise, and the promised result was exactly to the taste of all the band, who immediately set forth, headed by Will Stutely, one of Robin Hood's favourite lieutenants, in the direction the convoy was expected to pass.
THE WATER FROLIC PIG HUNT;
OR, YOU ARE SURE TO SUCCEED IF YOU SET YOUR HEART ON IT.

BY PETER PARLEY.

"Launch, launch your barks, ye gallant crews,
Do honour to the festive day;
Be lithe of limb and strong of heart,
Success will smile upon your way."

The king's or the queen's birthday was always a very great day at our seaport, the town of Shipley. We were a loyal, amphibious race—half man, half fish—and no wonder. We had a broad sea estuary in the front of us, a salt lake at the back of us, and an open sea in view pretty nearly all round us. That is, the sea came up sparkling almost every day to wash the feet of our wharves and granaries, and the piles of our little jetty. Sometimes it came rollicking, sometimes blustering, and sometimes simpering; sometimes it came like some madcap school-boy, to play with the little boats, and make them whobble about; at other times like a boisterous boatswain, with his shrill whistle and voice of thunder, piping all hands: and when winds were lulled and storms were down, it would glide softly and gently up with the sunbeams or moonbeams sleeping on its bosom, like a harbinger of peace. But in whatever manner the tide ebbed or flowed, it was always beautiful, and we loved it; and what was more, we made use of it—we bathed and we swam in it, we boated on it.

On the 24th of May, 1865, we determined to honour it especially. We made the Queen's birthday the day of our regatta. We had a pretty muster of yachts belonging to our own port, and we had been—that is, we "yachting gentlemen" had been—for some weeks scraping, greasing, and getting them in order. The Slangden people, who lived a few miles down the coast, had done the same. They, like us, were determined to cut through the water, but we were confident of beating; for one old fellow, who had been engine driver on the Great Eastern, and who was in retired circumstances, owing to one of his legs having been torn off and one of his arms blown off by an "accident," suggested the idea of greasing our yachts with some of that beautiful yellow-looking compound that we see in little square boxes by the side of the trains, and which an individual—generally a very sharp-looking boy—takes out with a sput, and dabs over the axles of the carriage wheels, and sometimes uses to grease his hair.

Well, the owners of the Syren, and the Scandal, and the Petrel (the fastest boat on the river) the Osprey, and the Sylph, and the Butterfly, and the Old Omnibus, as one of our yachts was called, from its non-sailing principles and gigantic cabin, and the "Parish Accommodation," a sailor-cheating monster, all vied with each other in the use of this anti-attrition mixture, with which
the yachts were anointed, as if they had every one of them been kings by lineal descent—they shone in the sun through their grease, and the smell thereof reached even to the going down of the wind.

But this was not all. There was a kind of episode or addendum to this projected sailing match; for, besides sailing the boats, there was to be a rowing match—not between sharp-nosed gossamer wherries, as we see them at Richmond or Putney, shooting like so many darning-needles over the water, with pins'-heads in the shape of men as so many points of acceleration, but between a different kind of craft altogether, that is, “ships’ boats,” the boats of billyboys, trading sloops, coal brigs, and the like; huge, lumbering, tench-nosed, ugly-looking, thick-ribbed aquatics, black and big and burly, with high gunwales, heavy thwarts, and broad sterns, made for anything but racing or speed. But a fleet of these were to compete with each other, and to row a race, by the aid of the big boys of the port.

Still further to add to the festivities of the day, there was to be also what is called a “duck hunt”; that is to say, a little walnut-shell boat, not much bigger than a good-sized butchers’ tray, was to be hunted—much after the manner that a duck is sometimes hunted in a pond by cruel urchins bent upon wicked sport—by these big, burly, tench-nosed sloop and coal brig boats. Thus it was that the boat race and duck hunt came on as a sort of farce, or afterpiece, to the more classical comedy of the yachting match; and everybody, not merely in the town itself, but in the surrounding district, was for several days on the tiptoe of excitement, bordering upon ecstasy, regarding the coming day; and the excitement was still further increased by a little finale to this grand drama, which was to come on as a sort of pantomime for a concluding piece, and which was to make everybody laugh, and please the boys.

Nobody can see the struggle of yachts for a cup with the same eyes that regular yachters do. And of the great number of persons who go to a regatta, perhaps not one in fifty cares a halfpenny about the sailing speed or management of the competing boats, much less for the scientific skill supposed to be at the bottom of every yacht’s movements. The majority of people go to see a sight, to see each other, to be jolly, to smoke, to talk, and to show off; and those who do not care for any of these things, go to see the fun. And so it was that the greater part of the people who went to see the yachting and other aquatic sports, went to see the “gorgeous spectacle” I have now to describe.

Imprimis. There was in the old sea port a very comical old fellow, one Captain “Snagget.” He was, or had been, the reputed master of various sloops, brigs, or billyboys, in days long gone by, and somehow or other he had retired on his own full pay list, with a snug little fortune; but as to how it came nobody could divine, although many could surmise and hint about “run spirits,” and “run tobacco,” and “run lace,” and tell quiet stories about smugglers’ caves, hollows of old trees, nests in the woods, and the like. But all this is of no consequence; it is enough to know that Captain Snagget was a fellow, old as he was, who was especially fond of a joke, and who liked a little bit of fun, and didn’t care if it ended in mischief, so that it created a laugh, and made people well pleased; and therefore he, in the spirit of a kind of ridiculous benevolence, thought it would be by no means inappropriate, and would add much to the glory of the day’s proceedings, to introduce, like a pantomime to the farce and comedy of the other aquatics, the sport of an aquatic pig hunt—a pig hunt on the water. Pigs, they say, cannot swim without committing suicide. The old Captain thought otherwise; for when he was out on the Tapioca Islands, pigs used to swim from the shore to the ship every morning, to get their breakfasts of ship’s offal. He knew they could swim, and swim well too; so he pressed into the
fun, pig-sport contra boat-sport. He had offered a pig to the best swimmer—that is, to that swimmer who could catch and bring to shore in a fair sailor-like manner a six stone porker, which he had especially set his eyes upon for the occasion.

Among those who were so delighted with the contemplated pig aquatics, was a stupid-looking, lollop-yout of a boy, about sixteen years old, who was supposed not to have been very bright. He had been to several schools, but none of the schoolmasters could make much of him, for he would never take anything for granted. He would take nothing in the abstract, but everything in the matter-of-fact. He would not believe that one and one were two, or that twice two were four, unless he saw it done. He, indeed, could see nothing in other people’s ways of looking at things; it was even reported of him—for he was very late even at learning his letters—that when he was told A was a, he disputed the point by calling upon his teacher to form A; and when he was reproached for not knowing his letters, Sam is reported to have said, “I know them all well enough, only I can’t recollect their names.”

In short, Samuel Salt was an original in his way. Some called him oaf, some lout; some, that is, the sailor portion of the community, a lobolly boy. But there was something in the lad, notwithstanding his peculiarities. He was the only son of a widowed mother, who, being of course very fond of him, and loth to part with him, suffered her feelings to get the better of her judgment; and instead of sending him to sea, as she ought to have done, when about nine or ten years of age, she kept him at home, and at school, where he made slow, but still a kind of sure, progress at figures, which he seemed to take to most. But he was never fond of school—the tyranny of his schoolmaster prevented that—and so, having emerged from its discipline without being put to anything, his case seemed to be rather desperate.

Now at the time of this great fête on the river, poor Sam, with his mother, was living, or rather starving, on the scant allowance of the Shipwrecked Mariners’ Society, for Sam’s father had been lost at sea many years before. Of course, the mother and her boy were poor enough, notwithstanding the former took in a little washing, and the latter turned the mangle. But there was the mother, and Sam’s two sisters, and his little brother Bob, only five years old, to keep, out of the very small pittance derived from the washing and mangling: so the poor woman was often “hard up.” But at this particular time they were more so than usual, owing to the sudden removal of the family from whom the poor woman got her washing, for their incomings were only from hand to mouth; and when it stopped suddenly, the cupboards were as suddenly bare.

Sam and his mother and his sisters, and little Bob, were sitting round the tea-table with very little to eat, Bob crying out for another piece of bread and scrape, and the elder sister telling him he had had enough, when the subject of the “yachting match” came up, for little Nancy was full of it, as were the other children. Indeed, Sam had cut out of a block of deal a boat, to compete with the Syren, and the girls had turned bits of red blue and yellow calico into flags, about four inches by five, to celebrate the occasion. But nothing delighted the children so much as the forthcoming pig hunt: that was, indeed, a striking characteristic of the fête, and what was very extraordinary, the identical pig which was to be hunted belonged to their next door but one neighbour; and while the children were talking of his antecedents and of his future prospects, piggy, then in weight about six stone, might be heard grunting vociferously, for it was just his feeding time.

“Ay,” said the poor mother, as she heard the pig squealing and grunting, “poor creature, it is his supper-time, and he feels hungry. It is a sad thing to endure hunger, my children. Be thankful you have sat down to a good supper; but the Lord only knows how we shall get on next week—the
washing is gone, and it is hard to pick up another family. My quarter's rent comes due next week, and I am sure Mr. Gripe won't wait for his money, and we shall have to sell all off; my very bed from under me will have to go;" and then the poor woman began to weep.

Sam sat on the threshold of the little door of the cottage, while the neighbour's pig was grunting and his mother was moaning, listening attentively to both; presently he jumped up, and going upstairs to a back room, he took a view of the settlements of his dwelling, from which he could catch sight of the prize pig. There it was, standing with its two fore paws on the paling of the sty, looking very hungry, and calling loudly for its supper.

After a few minutes spent in calm observation—and with, probably, much sound reflection going on in his mind—Sam leisurely descended the staircase, and found his mother still in the doldrums. "Ay," said she, "if our Doxy, as we used to call him, had not died last Easter of the cramp, as it was the will of fate he should, we might have had the rent all under his skin. I wish that pig would hold his noise," she continued, "as he puts me so in mind of my poor dear Doxy, and of the rent he could have paid for me."

"Mother," cried Sam, suddenly, "don't be down-hearted. Doxy was not the only pig in the world. Don't you hear the cry of the one backward?—the prize pig that is to be—and that pig is ours!"

"Ours!" said the old woman.

"Yes! it is ours. I can swim better than he can, and I'll have him on Monday, if it costs me my life."

Just as Sam had made this emphatic declaration, a gentle tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Sam, bold as a lion, for he was somewhat excited by the anticipation of his forthcoming prowess.

Sam thought it was the landlord, or perhaps his agent, come to take an observation, but he did not care, and said, "come in" boldly; but it was neither of these untoward personages, but one far better to look at, and far more gentle. It was Sally Lane, a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed child, looking as meek as an angel, and as rosy as anything you may please to imagine.

"Well, Sally," said Mrs. Salter, "what do you look so merry about?"

"I have got some good news to tell you: mother has sent me to let you know she's heard from Jim."

"What! Jim that was lost in the 'Hope' some years ago?"

"Yes, brother Jim," replied Sally. "The ship was lost, but Jim swam to the Algerine coast, was taken prisoner, made his escape, got into an American vessel, went round the Cape of Good Hope, and now is in the East Indies. He sent mother an order for some money on his wages, and mother wants to know if you can tell how she's to get it."

"Then I don't know," said Mrs. Salter. "How should I? I never had a son to go out into Inge, and send me money."

Sam looked up when he heard this; he also immediately hung his head down, and looked very silly; but turning himself a little towards Sally, he said, in an undertone, "But she may have, some day."

"Ah!" said Sally, with a sigh, "it will be a long time before you get a berth, Sam—more's the pity. Why don't you send Sam off somewhere abroad, Mrs. Salter? It would make a man of him."

"Would you like me to go away, Sally?" said Sam, with a very pitiful look.

"Of course I should," replied the maiden, "if it were for your good. What's the good of a young fellow lollipolling about on shore, doing nothing, or only sitting down on the step of a door to hear his mother moaning and groaning. I only wish I was a man. I'd see."

"What would you do, Sally?" said Sam.

"Do," said the spirited girl, "well, I don't know exactly what I should do;
but I'd try to make myself known or thought something of, or I'd dash out to make my way in the world somehow."

"I shall do something some day," said Sam, "depend upon it. But I know I am a lazy, idle, lubbery kind of a chap. But it is all through you, Sally."

"Me!" said Sally, "me!"

"Yes; you won't let me do nothing, not you. If it had not been for you, I should have gone to sea long ago, and perhaps been on the high road to fortune. I can't leave you, Sally," the boy said, with a very melancholy look.

"What is the foolish boy talking of?" cried the mother.

"I don't know," said Sally, all of a tremble.

"But I do," said the mother. "He's foolish."

A double tap at the door was now heard, as if from the thick end of a big stick.

The old woman opened the door. It was Gripe, the rent collector, with a threatening message from the landlord, that if the rent were not paid by Monday, he would wait no longer.

Sally took this opportunity of making her exit unobserved, except by Sam, whose eyes were upon her till she turned the corner of the street.

"You may go," said Sam, after the girl was fairly out of sight—"you may go," said he to Gripe, "and tell your master he shall have his money; I'll be answerable for it."

The old agent looked at the boy, and burst into a fit of laughter, ending it with the monosyllable "You!" and sneered contemptuously at the stripling.

Now the old collector was a very large man, tall and mighty, very much like a Goliath of Gath on a moderate scale; and he looked down upon Sam as that personage did upon David.

"Yes, me!" retorted Sam. "Yes, me. I've got a plan, I can tell you, and so you may go." At this identical moment Sam heard the grunting of the porker behind the house. She had got her supper, and was happy. "I've got a plan," said Sam again, "and that's it."

"What's it?" said the agent.

"Best known to myself; but you come here on Tuesday, with a receipt, and it will be all right."

"You are a pretty fellow to talk so," said the agent, "you lazy hulk, who do nothing but lope and lounge about all day as if you were dead and done for, walking about to save your funeral expenses. You had better 'shut up,' and not make a fool of yourself."

Sam felt very much inclined to take the agent by the shoulders and endeavour to pitch him over the threshold. But he wisely governed his temper, for he said to himself, "There is some truth in what he says." In fact, he stood reproved; but it stung him deeply, the more because he knew the reproof was deserved. So contenting himself with waving his arm to the door, he had the pleasure of soon seeing Gripe in the far distance.

It is easy to perceive the state of things at this cottage. This unhappy youth was love-sick. Love is a sad deadener to exertion at times, and makes young people very foolish indeed. They seem neither in the body nor out of the body, and are a prey to the most odd and ridicules feelings; but it won't do to let them get the better of you: if you do, you are very liable to become a shocking spooney and great noodle. Love was evidently the cause of Sam's lackadaisicality and inanition, but the time had come for him to be sluggish no longer, and he was determined to exert himself. He felt ready to dare the armed rhinoceros, the Hyrcanian tiger, or the Nemean lion, and to take the old bull of Belus by the horns. Surely he could take a pig by the tail: so he was determined to try for the pig.

The grand "water frolic" came on steadily, and approached nearer and
nearer with each rising sun. The yachts were making their trial trips, the
jollyboats were also made to flounder through the water, and the “duck”
tried his skill in skimming and dodging. There was a great deal of curious
speculation about the scientific applicability of the old engineer’s “grease” as
an anti-attrition element in boat-sailing, and people said that, as the old man
had a very bushy head and beard, that their state of perfection was owing to
this precious unction; but this neither went for or against the anointing of
the boats’ noses with it, and therefore left the question just as it stood at first,
and the thing remained to be proved by actual experiment.

Sam was not idle, but he said little; he was determined to go in for the pig.
After making a little inquiry, he found that the pig was to be suspended in a
box with a false bottom, from the end of a long spar or pole lashed across a
barge moored in the middle of the river. The spar or pole was dressed with
some of the yellow unctuous mixture already spoken of as a lubricator of
carriage axles, and the competitors for the prize were to walk upon this pole
on their naked feet, and reach the end of it if they could; let loose the pig by
unfastening the trapdoor, through which piggy would necessarily drop into
the water, then to dive after him and catch him.

To render the pig more difficult in the catching, he, too, was anointed with
the precious engine-ointment from stem to stern, his tail being made especially
slippery, for the express purpose of his not being caught. Sam told an expe-
rrienced old coal-ripper, a friend of his, that he intended to go in for the pig;
and the experienced old coal-ripper advised him to rub his feet and hands
well with ash grit. But Sam thought that would not be fair and honourable,
and would not hear of it, in honour of the law maxim, that a man should go
into court with “clean hands,” and feet also.

The day at last came. The sun rose up in glorious pomp, as if he deigned
to honour it. The tide came up also in a bumper, as if to pledge it, being
pleased with the fun. A laughing little madcap breeze also came in with the
tide, to take a share in the sport. The bells of the church steeple rang a
merry peal. Guns were fired from the wharves and river banks, and flags were
hoisted on the jetty, on the gates of the corn warehouses, the merchants’ sheds,
and on the chimneys of the “Jolly Mariners’” tavern, the “Boat” beer-shop,
and the Sailors’ Teetotallers’ Home; while all the inhabitants of the town
came out to see the fun.

Well, the yachting went off and came on again. The spectators could not
exactly understand the beauty of it, but no doubt thought it something very
fine; but, as the greater part of it was out of sight nearly all the time, little
could be seen. Not so with the old ships’ boats: they, to use an expression of
one of the grammar-school gentlemen, were “jolly” in more senses than one;
and it was truly laughable to see the rough-coated, pug-nosed old craft
floundering about and running into each other, to note the foaming and the
scuffling of the ears, and to hear the outcries of the rowers, and the applause
of the spectators. The duck hunt also afforded great amusement, and would
have afforded greater had not a monster jollyboat, which was rowed by two
herculean sailors, made a tremendous lurch and gone right over the poor little
duck and its rower, who was taken up astern more dead than alive, and more
frightened than hurt.

But now came the crowning glory of the day,—that feat to which all looked
forward with ecstasy, from the three-years-old urchin of the periwig breed, to
the solemn dignity of the burly magnates of the parish. The unfortunate porker
had been put in the trap-bottomed cage, and swung ridiculously at the end of
the greased boom, suspended by a cord. A mass of people thronged the great
jetty—about twenty yards long—and peered over each other’s heads, from
cosb barges moored at convenient distances, or looked down with palpitating
hearts, from the branches of the willows that lined the river’s bank; and the
little boys were jumping with a mad sort of ecstasy as to the fun that was now about to be seen, and for which they had been looking so many days.

At last all was ready. And the first hero who appeared walking from the barge to the fatal boom, was a daring-looking sailor-boy, named Jack Kedge. He came forward with a bold stride, among the cheers of the multitude; made a brave barefoot step upon the greased boom; riggled; tried to balance himself by flinging out his arms; made, or tried to make, another step; slipped, and down he fell in the water, amid shouts of laughter from the adults and loud hurrahs from the little boys. Then came a second competitor, who thought to carry the pig by a coup de main, and attempted in the full speed of his power to run along the boom—but, alas! the yellow or golden ointment was too much for him, and he went into the water with a splash that made the billows foam again. Then came another, and then another, making furtive attempts, which occasioned the greatest merriment of the spectators.

At length appeared a slim, long-nosed, sandy-haired youth, like all the others, without coat or waistcoat, and bare feet. This youth had taken the precaution to put some sand in his shoes before he took them off, and he proceeded stealthily to the pole, upon which he made good footing for more than half the way; but, at last, sly and slippery as was his cunning, the greased pole was his master; he sidled, and wavered, now one hand up, and then the other. He managed to get near the end of the pole, and was about to stoop down to unite the rope that held up pigawigge's cage, when the unfortunate beast gave a squeal, and down went the lad head foremost into the rejoicing river; and great indeed was the laughter and the clapping of hands, for everybody seemed to be on the side of the pig, and none on the side of the lads who attempted to deliver him from thralldom.

And now, in the midst of that motley assembly, where so many flesh-pumps were throwing out their life-liquor through veins and arteries, in the full pride of fun, frolic, and diversion, there was one little solitary heart that sat beating its own uncomfortable "tattoo" in the greatest anxiety. That was the lamb-like heart of little Sally; and well might that little pump of hers be agitated to its very lowest bucket, for it was now Samuel's turn to try his luck. He soon made his appearance. Sally was very near the jetty; she was just within Sam's view. Sam turned his eyes twice to her, and once to the pig. Away he went steadily, firmly, carefully. He had been training himself to walk a greased pole—a stout clothes' prop in his mother's back yard, over an old saw pit—the day before, unknown to any one. He was a sort of natural Blondin in his own estimation; and in the twinkling of an eye he reached the pole's extreme end; as quickly was the slipknot loosed; as quickly dropped the pig into the water with a fearful cry; as quickly were the five previous adventurers, who had been swimming about like so many sharks around and under the box, on the alert to lay hold of the porker; and as quickly was Sam down among them to dispute the prize. Oh, the dear duplicity of grease! The pig swam upwards and downwards, with and against the tide; often was his slippery joints embraced, but to no purpose; often did his pursuers go bodily over him in the water; as often did they dive, and turn, and make summersaults; often did they sink and rise breathless. Piggy was now above, now below, now between their legs, or over their heads, squeaking, scratching, rolling, panting; and in the midst of this confusion and delightful amusement, in among them came Sam; he swam at once to the pig, dashed one of his opponents to the right, the other to the left, and kicking the third, at last seized the fugitive, but the animal slipped through his fingers; he got him again, held him fast by the tail, threw him over one shoulder, nipped the end of his tail close between his teeth, and swam to the shore amid cheers, clapping of hands, waving of pocket handkerchiefs, and firing of guns, such as the old seaport never before witnessed. Sally, poor little Sally, saw him coming; she
rushed to the bank to meet him; and Sam and his pig, and Sally and his mother, formed a tableau on the river's bank, worthy the dénouement of the most exciting melodrama ever produced in this serio-comical, farcical world.

It may seem a strange thing thus to chronicle this episode in the life of a pig. But there is a moral to be gathered from it—from the future history of that poor lad, who, when he got to the shore, throwing the pig from his shoulder, said, “Mother, didn’t I say that pig was ours? and so it is. I told you it was—you would not believe me; what do you think of it now?” She did not know what to think. “Then I know what I think,” continued Sam. “I think that if you set your heart upon anything, you are sure to succeed; and having succeeded now, I intend to persevere to the end of my life.”

There was a great deal in this sentence; but it was not so well understood by those who heard it, as it was by Sam himself. A good deal had been going on in his mind of late; he had begun to be convinced of the evil of listless idleness, and he was wavering between a life of laziness and a life of energy. The capture of the pig decided the question, and Sam from that moment determined to make his way in the world. “For,” said he, “if I can make a prize of a pig under such unfavourable circumstances, there may be many more of the world’s prizes in store for me, and I am determined to go in for some of them.”

And so the next evening he took occasion to tell poor little Sally, who felt all over like a queen at Sam’s success, and declared that no cruel butcher should ever, with sacrilegious knife, make a hole in the innocent’s throat, if she could help it. But she could not help it: so piggy was sold the next day to Mrs. Balls, a celebrated maker of sausage meat, and was thus distributed through the district. Sam’s mother’s rent was paid, and the landlord satisfied; and with the surplus, Sam bought a Guernsey frock, a monkey jacket, etcetera, engaged himself as boy on board a Yorkshire billyboy, gave Sally two kisses and a tremendous squeeze, and his mother about the same, and went off to sea.

How he got on at sea may be related on a future occasion, including the adventures he passed through, from the time he went on board the “William Juvenile,” alias “Billy Boy,” belonging to our old seaport.

GEORGE III. AND LOUIS.

It is not beneath a king to take a peep into the nursery to see how the little ones thrive, and to suggest hints for their cultivation. It was said of George III. that he made a practice, the first thing in the morning, of going into the nursery to see his children, to receive their smiles, to give his blessing, to investigate their health and comfort, and to suggest improvement.

It was said, also, of one of the Louis’s of France, that a foreigner of distinction was suddenly introduced to him when he was romping with his children; he was on all-fours, with one of his children upon his back, going round the room. He turned round to the gentleman, and said, “Are you a father?” “Yes,” said the stranger. “Then here goes; gee up!” and finished his game of horse and rider.

Who can see anything in these instances derogatory to royalty? The conduct was amiable, parental, noble, though not, perhaps, agreeable to the high notions of some, who think it a much nobler and more suitable employment for noblemen and gentlemen to superintend a stud of horses, or a kennel of hounds.
OUR DOMESTIC PETS.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SQUIRRELS.

No little animal lays claim to more admiration, or is a greater favourite amongst boys, than the squirrel. In domestication it soon becomes tame, and the playfulness of its nature is rendered more attractive by the affection it displays towards its protector. Although not equal to the dog, it can be taught to perform several amusing tricks.

The squirrel is an inhabitant of the woods, and seldom ventures any distance from a tree, which it can mount in case of danger. It is a beautiful little animal; its length to the insertion of the tail is generally about six inches, but the tail is considered to be double as long, and adds greatly to the elegance of its appearance, being full and bushy, and raised over the head when sitting; while asleep it is coiled round its body, forming in either case a shelter from the piercing winds, which the squirrel greatly detests. Its body is of a reddish brown, except underneath, where it is a pure white. In winter the fur takes somewhat of a greyish tinge, and becomes much warmer and brighter than in summer. The ears are also decorated with tufts of hair, which grow in autumn, but disappear during the warm summer months. When taken old, the squirrel frequently becomes morose, and seldom loses the timidity and wildness of its nature, care should, therefore, be taken to make choice of a young one, which may with ease be made tame. Squirrels may be bought of bird fanciers for about four or five shillings, although some fetch a much higher price.

CAGES.—There are many different kinds of cages, varying in price from a few shillings upwards. The revolving cage is, unfortunately, too often adopted; for the poor animal confined in it can never enjoy even a change of attitude without setting it in motion. Another description of cage commonly used is made with a circular top, having a sliding drawer and small tin trough for food: a little sleeping box is placed at one end, which communicates with the cage by a door just large enough to admit the body of the animal, and
furnished with a slide, so that it can be left shut or open at pleasure. The inner woodwork must be lined with tin, or the squirrel, by continual gnawing, would quickly destroy it, and probably effect his escape. The sleeping-box should be supplied with hay and moss, and made with a lid to open for the purpose of cleaning it out. The cage should be attended to daily, and some gravel strewed over the bottom. When rendered perfectly tame, the squirrel may be kept like a dog, fastened by a chain to the cage, with a platform in front.

Food.—The squirrel subsists chiefly on different kinds of fruit, preferring those of the nut kind; its sharp teeth easily gnawing through the shell of the walnut, filbert, chestnut, or acorn. It lays up the store of winter provisions in the hollows of trees near its nest; and, although it naturally lies in a dormant state during the cold weather, it will sometimes awaken on a fine day, when it refreshes itself before going to sleep again.

In summer, when its favourite fruit is not to be obtained, it feeds upon the young buds and tender shoots of trees. In confinement it should be kept upon the same species of food, to which a little fresh bread and milk may occasionally be added.

Breeding.—In its wild state the squirrel builds its nest in a fork or holes amongst the topmost branches of lofty trees; occasionally, however, it makes use of an old crow’s nest, which it adapts for itself with a little alteration, which it usually makes both inside and out. And so ingeniously does the little animal match the materials with the colour of the bark, that its nest can very rarely be distinguished, except on minute examination. It is round in form, and composed of dry leaves, sticks, and moss. When tame, squirrels are kept for breeding. All that is necessary is to put some wool in the nest. The female generally produces three or four young ones in a year. At this period, if molested, she will display resolute courage in defence of her young, attacking the offender with great ferocity, and proving herself to be, when enraged, a formidable opponent. George Thomas Miller.

In the early spring of 1860, I had given me two squirrels, not many weeks old, too young to feed themselves. I fed them with bread, sopped in a little warm milk, twice or three times a day, in very small quantities at a time; and, as they got older, I cracked nuts for them. It was most amusing to see these funny little creatures in their attempts to sit up; their tails were so heavy that they overbalanced them, and a slight breath of air would quite throw them over; and they were so tame that they have been frequently carried about the house in my pocket or in the folds of my dress.

As soon as they were accustomed to their new home and different diet, they grew rapidly; and when they were about two or three months old, the cage being left open, they made their escape into the garden. I searched in every direction, and had almost given them up, when my brother luckily saw one of the cats with something in her mouth, which proved to be one of my poor little squirrels. He was rescued, not without resistance on the part of puss, and, strange to say, he was not in the least hurt; but its sister we never could catch, although we used to see her about the garden.

I used to keep Puck in the schoolroom; but, after a time, I found that the warmth of the room was hurtful to his fur, which became rough and shabby; and, when he shed his tail, it was long before it reached its full size, so, towards the end of the spring, I fastened his cage on the top of a dove’s house, underneath a large fig tree. Every morning when I used to feed him, he would never begin to crack his nuts until I gave him his liberty, then he would scamper all over the fig tree, but never going far from his little house, his affection for which was very striking, because before I put him out of doors he
SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS.

one day ran out of the window, and we could not in any way catch him, when, as a last hope, I put his cage near the place where I thought he was, and the next morning, when I went to look for him, there he was in his bedroom, very busily eating a chestnut.

My poor Puck had many narrow escapes. One day when he was out in the yard, he ran over a large Newfoundland dog who was asleep. I am sorry to say, as is the case with most pets, my little squirrel one fine morning went away; it is now nearly three months since he took his departure, but I think very likely, as the cold winter weather returns, he will come back to his old home. Though kept in confinement, his natural instinct remained; for, as I was cleaning his cage, I found twenty nuts concealed in a corner of the bedroom. I regretted him very much, as he had become so tame; I could stroke and caress him without his attempting to scratch or bite me.

P. V. C.

SOMETHING ABOUT SPIDERS.

Man has three adherents in the animal creation which constantly follow his steps, whether in palace or cottage, amid the “hurry of street-pacing steeds,” or in the far-off wilderness—namely, the mouse, the sparrow, and the spider. This fact is one of considerable interest; various domesticated species naturally congregate around or within the dwellings of their master, but the creatures of which we speak retain their independence, though constantly making their abode wherever the humblest shed is reared by the most lonely settler.

With the mouse and sparrow, however, we have no immediate concern; but the spider (araneus) meets us at almost every step, associated with leafless hedges, and bright evergreens, and morning frost-work, when every twig glitters in the wandering sunbeams; and even the coarsest herbage, with ferns, and reeds, and mosses, seem as if suddenly embellished with icy feathers, while here and there dark shining laurels and hollies are gemmed with particles reflecting the colours of the rainbow. Among these, innumerable spiders, as if proud to display their skill, spin and interlace their glittering webs.

The effect is beautiful; and it is very amusing to observe a spider thus employed. He first throws out a thread, which becomes attached, by its adhesive quality, to some near bough or leaf, tuft of moss, or stone, but more frequently to iron railings and evergreens. He then turns round, recedes to a distance, attaches another floating thread to some other part, and darts away, doubling and redoubling, and forming the most pleasing and fantastic fabrics, spinning a thread at every movement, by an operation similar to the drawing of wire.

Not only in rural scenes does the spider ply his pleasant work. He labours with his companions, in the neighbourhood of cities—nay, even in the very heart of London. Look upon the iron railing, on some fine frosty morning, and nowhere can you discover more exquisite specimens of the industrious creature’s skill; nowhere is the truth more deeply impressed upon the heart of him who passes, that all created things are full of beauty. While lingering to observe the exquisite apportioning of even the minutest thread, the nice arrangement of the inner and the outer circles, the ramification of the spoke-like fibres, by which they are united and kept firm, and the fairy-formed ropes that stretch from one spike to another, we have been ready to inquire, Why is such a wondrous web spread forth in the very depth of winter, looking as if upheld by strings of pearls, and seeming to contain within its meshed diamonds of the finest water?

To which one might reply that two purposes are thus accomplished. A feeble creature, which it has pleased Omnipotence to call into being, for reasons undoubtedly both wise and good, provides for its support, and a beautiful effect is produced in the winter landscape—so new and exquisite, though annually occurring, that few can regard it without admiration or delight.

Surely, also, a lesson of some worth is taught by these beautifully-decorated webs! Consider them, you that are growing into manhood; when passing by, they will teach you that many of this world’s pleasures are like the spider’s frost-besangled webs—spread forth to catch the heedless and unwary!

Edward S. S. Clifford.
CONSCIENCE.

THE following interesting anecdote is narrated in the following striking manner by an American clergyman, one of the most popular in that land of popular preachers:

"When I was a little boy in petticoats," says the Rev. Theodore Parker, "in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of his farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide. A rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower in my neighbourhood, and one which only grew in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature yet, I had seen the boys, out of sport, destroy birds and squirrels, and the like, and I felt a disposition to follow, their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion—the consciousness of an involuntary, but inward, check on my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and, taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man! If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear, and disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark, and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding this little voice.' She went her way, careful and troubled about many things, but doubtless pondered them in her motherly heart, while I went off to wonder, and think it over in my poor childish way. But I am sure no event in my life ever made so deep and lasting an impression upon me."

A BEGGAR'S WEDDING.

DEAN SWIFT being in the country, on a visit to his friend Dr. Sheridan, they were informed that a beggar's wedding was about to be celebrated. Sheridan played well upon the violin; Swift, therefore, proposed that he should go to the place where the ceremony was to be performed, disguised as a blind fiddler, while he attended him as his man. Thusaccordion they set out, and were received by the jovial crew with great acclamation. They had plenty of good cheer, and never was a more joyous wedding seen; all was mirth and frolic. The beggars told stories, played tricks, cracked jokes, sung and danced in a manner which afforded high amusement to the fiddler and his man, who were well rewarded when they departed, which was not till late in the evening. The next day the Dean and Sheridan walked out in their usual dresses, and found many of their late companions hopping about upon crutches, or pretending to be blind, pouring forth melancholy complaints and supplications for charity. Sheridan distributed among them money, but the Dean, who hated all mendicants, fell into a violent passion, telling them of his adventure of the preceding day, and threatening to send every one of them to prison. This had such an effect, that the blind opened their eyes, and the lame threw away their crutches, running away as fast as their legs could carry them.
AN ODD FAMILY.

Some time ago there lived at Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event, remarkably good or bad, happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour; the very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number.

The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rabah. They had children, all boys, viz., Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed. All these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high, at the age of nineteen. The stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest.

The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white; yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep sawpit, where he was starved to death; and his wife, refusing all kinds of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the same year Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David died at different places on the same day; and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames.

THE RULING PASSION.—We know a Clerk in a Government Department (he objects to the common phrase, Public Office) who is so precise, so married to routine, that he docket all his love letters, and minutes his answers on the back, ties them up neatly with red tape, and puts them away in pigeon-holes. He always writes to the lady on "half margin," and never visits her without making an appointment. All the correspondence goes by the messenger.—Punch.

COLOURED POODLES.—Algiers is full of lapdogs and poodles; learned and unlearned, and in accordance with the last hideous caprice of the French, the poor little beasts are dyed all manner of colours. I suppose the pigments used are, like quack pills, "purely vegetable," and that it does not hurt to be painted rose pink or sky blue; but you can't help pitying these chromatic poodles, shivering in their coats of many colours.

IT'S VERY HARD.

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labour. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches." "It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat knitting. "It's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head, when so many are houseless. It's a great blessing to have sight and hearing and strength for daily labour, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering." "Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone. "No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard." "What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint. "Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful to God for present blessings."
THE WRECK OF THE \textbf{LONDON}.

[In the month of January last the \textit{London} steamship started for Melbourne from Plymouth, with two hundred and eighty-nine persons on board. About a week after she was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and only nineteen persons were saved. \textit{Two hundred and seventy persons went down with the vessel.}]

Amidst the city’s hurrying din the fearful news has spread
That seventy and two hundred souls are numbered with the dead!
From Plymouth sailed a gallant ship a few short days ago,
Ah, little dreamed her passengers of meeting harm or woe.
The \textit{London} was a steamship famed, its captain bold and true,
And all on board in safety felt with him to guide the crew;
For brave and noble Martin had oft crossed the seas before,
And once again for Melbourne’s shore his vessel proudly bore.
Alas! for hopeful human hearts that thus were outward bound,
For Death, the stern unpitying king, was creeping closely round,
And, watching o’er the luckless ship; he mark’d her for his own,
And smiled where’er the tempest’s wrath was fiercely o’er her thrown.
Oh! long and bravely did she strive to triumph o’er the gale.
In vain! the wind with giant force continued to prevail;
It swept away jibboom and masts and lifeboats in its ire,
And fear began to fill the breast of matron and of sire.
Though Martin could no longer hold against the howling storm,
Yet hope had not deserted him; he spoke in accents warm—
"Haste! back to Plymouth steer thy way, thou need’st not me to toll
If thou canst reach but safely there, how all may yet be well!"
Alas! alas! such heavy seas did o’er the vessel sweep—
They blotted out the final hope of ‘scaping from the deep.
Then Martin, ever true and firm to duty’s noble post,
'Mid solemn silence, told them all they never could reach the coast;
He urged each one for God and death to seriously prepare,
And not a cry or groan was heard—but universal prayer
Was raised to Him who rules o’er all, the sea as well as land,
To Him "who holds the waters in the hollow of His hand!"
No frantic calls for earthly aid disturbed the awful gloom;
With calm heroic fortitude they met their hapless doom.

But just before the ship went down, as one last faint resource,
Some nineteen men, in pinnace frail, resolved to take their course,
And Martin, fearless-hearted man, was asked to join the band.
He answered "No! I wish you all God-speed and safe to land,
THE WRECK OF THE "LONDON."

But I stay with the passengers, our grief will soon be o'er,
The vessel's failing fast, my friends; she sinks to rise no more!"
Scarce had the cutter cleared her way, from all restriction free,
When o'er the shatter'd London dashed a straggly and mighty sea;
Stern foremost then she settled down, her bows threw in the air,
Then sank for ever 'neath the waves, in sorrow and despair!
The pinnace wildly tossed about a long and weary time,
And those within had ceased to hope, when lo! from foreign clime
A strange, but friendly ship draws near. Thank God! they're saved at last,
And, safe restored to home, recount the deadly perils past.

Had not this small and suffering crew survived to tell the tale,
We had not known those noble souls whose loss we now bewail.
Cavassa! Christian captain of the good Italian barque,
E'en 'mid our tears for those who sleep beneath the waters dark,
We think of thee with gratitude, and call thee true and brave,
For having rescued helpless men and saved them from the grave;
Though many a heart full deeply mourns the fate of those who died,
Old England proudly claims them hers with all her British pride.
Gustavus Brooke, tragedian, to memory shall be dear,
And Martin's name shall symbol be of duty's high career;
And Draper, good and holy man, has perished with the rest;
He ranks with those whom earth doth place among her brave and best.
Yes! these are gone, with many more, who on that dreadful day
On board the doom'd ship London, sank in Biscay's stormy bay.
But while we grieve that ocean's bed doth hold the hero band,
We feel a deep and solemn joy which all can understand;
No weak and craven hearts were theirs, they scorned from death to fly—
While England counts such priceless ones, her fame shall never die.

EMMA WALLINGTON.
TO THE SCHOOLBOYS OF ENGLAND.

MY DEAR BOYS,—

"I was a boy once myself," is a remark, perhaps, not very full of wisdom, though it is full of truth; but I mean it to convey to you that this remembrance makes me sympathize with all the joys, and sorrows, and trials, and sports, and pastimes of boyhood still.

I was a public schoolboy, too, and I am not now so old but that I have lively remembrances of my schoolboy days. I remember what I did, and what I did not do; and on many points my feelings, of course, are somewhat different now that my school days are over. Some of these feelings I am going to try and impress upon you, whose school days are not yet over.

I am fond of boys, to a degree that would surprise many people; but I see so much in them that engages one's best love and affections. I am always surrounded with boys now, some of them, perhaps, not quite so good and industrious in school-time as they should be, but with whom I am the best of friends out of lesson hours, and with whom I am always glad to enjoy a game of football, or hockey, or cricket; with whom I can still jump over hurdles and gates, and ditches (at least, I could a little time ago); and whom I love to join in some pleasant round game in the evening of an extra half-holiday, when school work is not interfered with.

I have boys, who were once with me, at many of the different public Schools, with all of whom I keep up some kind of correspondence; but, as my school connexion increases, I feel myself quite unable to write to them all separately, and give them that advice by letter which I used to give them when they were standing round the table at which I am now writing; and so I am wishing to adopt a new plan. I wish to write to all my boys at once, and the only way I can think of in which I can do this, is to send up my letters to the Editor of the Boy's Friend, and ask him if he will put them in.

This Magazine is so good, that I hope it is finding its way into all the public and private Schools, and I doubt not that those boys to whom I am especially writing will see and recognize them.

There is another thing. If my letters be worth anything at all, it will be of as much good to those boys whom I know not, as to those whom I know. Therefore, the more readers I can have, the better I shall be pleased. I shall make my letters as readable as I can, that you may peruse them and not think them intolerably "slow." You should read them as coming from some dear friend—as letters, in fact, which your own friends—your fathers and mothers—are constantly writing to you; for I know that I shall say nothing of which they will not heartily approve, and which they have not themselves told you at different times.

My letters, too, must be very short, or the Editor, I fear, will not find room for them. This is only my introductory letter, just to tell you what I mean to do. My next letter shall appear, if all is well, in the next number, and shall be headed "Boys' Trials."

In the meantime, let me remain,

Your affectionate friend,

A PRIVATE TUTOR.
PRIZE ENIGMA.

CONDITIONS OF THE AWARD FOR SOLVING THE
PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.—A First Prize of ONE GUINEA for the best Solution, which may be written either in Prose or
Verse. In making the award, the following points of merit will be taken into account: 1. Accuracy
of the Solution. 2. Grammatical correctness and literary merit of composition. 3. Superiority of pen-
manship; and the other points of merit, such as correct punctuation, &c. Solutions must be written
on one side of the paper only.

II.—A SECOND PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the Solution esteemed next in point of merit.
The above Prizes will be paid in a book or books of the value stated, or philosophical, scientific, or
chemical apparatus. The claimant of each Prize to select whatever he pleases to the stated amount.
Every Solution sent in for competition must bear the competitor’s name and address in full, and
endorsed, "PRIZE ENIGMA."
The Solutions to which the first and second Prizes are awarded will be published in the Boy’s
FRIEND for April, 1866.
The Editor will also award PRIZES OF BOOKS for Meritorious Solutions, which may not become
entitled to either the first or second Prize.
All Solutions for competition must be in the Editor's hands, care of the Publishers, 65, Paternoster
Row, London, E.C., on or before the 1st of March, 1866.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

I.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. Now feeble; now of wondrous might—
3. Felt, but never known to sight.
4. Now in darkness, now in light;
5. I travel on the iron way;
6. I move where nothing else can stray;
7. I'm present with the whirling wheel;
9. I travel with the moving air:
10. Go to the tropics, I am there;
11. Even icy regions have their share.
12. You love me—yet of me beware.
13. In earth, in air, in sea, and sky,
14. Weak, or powerful, am I.

II.
1. In the hand which now doth write—
2. In the brain which doth indite;
3. Freed by fire, winged by light;
4. Beautiful when dark the night.
5. In the calm and in the storm;
6. In the fish, and in the worm;
7. Destitute of shape and form.
8. In the earth and in the air,
9. In the sky, and everywhere;
10. Killing those my strength who dare;
11. Healing those my chains who bear;
12. Telling wonders everywhere.
13. Every hour of every day
   hardly I work my way.
14. When a mighty voice you hear—
   'Tis not me, but I am near.

III.
1. On the hand that now doth write—
2. On the paper pure and white;
3. Near at hand in darkest night,
4. Every living creature's right;
5. Swifter than the lightning's wing;
6. Music of the birds I bring;
7. A bright, a pure, a heavenly thing.
8. Yet doomed to long imprisoning.
9. By many I am turned away;
10. By many I am led astray,
11. And change my features on my way.
12. Some I cure, and some I kill—
13. Always moving, never still—
15. Some would give their wealth for me,
16. But thousands daily from me flee!

To solve what I have here indited,
Studious Boys are all invited;
Answer every numbered line:
The secrets are at present mine.
But, this admission made may be—
Of subjects there are plainly three.
Answer each, and answer all,
Puzzle great, and puzzle small—
The truths will every one surprise,
And bring the wisest boy a Prize.
BOYS’ OWN PRIZES.

We invite special attention to the following novel and interesting department of the Boy’s Friend, containing generous offers from our young friends to their fellow-subscribers, to which we believe they will heartily respond, and will gratefully appreciate.

All the Competitors are requested to send their age at their last birthday.

PRIZE TRANSLATION.

To the Readers of the Boy’s Friend.
KENNINGTON PARK ROAD,
Feb. 10, 1866.

Frederick Harcourt offers for translation to the subscribers to the Boy’s Friend, the following Latin extract from the First Book of Virgil’s Æneid. For the best translation he will award a handsome volume of Longfellow’s Poems, superbly bound. Literary merit of translation and good penmanship will be taken into account. The winner must write to the Editor of the Boy’s Friend, acknowledging the receipt of the prize. Competitors must state their age. A list of the competitors will also be sent by the giver to the Editor. All translations must be sent to

“FREDERICK HARCOURT,
(Care of B. J. King),
Newsagent and Stationer),
62, Kennington Park Road,
London.”

P.S.—Translations must be sent on or before March 31st.

At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,
Ut primum lux alma data est, eire, locoque
Explorare novos; quas vanto accesserit
Quem teceant (nam insculta videt), hominoene,
ferene,
Querere constituit, sociisque exacta red-ferre.

Classem in convexo nemorum, sub rupe
Arboribus clausum circum atque horren-
tibus umbria,
Occultit: ipse uno graditur omitatus
Achate
Bina manu lato crispans hostilias ferro.
Cui mater medias sese tuit obvia silvâ,
Virginiis os habuitque gerens, et vir-
ginis arma,
Spartanea, vel qualis equos Thrësa fat-
tiget
Harpalyce, volucrem que fugæ praver-
titur Kurum.

Namque humeris de more habilem sus-
penderunt arcum
Venatrix, dederaque comam diffundere
Nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fun-
entis.
Ac prior, Hecus, inept, juvenes, mon-
strate mearum
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte so-
rorum,
Succinctam pharetrâ et maculose tegmine
Lycis,
Aut spammatis apri cursum clamore pre-
mentem.

F. H.

“C. Hittinger offers this Cryptograph to the readers of the Boy’s Friend for solution, and trusts that their endeavours will be successful.

“For the best solution he will give a Prize of a couple of handsomely bound volumes of the Boy’s Friend.

“In awarding the Prize, due consideration will be given to the best written and most correct.

“The winner must write to the Editor of the “Boy’s Friend” acknowledging the receipt of the Prize, and a list of the competitors will also be sent by the giver to the Editor.

“All answers must be received on or before 21st March at 37, Cable Street, Well-
close Square, London, E.”

CRYPTOGRAPH.

2023221 2021192115 2111121 25316820
211119451011 254168219 1014182 11721
215614215 49 1 223192154549 15138
2031421621 1168 7111202 20112 2021-
211420 11441610 9119 919416 21112
2341914820 10125 652025 21111941610
2332111 1021621142 25221 17192213-
1431610 941972 316212621 517416
11219 82202131628 74519202 1019172-
5014 1168 52920614 11414 20112
84220 6142202031610 1168 614220908
2311219221 20112 104220 175192
64204158 120 2111221 2312121925
101412020 1168 112112216 19291427-
2128 31611 11219 9172
Boys' Own Prizes—Riddles, etc.

To the Editor of the Boys' Friend.

Eastfield, Peterboro,
February 13, 1866.

R. C. Hemberow, Eastfield, Peterboro, begs to offer a prize of a Volume to each of two subscribers who shall send the best conundrums. The competitors to address as above, and state their age on their last birthday.

T. W. Dougan will award a prize of two handsome volumes, worth seven shillings and sixpence, for the best Essay on the Life of Napoleon Buonaparte.

The Essay must be directed to Mr. Thomas W. Dougan, 6, Cicely Terrace, Moss Lane East, Oxford Road, Manchester, where it must arrive on or before the 1st of April, 1866.

Waverley Charade.

No. I.

My first is found in the alphabet,
For both letter and word am I;
Alas, alas! I declare I've let
The story now, if you've a sharp eye,
But still I think I can lead you a chase
To find out my name—but try—
How foolish I am, I have shown you the case
Of my first, the capital ——.

My second's a totally different thing,
How common in London am I!
How often I'm seen with a boy behind me!
But useful, though common, am I.

In battle I'm always sure to be first,
I'll deceive you now if I can,
In the army I have to face the worst,
As he knows who doth lead the ——.

My third is a gardener's implement,
A word of three letters, say I;
I pretend to pass it a compliment,
You may find it out if you try.

Of first second and third I've said enough,
To describe my whole I now go;
But, list to the gardener's voice so gruff,
Bemoaning the loss of his ——.

My whole was a valiant and doughty knight,
But as gentle and true as bold,
A friend of king Richard, the lion named,
In the marvellous days of old.

And now I think I have finished my task,
Find me out if you can do so,
And when you have found me then give three cheers
For the brave knight of ——.

No. II.

Sad was the Master of Ravenswood,
As he left Wolf Hope's ruined tower,
And buckled upon him his sword so good,
Which his fate would decide in an hour.
Slowly he passed my second along,
On his steed, which my first could be,
Nor aught did he care for the sweet bird's song,
Or the sunshine and glistening sea.

Heavier troubles now bear him down,
A cloud gathers over his brow,
As he thinks of the Kelpie's banks o'erflowed,
And my whole lying hidden below.

Wolf's Hope Tower has sunk from his view,
Before him the Kelpie appears,
Beside him the ocean, so calm and blue,
And he hastens—his dread doom he bears.
He has reached the flow, to cross he prepares,
Nor fears my most treacherous whole;
Ha! he sinks! he struggles! but worse he fears,
For tempting my dangerous whole.

And, lo, from the deep a voice is heard,
Proclaiming in accents loud,
"He hath woeed the 'dead maiden',—the Kelpie's flow
Shall hide Ravenswood's form evermore."

—Albert A. Roberts.

Numbered Charade.

I am composed of fourteen letters:—
1. My 10 2 12 6 14 is a river in France.
2. My 1 3 14 2 is a malt liquor.
3. My 1 1 4 3 is a stinging insect.
4. My 1 2 6 6 is a house of entertainment.
5. My 10 12 6 14 is a geometrical line.
6. My 1 2 is a word of refusal.
7. My 6 7 10 3 is a part of the face.
8. My 12 2 7 6 is a mineral.
9. My 1 14 is to exist.
10. My 13 14 3 6 is to steam.
11. My 4 7 13 3 is the part of a fruit.
12. My 8 7 2 9 is a bottle stopple.
13. My 11 14 13 7 is a man eminent for bravery.

—W. S.
FIGURE CRYPTOGRAPH.
7 24 9 6, 1 20 6, 10, 9 4, 17 19 6 15.
22 9 7, 11, 13, 12, 1 5 21 2, 19, 22,
6 24 19 11, 10 4 16 17 12 1 24 25 15 11,
20, 25, 12 18, 18 3 15 1, 23 6 10 24 25 7.
10, 21, 2 19, 1 6 6 10 12 17 5 9, 11, 19,
1 11 19 11 24, 16 23, 12 24 6 23 12 21 11.
20 16 25, 25 12 17 24 6, 18 24 23 16 6 12,
22 9 10 25 12 7, 20, 19, 1 5 6 24, 10, 11,
20 1, 9, 3 11 11, 17 19 6 5 9 18 8 24, 18,
3 16 26, 11, 3, 19 8 6, 18 16 15 1, 20, 23,
18 6, 3 25 12, 21 19 25, 11 24 1 11 20 23,
15, 15, 11, 2 12, 22 6 12 9 11, 10 4 13,
6 3 17 24 4 25 11, 15 25, 11 2 12, 25,
24 14, 1 12 6 20 24 1, 18 24 20 25 22, 19,
1 15 18 1 21 6 20 18 12 6, 23 6 3 4, 11 2 24,
10, 14 21 2 2, 1 16 6 1, 1 20 6, 19 8, 5
12 12, 1 5 21 21 1 11, 15 3 5, 7 24 1
12 6 17 24, 9 25 7, 2 3 13 12, 15 16 5 6,
15 24 6 2 3 7 19 9, 14 20 8, 8, 26 12,
24 13, 10 25 21 6 12 19 1 20 25 22, 10, 25,
20 11, 1 21 20 21 5 8 5 10 19 25 25, 15 16,
5 6 4, 11 6 5 15, 15 6 13 22, 21 5 22,
26 25 20, 6 13 18 5 26 7, 13 26 15
20 6 5 26 7, 20 25, 22 9 13 10, 5, 20 6 25,
19 7 6 20, 5, 17 25 19, 2 10, 20 13 3 9, 25,
19 20, 15 25 19 22, 12 25 15 21, 8 22 5 9
26 10, 13 26 10, 8 25 19 26 10, 5 20, 13,
20 22 19 9, 8 22 5 9 26, 10, 25 8, 12 25,
15 21, 2, 5, 17 1 2 2, 9 26 10 9 13 18 25 19,
22, 20 25, 24 22 26 1 25 20 9, 5 20 21, 11,
5 22 11 19 2 13 20 5 25 26, 13 21, 1 19,
11 6, 13 21, 24 25 21 25 12 2 9, 5 26,
20 6 9, 1 19 13 25 26 6 1 9,
5, 22 9 1 13 5 26,
15 25 19 22 21, 9, 20 11,
4, 1 15 11, 2 13 22 9 26.

CRYPTOGRAPH LETTER.

10 9 15 22, 21 5 22,
26 25 20, 6 13 18 5 26 7, 13 26 15
20 6 5 26 7, 20 25, 22 9 13 10, 5, 20 6 25,
19 7 6 20, 5, 17 25 19, 2 10, 20 13 3 9, 25,
19 20, 15 25 19 22, 12 25 15 21, 8 22 5 9
26 10, 13 26 10, 8 25 19 26 10, 5 20, 13,
20 22 19 9, 8 22 5 9 26, 10, 25 8, 12 25,
15 21, 2, 5, 17 1 2 2, 9 26 10 9 13 18 25 19,
22, 20 25, 24 22 26 1 25 20 9, 5 20 21, 11,
5 22 11 19 2 13 20 5 25 26, 13 21, 1 19,
11 6, 13 21, 24 25 21 25 12 2 9, 5 26,
20 6 9, 1 19 13 25 26 6 1 9,
5, 22 9 1 13 5 26,
15 25 19 22 21, 9, 20 11,
4, 1 15 11, 2 13 22 9 26.

CRYPTOGRAPH.
I eox, t nk, itvmh, arw, iet
vk, qozeynohh, iapkz, oh, a,
gdsrxaordsz, fsdinxm, or,
yrbptra, itetvyh, any, ftsbex,
la, gylrh, dq, a, edd, arw,
t, xorm, ftyvw, t, eanjdd,
kek, xek, ieqm, oh, fasbex,
xx, yborth, xd, lvsallm,
srpxo, oz, gspvz, t, rsskgm,
dq, fthcz, ieqfe, tnm, jsx,
nmawu, dr, jsnjdh.
Ox, laaz, haizddrwy, xetx,
sehny, inm, rd, gdsxtofr,
or, itvykh, lsx, fajxtozr, zfd
nyhlu, xek, bnumax, ieqpmn,
ears, wmfplnkw, xeax, xeoap,
oz, rdx, xey, gaflx.
Xem, ietvxt, oz, rdx, nytp
vn, t, gohe, lsm, tjjmanz, xdd,
lygy, hgdgdxorbr, db, q, tfdi, ah,
oxz, udszrb, oh, t, fayvq.

ENIGMA.
The initials name a town in Worcestershire:—
1. Key. 8. Flex.
3. David. 10. Sparrow.
5. Ear. 12. Editor.
7. Mary.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.
Solve this Algebraic Problem for me. Two casks, A and B, contain mixtures of water and wine; in A the quantity of wine is to the quantity of water as 4 to 3; in B the like proportion is that of 2 to 3. If A contains 84 gallons, what must B contain so that when the two are put together the new mixture may be half wine and half water?

ROBERTUS.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
A farmer went to market with a certain amount of money. He spent one-third of it in sheep, one-fifth in oxen, and one-sixth in horses. He then lost £60, whereupon he put two-thirds of what he had left in the bank. He spent two-thirds of the remainder in grain, and arrived home with £25 in his pocket. How much had he at first?

R. C. H.

ARITHMOREM.
The initials, read downwards, will give the name of a town in Lincolnshire; and the finals, read upwards, the name of a city in Middlesex:—
1. 101 and N Hwy. A bishop in Scotland.
2. 101 and O! Roon. A river in South America.
3. 550 and E D ran sun. A large seaport.
5. 1 and O! Ho! A large river in the United States.
6. 50 and An’at. An English colony.

ORPHEUS.
TRANPOSITIONS OF THREE ZODIACAL CONSTELLATIONS.

1. A W. Nat met her.
2. I set on porch.
3. Reach the R.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
The initials give the name of a town in Leicestershire:

1. A small insect.
2. A colour.
3. An article of covering.
4. An insect.
5. A sailing vessel.
6. A domestic animal.
7. A part of the body.
8. A wild beast.
9. A girl's name.
10. A metal.
11. A bird.

ORPHEUS.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
The initials of the following will name a town in Derbyshire:

1. A county in Ireland.
3. A county in Scotland.
4. A mountain in Wales.
5. A country in Europe.
8. A country in Europe.
10. A river in Spain.
11. A river in France.

J. C. HUGHES.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.
Choose four wooden poles, five feet six inches long, with copper or brass heads. Place the poles in such a position that the distance between the heads of the poles shall be exactly alike.

THE LATE J. P. CARRINGTON NICHOLSON, ESQ., F.A.S.L.
We are certain that our readers will be sorry to learn that one of their most favourite writers will no longer contribute to their amusement in our pages, as he was removed by death on the 16th of February, after a very short illness.

The late Mr. Nicholson was a graduate of Cambridge University. His early profession was that of the law, which he abandoned for the more congenial pursuits of literature. He was a diligent and successful student, and a highly accomplished writer. He was a man of most genial disposition, and of gentlemanly manners. He was the only child of a widowed parent, who deeply mourns his premature removal. He was a most dutiful and affectionate son—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.
(From a Correspondent.)
We understand that a Magazine is in preparation at the above School, which is to be called the Wellington. The first number will appear about the second week in March. Only one number will, we understand, be produced this term, but it will thereafter be a monthly publication. The contributors are members of the Sixth Form, and the management has been entrusted to three Editors, chosen from that body.

The Athletic Sports at Wellington will come off about March 8th, and will be unusually attractive. The stewards have been nominated, but the cards will not be published till shortly before the day fixed for the commencement of the Games.

We hope to give some account of the sports, from an authentic source.
SPECIAL NOTICE.

As several of our correspondents are liberally offering prizes for Solutions, Essays, &c., we would suggest that the value of the prize should be deposited with the Management, to be appropriated in any manner the successful competitor may desire, especially as he is required to send word to the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

If this is done, we will do all we can to encourage such loseable liberality.

A. Wellington.—1. Your solutions are quite correct, both of the enigma and the historical puzzle. 2. We are highly gratified that our work so fully meets the wishes of the young gentlemen in your College. We shall be glad to see specimens.

George John de Gracie.—We congratulate you on your correct solution. Your handwriting may be improved.

James Jeaneau.—You must apply to the authorities at the Horse Guards for the information you require.

C. D. Moss.—Quite correct.

H. C.—Quite correct.

H. Williams.—There is a very good work on entomology at 7s. 6d., and a smaller one at 1s. If you send us the stamps, with two additional for postage, the one you prefer shall be sent to you.

W. T. Dodor.—We do not understand the nature of your question.

W. J. A. S.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 G. I. Strand.

W. C. S.—Apply as above.

Robertus.—Apply to Snowall and Spencer, 35 Old Street Road, London.

C. Scott.—We do not think there is one published.

John G. Godard.—1. As we are not acquainted with your age, we cannot give an opinion whether your writing is “good, bad, or indifferent.” 2. Your solution of riddle is correct, but it does not entitle you to a prize. We only give prizes under very special circumstances.

J. H. Fidge.—Could not be better; but they do not entitle you to claim prizes.

W. N. Seligley.—We do not think it a “desirable art,” nor can we recommend you to expend any money on so unprofitable a study.

One of our correspondents, from College, wishes to know the cost of a five-barrel revolver and a double-barrel rifle. If he will favours us with his name and address, we will write to him by post.

Sigma.—The “Round Robin” dates back to the time of the Romans, who, when they were about to massacre any of their slaves, wrou disgusted the names as in a circle, that it might not be known who were the favourites to whom their masters intended to give their liberty.

Anonymus.—We beg to inform our correspondent that the postponement of the decision of the Prize Enigma till April 1, arose from a wish not to shut out many who would have been excluded, as so many Colleges and Schools had not returned to School in time to compete for the prize.

Amateur.—1. The construction of models does not form a part of our plans at present. There are several weekly publications on agriculture, but we cannot decide which is the best.

Neptune.—1. The cheapest work on shorthand is sold at 1s., a larger one at 1s. 6d. We will send one to you if you send the necessary stamps, and two for postage. 2. Practice is all that you require for your handwriting to become very good.

Thomas Ingles.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. I. Strand, London.

One of our Subscribers, who dates from “Portland,” wishes to offer a 1s. volume for the best solution of a cryptograph, but does not give his name.

Brentwood.—Yes; we repeat the offer, viz., that if you or any of your young friends obtain six new subscribers, we will present a seventh copy of the Boy’s Friend gratis.

Pleasus Spei.—We should be very ready to adopt any plan that would answer your very sensible suggestion, but we do not deem it practicable.

Bill A. Am.—1. You had better purchase on your arrival in Kentucky.

W. Hamfield.—Very successful.

Trixon.—1. No. 2. Doubtful. 3. We dare not risk an opinion. 4. England. 5. Apply to Young and Stockall, Liverpool. 6. Opinions differ.

A Correspondent.—Salt, being very soluble in water, is taken up by the ocean from the earth with which it is in contact; and lakes and rivers contribute to the ocean some degree of saline matter—eventhose which are considered fresh. Hence the saltiness of the sea, which is supposed by some to be continually increasing. Rivers and brooks are not salt, because they are merely the condensed vapour which has arisen as pure water and fallen again as rain.

Pleasus Spei.—The word “Fenianism” is derived from “Fen,” a famous Irish chieftain, who led one of the clans whose civil war distracted Ireland fourteen or fifteen hundred years ago.

Orpheus.—1. We never heard of any part of a Roman Catholic Church called a “squit.” 2. 40,320 combinations of eight notes each can be rung on eight bells. This is found thus: $8 	imes 7 	imes 6 	imes 5 	imes 4 	imes 3 	imes 2 	imes 1 = 40,320.

Patronester Row, Ave Maria Lane, and Amen Corner derive their names from the stationers, or text writers, who used to live there, and who wrote and sold the A 3 G books, with the Patronester, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c. The turners of beads for Catholics also lived there, and were called patronester makers. 6. From the earliest times Christian worship has been directed towards the east, which was commonly considered as figurative of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. Hence the communion table is placed at the end of the building, towards which the faces of the congregation are directed. 5. Enduring presses, costing from 8s. to 10s., can be got at any die-stinker’s. Send your address, and we will write you more fully.

Keats.—Right.
EDITORIAL CHIT CHAT.

We begin our "Chit Chat" by assuring our young friends that we are continually cheered and encouraged by communications, from every part of the kingdom, expressing the most hearty congratulations on our success, and the assurance that the Boy's Friend is universally approved, and that it is increasing in circulation among the Colleges and Public Schools of England.

We could occupy a large space in extracts from public papers, reviews, letters, &c., approving and recommending the Boy's Friend, but we will content ourselves by saying how deeply we appreciate the good opinion of our friends, which we will at all times do our utmost to deserve.

A deep debt of gratitude is specially due to our young friends for the generous and spontaneous offers we constantly receive, to use their best endeavours to extend our circulation, and increase the number of our subscribers.

We are gratified to discover that each successive month produces some novel or interesting circumstance in the progress of the Boy's Friend. It will be discovered on referring to page 186 of this number that some of our public-spirited subscribers have generously offered prizes for solutions of Cryptographs, &c., thus promoting a healthy stimulus among their fellow-subscribers, which must be beneficial to all who compete for the prizes so kindly offered.

We are very anxious to encourage this new feature in the Boy's Friend, believing that so novel an effort will be very useful. We suggest that each competitor should state his age, and that the party who makes the Award should adopt something like the following plan:

Instead of taking the successful competitor from the entire number, it might be well to divide them into two classes; viz., from eleven to fifteen years of age, and from fifteen to nineteen years of age. That the best from the first class and the best from the second class should be considered equal; and the Award should then be adjudged to the one who shall be considered the best, taking the comparative age of each into consideration.

AWARD.

On no previous occasion has the Editor of the Boy's Friend had a more pleasing task than in examining the hosts of letters and translations that have reached him, in competition for the Award offered by the proprietors of that publication, for the best rendering of French extract in our January number.

We were sorry to disappoint our young friends who were looking for the Award in the February number, but the delay arose from a very pleasant difficulty. The fact is, between one and two hundred of our subscribers sent us translations of the extract from the drama of Richard Whittington, and we could not complete our pleasing labours in time for the last number. The packets came pouring in, post after post; and we have had to keep ourselves vigorously to the task of examining them, in order to adjudge in time for this month's Magazine.
EDITORIAL CHIT CHAT.

The competitors for our Prize write to us from all quarters of the kingdom, and are of all ages. Nor are they all boys; three or four of the candidates are young ladies! We wish they could have come within the strict scope of our offer.

It has given us much pleasure to see the great pains taken by our young friends. Many of them show great skill in penmanship, accuracy in spelling, and carefulness in punctuation; but of course we have been obliged to consider these matters as secondary to correctness and elegance in translation. There are several of the candidates whose names we should like to mention particularly, but this would, perhaps, be hardly fair to the others.

We must content ourselves, therefore, with stating that, after very careful and deliberate examination, we have decided on giving the prize to

J. E. JOSLIN, 25, Chester Street, Kennington Road, London, S.

There is one other translation of such decided merit that, though we could not place it first, we cannot forbear to mention the name of the translator; it is, W. H. GATES, 12, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W. As second in merit, we shall have much pleasure in awarding a smaller Prize to him, and will communicate with him on the subject.

To one of our correspondents, DENNIS HENDY, of Glasgow, we must offer our best thanks for pointing out two or three small mistakes that crept into the piece, as printed in our magazine. They are mistakes of the transcriber or of the printer, as we find they do not occur in the volume from which the piece is taken.

To one and all of our esteemed competitors we would say, PERSEVERE, PERSEVERE, PERSEVERE! We cannot all win prizes, but emulation is good for all; and earnest effort seldom fails to find its reward.

It is only due to the competitors to state, that there is hardly one among the numerous translations sent in that has not something to recommend it. They all command respect, and deserve our thanks.

TEN GUINEA PRIZE ESSAY.
The subject for the Prize Essay will be announced in our number for April.

PRIZE ENIGMA.
The Award for the Prize Enigma will be published in our number for May.

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.
The Award for the best translation of the "Dervish" into French will be published in our number for April.

We regret being obliged to defer the continuation of "Boy Life in the Country" till next month.

By numerous letters we have received, we find that our young friends are vigorously carrying out the suggestion we privately made to many of them for increasing the circulation of the Boy's Friend. We heartily thank them for what they have done.

If any of our subscribers should wish to know the nature of the plan, if they will write to us we will explain it to them.
ADVENTURE WITH A CAYMAN
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XII.

ADVENTURE WITH A CAYMAN.

The lane suddenly opened upon a pasture, but within this a thick hedge of jessamines, forming a circle, barred the view.

In this circle was the house, whose roof only could be seen from without.

Not finding any opening through the jessamines, I parted the leaves with my hands, and looked through. The picture was dream-like; so strange, I could scarcely credit my senses.

On the crest of the little hillock stood a house of rare construction—unique and unlike anything I had ever seen. The sides were formed of bamboos, closely picketed, and laced together by fibres of the piña. The roof—a thatch of palm-leaves—projected far over the eaves, rising to a cone, and terminating in a small wooden cupola with a cross. There were no windows. The walls themselves were translucent; and articles of furniture could be distinguished through the interstices of the bamboos.

A curtain of green barège, supported by a rod and rings, formed the door. This was drawn, discovering an ottoman near the entrance, and an elegant harp.

The whole structure presented the coup d’œil of a huge bird-cage, with its wires of gold.

The grounds were in keeping with the house. In these the evidence of neglect, which had been noticed without, existed no longer. Every object appeared to be under the training of a watchful solicitude.

A thick grove of olives, with their gnarled and spreading branches and dark green leaves, stretched rearward, forming a background to the picture. Right and left grew clumps of orange and lime trees. Golden fruit and flowers of brilliant hues mingled with their yellow leaves: spring and autumn blended upon the same branches.

Rare shrubs—exotics—grew out of the large vessels of japanned earthenware, whose brilliant tints added to the voluptuous colouring of the scene.

A jet-d’eau, crystalline, rose to the height of twenty feet, and returning in a shower of prismatic globules, stole away through a bed of water-lilies and...
other aquatic plants, losing itself in a grove of lofty plantain trees. These, growing from a cool watery bed, flung out their broad glistening leaves to the length of twenty feet.

No signs of human life met the eye. The birds alone seemed to revel in the luxuriance of this tropical paradise. A brace of pea-fowl stalked over the parterre, in all the pride of their rainbow plumage. In the fountain appeared the tall form of a flamingo, his scarlet colour contrasting with the green leaves of the water-lily. Songsters were trilling in every tree. The mock-bird, perched upon the highest limb, was mimicking the monotonous tones of the parrot. The toucans and trogons flashed from grove to grove, or balanced their bodies under the spray of the jet-d'eau; while the humming birds hung upon the leaves of some honeyed blossom, or prinkled over the parterre like straying sunbeams.

I was running my eye over this dream-like picture, in search of a human figure, when the soft, metallic accents of a female voice reached me from the grove of plantains. It was a burst of laughter—clear and ringing. Then followed another, with short exclamations, and the sound of water, as if dashed and sprinkled with a light hand.

What must be the Eve of a paradise like this? The silvery tones were full of promise. It was the first female voice that had greeted my ears for a month, and chords long slumbering vibrated under the exquisite touch.

My heart bounded. My first impulse was "forward!" which I obeyed by springing through the jessamines. But the fear of intruding upon a scene à la Diane changed my determination, and my next thought was to make a quiet retreat.

I was preparing to return, and had thrust one leg back through the hedge, when a harsh voice—apparently that of a man—mingled with the silvery tones.

"Anda!—andá!—hace mucho calor. Vamos á volver." (Hasten!—it is hot. Let us return.)

"Ah no, Pepe! un ratito más." (Ah, no, Pepe! a little while longer.)

"Vaya, carrambo!" (Quick, then!)

Again the clear laughter rang out, mingled with the clapping of hands and short exclamations of delight.

"Come," thought I, once more entering the parterre, "as there appears to be one of my own sex here already, it cannot be very mal á propos to take a peep at this amusement, whatever it be."

I approached the row of plantain trees, whose leaves screened the speakers from view.

"Lupe! Lupe! mira! que bonito!" (Lupe! Lupe! look here! What a pretty thing!)

"Ah, pobrecito! echalo, Luz, echalo." (Ah! poor little thing! fling it back, Luz.)

"Voy luego." (Presently.)

I stooped down, and silently parted the broad silken leaves. The sight was divine.

Within lay a circular tank, or basin, of crystal water, several rods in diameter, and walled in on all sides by the high screen of glossy plantains, whose giant leaves, stretching out horizontally, sheltered it from the rays of the sun.

A low parapet of mason-work ran around, forming the circumference of the circle. This was japanned with a species of porcelain, whose deep colouring of blue, and green, and yellow, was displayed in a variety of grotesque figures.

A strong jet boiled up in the centre, by the refraction of whose ripples the gold and red fish seemed multiplied into myriads.

At a distant point a bed of water-lilies hung out from the parapet; and
the long, thin neck of a swan rose gracefully over the leaves. Another, his mate, stood upon the bank, drying her snowy pinions in the sun.

A different object attracted me, depriving me for a while of the power of action.

In the water, and near the jet, were two beautiful girls, clothed in a sort of sleeveless green tunic, loosely girdled. They were immersed to the waist. So pellucid was the water that their little feet were distinctly visible at the bottom, shining like gold.

Luxuriant hair fell down in broad flakes, partially shrouding the snowy development of their arms and shoulders. Their forms were strikingly similar. Tall, graceful, fully developed, and characterized by that elliptical line of beauty that, in the female form more than in any other earthly object, illustrates the far-famed curve of Hogarth.

Their features, too, were alike. "Sisters!" one would exclaim, and yet their complexions were strikingly dissimilar. The blood, mantling darker in the veins of one, lent an olive tinge to the soft and wax-like surface of her skin, while the red upon her cheeks and lips presented an admixture of purple. Her hair, too, was black; and a dark shading along the upper lip—a moustache, in fact—soft and silky as the tracery of a crayon, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her teeth. Her eyes were black, large, and almond-shaped—with that expression which looks over one; and her whole appearance formed a type of that beauty which we associate with the Abencerrage and the Alhambra. This was evidently the elder.

The other was the type of a distinct class of beauty—the golden-haired blonde. Her eyes were large, globular, and blue as turquoise. Her hair of a chastened yellow, long and luxuriant; while her skin, less soft and waxen than that of her sister, presented an effusion of roseate blushes that extended along the snowy whiteness of her arms. These, in the sun, appeared as bloodless and transparent as the tiny gold fish that quivered in her uplifted hand.

I was riveted to the spot. My first impulse was to retire, silently and modestly, but the power of a strange fascination for a moment prevented me. Was it a dream?

"Ah! que barbaro! pobrecito—ito—ito!" (Ah! what a barbarian you are! poor little thing!)

"Comeremos." (We shall eat it.)

"Por Dios! no! echalo, Luz, ó tirare la agua en sus ojos de V." (Goodness! no! fling it in, Luz, or I shall throw water in your eyes.) And the speaker stooped, as if to execute the threat.

"Ya—no" (now I shall not), said Luz, resolutely.

"Guarda te!" (Look out, then!)

The brunette placed her little hands close together, forming with their united palms a concave surface, and commenced dashing water upon the perverse blonde.

The latter instantly dropped the gold fish, and retaliated.

An exciting and animated contest ensued. The bright globules flew around their heads, and rolled down their glistening tresses, as from the pinions of a swan; while their clear laughter rang out at intervals, as one or the other appeared victorious.

A hoarse voice drew my attention from this interesting spectacle. Looking whence it came, my eye rested upon a huge negress, stretched under a cocoa-tree, who had raised herself on one arm, and was laughing at the contest.

It was her voice, then. I had mistaken for that of a man!

Becoming sensible of my intrusive position, I turned to retreat, when a shrill cry reached me from the pond.

The swans, with a frightened energy, shrieked and flapped over the surface
—the gold fish shot to and fro, like sunbeams, and leaped out of the water, quivering and terrified—and the birds on all sides screamed and cackled.

I sprang forward to ascertain the cause of this strange commotion. My eye fell upon the negress, who had risen, and, running out upon the parapet with uplifted arms, shouted in terrified accents—

“Valgame Dios! niñas! El cayman! el cayman!”

I looked across to the other side of the pond. A fearful object met my eyes—the cayman of Mexico! The hideous monster was slowly crawling over the low wall, dragging his lengthened body from a bed of aquatic plants.

Already his short fore-arms, squamous and corrugated, rested upon the inner edge of the parapet—his shoulders projecting as if in the act to spring. His scale-covered back, with its long serrated ridge, glittered with a slippery moistness; and his eyes, usually dull, gleamed fierce and lurid from their prominent sockets.

I had brought with me a light rifle. It was but the work of a moment to unsling and level it. The sharp crack followed, and the ball impinging between the monster’s eyes, glancing harmlessly from his hard skull, as though it had been a plate of steel. The shot was an idle one—perhaps worse; for, stung to madness with the stunning shock, the reptile sprang far out into the water, and made directly for his victims.

The girls, who had long since given over their mirthful contest, seemed to have lost all presence of mind; and instead of making for the bank, stood locked in each other’s arms, terrified and trembling.

Their symmetrical forms fell into an agonised embrace; and their rounded arms, olive and roseate, laced each other, and twined across their quivering bodies.

Their faces were turned to Heaven, as though they expected succour from above—a group that rivalled the Laocoon.

With a spring I cleared the parapet, and, drawing my sword, dashed madly across the basin.

The girls were near the centre; but the cayman had got the start of me, and the water, three feet deep, impeded my progress. The bottom of the tank, too, was slippery, and I fell once or twice on my hands. I rose again, and with frantic energy plunged forward, all the while calling upon the bathers to make for the parapet.

Notwithstanding my shouts, the terrified girls made no effort to save themselves. They were incapable from terror.

On came the cayman with the velocity of vengeance. It was a fearful moment. Already he swam at the distance of less than six paces from his prey, his long snout projecting from the water, his gaunt jaws displaying their quadruple rows of sharp glistening teeth.

I shouted despairingly. I was baffled by the deep water. I had nearly twice the distance before I could interpose myself between the monster and his victims.

“I shall be too late!”

Suddenly I saw that the cayman had swerved. In his eagerness he had struck a subaqueous pipe of the jet.

It delayed him only a moment; but in that moment I had passed the statue-like group, and stood ready to receive his attack.

“A la orilla! a la orilla!” (To the bank! to the bank!) I shouted, pushing the terrified girls with one hand, while with the other I held my sword at arm’s length in the face of the advancing reptile.

The girls now, for the first time awaking from their lethargy of terror, rushed towards the bank.

On came the monster, gnashing his teeth in the fury of disappointment, and uttering fearful cries.
As soon as he had got within reach, I aimed a blow at his head; but the light sabre glinted from the fleshless skull with the ringing of steel to steel.

The blow, however, turned him out of his course, and, missing his aim, he passed me like an arrow. I looked around with a feeling of despair. "Thank Heaven, they are safe!"

I felt the clammy scales rub against my thigh, and I leaped aside to avoid the stroke of his tail, as it lashed the water into foam.

Again the monster turned, and came on as before.

This time I did not attempt to cut, but thrust the sabre directly for his throat. The cold blade snapped between his teeth like an icicle. Not above twelve inches remained with the hilt, and with this I hacked and fought with the energy of despair.

My situation had now grown critical indeed. The girls had reached the bank, and stood screaming upon the parapet.

At length the elder seized upon a pole, and, lifting it with all her might, leaped back into the basin, and was hastening to my rescue, when a stream of fire was poured through the leaves of the plaintains: I heard a sharp crack—the short, humming whiz of a bullet—and a large form, followed by half-a-dozen others, emerged from the grove, and rushing over the wall, plunged into the pond.

I heard a loud plashing in the water—the shouts of men, the clashing of bayonets—and then saw the reptile roll over, pierced by a dozen wounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Yur safe, Cap'n!" It was Lincoln's voice. Around me stood a dozen of the men, up to their waists. Little Jack, too (his head and forage-cap just appearing above the surface of the water), stood with his eighteen inches of steel buried in the carcase of the dead reptile. I could not help smiling at the ludicrous picture.

"Yes, safe!" answered I, panting for breath; "safe! You came in good time, though."

"We heern yur shot, Cap'n," said Lincoln, "an' we guessed yur didn't shoot without a somethin' ter shoot for; so I tuk half-a-dozen files, and kim up."

"You acted right, Sergeant; but where——"

I was looking towards the edge of the tank where I had last seen the girls. They had disappeared.

"If yez mane the females," answered Chane, "they're vomosed through the threes. Be Saint Patrick! the black one's a thrump anyhow! She looks for all the world like them bewartiful Crayoles of Dimmerary."

Saying this, he turned suddenly round, and commenced driving his bayonet furiously into the dead cayman, exclaiming between the thrusts——

"Och, bad luck to yer ugly carcasse! You're a nate-looking baste to inter- fere with a pair of illigitant crythers! Be the crass! he's all shill, boys. Och, mother o' Moses! I can't find a saft spot in him!"

We climbed out upon the parapet, and the soldiers commenced wiping their wet guns.

Clayley appeared at this moment, filing round the pond at the head of the detachment. As I explained the adventure to the lieutenant, he laughed heartily.

"By Jove! it will never do for a despatch," said he; "one killed on the
side of the enemy, and on ours not a wound. There is one, however, who may
be reported 'badly scared.'"

"Who?" I asked.

"Why, who but the bold Blossom?"

"But where is he?"

"Heaven only knows! The last I saw of him, he was screaming himself
behind an old ruin. I wouldn't think it strange if he was off to camp—that
is, if he believes he can find his way back again."

As Clayley said this, he burst into a loud yell of laughter.

It was with difficulty I could restrain myself; for, looking in the direction
indicated by the lieutenant, I saw a bright object, which I at once recognized
as the major's face.

He had drawn aside the broad plantain leaves, and was peering cautiously
through, with a look of the most ludicrous terror. His face only was visible,
round and luminous, like the full moon; and like her, too, variegated with light
and shade, for fear had produced spots of white and purple over the surface
of his capacious cheeks.

As soon as the major saw how the "land lay," he came blowing and blustering
through the bushes like an elephant; and it now became apparent that
he carried his long sabre drawn and flourishing.

"Bad luck, after all!" said he, as he marched round the pond with a bold
stride. "That's all, is it?" he continued, pointing to the dead cayman.

"Bah! I was in hopes we'd have a brush with the yellow-skins."

"No, Major," said I, trying to look serious, "we are not so fortunate."

"I have no doubt, however," said Clayley, with a malicious wink, "but that
we'll have them here in a squirrel's jump. They must have heard the report
of our guns."

A complete change became visible in the major's bearing. The point of his
sabre dropped slowly to the ground, and the blue and white spots began to
array themselves afresh on his great red cheeks.

"Don't you think, Captain," said he, "we've gone far enough into the
cursed country? There's no mules in it—I can certify there's not—not a
single mule. Had we not better return to camp?"

Before I could reply, an object appeared that drew our attention, and
heightened the mosaic upon the major's cheeks.

A man, strangely attired, was seen running down the slope towards the
spot where we were standing.

"Guerrillas, by Jove!" exclaimed Clayley, in a voice of feigned terror; and
he pointed to the scarlet sash which was twisted round the man's waist.

The major looked round for some object where he might shelter himself in
case of a skirmish. He was sitting behind a high point of the parapet when
the stranger rushed forward, and throwing both arms about his neck, poured
forth a perfect cataract of Spanish, in which the word gracias was of frequent
occurrence.

"What does the man mean with his gracias?" exclaimed the major, struggling
to free himself from the Mexican.

But the latter did not hear him, for his eye at that moment rested upon my
dripping habiliments; and, dropping the major, he transferred his embrace
and gracias to me.

"Señor Capitan," he said, still speaking in Spanish, and hugging me like a
bear, "accept my thanks. Ah, sir! you have saved my children; how can I
show you my gratitude?"

Here followed a multitude of those complimentary expressions peculiar to
the language of Cervantes, which ended by his offering me his house, and all
it contained.

I bowed in acknowledgment of his courtesy, apologizing for being so ill
prepared to receive his "hug," as I observed that my saturated vestments had wet the old fellow to the skin.

I had now time to examine the stranger, who was a tall, thin, sallow old gentleman, with a face at once Spanish and intelligent. His hair was white and short, while a moustache, somewhat grizzled, shaded his lips. Jet-black brows projected over a pair of keen and sparkling eyes. His dress was a roundabout of the finest white linen, with vest and pantaloons of the same material—the latter fastened round the waist by a scarf of bright red silk. Shoes of green morocco covered his small feet, while a broad Guayaquil hat shaded his face from the sun.

Though his costume was transatlantic—speaking in reference to old Spain—there was that in his air and manner that bespoke him a true hidalgo.

After a moment's observation, I proceeded, in my best Spanish, to express my regret for the fright which the young ladies—his daughters, I presumed—had suffered.

The Mexican looked at me with a slight appearance of surprise.

"Why, Señor Capitán," said he, "your accent—you are a foreigner?"

"A foreigner! To Mexico, did you mean?"

"Yes, señor. Is it not so?"

"Oh! of course," answered I, smiling, and somewhat puzzled in turn.

"And how long have you been in the army, Señor Capitán?"

"But a short time."

"How do you like Mexico, señor?"

"I have seen but little of it as yet."

"Why, how long have you been in the country, then?"

"Three days," answered I. "We landed on the 9th."

"Three days, and in our army already!" muttered the Spaniard, throwing up his eyes in unaffected surprise.

I began to think I was interrogated by a lunatic.

"May I ask what countryman you are?" continued the old gentleman.

"What countryman? An American, of course."

"An American?"

"Un Americano," repeated I; for we were conversing in Spanish.

"Y son esos Americanos?" (And are these Americans?) quickly demanded my new acquaintance.

"Sí, Señor," replied I.

"Carambola!" shouted the Spaniard, with a sudden leap, his eyes almost starting from their sockets.

"I should say, not exactly Americans," I added. "Many of them are Irish, and French, and Germans, and Swedes, and Swiss; yet they are all Americans now."

But the Mexican did not stay to hear my explanation. After recovering from the first shock of surprise, he had bounded through the grove, and with a wave of his hand, and the ejaculation "Esperate!" disappeared among the plantains. The men, who had gathered around the lower end of the basin, burst out into a roar of laughter, which I did not attempt to repress. The look of terrified astonishment of the old Don had been too much for my own gravity; and I could not help being amused at the conversation that ensued among the soldiers. They were at some distance, yet I could overhear their remarks.

"That Mexikin's an unhospitable cuss!" muttered Lincoln, with an expression of contempt.

"He might axed the Captain to dhrink, after savin' such a pair of illigant cryther's," said Chane.

"Sorra dhrap's in the house, Murt; the place looks dry," remarked another son of the Green Isle.
“Och! an’ it’s a beautiful cage, anyhow,” returned Chané, “and beautiful birds in it, too. It puts me in mind of ould Dimmerary; but there we had the liquor, the raal rum—oshins of it, alanna!”

“That ’ere chap’s a greeleye, I strongly ’spect,” whispered one, a regular down-east Yankee.

“A what?” asked his companion.

“Why, a greeleye—one o’ them ’ere Mexikin robbers.”

“Arrah, now! did yez see the rid sash?” inquired an Irishman.

“Thim’s captin’,” suggested the Yankee.

“He’s a captin’; or a kurnel; I’ll bet high on that.”

“What did he say, Nath, as he was running off?”

“I don’t know ‘zactly—somethin’ that sounded mighty like ‘spearin’’ on us.”

“He’s a lanzeer, then, by jingo!”

“He had better try on his spearin’,” said another; “there’s shootin’ before spearin’—mighty good ground, too, behind this hyur painted wall.”

“The old fellow was mighty frindly at first; what got into him, anyhow?”

“Raoul says he offered to give the Captain his house, and all the furnishin’s.”

“Och, mother o’ Moses! and them illigant girls, too?”

“Or, course.”

“By my sowl! an’ if I was the Captin, I’d take him at his word, and lave off fightin’ intirely.”

“It is delf,” said a soldier, referring to the material of which the parapet was constructed.

“No, it ain’t.”

“It’s chaney, then.”

“No, nor chaney either.”

“Well, what is it?”

“It’s only a stone wall painted, you greenhorn!”

“Stone-thunder; it’s solid delf, I say.”

“Try it with your bayonet, Jim.”

“Crack—crick—crick—crivell!” reached my ears. Turning round, I saw that one of the men had commenced breaking off the japanned work of the parapet with his bayonet.

“Stop that!” I shouted to the man.

The remark of Chané that followed, although uttered sotto voce, I could distinctly hear. It was sufficiently amusing.

“The Captain don’t want yez to destroy what’ll he own some day, when he marries one of thim young Dons. Here comes the owld one; and, by the powers! he’s got a big paper; he’s goin’ to make over the property!”

Laughing, I looked round, and saw that the Don was returning, sure enough. He hurried up, holding out a large sheet of parchment.

“Well, señor, what’s this?” I inquired.

“No soy Mexicano—soy Español!” (I am no Mexican—I am a Spaniard!), said he, with the expression of a true hidalgo.

Casting my eye carelessly over the document, I perceived it was a safeguard from the Spanish consul at Vera Cruz, certifying that the bearer, Don Cosmé Rosales, was a native of Spain.

“Señor Rosales,” said I, returning the paper, “this was not necessary. The interesting circumstances under which we have met should have secured you good treatment, even were you a Mexican and we the barbarians we have been represented. We have come to make war, not with peaceful citizens, but with a rabble soldiery.”

“Es verdad. You are wet, señor? you are hungry?”

I could not deny that I was both the one and the other.
"You need refreshment, gentlemen; will you come to my house?"
"Permit me, señor, to introduce to you Major Blossom, Lieutenant Clayley, Lieutenant Oakes: Don Cosme Rosales, gentlemen."
My friends and the Don bowed to each other. The major had now recovered his complacency.
"Vamonos, caballeros" (come on, gentlemen), said the Don, starting towards the house.
"But your soldiers, Captain?" added he, stopping suddenly.
"They will remain here," I rejoined.
"Permit me to send them some dinner."
"Oh, certainly," replied I; "use your own pleasure, Don Cosme; but do not put your household to any inconvenience."
In a few minutes we found our way to the house, which was neither more nor less than the cage-looking structure already described.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MEXICAN DINNER.

"Pasen adentro señores," said Don Cosme, drawing aside the curtain of the rancho, and beckoning us to enter.
"Ha!" exclaimed the major, struck with the coup d'œil of the interior.
"Be seated, gentlemen. Ya vuelvo." (I will return in an instant.)
So saying, Don Cosme disappeared into a little porch in the back, partially screened from observation by a close network of woven cane.
"Very pretty, by Jove!" said Clayley, in a low voice.
" Pretty indeed!" echoed the major, with one of his customary asseverations.
"Stylish, one ought rather to say, to do it justice."
"Stylish!" again chimed in the major, repeating his formula.
"Rosewood chairs and tables," continued Clayley; "a harp, guitar, piano, sofas, ottomans, carpets knee-deep—whew!"
Not thinking of the furniture, I looked around the room, strangely bewildered.
"Ha! ha! what perplexes you, Captain?" asked Clayley.
"Nothing."
"Ah! the girls you spoke of—the nymphs of the pond; but where the dence are they?"
"Ay, where?" I asked, with a strange sense of uneasiness.
"Girls! what girls?" inquired the major, who had not yet learned the exact nature of our aquatic adventure.
Here the voice of Don Cosme was heard calling out—
"Pepe! Ramon! Francisco! bring dinner. Anda! anda!" (Be quick!)
"Who on earth is the old fellow calling?" asked the major, with some concern in his manner. "I see no one."
Nor could we; so we all rose up together, and approached that side of the building that looked rearward.
The house, to all appearance, had but one apartment—the room in which we then were. The only point of this screened from observation was the little verandah into which Don Cosme had entered; but this was not large enough to contain the number of persons who might be represented by the names he had called out.
Two smaller buildings stood under the olive-trees in the rear; but these, like the house, were transparent, and not a human figure appeared within them. We could see through the trunks of the olives a clear distance of a
hundred yards. Beyond this, the mezquite and the scarlet leaves of the wild magney marked the boundary of the forest.

It was equally puzzling to us whither the girls had gone, or whence "Pepe, Ramon, and Francisco" were to come.

The tinkling of a little bell startled us from our conjectures, and the voice of Don Cosmé was heard, inquiring—

"Have you any favourite dish, gentlemen?"

Some one answered, "No."

"I believe," exclaimed the major, "he can get anything we may call for—raise it out of the ground by stamping his foot or ringing a bell!—Did'nt I tell you?"

This exclamation was uttered in consequence of the appearance of a train of well-dressed servants, five or six in number, bringing waiters with dishes and decanters. They entered from the porch; but how did they get into it? Certainly not from the woods without, else we should have seen them as they approached the cage.

The major uttered a terrible invocation, adding, in a hoarse whisper, "This must be the Mexican Aladdin!"

I confess I was not less puzzled than he. Meanwhile the servants came and went, going empty, and returning loaded. In less than half an hour the table fairly creaked under the weight of a sumptuous dinner. This is no figure of speech. There were dishes of massive silver, with huge flagons of the same metal, and even cups of gold!

"Señores, vamos a comer" (Come, let us eat, gentlemen), said Don Cosmé, politely motioning us to be seated. "I fear that you will not be pleased with my cuisine. It is purely Mexican—estilo del país."

To say that the dinner was not a good one, would be to utter a falsehood, and contradict the statement of Major George Blossom, of the U. S. quartermaster's department, who afterwards declared that it was the best dinner he had ever eaten in his life.

Turtle soup first.

"Perhaps you would prefer Julianne or vermicelli, gentlemen?" inquired the Don.

"Thank you; your turtle is very fine," replied I, necessarily the interpreter of the party.

"Try some of the aguacate—it will improve the flavour of your soup."

One of the waiters handed round a dark, olive-coloured fruit of an oblong shape, about the size of a large pear.

"Ask him how it is used, Captain," said the major to me.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I had forgotten that some of our edibles may be strange to you: simply pare off the rind, and slice it thus."

We tried the experiment, but could not discover any peculiar improvement in the flavour of the soup. The pulp of the aguacate seemed singularly insipid to our northern palates.

Fish, as with us, and of the finest quality, formed the second course.

A variety of dishes were now brought upon the table; most of them new to us, but all piquant, pleasant to the taste, and peculiar.

The major tried them all, determined to find out which he might like best—a piece of knowledge that he said would serve him upon some future occasion.

The Don seemed to take a pleasure in helping the major, whom he honoured by the title of "Señor Coronel."

"Pucheoro, Señor Coronel?"

"Thank you, sir," grunted the major, and tried the puchero.

"Allow me to help you to a spoonful of molé."

"With pleasure, Don Cosmé."

The molé suddenly disappeared down the major's capacious throat.
“Try some of this chile relleno.”

“By all means,” answered the major. “Ah, by Jove! hot as fire!—whew!”

“Pica! pica!” answered Don Cosmé, pointing to his thorax, and smiling at the wry faces the major was making. “Wash it down, señor, with a glass of this claret, or—here, Pepe! Is the Johannisberg cool yet? Bring it in then. Perhaps you prefer champagne, señores?”

“Thank you; do not trouble yourself, Don Cosmé.”

“No trouble, Captain—bring champagne! Here, Señor Coronel—try the guisado de pato.”

“Thank you,” stammered the major; “you are very kind. But how it burns!”

“Do you think he understands English?” inquired Clayley of me, in a whisper.

“I should think not,” I replied.

“Well, then, I wish to say aloud, that this old chap’s a superb old gent. What say you, Major? Don’t you wish we had him on the lines?”

“I wish his kitchen were a little nearer the lines,” replied the other, with a wink.

“Señor Coronel, permit me—”

“What is it, my dear Don?” inquired the major.

“Pastales de Moctezuma.”

“Oh, certainly! I say, lads, I don’t know what the plague I’m eating—it’s not bad to take, though.”

“Señor Coronel, allow me to help you to a guana steak.”

“A guana steak!” echoed the major, in some surprise.

“Si, señor,” replied Don Cosmé, holding the steak on his fork.

“A guana steak! Do you think, lads, he means the ugly things we saw at Lobos?”

“To be sure—why not?”

“Then, by Jove, I’m through! I can’t go lizards. Thank you, my dear Don Cosmé; I believe I’ve dined.”

“Try this; it is very tender, I assure you,” insisted Don Cosmé.

“Come, try it, Major, and report,” cried Clayley.

“Good; you’re like the apothecary that poisoned his dog to try the effect of his nostrums. Well”—with an oath—“here goes! It can’t be very bad, seeing how our friend gets it down. Delicious, by Jupiter! tender as chicken—good, good!”—and amidst similar ejaculations the major ate his first guana steak.

“Gentlemen, here is an ortolan pie. I can recommend this—the birds are in season.”

“Reed birds, by Jove!” said the major, recognizing his favourite dish.

An incredible number of these creatures disappeared in an incredibly short time.

The dinner dishes were at length removed, and dessert followed: cakes, and creams, and jellies of various kinds, and blanc-mange, and a profusion of the most luxurious fruit. The golden orange, the ripe pine, the pale green lime, the juicy grape, the custard-like cherimolla, the zapoté, the granadilla, the pitahaya, the tuna, the mamay; with dates, figs, almonds, plantains, bananas, and a dozen other species of fruits, piled upon salvers of silver, were set before us: in fact, every product of the tropical clime that could excite a new nerve of the sense of taste. We were fairly astonished at the profusion of luxuries that came from no one knew where.

“Come, gentlemen, try a glass of Curacao. Señor Coronel, allow me the pleasure.”

“Sir, your very good health.”

“Señor Coronel, would you prefer a glass of Majorca?”
"Thank you."
"Or perhaps you would choose Pedro Ximenes. I have some very old Pedro Ximenes."
"Either, my dear Don Cosmé; either."
"Bring both, Ramon; and bring a couple of bottles of the Madeira—sello verde" (green seal).
"As I'm a Christian, the old gentleman's a conjurer!" uttered the major, now in the best humour possible.
"I wish he would conjure up something else than his wine-bottles," thought I, becoming impatient at the non-appearance of the ladies.
"Café, señores?" A servant entered.
Coffee was handed round in cups of Sévres china.
"You smoke, gentlemen? Would you prefer a Havanna? Here are some sent me from Cuba by a friend. I believe they are good; or, if you would amuse yourself with a cigarrito, here are Campeacheanos. These are the country cigars—puros, as we call them. I would not recommend them."
"A Havanna for me," said the major, helping himself at the same time to a fine-looking "regalia."
I had fallen into a somewhat painful reverie.
I began to fear that, with all his hospitality, the Mexican would allow us to depart without an introduction to his family; and I had conceived a strong desire to speak with the two lovely beings whom I had already seen; but more particularly with the brunette, whose looks and actions had deeply impressed me. So strange is the mystery of love! My heart had already made its choice.
I was suddenly aroused by the voice of Don Cosmé, who had risen, and was inviting myself and comrades to join the ladies in the drawing-room.
I started up so suddenly as almost to overturn one of the tables.
"Why, Captain, what's the matter?" said Clayley. "Don Cosmé is about to introduce us to the ladies. You're not going to back out?"
"Certainly not," stammered I, somewhat ashamed at my gaucherie.
"He says they're in the drawing-room," whispered the major, in a voice that betokened a degree of suspicion; "but where the plague that is, Heaven only knows. Stand by, my boys! are your pistols all right?"
"Pshaw, Major! for shame!"

CHAPTER XV.

A SUBTERRANEAN DRAWING-ROOM.

The mystery of the drawing-room, and the servants, and the dishes, was soon over. A descending stairway explained the enigma.
"Let me conduct you to my cave, gentlemen," said the Spaniard: "I am half a subterranean. In the hot weather, and during the northerns, we find it more agreeable to live under the ground. Follow me, señores."
We descended, with the exception of Oakes, who returned to look after the men.
At the foot of the staircase we entered a hall brilliantly lighted. The floor was without a carpet, and exhibited a mosaic of the finest marble. The walls were painted of a pale blue colour, and embellished by a series of pictures from the pencil of Murillo. These were framed in a costly and elegant manner. From the ceiling were suspended chandeliers of a curious and unique construction, holding in their outstretched branches wax candles of an ivory whiteness.
Large vases of waxen flowers, covered with crystals, stood around the hall upon tables of polished marble. Other articles of furniture, candelabra, girandoles, gilded clocks, filled the outline. Broad mirrors reflected the different objects; so that, instead of one apartment, this hall appeared only one of a continuous suite of splendid drawing-rooms.

And yet, upon closer observation, there seemed to be no door leading from this hall, which, as Don Cosmé informed his guests, was the ante-sala.

Our host approached one of the large mirrors, and slightly touched a spring. The tinkling of a small bell was heard within, and at the same instant the mirror glided back, reflecting in its motion a series of brilliant objects, that for a moment bewildered our eyes with a blazing light.

"Pasen adentro, señores," said Don Cosmé, stepping aside, and waving us to enter.

We walked into the drawing-room. The magnificence that greeted us seemed a vision—a glorious and dazzling hallucination—more like the gilded brilliance of some enchanted palace than the interior of a Mexican gentleman’s habitation.

As we stood gazing with irresistible wonderment, Don Cosmé opened a side-door, and called aloud, "Niñas, niñas, ven aca!" (Children, come hither!)

Presently we heard several female voices, blending together like a medley of singing birds.

They approached. We heard the rustling of silken dresses, the falling of light feet in the doorway, and three ladies entered—the señora of Don Cosmé, followed by her two beautiful daughters, the heroines of our aquatic adventure.

These hesitated a moment, scanning our faces; then, with a cry of "Nuestro salvador!" both rushed forward, and knelt, or rather crouched, at my feet, each of them clasping one of my hands and covering it with kisses.

Their panting agitation, their flashing eyes, the silken touch of their delicate fingers, sent the blood rushing through my veins like a stream of lava; but in their gentle accents, the simple ingenuousness of their expressions, the child-like innocence of their faces, I regarded them only as two beautiful children kneeling in the abandon of gratitude.

Meanwhile Don Cosmé had introduced Clayley and the major to his señora, whose baptismal name was Joaquina; and taking the young ladies one in each hand, he presented them as his daughters, Guadalupe and María de la Luz (Mary of the Light).

"Mamma," said Don Cosmé, "the gentlemen had not quite finished their cigars."

"Oh, they can smoke here," replied the señora.

"Will the ladies not object to that?" I inquired.

"No—no—no!" ejaculated they, simultaneously.

"Perhaps you will join us?—we have heard that such is the custom of your country."

"It was the custom," said Don Cosmé. "At present the young ladies of Mexico are rather ashamed of the habit."

"We no smoke—mamma, yes;" added the elder—the brunette—whose name was Guadalupe.

"Ha! you speak English?"

"Little English speak—no good English," was the reply.

"Who taught you English?" I inquired, prompted by a mysterious curiosity.

"Un American us teach—Don Emilio."

"Ha! an American?"

"Yes señor," said Don Cosmé: "a gentleman from Vera Cruz, who formerly visited our family."

I thought I could perceive a desire upon the part of our host not to speak
further on this subject, and yet I felt a sudden, and, strange to say, a painful curiosity to know more about Don Emilio, the American, and his connexion with our newly-made acquaintance. I can only explain this by asking the reader if he or she has not experienced a similar feeling while endeavouring to trace the unknown past of some being in whom either has lately taken an interest—an interest stronger than friendship.

That mamma smoked was clear, for the old lady had already gone through the process of unrolling one of the small cartouche-like cigars. Having re-rolled it between her fingers, she placed it within the gripe of a pair of small golden pincers.

This done, she held one end to the coals that lay upon the brasero, and ignited the paper. Then, taking the other end between her thin, purplish lips, she breathed forth a blue cloud of aromatic vapour.

After a few whiffs she invited the major to participate, offering him a cigarrito from her beaded cigar-case.

This being considered an especial favour, the major's gallantry would not permit him to refuse. He took the cigarrito, therefore; but, once in possession, he knew not how to use it.

Imitating the señora, he opened the diminutive cartridge, spreading out the edges of the wrapper, but attempted in vain to re-roll it.

The ladies, who had watched the process, seemed highly amused, particularly the younger, who laughed outright.

"Permit me, Señor Coronel," said the Doña Joaquina, taking the cigarrito from the major's hand, and giving it a turn through her nimble fingers, which brought it all right again.

"Thus, now, hold your fingers thus. Do not press it: suave, suave. This end to the light—so—very well!"

The major lit the cigar, and putting it between his great thick lips, began to puff in a most energetic style.

He had not cast off half-a-dozen whiffs when the fire, reaching his fingers, burned them severely, causing him to remove them suddenly from the cigar. The wrapper then burst open; and the loose pulverized tobacco by a sudden inhalation rushed into his mouth and down his throat, causing him to cough and sputter in the most ludicrous manner.

This was too much for the ladies, who, encouraged by the cachinnations of Clayley, laughed outright; while the major, with tears in his eyes, could be heard interlarding his coughing solo with all kinds of oaths and expressions.

The scene ended by one of the young ladies offering the major a glass of water, which he drank off, effectually clearing the avenues of his throat.

"Will you try another, Señor Coronel?" asked Doña Joaquina, with a smile.

"No, ma'am, thank you," replied the major, and then a sort of internal subterraneous curse could be heard in his throat.

The conversation continued in English, and we were highly amused at the attempts of our new acquaintances to express themselves in that language.

After failing on one occasion to make herself understood, Guadalupe said, with some vexation in her manner—

"We wish brother was home come; brother speak ver better Englis."

"Where is he?" I inquired.

"In the ceety—Vera Uruc."

"Ha! and when did you expect him?"

"Thees day—to-night—he home come."

"Yes," added the Señora Joaquina, in Spanish, "he went to the city to spend a few days with a friend; but he was to return to-day, and we are looking for him to arrive in the evening."

"But how is he to get out?" cried the major, in his coarse, rough manner.

"How?—why, señor?" asked the ladies, in a breath, turning deadly pale.
"THE NORTHERN."

"Why he can't pass the pickets, ma'am," answered the major.
"Explain, Captain; explain!" said the ladies, appealing to me, with looks of anxiety.
I saw that concealment would be idle. The major had fired the train.
"It gives me pain, ladies," said I, speaking in Spanish, "to inform you that you must be disappointed. I fear the return of your brother to-day is impossible."
"But why, Captain?—why?"
"Our lines are completely around Vera Cruz, and all intercourse to and from the city is at end."

Had a shell fallen into Don Cosmé’s drawing-room, it could not have caused a greater change in the feelings of its inmates. Knowing nothing of military life, they had no idea that our presence there had drawn an impassable barrier between them and a much-loved member of their family. In a seclusion almost hermética they knew that a war existed between their country and the United States; but that was far away upon the Rio Grande. They had heard, moreover, that our fleet lay off Vera Cruz, and the pealing of the distant thunder of San Juan had from time to time reached their ears; but they had not dreamed, on seeing us, that the city was invested by land. The truth was now clear; and the anguish of the mother and daughters became afflicting when we informed them of what we were unable to conceal—that it was the intention of the American commander to bombard the city.

The scene was to us deeply distressing.

Doña Joaquina wrung her hands, and called upon the Virgin with all the earnestness of entreaty. The sisters clung alternately to their mother and Don Cosmé, weeping and crying aloud, "Pobre Narciso! nuestro hermanito—le asesinarán!" (Poor Narciso!—our little brother—they will murder him!)

In the midst of this distressing scene, the door of the drawing-room was thrown suddenly open, and a servant rushed in, shouting in an agitated voice, "El norte! el norte!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE NORTHERN."

We hurried after Don Cosmé towards the ante-sala, both myself and my companions, ignorant of this new object of dread.

When we emerged from the stairway, the scene that hailed us was one of terrific sublimity. Earth and heaven had undergone a sudden and convulsive change. The face of nature, but a moment since gay with summer smiles, was now hideously distorted. The sky had changed suddenly from its blue and sunny brightness to an aspect dark and portentous.

Along the north-west a vast volume of black vapour rolled up over the Sierra Madre, and rested upon the peaks of the mountains. From this, ragged masses, parting in fantastic forms and groupings, floated off against the concavity of the sky, as though the demons of the storm were breaking up from an angry council. Each of these, as it careened across the heavens, seemed bent upon some spiteful purpose.

An isolated fragment hung lowering above the snowy cone of Orizaya, like a huge vampire suspended over his sleeping victim.

From the great "parent cloud" that rested upon the Sierra Madre, lightning bolts shot out and forked hither and thither, or sank into the detached masses—the messengers of the storm-king, bearing his fiery mandates across the sky.
Away along the horizon of the east moved the yellow pillars of sand, whirled upward by the wind, like vast columnar towers leading to heaven.

The storm had not yet reached the rancho. The leaves lay motionless, under a dark and ominous calm; but the wild screams of many birds, the shrieks of the swans—the discordant notes of the frightened pea-owl—the chattering of parrots, as they sought the shelter of the thick olives in terrified flight—all betokened the speedy advent of some terrible convulsion.

The rain in large drops fell upon the broad leaves, with a soft, plashing sound; and now and then a quick, short puff came snorting along, and seizing the feathery frondage of the palms, shook them with a spiteful and rufian energy.

The long green stripes, after oscillating a moment, would settle down again in graceful and motionless curves.

A low sound, like the "songh" of the sea, or the distant falling of water, came from the north; while at intervals the hoarse bark of the coyote, and the yelling of terrified monkeys, could be heard afar off in the woods.

"_Tapa la casa! tapa la casa!_" (cover the house!) cried Don Cosmé, as soon as he had fairly got his head above ground.

"_Anda!—anda con los macates!_" (Quick with the cords!)

With lightning quickness a roll of palmetto mats came down on all sides of the house, completely covering the bamboo walls, and forming a screen impervious to both wind and rain. This was speedily fastened at all corners, and strong stays were carried out and warped around the trunks of trees. In five minutes the change was complete. The cage-looking structure had disappeared, and a house with walls of yellow petate stood in its place.

"Now, señores, all is secured," said Don Cosmé. "Let us return to the drawing-room."

"I should like to see the first burst of this tornado," I remarked, not wishing to intrude upon the scene of sorrow we had left.

"So be it, Captain. Stand here under the shelter, then."

"Hot as thunder!" growled the major, wiping the perspiration from his broad, red cheeks.

"In five minutes, Señor Coronel, you will be chilled. At this point the heated atmosphere is now compressed. Patience! it will soon be scattered."

"How long will the storm continue?" I asked.

"_Por Dios!_ señor, it is impossible to tell how long the norte may rage: sometimes for days; perhaps only for a few hours. This appears to be a huracano. If so, it will be short, but terrible while it lasts. _Carrambo!_"

A puff of cold sharp wind came whistling past like an arrow. Another followed, and another, like the three seas that roll over the stormy ocean. Then, with a loud, rushing sound, the broad, full blast went sweeping—strong, dark, and dusty—bearing upon its mane screaming and terrified birds, mingled with torn and flouted leaves.

The olives creaked and tossed about. The tall palms bowed and yielded, flinging out their long pinions like streamers. The broad leaves of the plantains flapped and whistled, and, bending gracefully, allowed the fierce blast to pass over.

Then a great cloud came rolling down; a thick vapour seemed to fill the space; and the air felt hot and dark and heavy. A choking, sulphureous smell rendered the breathing difficult, and for a moment day seemed changed to night.

Suddenly the whole atmosphere blazed forth in a sheet of flame, and the trees glistened as though they were on fire. An opaque darkness succeeded. Another flash, and along with it the crashing thunder—the artillery of heaven, deafening all other sounds.

Peal followed peal; the vast cloud was breached and burst by a hundred
fiery bolts, and like an avalanche the heavy tropical rain was precipitated to the earth.

It fell in torrents, but the strength of the tempest had been spent on the first onslaught. The dark cloud passed on to the south, and a piercing cold wind swept after it.

"Vamos á bajar, señores" (let us descend, gentlemen), said Don Cosmé, with a shiver; and he conducted us back to the stairway.

Clayley and the major looked towards me with an expression that said, "Shall we go in?" There were several reasons why our return to the drawing-room was unpleasant to myself and my companions. A scene of domestic affliction is ever painful to a stranger. How much more painful to us, knowing, as we did, that our countrymen—that we—had been the partial agents of this calamity! We hesitated a moment on the threshold.

"Gentlemen, we must return for a moment: we have been the bearers of evil tidings—let us offer such consolation as we may think of. Come!"

(To be continued.)

THE VESPER BELLS.

In the silver twilight,
Tinted deep with gray,
Where the shadows deepen
At the close of day,
E'er the moon has risen,
Or the stars are seen,
Comes the Vesper music
O'er the tranquil scene.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Like a heavenly note,
Lightly o'er the zephyrs
Now the sweet bells float.

Bright on the horizon
There are streaks of gold,
Sunset's latest traces,
O'er the old sheep-fold;
Silver notes are sounding
From the waterfall,
But the Vesper music
Peals alike through all—
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Like a heavenly note,
Lightly o'er the zephyrs
Now the sweet bells float.

All is calm and peaceful
In the valley green,
Bright as threads of silver,
Rivulets are seen.
In the twilight shadow
Figures move along,
Still the sweet bells mingle
With the peasant's song.
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Like a heavenly note,
Lightly o'er the zephyrs
Now the sweet bells float.
THE SAXON'S OATH:
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ROBIN HOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PRIZE CAPTURED, A COMRADE LOST, AND THE ROBBERS ROBBED.

HE band of outlaws, under the command of stout Will Stutly, proceeded cautiously towards the confines of the forest. In the interior they could range at will in small bodies, or even singly, without dreading the interference of enemies; for so great was the awe in which bold Robin Hood and his daring men were held, that no small company, even of armed men, with unfriendly intentions, dared to intrude into his domains. They had not advanced far from their camp before they were overtaken by another scout, who brought the not altogether pleasant intelligence, that a large body of Fitzwarren’s men-at-arms had been seen marching through the confines of the forest, it was supposed, on their way to Nottingham, to join the sheriff, who had then taken up his quarters in that ancient city. Some of the more cautious of the band were for keeping quiet, lest with their divided forces they might fall in with the enemy in overwhelming numbers; but Will Stutly was for going on, and so especially was the jovial chaplain of the band.

“What, knaves, give up the chance of the richest prize we have had within our grasp for many a day!” he exclaimed, indignantly. “The filthy coin you take just goes to fill our purses, while these good things will go directly into our stomachs, and bring pleasure and satisfaction to our hearts. And just let me ask you which is of most value, a leather purse made out of a sheep’s skin or a man’s stomach, which he carries with him from his cradle to his grave? No man can do without a stomach, I opine—certes, I could not,” and the speaker affectionately stroked his own paunch; “but many a knave has had to do without a purse, especially if he has ventured into Sherwood Forest. Ha! ha! ha!” And the friar laughed heartily at his own wit, and, as usual, carried his audience with him. So on they pushed as fast as they could make their way through the forest.

Will Stutly, the leader of the party, was a well-built, athletic young man, with a frank, open expression of countenance, and fair, as were most of the pure Saxon race. A cap of green cloth with silver braid, a close-fitting suit of Lincoln green, leather boots, and leggings coming up to the thigh, completed his costume. He carried an ordinary sword and shield, a long bow and a quiver full of arrows; a horn, both for use and as an insignia of command, was slung over his back, while a dagger and hunting knife, and various other articles, were either stuck in his belt or suspended to it; altogether
he fully answered the description of "a proper man." He was nearly related
to Fitzhoo, and much esteemed by him.

He led the way boldly and blithely at the head of his men, his step full of
youth and vigour, while Friar Tuck, for cogent reasons, brought up the rear
at some distance; not that he was averse to fighting, for no man, when he
was once in it, played his part more manfully or with greater zeal with his
favourite quarterstaff, which he preferred to falchion, dagger, bow, or spear.

"This is my proper place," he muttered to himself, as he trudged along,
just keeping the rest in view. "It won't do to bring discredit on my order to
be caught with these knaves, robbing the stores intended for the fat abbot's
buttery; while if I fight and get wounded I can't attend to the hurts of others,
and if I was to get killed, lack-a-day, what would become of their souls? Then,
again, if I am well behind, and any run away, I can stop them and send them
back to their duty; and if the knaves have to retreat I shall be well in
advance, the most desirable position under such circumstances. I hope they
won't fail to get hold of this escort, for I am fearfully dry, and my wine flask
has long ago been empty. That's a sad propensity it has got lately—it's the
spring weather does it, I conclude. Ha! ha! It's much pleasanter to preach
than to practise."

The band at length reached the spot which Stutely had selected for an am-
bush, and scouts were sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of the escort.
They quickly came back, saying that it was close at hand, and of considerable
strength, though not so strong as to make it imprudent to attack. Friar Tuck
meantime had climbed to the top of a high bank, where, lying down under
the brushwood, he could see all that was taking place without himself being
seen. He observed a long train of pack animals approaching in the distance,
with a small party of men-at-arms leading, and a much larger body bringing
up the rear.

Stutely allowed them to move on undisturbed till the van had considerably
passed the spot where his band lay concealed, then he put his horn to his
mouth, and almost before its echoes had died away, he and his men, letting
fly a shower of arrows, were among the enemy, laying about them with their
swords or quarterstaffs or daggers. Those in the van were quickly disposed of,
all who were not killed taking to flight. The outlaws then turned the long
line of baggage animals towards the forest, while Stutely with a few followers
only attacked the rear guard. So intent were the rest of the band in securing
the booty, that they did not see the peril into which their leader had fallen. The
friar did, and was on the point of hurrying down to attempt his rescue,
when a fresh body of the sheriff's men came up, and, closing round him, he
was lifted up on one of their horses, whether wounded or not the friar could
not see, and the Normans, turning round, content with their prize, galloped
off, shouting, "We have captured their chief! Robin Hood is taken! The
famous robber is our prisoner!"

Not an attempt was made by them to recapture any of the abbot's property
—that was nothing to them; and they were well aware that not only would
their conduct be overlooked, but that they would be well rewarded for
bringing in so notable a prisoner.

"Alack! alack a-day! what will Robin say when he hears that Will Stutely
is taken?" cried the friar, as he hastened down the hill for the purpose of
collecting some of the outlaws and going in pursuit; but as the drivers had run
away immediately the outlaws had appeared, the latter were all so busy in
conducting the animals into the forest, in spite of all the friar's entreaties and
commands, before he could collect a sufficient number for the purpose, the
sheriff's men had disappeared, carrying off Will Stutely as a prisoner.

Their horses were fresh, for they had come along slowly; and as they
galloped off as fast as they could go, Friar Tuck sighed deeply as he saw
that it would be useless to go in pursuit. One thing was certain, that Will Stutely must not be left to perish without an attempt made to rescue him; but this could not be done without consulting with Robin Hood, who alone was capable of planning an enterprize of such importance. That he would do it if there was time, there was no doubt. However, as mourning and sighing would not bring Will back, as soon as the outlaws had penetrated some way into the forest with their booty, the friar called a halt.

"Running, my brave fellows, and weeping and fighting, makes a man wondrous dry in the throat, and I therefore propose that we select a fair-looking cask of generous liquor—and urging you to be as sober as bishops' serfs, and to avoid getting drunk like abbots—and quaff a few tankards to the success of our next enterprize.

The proposal met with no opposition, and a cask of red wine was soon almost emptied of its contents. Seeing that the wine was taking too much effect on some of the band, Tuck interfered, and having filled his own leathern bottle, ordered the cask to be bunged up again.

There was a spot in the centre of the forest where they generally bestowed the more bulky part of their booty taken in that neighbourhood. Towards this hiding-place they now made the best of their way. Having been deprived of their principal leader, and being in a district of the forest which they considered peculiarly their own, and into which no stranger would venture without the certainty of losing his purse, they neglected the usual precaution of sending scouts in advance to feel the way.

They had reached the end of their journey, and were about to drive their beasts into an enclosure formed by the ruins of an abbey, which has before been spoken of, when from behind the walls a large body of armed men rushed forth, and began laying about them on every side. The active foresters, seeing that discretion was the better part of valour, led by Friar Tuck, took to their heels, rather than fall into the trap which they supposed had been laid for them; and Fitzwarren's followers, satisfied with the rich booty which had fallen into their power, let them go, knowing that even if they did follow they should have little chance of overtaking the outlaws.

Friar Tuck and his followers did not go far, for neither he nor they were a bit frightened. He merely drew off his forces, like a skilful general when he finds himself in the presence of too superior an enemy; only their mode of proceeding was rather different. Having halted under the shelter of a thicket, a council of war was held; and it was settled that scouts should be sent out—some to watch the proceedings of Fitzwarren's men, and the others to discover what had become of their leader, Fitzooth.

"Thanks be to the saints, who put it into my heart to fill my own bottle before those rascal Normans got hold of the good wine," muttered Friar Tuck, as sitting under a tree he applied the mouth of his capacious receptacle for liquor to his lips. "Misfortunes never come singly, they say: To lose Will Stutely and all those good things in one day is a severe trial to honest men. Well, well, we must bear meekly the inflictions Providence sends us."

The wine and the fatigue he had undergone soon overpowered the friar. He was not allowed, however, to indulge long in his slumbers before he was aroused by the return of one of the scouts, who brought the information that the Norman soldiers were reveling largely in the good liquor they had captured, as was evident by the songs and shouts in which they were indulging.

One of the chief outlaws proposed that they should try and surprise them while they were asleep or drunk; but this was overruled by the majority, as the enterprize was considered too desperate, unless undertaken by the whole band, with Robin Hood himself at their head. None of the party, however, could conceive what had become of him and Little John, with those who had accompanied them.
CHAPTER IX.

THE NORMANS FIND THEY HAVE CAPTURED A DANGEROUS PRIZE.

Left Robin Hood, or Fitzhoof, as he has been called, with Little John, a faithful dwarf (Gumbo by name), who had been with him for some years, and about a dozen men, within the old abbey walls, caught very much as rats are when their holes have been stopped. The Norman soldiers who occupied the ruins were evidently going to pass the night there; and a party, including the chief officers, had taken up their quarters close to the very spot where Robin and his men lay hid. What would the Normans not have given to know that the famous outlaw was within their grasp, albeit he might have bitten their fingers pretty severely before he was taken!

Robin was soon aware that something was going on, by the loud cries and the sound of clashing steel, and of the bolts which struck the walls. But those noises ceased, and shouts of laughter and other sounds of revelry took their place, as the Normans unloaded the baggage animals which they had captured from the outlaws.

"Ha! ha! ha! these good things were intended for the fat Abbot of St. Hilda and his monks, and it is but right and proper that as we have captured so we should enjoy them," cried their leader. "This Cyprus wine is delicious—I know it full well. Who would have thought of finding such out in the middle of Sherwood forest?"

"Those Saxon knaves have served us a good turn, Sir Brian, at all events," said another. "An’ we catch any of the varlets we’ll give them a parting glass before we hang them up."

"Bah! they are but sorry game," replied the knight who had been addressed as Sir Brian. "For my part I am sick of hanging Saxons; we may want the assistance of the knaves some day. Just now we have noble game to chase, my dear Bertrand. Let us but catch the Lion, and hand him bound into the power of his most gentle brother Prince John, and there is no favour we can ask, however great, which may not be ours. An earldom and the confiscated lands of a dozen Saxon thanes in Mercia will but just suffice me."

"It is very well that we should wish to catch the Lion, but it will prove a task of no small difficulty and danger," answered Bertrand, his lieutenant. "For my part, from what I have heard of him, I would as lief be set on by a dozen men-at-arms at once and fight them for an hour, as cross swords with him for five minutes."

"We may have to do it, notwithstanding your objections," said Sir Brian. "The Lion himself, with a single companion, is, we have received information, in this neighbourhood, and may be for what I know in the forest itself, come for the purpose of having an interview with the outlaw Fitzhoof. The Lion and his companion are both disguised as friars or priests or peasants or palmers; yet methinks if I once could catch sight of the king, I should know his bold figure, and the majestic way in which he treads the ground, among ten thousand common men."

"I only wish that we may catch him asleep, or without that trenchant blade with which he was wont to hew his way through the Saracen hosts," said Bertrand. "But we are forgetting our wine while we talk of him. One thing is certain, that he will not come and interfere with our carousel tonight; and as for the robber band of Robin Hood, they dare not attack a force like ours. So let us enjoy the good things Heaven has provided for us."
Sir Brian was a leader of one of those free bands, as they were called, of mercenary soldiers, at that time existing in great numbers throughout Europe, who fought not for honour—not from any patriotic motive—but from the most mercenary motives, for whoever would pay them best. Earl Fitzwarren from his great wealth was able to employ a considerable number of these, and by these means he hoped to carry out his plans for his yet further aggrandizement. Robin Hood, who had climbed up to the loophole at which the dwarf had been standing, heard clearly every word of the conversation between the knight and his lieutenant.

"Then Richard of the Lion Heart is in England, and comes to seek my assistance in opposing the designs of his usurping brother John—for what other object can he have in coming here?" said the outlaw to himself. He stood for some time lost in meditation—new aspirations, new schemes rose in his fertile mind. What rewards would not the generous king bestow on him should he rally round his standard his Saxon countrymen, and aid in driving the already hated John from power? The earldom of Huntington, noble castles and broad lands, might be his instead of an outlaw's name, and the wild woods his present domain.

"Yet shall I change for the better?" he thought. "Court and state and ceremony and I have so long parted company, that I should make but a sorry appearance among lords and ladies in silken attire. No, let me enjoy my free woods, the society of my trusty companions, the pleasures of the chase, the excitement of waging constant war on the rich and powerful Norman robbers who lord it over our fair England, and the satisfaction of bestowing their wealth on the poor and needy, and I am content to end my days as I have spent them for many a year back."

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he watched with satisfaction the way in which not only the men-at-arms but their leaders were applying themselves to the abbot's rich and beady wines. The shouting and ringing and uproar increased till the green woods rang again with their wild revelry, and then one, and then three or four or more, dropped on the grass together, either asleep or insensible from the fumes of the wine.

In a short time the larger number of the band were overcome, and only the strongest brains—well-seasoned topers—held out. They, however, at last began to give way, and Sir Brian, their leader, was the last to succumb to the influence of the grape's ruddy juice, issuing orders, as he sank down, to his men, which none of them heard, to be on the guard against a sudden attack of the slavish Saxons.

"Ha! ha!" said Robin Hood when he saw this, "we have the knaves in our power, and might kill every one of them without difficulty before they awake; but shall it be said, I put sleeping men to death? No! that were a deed worthy of the Normans. I will, however, play them such a trick that they will not come seeking me in my lair again in a hurry."

On this he pushed aside a stone, and a narrow opening was seen, through which he and his men passed noiselessly—the last replacing it—and trod their way among the drunken Normans.

Had the outlaw chosen he might in truth have slain every one of them. Instead of that, he and his men set to work to cut up leathern thongs, of which the harness of their horses furnished an ample supply. While thus employed, he was discovered by one of the friar's scouts, who immediately carried back the joyful news to the camp. On this Friar Tuck and his companions set forth to join their chief and aid him in the work he was about. Had the friar told him what had befallen Will Stutely, he undoubtedly would have changed his plan of operations; but so delighted was Friar Tuck with what Robin proposed doing, that he forgot all about the matter.

In a short time there were thongs sufficient to bind every Norman of the
band. The knights were first secured and gagged—their spurs wrenched from their heels, and their swords taken from their scabbards, and their daggers from their belts. The men-at-arms were next treated in the same manner, and deprived of their arms. Their horses were next brought from where they were tethered, and both knights and men were mounted on them, with their faces to the tails of the animals, and their feet securely fastened under their bellies. (See page 216).

"Oh, my sons—my sons! we were going to commit a great crime," cried Friar Tuck. "We were going to let the knaves go without examining their purses!"

This grave omission was soon remedied, and a goodly supply of gold and silver collected from among them. Not a great was allowed to remain behind.

Some of the men roused up, wondering what was happening, and how they came to be seated on their horses.

Sir Brian awoke completely, and began to storm and rage at the manner in which he was treated; but the outlaws laughed heartily at his furious threats.

"Understand, Sir Knight—if knight you be without your spurs—that the next time you come hunting for Robin Hood in his own domains, a worse fate will befall you. Go to the proud Earl who sent you, and tell him that the outlaw whose life he seeks as he would that of a wolf, despises him too much to slay even such vile hirelings as are you and your band of freebooters. Now let go the horses' heads, and let the Normans boast, if they please, that they kept their faces to us to the last. Off with them! and may such a set of scoundrels never again set foot within the precincts of Sherwood Forest."

Followed by the shouts of laughter and jeers of the bold foresters, the troop of mercenaries were driven through the forest towards the castle of Beau-regard.

CHAPTER X.

A MIDNIGHT EXPEDITION AND ITS RESULTS.

The inmates and the guests at the castle of the Saxon thane of Barnessdale were about retiring to rest—the best chamber having been assigned to the two palmers—when the loud blast of a horn at the entrance gate aroused the sleepy porter. After a short parley, the gate was opened, and Black Sigurd stalked into the hall.

"A fitting time, forsooth, for Saxons to be sleeping, when a band of Fitzwarren's Norman robbers are in their power, and with one well-directed blow may be destroyed!" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone, which aroused the attention of all who remained in the hall.

Sir Michael, who appeared better than anybody else to understand the strange being who had thus suddenly appeared, questioned him more particularly, and then announced that a band of Fitzwarren's retainers had taken up their quarters for the night in the ruins of the old Abbey of St. Dunstan, and that they might without difficulty be surprised and cut off.

In the castle of a baron, whether Saxon or Norman, in those days, the inmates literally slept with their swords by their sides, and their armour ready to buckle on at a moment's notice. The steeds stood in the stables, if not ready caparisoned, at all events with their harness hung up above them, so that their riders might speedily be in the saddle and away.
On hearing the announcement made by Sir Michael, the thane of Barnessdale directed certain officers of his household to summon his retainers, who lived in huts in the immediate neighbourhood surrounding the castle, to hasten in forthwith, armed and ready to march. To the porter he sent word that no stranger was to be allowed to leave the castle; and then, standing up, in a loud voice he announced that an expedition would immediately set forth for the purpose of attacking some Norman followers of Earl Fitzwarren, ordering, at the same time, all present capable of bearing arms to assemble in the courtyard ready to set forth.

"I have a good steed for you, Sir Michael, which has carried me bravely in many a foray against the accursed Norman robbers, and I have two others, unequalled for bone and muscle, which I would fain offer to these—"

"Thanks, noble kinsman—thanks!" answered Sir Michael, interrupting him. "For myself, I will thankfully accept your offer; but—and he approached near enough to whisper to the thane—"they wish not to be known, and therefore speak not of them aloud. The use of the steeds, however, I accept in their name, as their vows do not compel them to go afoot."

All arrangements being made, the occupants of the hall dispersed, to get ready for the work in hand—the palmers following the thane to the chamber prepared for them.

Black Sigurd alone remained behind, gloomily leaning on his staff. Groans, which showed the anguish of his heart, burst forth from his heaving bosom, but not a word escaped his lips; and thus he stood till the sounds which reached his ears from without told him that the knights and men-at-arms were assembling in the courtyard. Then he strode forth, tightly grasping his staff; and as he surveyed the well-armed band, lifting his staff aloft, he exclaimed—

"I will lead you as the jackal leads the lion to his prey; and may your fangs rend asunder the foul carcasses of our foes!"

The thane and Sir Michael, and their two sons, wore their visors up, as did three other persons of knightly rank; but there were two knights, harnessed in certain suits of dark armour, which had long been hung up in in the castle hall, who wore their visors down, on whom the retainers looked with eyes of curious inquiry, wondering who they could be. These suits of armour had always been looked on with great respect, on account of their intrinsic value, their beauty of the workmanship, and their size and weight—especially of one of them—which even the thane himself, broad-shouldered as he was, could only fill with a large amount of padding, and could not support with comfort beyond a few hours at a time. It was very evident, therefore, that the stranger who wore it was no ordinary person. Both knights carried huge tough lances belonging to the thane, but their swords, it was observed, the armourer of the castle had not supplied.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had elapsed since Black Sigurd had re-entered the hall, when all were ready to set out. A party having been told off to guard the castle, thirty horsemen, armed with sword lance and shield, rode forth from the portals, outside of which they were joined by the same number of men on foot, grasping in their hands the redoubtable longbows of England.

Their other arms varied: some had spears, others only quarterstaffs, and others swords of different weights and lengths and shapes. All wore the leathern jerkin and rough skin cloak and cap which distinguished the Saxon serf of those days; but, savage as they looked, and down-trodden as they were, they seemed stout fellows, capable if well led of giving a good account of an enemy.

Black Sigurd, who put himself at their head, looked a very appropriate leader for such men.
"Follow me, Saxon churls!" he exclaimed, in an ironical tone, using the
term by which a Norman would have addressed them, and thereby reminding
them of the wrongs their tyrants had inflicted. "I will conduct you by paths
across the country by which we may reach our quarry as soon as our mounted
companions. I have your permission to lead them, Sir Thane?"

"It is granted," answered the lord of Barnessdale, after exchanging a few
words with Sir Michael, "and may we next meet over the dead carcasses
of our foes!"—a sentiment more excusable in those days than it would be at
present.

The two parties now moved on at a rapid rate—the horsemen taking the
high road, such as it was—the footmen striking across the country at a fast
run, with Black Sigurd at their head. The latter found fewer obstacles in
their way than they would at the present day, for there were few hedges or
walls, and fewer ditches; but there were steep banks to climb, thickets to
pierce through, and streams with rugged banks to cross.

Obscure as was the night, none of these impediments checked Black Sigurd
in his progress; and his followers had to keep up with him as best they could
—some of them grumbling sorely at having one whom they looked on as
little better than a madman to lead them. Still, when one reminded his
fellow that they had the prospect of killing a number of Normans, and
collecting a goodly booty into the bargain, they plucked up courage and
pushed on.

Sir Michael and the thane rode at the head of their party, followed by their two
sons and the strange knights. The kinsmen had many things to talk about, but
rapid movement rather impeded their conversation, and prevented them from
saying anything which they did not wish to enter other ears than their own.
They had just reached the spot where Black Sigurd had appointed to meet
them, that the united companies might make their attack together, when as
they halted, expecting to see him and those he led emerge from some neigh-
bouring thicket, the loud tramp of horses’ hoofs was heard, mingled with the
shrieks and cries of men. Every instant the sounds increased in loudness,
and horses were dimly discerned through the gloom approaching.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FATE OF THE NORMAN MERCENARIES.

The knights and their followers drew up in battle array. Just then the
moon, bursting through the clouds, revealed a large body of horsemen coming
on at full tilt; but to the astonishment of the thane and his friends, their
faces were turned towards their horses’ tails; and instead of the loud huzza
of cavalry about to charge, they shrieked out in accents of despair, begging
some one to stop their affrighted steeds.

"This is some grammerie, or trick of enchantment," exclaimed the thane.

"More likely, good cousin, some trick of our gay friend, Robin Hood," said
the knight, who at that instant caught sight of the Fitzwarren livery. "By
our Lady! they are no other than the knaves we hoped to catch mopping. It
were unworthy of our knighthood to slay them now."

He had no time to say more, when the horses which bore Fitzwarren’s hap-
less mercenaries, seeing a body of men in front of them, wheeled off to the
right hand, sweeping on in their terror-stricken flight.

The thane could with difficulty restrain his men from following; indeed,
probably, had it not been for Sir Michael and the stranger knights, few of the
enemy would have escaped the edge of their swords.
The shrieking Normans had indeed gone scarcely fifty yards beyond where the
Saxon horsemen had halted, when a shout, rising far above the other cries,
was heard, and Black Sigurd was seen, staff in hand, to spring out on them.
"Now I have you! now I have you!" he cried out. "Vengeance! venge-
cence! vengeance! Slay the murderers!—slay them—slay them! Spare
not!—spare not!"

Suit ing the action to the word, he swung round his heavy staff, each revolu-
tion bringing it in contact with the head of some unfortunate wretch, who
was seen to drop forward over his horse's crupper. On he sped alongside
them, dealing his death-giving blows, accompanied by the more nimble of the
Saxon footmen. At length even he could not keep up with the foe, and he
then shouted out to the Saxons who were following to draw their bows, and to
send a shaft through the heart of each of the survivors.

The order was obeyed with alacrity; and though the horses might have
reached Earl Fitzwarren's castle, very few of the riders, it seemed probable,
would arrive alive. Many of them had, indeed, been severely knocked about
by the branches of the trees among which their horses had galloped. They
were soon lost to sight in the gloom of night, followed as they went by the
derisive shouts of the Saxons.

It was truly a deed of cruelty and savageness; but the down-trodden Saxons
in those days, it must be remembered, were little better than savages, and had
become what the Normans had long attempted to make them—hewers of wood
and drawers of water in the land of their fathers.

"The work we came to do seems to have been pretty well accomplished by
others, and now methinks it were well in us to return to the castle and to our
beds," observed the thame, who, brave as he was, true to the instincts of his
race, was ever unwilling to exert himself more than was necessary to accom-
plish the work he had undertaken.

"Not so, fair cousin," said Sir Michael. "Now that we are so far in the
domain of bold Robin Hood, we will go on and arrange with him the plan of
our operations against Fitzwarren's castle; indeed, we may induce him to join
us at once, and weakened as the castle must be by the loss of so many of its
defenders, we may possibly be able to take it with slight opposition, and to
rescue my fair niece from the thralldom in which she is held."

"You are wise and prudent as you are brave and energetic, good cousin,
and I am a sad dotard not to have thought of that," exclaimed the thame.
"Oh that you were king of our fair England, there might yet be happy days
in store for us!"

"Hush! hush! good cousin," cried the knight putting his hand on the
thane's mouth. "If you think such folly, speak it not aloud in the presence
of one to whom the remark might not sound pleasant."

(To be continued.)
THE BUTCHER'S BOY OF IPSWICH.

A TALE FOR THE BIGGER BOYS OF ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR OF "PETER PARLEY'S ANNUAL."

PART II.

THE desire of King Henry to rid himself of his first wife, Catherine of Arragon, and to marry another, has been already alluded to as being the occasion of Wolsey's fall. Wolsey was placed in a very precarious predicament. His duty to the Church was to prevent a heretic (for Anne Boleyn was a Protestant) from becoming the wife of the king, to the detriment of the queen, who was a rigid Papist; and his duty to his sovereign was to uphold him in his views. Wolsey evinced a greater degree of anxiety for the interests of the Church than for those of his sovereign; and hence the king began to look on him coldly—a change which the keen-eyed courtiers, who were his bitter enemies, did not fail to observe and promote. Wolsey was not blind to the slippery verge on which he stood. One day, returning from the Court of Blackfriars to his house at Westminster, the Bishop of Carlisle, who accompanied him, happened to complain of the excessive heat of the weather. "If you had been so chafed, my lord," said Wolsey, "as I have been to-day, you would be warm indeed"—alluding to a conversation which he had immediately before had with Henry, which was a prelude to his rapid descent; and this time his ruin was inevitable.

In a few days the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk arrived at his house, and required the Great Seal to be delivered to them, informing him that it was the king's pleasure that he should retire to Esher, an ecclesiastical seat which belonged to him as Bishop of Winchester. With the requisition he refused to comply, saying that the Great Seal had been given to him personally by the king, and that he would deliver it into no other hands. A warm debate arose, but the cardinal remained firm, and the two noblemen went away without accomplishing their purpose. The next day, however, they appeared with a mandate that could not be resisted; and his power being ended, he prepared for the resignation of his wealth. Inventories were made of his furniture; and incredible quantities of plate, velvets, damasks, and the richest tissues, were laid out in the chambers and on the different tables of his galleries and apartments, and marked with brands as forfeits to the king.

With his train of noblemen and gentlemen he proceeded to his barge, which lay at Privy Council Stairs, and thence proceeded to Putney, where he landed, and mounted his mule; but he had not proceeded far when a messenger overtook him from the king, who assured him that he had not wholly forsaken him, and that it was not his intention so to do. Wolsey alighted from his mule, and kneeling down upon the spot, lifted his hands to Heaven, and returned thanks for this unexpected consolation, and rewarded the messenger in his usual liberal manner with a chain of gold and a precious relic.
from his neck. He then pursued his way to Esher. It was not long after he
reached that sanctuary before he found out the ingratitude of the world.
The official dependants whom he had fed, and many of whom he had raised, as
it were, from the dunghill, forsook him; and none but his immediate domestics,
who partook of the overthrows of his fortunes, remained to console their fallen
master. To be unable to assist or to reward these faithful servants, cut him to
the heart more than the cruelty of the king or his own disgrace, and made the
bitterness of that hour worse than death itself.
Articles of impeachment were soon drawn up against him. He was charged
with superiority of talents, assiduity in business, eloquence in his discourse;
with being sarcastic, liberal, and lofty-minded. These charges were exposed in
the House of Commons by Thomas Cromwell, who had been his secretary,
as being absurd; and the Commons, much to their honour, threw out
the bill as unworthy of consideration: but he was immediately indicted for
having exercised his legatine commission without the king’s authority. The
reply of Wolsey was proud and melancholy: “I am,” said he, “now sixty
years old, and the best of my days have been spent in the public service, and
for which I am deprived in old age of all my all, and driven, as it were, to beg
my bread. I expected some higher charge; not that I am guilty, but that the
malice of mine enemies would have taken higher ground.” He was then re-
quired to resign York Place, his archiepiscopal palace at Westminster, but he
decided to do so, on the ground of injury to the rights of others, and giving
up the property of the Church. But the king was inexorable: all his possess-
ions and moveables were declared forfeited to the crown. The fate of the
noble colleges that he had founded gave him the most pain; he had hoped
that they would have been his monuments with posterity as a patron of know-
ledge and a benefactor to his country; but they, too, were confiscated. He
wrote to the king humbly, as on his knees and with weeping eyes, to spare the
college of Oxford; but no answer was returned.
Cromwell, who in the House of Commons had so ably defended him, acted
with such open and manly intrepidity in the cause of his deserted master, that
he won the esteem of all parties. Being on a visit of consolation to him at
Esher, he one day took occasion to mention that no provision had been made
for several of the inferior servants, who had proved themselves very faithful
and had never forsaken him. Cromwell then proposed that the cardinal’s
chaplains, who had been preferred to rich benefices by his influence, should
with himself contribute a little money for the support of the domestics. The
servants were then summoned into the hall, and the sight of so many faithful
though humble friends powerfully affected him, and for some time he was
unable to speak. The tears started into his eyes, and the servants, perceiving
his emotion, gave way to their own sorrows. When he had recovered from his
agitation, and silence was restored, he spoke to them, as has been recorded, in
the following manner:—
“Most faithful gentlemen and true-hearted yeomen, I lament that in my
prosperity I did not so much for you as I ought to have done, nor what was
then in my power. I considered, indeed, that if I promoted you to the exclu-
sion of the king’s servants, I should have been exposed to the malice and the
slander of the world. But now my power is gone. It has pleased the king to
take away all that I had, and I have nothing left but my robe. My punish-
ment, however, far exceeds my offence; but I trust to be soon restored to his
majesty’s favour, when I shall remember the treasure I possessed in you, the
value of which I knew not before.” He then spoke many words of com-
fort and encouragement to them, bade them be of good cheer, and concluded
by advising them to repair to their families; he then gave to each and all his
patriarchal blessing, and distributed the money raised for their service.
This necessity of his servants, and his want of power to do them justice
weighed heavily on the mind of the cardinal, and with other perplexities—such as the ingratitude of those who had risen into power and wealth by his bounty—corroded his feelings to such a degree that his life was despaired of. This coming to the knowledge of Henry, he was sore alarmed, for he was not sure that the advice of his fallen minister might not be of use to him; and striking the table violently with his hand, he exclaimed, “I would rather lose twenty thousand pounds than that he should die!” He then took from his finger a ring charged with a ruby, on which his own head was engraved, and sent a gentleman with it, with the most kindly assurances. Anne Boleyn, who was present, also sent him, as a token of her regard, a golden locket from her side. Soon after, he was regularly pardoned, and replaced in the see of York, with a pension of a thousand marks; and Henry, unknown to the Privy Council, restored to him his plate and effects to the value of six thousand pounds! but he was, notwithstanding, banished to York, and he commenced his journey towards that city about the end of Lent. His train consisted of a hundred and sixty horses, and seventy-two waggons of the relics of his furniture.

He proceeded on his way, and in every town he was met by vast multitudes. At Peterborough he walked on Palm Sunday in procession to the cathedral, and halted at Stony, where he resided till Michaelmas, preaching at all the churches and exercising his pastoral functions to the delight of all. The Monday after All Souls’ day, having reached York, was fixed for his installation; but on the preceding Friday, while he was sitting at dinner, the Earl of Northumberland, who with Lord Percy had been educated in his house, and whose intended marriage with Anne Boleyn he had been the means of frustrating, accompanied by a member of the Privy Council, entered the room, and with a few words only arrested him for high treason. Wolsey was for a time speechless, but recovering himself, said, “I fear not the cruelty of my enemies, nor the scrutiny of my allegiance, but I will take Heaven to witness that neither in word or deed have I injured the king, and I will maintain my innocence face to face with any man alive.”

Next day he was compelled to set off for London, and as he came out on his mule guarded, the people exclaimed, “God save your grace, and may evil overtake those who have taken you from us!” and they followed him for a long distance, showing many tokens of regard and affection. Those who had the guard over him tried to cheer him, but he considered his destruction irrevocably fixed, and resigned himself to despair. His constitution, impaired by a life of anxiety, perplexity, and hard brain work, suddenly gave way. One day at dinner he complained of a coldness of his stomach, and was soon after seized with a violent flux, which exhausted his remaining strength. In this situation he was found by Sir William Kingston, governor of the Tower, who came to convey him to London. On the evening of the third day after he left Sheffield Park, he approached Leicester. The end of the year was drawing nigh, and the fall of the leaves around him seemed well in accordance with his declining state. When he reached the abbey, the abbot and the friars, apprised of his coming, waited with torches at the gate to receive him. As he passed towards the bottom of the stairs, he said to the brotherhood, “I am come to lay my bones among you,” and then went direct to his chamber.

The following morning, Cavendish, his usher and afterwards his historian, as he was watching near him thought he perceived the symptoms of death. The cardinal noticing him, inquired the hour, and was told eight o’clock. “That cannot be,” he replied, “for at eight o’clock you shall lose your master. My time is at hand, and I must depart this world.” Continuing to grow weaker and weaker, he frequently fainted during the day. About four o’clock of the following morning, he asked for some refreshment, which having received and made confession, Sir William Kingston entered the room and
inquired how he felt himself. "Sir," said Wolsey, "I tarry but the pleasure of God to render up my poor soul into His hands;" and after a few other words between them he resumed: "I pray you to commend me humbly to the king, and beseech him to remember on my behalf and call to his princely memory all matters that have passed between him and me, and then he must know whether I have given him any offence. He is a prince of a most royal nature; but rather than miss any part of his pleasure, he would endanger the half of his kingdom. Often have I knelt before him by the hour together, endeavouring to persuade him from his will and appetite, but could not prevail. Had I served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." Towards the conclusion he began to falter and linger in the articulation of his words. At the end, his eyes became motionless, and his sight failed. The abbot was summoned to give him extreme unction, and the yeomen of the guard called to be witnesses of his death. As the clock struck eight he expired.

The body, with the face uncovered, being laid out in pontifical robes, the magistrates and inhabitants of Leicester were admitted to see it. In the evening it was removed into the church, but the funeral service being protracted by unusual dirges and orisons, it was past midnight when the funeral took place. The king, when informed of his death, was filled with compunction and sorrow, and he seemed anxious to reward all those who had showed kindness to his old favourite and counsellor. On Cromwell he bestowed much of the favour his master had enjoyed; and Cavendish, whose fidelity had remained unshaken by the ruin of his master, was promoted to wealth and offices, which enabled him to become the founder of the princely dukedom of Devonshire, who may well boast of such a glorious ancestry, far more illustrious than that of the proudest military achievements, as fidelity is a higher virtue than even personal bravery.

Such was Wolsey! He rose like a rocket to the skies, and fell in degradation like the stick; but still in his rapid flight to the zenith of his fame, he did mankind some service, and fulfilled to a great degree the promise of his noble boyhood. A prominent measure among his many well-intentioned plans was the reform of the Universities, while his endowments, derived from the monasteries which he had confiscated, owing to their profligate wickedness, were full and ample. At Ipswich, the place of his birth, he founded a noble school, as a preparatory seminary for his colleges; and he wrote a grammar for the instruction of the boys. Erasmus describes the cardinal's table surrounded by the wise and learned of the age; and his founding of the College of Physicians gave to medical science a source from which has proceeded a river of general good. Such deeds were objects of the noblest ambition, and it does not appear that all his pomp parade and magnificence were of so selfish a character as is popularly believed. It was necessary for him to have pomp to dazzle the minds of emperors and kings; but his ambition and his pride went far beyond the tawdry trappings of ecclesiastical finery. He lived in a perilous age, he guided successfully the helm of England's destinies, and supported her interests more than perhaps ever any man did before.

---

THE LATE WITTY SYDNEY SMITH.

The Rev. Sydney Smith, Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, much enjoyed repeating the following humorous anecdote:—"I remember entering a room at the French Embassy, with glass all round, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was much delighted at finding myself among so many of my clerical brethren!"
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

(With an Engraving.)

The important and noble institution conducted in Gower Street, and represented by the truly classic elevation represented in our engraving, was projected in the year 1825 by several public-spirited individuals, who were anxious to extend the blessings of a liberal education among the middle classes of the country, in which effort Lord Brougham took a very conspicuous part. The establishment of the London University at first excited the jealousy of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who feared their ancient rights and privileges might be affected by the liberal principles on which it was founded.

In the year 1827, the Duke of Sussex (uncle of our gracious Sovereign), heartily sympathizing with the views of its founders, laid the first stone of the building. The progress it made in public opinion, and the favour with which the project was viewed, aroused feeling in its favour to such a degree, that nearly £170,000 was subscribed for the purpose of carrying out the project. The progress the institution made was very rapid, and the number of pupils reached nearly 600 in the first year of its establishment. The endowments have continued to increase, until it has reached a very large amount.

There are several Scholarships connected with the University, from £20 to £50 per annum, tenable for two or three years.

PROFESSOR THOMAS HEWITT KEY,
Head Master of University School.

(With a Portrait.)

The appointment of a Head Master to London University School was one of the most important functions the Council had to discharge, and they performed their duty well by the appointment, in the year 1833, of Professor Key to that honourable office.

Professor Key is the member of a family who has been distinguished by the extraordinary talents displayed by its several members, his father having been the late Dr. Key, and his brother the well-known surgeon, the late Aston Key. The Professor was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and became Wrangler in 1821.

Professor Key is in his sixty-fifth year, and still discharges his important functions with all the vigour and more of the efficiency he displayed when he first entered on his highly honourable appointment. He enjoys the fullest confidence of the Council, and the esteem and respect of the other Professors and Masters in the University. He is beloved by his pupils, for whom he shows an extraordinary degree of affection. Several of his late pupils are playing a highly honourable part in the drama of life, and we hope he may live many years to augment the number of those whose honourable course may speak the praise of their beloved Head Master.
AN AWFUL FIX!

My life has been one of many dangers; I have experienced adventures that have wellnigh proved fatal often and often, but the remembrance of one hour of deadly anguish "out-Herod's Herod," and makes them appear as nothing in comparison.

I was on board the good ship Sea Foam, which was lying off the coast, receiving large supplies of gunpowder and a variety of other articles for exportation. We had loaded a vast quantity, but most of the casks were not arranged in their proper position for the voyage. On the night I am going to tell you about, all the crew had got leave from the kind captain to go on shore until morning, as there were several minor theatres and places of amusement open for them. The captain also was going to a ball, and I had volunteered to remain in sole charge of the ship—an onerous position.

"Good bye, S——" said the captain to me as he stepped into his boat. "I leave you 'Daft Willie' for a companion. Be very careful not to allow him to wander about the ship; and mind you don't go down into the storeroom with a candle—there's sufficient powder there to blow the ship to atoms." So saying, he and the rest of the crew pulled off towards the shore.

I sat on deck with 'Daft Willie' by my side for some time. My companion was a poor idiot boy, who had come from the neighbouring town to earn a few coppers by assisting the men in loading the ship. He was very quiet and harmless, and was liked and kindly treated by the crew. I cautioned him strongly not to go into the hold, and he appeared to understand what I said to him.

The beautiful night kept me on deck, and I was dozing off to sleep when a sudden cry came from the hold, that startled me into an upright position. I knew it was the voice of the poor idiot boy, and I missed him at once from my side. Quickly I descended the ladder, and there saw him wringing his hands in abject fear. I saw the danger at a glance. The idiot had intended to purloin some biscuits, and for want of a lantern had looked about in the room for somewhere to put his candle. Not finding any crack or hole handy, he had inserted the blade of his knife into the wood of one of the powder barrels that stood next the biscuit cask, and lifted one of the staves clear out—so that he actually placed the candle to stick up in the bare powder! Suddenly the danger had flashed crushingly upon his weak mind, and he dared not take it away. I approached it hurriedly, intending to remove the candle cautiously, when putting my foot down, I suddenly felt it grasped like a vice, and I was thrown violently on the floor. A piece of large iron chain lay on the ground, riveted firmly to the cabin-floor, and into one of the links I had struck my foot. As I fell the boy darted by me, fled swiftly up the hatchway, and disappeared. There was a splash, and I knew I was alone with death. I pulled and tugged, but my foot and ankle had slipped through the huge link, and my efforts were useless. I removed my boot and stocking, and tried again, till the blood dripped from my wounded limb on the floor. I endeavoured in vain to remove the huge rivet from its resting place, but it was too firmly imbedded, and I could not stir it a hair's breadth. I called, but no answer came, and the hollow echoes mocked my anguish.

The pitiless chain clanked as I flung myself about striving to get free. Vain was the effort. With all my strength I could not move my leg from its terrible captivity, and I was doomed. Doomed! Was this to be the ending of a life I had thought to enjoy? Oh, it was a cruel, cruel close to my bright dreams; a fatal, untimely ending to them. Was there no hope of escape?

A can of water stood near the doorway, unperceived until now, and I uttered
a cry of joy as I sprang towards it, dragging my ponderous chain with me. A new hope arose in me, that I might quench the light. I was doomed to bitter disappointment. It was beyond my reach. I pulled and tugged until my leg was perfectly agonizing; I flung myself forward, and clutched frantically at it, but I clutched but air. Oh, Heavens! what were the sufferings of Tantalus to this? Another thought came upon me like a flash of lightning. I would sacrifice a limb to save my life. I searched my pockets for my large sailor's knife, but in vain; and then I remembered having lent it to one of the men in the course of the day. I was doomed; and there was no hope!

When the full torrent of despair came upon me, I believe my senses wandered, and I knew not how time passed. The book of my life seemed open, and in it I read things of the past, long forgotten, but now uprisen to chide me at the last. A face came, breaking like the moon through clouds; a face, at first indistinct, and then clear and well defined. Ah! well I knew its gentle, loved outline; well I knew the features that the spirits of the past revealed to me that night—and a tear rolled down my cheek, the first I had shed for many a year, as old memories flocked heavily on me, and I muttered that well-loved word, "Mother!" Strange it is, but no less strange than true, that with approaching death the soul seems to go back, as it were, to its original starting-point; and the last word of many a brave fellow on the field of battle has been the name he used to love in childhood—the beloved name of Mother.

The sorrowful face faded as it came, but no other took its place—only one eye! And a terrible eye it was! Fiery and radiating, alternately approaching and receding; now flickering and indistinct, now glaring like an eye of fire, yet with a terrible pitiless beam in it that pierced my soul. A nameless terror came upon me, vague, undefined, yet awful, and I sprang to my feet to disperse the dreadful apparitions that crowded upon me. The eye was still there! It seemed like the eye of fate, but it was only the candle. Then I became conscious that some time had elapsed. The candle was half burnt down, and how I had escaped a stray spark I knew not. I flung myself down again, and watched the huge mushroom-shaped wick. I almost prayed for immediate death, for this suspense was awful, and I had already suffered a thousand times the agonies of dissolution.

I was calm and quiet now, but it was the stony calmness of despair. I lay thus, and the fatal candle burned steadily on, getting less and less. One breath of wind would have disarranged the strange quivering structure, and then—death! Still, like the eye of an unalterable destiny, it burned steadily, brightly, that terrible candle; and I was waiting for death!

Hark! The indistinct sound of an ear comes over the silent water. It cannot be! It is but a splashing; and I must be getting delirious. It is silent again—the calm light flickers with no breath of wind; and death is near.

"Hallo, S——! where are you? Where have you put yourself?" Such were the sounds that broke upon my ear. I was spell-bound, and could not speak, for I believed it to be but another phase of madness.

"Where are you, old fellow?" came the voice; and this time there was no mistaking it. I recognized the tones of one of my shipmates.

"Keep off, Thenford!" I shouted; "you'll be killed if you come. Push away from the vessel, there's no hope for me."

As I said this, the tall form of my friend strode into the room.

"What's the matter? What are you talking about? Why——" He stopped as he saw the huge toppling mass of lighted wick among the loose powder, and seemed to comprehend the danger at once.

The next instant the bucket I had striven to reach was in his hands, and a stream of water cast full on the flame. There was a hiss, and the danger was
over. The reaction from the nethermost depths of despair to the knowledge of safety was too much! Can it be wondered that I poured out my heart in thanksgiving to that Providence that had so wonderfully and mercifully saved me?

Other men came crowding into the hold, and Thenford gave orders to some of them to pull back to the town and fetch a blacksmith. They soon came back with him, my fetters were filed through, and I was released from my involuntary and dreadful imprisonment. I was ill for some time after, for the shock to my nervous system was great. I afterwards learned that the men had left shore for the captain’s pocket-book. He wanted a letter out of it, and missing it, sent to see if he had left it in the cabin. I never heard of “Daft Willie” afterwards; his body lies at the bottom of the sea, where he had rushed over at that fearful moment.

There is something more than that theory of the atheist—chance—that controls such situations as mine, and brings assistance when all is despaired of. It must have been a divine Providence that caused my friends to leave the shore for the ship so opportunely, and controlled the captain’s actions in leaving the book behind. “There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.”

---

A GREEK WEDDING.

The following interesting account is given on the authority of a traveller, who visited Cephalonia some time since:—

The bride, a pretty girl of two or three and twenty, dressed in all her finery, was waiting for the bridegroom; and the villagers, in their holiday clothes (you cannot imagine a more picturesque costume than that of a Greek peasant), were dancing to the pipe and drum. The bridegroom was to arrive from a village at some distance, and scouts were on the look out to give due notice of his approach.

First came a courier to the bride with a letter, though neither could read or write; she rewarded him with a cake in the form of a ring, which he threw over his musket, for he was armed. As soon as the bridegroom was discovered, a running fire was kept up by those on the watch, till he arrived at the destined place, when he saluted his bride, and they danced till the hour that the church was prepared for the ceremony. The priest, with his robes beautifully embroidered, his beard nearly reaching to his knees, conducted them to the altar, which stood in the centre of the church, and gave them lighted tapers to hold, which they retained during the whole of the ceremony.

After repeating the prayer prescribed by the Greek Church, and administering the sacrament, he blessed two rings, and put them on the fingers of the newly-married couple; this done, he admonished them on the new state of life they had entered into; during which time the brideman and bridemaid kept continually changing the rings on the fingers of the newly-linked pair. Next, crowns of plaited riband were placed on their heads, which were interchanged in the same manner as the rings.

A white veil, denoting purity, was then spread over the heads of both, and thus they marched three times round the altar, and behind them followed a young boy holding each by the skirt; the priest then scattered the incense, and sprinkled the assembled multitude. The bride mounted her mule, took leave of her relations, and departed with the bridegroom, preceded by a pipe and tabor, and followed by musketry.
A FEARFUL ALTERNATIVE.

It was on one extremely beautiful afternoon in the month of June, 1858, that Francais jumped into his little boat, and after pulling her out of the narrow creek where she lay moored, rowed slowly along the rock-bound shore until he came to the entrance of one of those deep sea-caves so abundant on the west coast of Ireland.

In the most gloomy recesses of these natural caverns thousands of a kind of seafowl resort during the breeding season. It was among the feathered tribes there collected in the Puffin Cave that Francais took his way on that afternoon, bent on their death and destruction.

Gliding, with slight dipping oars, into the dreadful yawning chasm, he stepped quickly from his boat, and tethering it to a projecting rock, he set light to a torch, and armed with a stout cudgel, penetrated into the innermost parts of the cavern, where he found a vast quantity of birds' eggs, and after a short time became so engrossed with his sport that he forgot the flight of time, until the hollow sound of rushing waters attracted his attention, and made him aware that the tide, which was ebbing at the time he entered the cave, had turned, and was now rising rapidly.

His first thought was to return to the spot where he had made his boat fast. How was he horrified when perceiving that the rock to which he had tethered the boat was nearly covered with water! He might still have reached it by swimming, but unfortunately the rope by which it was attached to the rock not having sufficient scope, the boat on the rising of the tide was drawn stern downwards to a level with the water; and Francais, on perceiving it slowly descend and fill with water, felt as though the last link between the now living world and himself was broken. To proceed was useless; and he well knew there was no possible way of getting back from the cave, which in a very short time would be filled by the now advancing tide.

His very soul died within him when he thought of the most awful fate that awaited him. He was not a lad who feared to face death, either by flood or field. On the billowy sea and the dizzy cliff he had dared it hundreds of times, with perfect unconcern; but to meet the grim tyrant there alone, to struggle hopelessly with him for life in that dreary vault, was more than his magnanimity could bear. He shrieked aloud in despair, and the torch fell from his trembling hand into the dark waters that gurgled at his weary feet, and dashing forward for a single moment, exhaled with a hissing sound that fell like a death warns upon his ear. The wind, too, began to rise with the flowing of the tide, and drove the tumultuous waves with hoarse and hideous clamour into the cavern; and what with the gale that howled and bellowed as it swept around the palate of that most awful casemate, and the shrill screaming of the sea-birds, they formed a concert of terrible dissonance well suited for the requiem of the hapless wretch who was now enclosed in that living grave.

At last his presence of mind returned, so that he resolved not to be destroyed or lost without a struggle. Then he remembered that at the furthest extremity of the cave was a flight of rustic steps descending from the roof to the floor. The hope thus suggested was quickly damped when he reflected that a deep fissure, which ran perpendicularly through the rock, formed a chasm twelve feet in width in the floor of the cavern between him and the place of refuge. The tide, however, which was now rising rapidly, compelled him to retreat further and further into the interior of the cavern, and he felt the only chance he had left him for life was to endeavour to cross the chasm.

He was young and active and possessed of rare courage, and he had frequently by torchlight leaped across the abyss in the presence of his com-
LILY GREY.

panions, few of whom had dared to follow his example. But now, alone and in utter darkness, how was he to attempt such a feat? The conviction was forced on his mind that death was inevitable if he remained where he was.

Collecting a handful of loose pebbles from one of the numerous channels, he proceeded cautiously over the slippery rocks, throwing at every step a pebble before him to ascertain the security of his footing. At length he heard a stone, as he dropped it, descend with a hollow, clattering sound that continued for several seconds. He knew that he was standing on the brink of the chasm, and retiring a single step, and screwing up every nerve and muscle in his body to the utmost tension, he made a step in advance, and threw himself forward into the awful void!

Who can tell the whirlwind of thoughts that rushed through his brain in the brief moment that he hung above that yawning gulf? Should he have miscalculated his distance, or chosen a place were the chasm was the widest, should his footing fail, or his strength be unequal to carry him over, what a death were his! Dashed down into that horrible abyss, crashing from rock to rock, until he lay at the bottom a mutilated corpse—the agony of years was crowded into one moment! His foot struck against the opposite rock, and he was saved! at least he felt that he had, for the moment, escaped the imminent peril in which he was placed, and as he climbed up the rugged slope, he thought little of the further dangers that he had to encounter.

All through that dreary and long night he sat on the narrow ledge of rock, while the angry waves thundered beneath his feet, and cast their cold spray every instant over him.

With the ebbing of the tide, the sea receded from the cavern; but he hesitated to cross the chasm again. His limbs had become stiff and benumbed, and his long abstinence had so weakened his powers, that he shrank from the dangerous enterprise. While giving way to the most desponding reflections, a stentorian voice echoed through the cavern, and never had the human voice sounded so sweetly. He replied to it with a thrilling shout of joy, and in a few minutes several persons made their appearance upon the scene with torches; a plank was speedily thrust across the fissure, and Francois once more found himself amid a group of his friends, who were warmly congratulating him on the most fortunate result of this most FEARFUL ALTERNATIVE.

GEORGE THOMAS MILLER.

LILY GREY.

The morning beams are gleaming as in a sea of fire,
They glance upon the distant hills, they tip with gold the spire;
The lark is rising from its nest in the sweet-scented heath,
And pouring forth a happy song to the whole world beneath.
The morning breezes fresh and pure play round my aching brow,
They bring old memories back to me I fain would still no more;
For, ah! they bear the vision bright of a past summer day,
And one too fair, too pure for earth, my sainted LILY GREY.
The golden sun is setting on the horizon bright,
And o'er the scene there softly steals the dusky wing of night;
A perfume strange is floating from every flower's close,
And bees that sped with drowsy hum from out the old church tower.
The evening is as fair as that when, paused beside the stream,
Our path in life seemed joined in one, and bright our youthful dream,
But now I pace alone and sad along life's dreary way,
With thy loved memory in my heart, my long-lost LILY GREY.

S.
OUR SCHOOL FIGHT.

Oh, ye parents and guardians, ye pastors and masters, I think I see you all shaking your venerable heads at the uncivilized title of this story. But allow me, in your clemency, to say one word in apology or justification.

I do not at all hold with fighting, either at school or anywhere else, far from it; I consider means ought to be taken in all schools to abolish this shameful practice. But at the same time, although when found out both combatants should be punished, I must say I think there is generally much to plead in justification. But we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from the following account of "Our School Fight."

I had been at school for about two years, when a big fellow came, whom we will call Daston; he was a tall raw-boned sort of boy, of about sixteen years of age, and as soon as the first shyness consequent on coming amongst strange boys wore off, he began to show a disposition to annoy and worry all who were tame enough to submit. In fact, he wanted to introduce "fagging" into the school, which is neither more nor less than allowing the big boys to make slaves of the little ones. I had an especial friend and chum named Harry Holdsworth, who was always found in the ranks arrayed against tyranny of all sorts. Between him and Daston a feud always seemed to exist, because when Daston first came to the school he asked Harry (being about his own age) to assist him in making fags of the younger boys. This Harry refused to do, and, moreover, let Daston know his opinion of fagging in such an unmistakable manner, that from that hour until the time when Daston left school they were constant enemies.

Harry often spoke to me about their quarrel, and always seemed sorry that it existed; but at the same time he said he would never wish to be friendly with Daston, if friendship entailed agreeing to fag and bully the younger boys. They always passed without speaking, though I must say, that the sinister looks which Daston cast at Harry, showed hatred almost as plainly as if he had spoken outright.

But the end of a half was quickly approaching, and all were too busy "reading up" for the Examinations to notice anything about the bad feeling existing between these two. And here again did Daston receive, as he thought, additional provocation to hate Harry; for they were both in the same class, and were each striving their utmost to gain the prize in which Harry, from his superior attainments, seemed most likely to succeed. This, of course, was enough of itself to cause hatred in such an envious mind as Daston's.

But an event soon happened which brought matters to a crisis. As I was one day walking round the playground, arm-in-arm with Holdsworth, talking about the Examinations, we heard a loud cry, as if someone were in pain. We stopped and looked at each other, for we both fancied we knew the voice; and after listening awhile, we heard the cry repeated, and we then recognized it as the voice of a little boy named Unway. Proceeding towards the spot whence the sound issued, we heard the voice of Daston, who was talking angrily, and immediately afterwards that of Unway, who was evidently crying. This was enough for both of us; so, rushing forward, we soon found ourselves in an open space, in the centre of which stood Daston, holding by the coat-collar the little boy Unway, who was crying out for mercy. Daston had a piece of knotted rope in his hand, with which he was about to deliver a hard blow upon the trembling body of the child, when the rope was to his astonishment suddenly wrenched out of his hand, and applied to his own body with such vigour as soon to lay him howling on the ground; and on looking
up into the face of his castigator, he beheld the well-known features of Harry Holdsworth.

"You shall smart for this, you coward!" said Daston.

"Coward yourself!" said Harry. "You know well enough you dare not hit me."

I have invariably noticed that a bully is the greatest coward imaginable, the truth of which was proved by the fact that Daston began to sink away, but was suddenly stopped by the shouts of the boys who had surrounded us. He saw he must brave it out; so, going up to Harry, he challenged him, in a voice thick with passion, to fight him at once. But at this juncture the school bell rang, and we were obliged to run in and plunge once more into the business of the Examinations.

But Daston saw he had gone too far to "back out," so at bedtime he renewed his challenge, and proposed to fight in the bedroom. This was undoubtedly the best place, as both combatants were able to strip to the waist, and "pitch into" one another in truly scientific style.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the fight, as I hope such an account would be always repugnant to my readers; but suffice it to say that I was Harry's second, and although he was three times knocked breathless into my arms from the blows he had given and received, yet he at last managed to send Daston into his second's arms in such a condition as to be totally unable to continue the fight: so of course Harry was proclaimed victor, amidst the shouts and congratulations of the little boys. I am glad to say now (but I was sorry then) that they were both punished; and as for Daston, he was soon afterwards expelled for a theft committed by him upon some of the boys, and I have never heard more about him.

And now you will see that I have written this account more as a warning than as an encouragement to such a brutal sport. It is very evident that Harry might have acted with more discretion than he did, but as it was, it only teaches us a good lesson—

DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER. B. T.

THE CLOCK.

It indicates the time of day, and it declares the transition from hour to hour by striking upon a bell, thus visibly and audibly proclaiming the same thing. Through long use, it has become indispensable to the regulation of our undertakings and engagements. We can propose to accomplish nothing without the clock. At its summons we rise from sleep, return to rest, eat, drink, labour, play, and visit our friends. Before the boys may be released from their task, the children from their teachers, or even the garments from their bodies, the clock must be consulted.

Under its sanction we assemble for worship; weekly, by its authority, are the temple gates unbarred, the market-booths erected, the carrier's cart despatched. He who disputes an oracle so popular as the parish clock, is suspected of heresy against that agreement and concurrence, without which time itself goes wrong. Sick and poor, wise and foolish, hear his sovereign admonitions every hour they have their respective duties to consider. Gravest of moralists, loudest of preachers, most inflexible, yet most equitable of despots!
NOTES ON OWLS.

In consequence of reading in the Boy’s Friend an article entitled “Our Domestic Pets,” (see p. 93, No. II.), which was mostly devoted to an account of the common brown owl, I am induced to lay before my young readers a few additional particulars respecting that bird, which have come under my notice from actual observation, and also to correct a few inaccuracies into which the writer of the article referred to has, I fancy, fallen.

To begin, then. I have had in my possession for more than a year a young brown owl, and a most amusing fellow I find him. When he first came into my hands, his plumage was speckled with more white in it than brown, so that I was unable to decide from his appearance whether he would turn out to be a wood or a barn owl.

The gardener was positive he was a cross between the two, in which opinion I did not coincide, knowing that animals in a state of nature rarely, if ever, mix with any but those of their own species. In a few months, however (for the change of plumage was effected very slowly), it became apparent that he was a brown, or wood owl.

I have never clipped his wings, but keep him in a roomy hutch, originally a fowl-pen, where he has plenty of space for moving about. He soon became very tame to such members of the family as used frequently to visit him, but the sight of a stranger sends him off at once into the darkest corner of his habitation.

The moment I open the door, he will, unless gorged with food, jump down from his perch, hop towards me, and begin talking in a tone of complacent satisfaction, rubbing his beak against my hand, pretending to bite, or clutching one finger with his claw, and endeavouring to drag it into his cot. He will jump on my hand without the slightest fear, and suffer me to carry him about in that manner—as falconers were wont to carry their hawks; but I always place the fingers of one hand lightly over his claws, so that when he tries to fly off, as he does sometimes, I can catch him immediately, and put him back into his house.

In the summer time he is very fond, when perched upon my hand, of spreading out his wings, and letting them hang down on each side of him; and I have known him go to sleep in this position, especially if held in the sunshine. A thorough Englishman, he likes “tubbing,” and will take his bath in the coldest weather, which reminds me to say, that I think the author of “Our Domestic Pets” cannot have observed his favourite very closely if he has never seen him drink.

The one I have drinks almost invariably before he bathes. He first looks at the reflection of himself in the water, with great apparent interest, turning his head from side to side so as to get a good view; he then slowly, and with great gravity, dips his face in the water, takes some up in his beak, and, raising his head, lets it trickle down his throat, opening and shutting his mandibles, and moving his tongue the while as if he were tasting a sample of wine.

After he has done this two or three times, he steps into the vessel of water, washes himself in good earnest, and emerges dripping wet, the most miserably forlorn object one can possibly imagine.

I believe that all carnivorous birds can exist without water for a long time, their food supplying them with moisture; but I have no doubt that, when wild, they not only imbibe a considerable quantity through the pores of the skin in bathing, but actually drink as well. I know that a hawk I once kept used frequently to drink when he bathed.

It appears to be a very general notion that owls cannot see by day. I think this is a mistake, for the owl I have been speaking of, when not sleepy or replete with food, takes notice of everything, even in the brightest sunshine. Not a sparrow flits by, but his head is turned to watch it in an instant,
while his eye follows every movement of the pigeons as they career above him: and he can tell, a long distance off, whether a stranger or a friend is approaching.

The flexibility of the owl's neck increases his powers of observation, for, without moving from his position, he can turn his head right-about-face, and look down his back without the slightest inconvenience; the possession of which faculty has doubtless given rise to the story of the man (an American, I presume) who caused an owl to commit suicide by merely walking round and round him! The bird kept turning his head in one direction, in order to keep the man in view, until, at last, he wrung his own neck and his own knell at the same time!

Owls, no doubt, see better than other birds in the dark, in consequence of the size and convexity of their eyes, which enable them to collect a greater number of rays of light; but I question the accuracy of the assertion that owls do not appear by day because they cannot see in a strong light. I think the real reason for their issuing forth in the evening is that their prey, field mice, stoats, frogs, &c., are on the move at that time, and are, moreover, more easily caught in the twilight than in broad day, when they would see such a large bird as an owl approaching, and make their escape. Besides, owls could never hunt by day, for they would have such a flock of small birds chattering around them, if they attempted to do so, as would effectually scare away their prey.

Owls undoubtedly sleep much by day, for they are tired with their nocturnal rambles, and have, moreover, nothing else to do; but I have occasionally seen brown owls flying about in the middle of a bright summer's day, and they frequently hoot and call to one another, especially in very hot weather.

The white, or barn owl begins to hunt much earlier in the evening than the wood owl, often before the sun has set; but then he feeds almost exclusively on field mice, which are moving about all day long in the summer, while the brown owl is more omnivorous, and is fond of frogs and snails, and such "small deer," which only appear, in any number, in the dusk. When my owl was young, the old birds often brought frogs by night and placed them inside his cage, where they were found in the morning, as he was then not able to feed himself.

It is a very amusing sight to see a white owl hunting over a meadow. He sails over the ground in such a systematic manner, first beating up the hedges, and then quartering the field, like a well-trained dog. He, as do all owls, as well as hawks, catches his prey by sticking his claws into it, and appears to eat it on the spot (unless he has a family, when he carries it off to them), for I have often seen one drop down suddenly, stop a minute or two, and then continue his hunt.

My brown owl attracts a number of his congeners to the place by his hooting at night, and I have been quite surprised at the great variety of cries possessed by this species. When young, brown owls cry like white owls, but as they grow up this gives place to a kind of inward and rather plaintive note. When I scratch my owl's head (a proceeding which appears to please him) he utters a soft and continuous twitter, something like the noise the swallow makes of a morning in its nest, only louder. The wild owls who come to visit him sometimes shriek in such a human manner, as quite to startle one for the moment; but their commonest note, especially in the early part of the evening, sounds like "coo-wack," the first syllable prolonged, and the last delivered sharply and quickly.

They hoot, of course, and, I think, very melodiously, for I am fond of hearing them; but I have not quite so good a musical ear as Gilbert White's friend, who discovered that the owls in his village "hooted in three different keys, in G flat or F sharp, in B flat, and A flat."
The brown owl is commoner than the white owl, and is not nearly so fine a bird, being much smaller. I cannot quite understand how the beak of the brown owl, whose history the writer of "Our Domestic Pets" gives, can be "much larger" than a parrot's, unless the parrot were a very small one. The common grey talking parrot, for instance, has a beak larger than that of a white owl, and a fortiori "much larger" than that of a brown owl.

In concluding this short notice of one of my favourite birds, I would warn my young readers not to wantonly shoot owls or pillage their nests, or believe all the stories which country bumpkins will tell of their sucking eggs and killing young birds. Owls, both brown and white, are the most useful scavengers and destroyers of vermin we have.

C. W. R. C.

---

**SPELLING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**

The following extracts from a lady's account book, a hundred years old, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Boy's Friend, not only by reason of the quaintness and oddity of some of them, but also as showing that, among the fair sex, at least, there were at that time no recognized rules of orthography, the writer being guided apparently in the spelling of a word by its spoken sound, or by her own taste. The accounts were entered by an ancestor of mine on behalf of herself and her two sisters, Margaret and Pye, and ranged, for the most part, from 1740 to 1750:—

"Yallo damsk for Pegey . . . £5 16 0
Dying my yallo lyning in my Bed . . . 0 09 6
Pd. for purshon (person?) & oltring Peges young . . . 0 03 6
Peges flamin kote & hur sisers . . . 0 02 8½
Pyes culerd hancherchifs and eyerish cloth . . . 0 09 11"

I may add here that the orthography of the same words is continually liable to variation. Handkerchief is spelt variously "hancarchief," "hancor-chief," "handcorchief," and as in the last entry.

"Pegeyes stayses . . . £1 13 0"

Rather more expensive than these articles of attire are in the present day, I should suppose. The following puts us in mind of crinoline and false chignons:

"Peges cane and canus for hur hoop . . . £0 02 4
Pd. Pye for my curles & neckles & mounting my fan . . . 0 07 0
Ribond & gloves (gloves) and curles . . . 0 06 0
Pd. for glueves ribond & paches . . . 0 07 0"

Some entries are not easy to comprehend. What, for instance, is the meaning of these?—

"A busk and glueves, & shag for my gose . . . £0 15 6
My goses making . . . 0 13 6
Pd. more to Mrs. Mary Chamberloyn for my mobb 3 06 0"

A "gose" seems an expensive article, especially to make, and so does a "mobb," but it is not easy to say what either might have been. Afterwards, when the sisters received their "mony sepret," Mrs. Martha (the keeper of the accounts) seems to have indulged in tea drinking, rather a costly taste in those days, for we find occasionally such entries as—

"A pound of hysun (sometimes hysum) tea for myself . . . £1 0 6
Half a pound of grean tea for my own use . . . 0 11 0"

Tea at twenty-two shillings per pound would be enough to drive Mr. Gladstone stark mad. I close these extracts with one which reads almost like a satirical commentary upon the rest—

"Pd. Mrs. Morgen for ye skuling of cates children . . . £0 01 0
C. W. R. C."
AN APRIL FOOL JOKE.

The following story is told by Baynard, the American painter, who has immortalized himself by his graphic representations of the Mississippi. It is a rich joke, and as the first of April has arrived, it comes at a good time. Baynard tells it as follows. He was laying-to, wind-bound, with a small trailing boat, and it being the first of April, his hands were determined to have "a lark" of some kind. During the day they had observed a sawyer close in shore, about half a mile above where they lay. The sawyer had been constantly bobbing its head up and down all day long. Taking the hint, they procured some of their old clothes, and stuffed them with the Spanish moss, which they drew from a neighbouring tree; then, making a paper face, and surmounting the whole with a palmetto hat, they made quite a respectable-looking backwoodsman. After sundown they took this imitation of humanity up the river to where the industrious sawyer was working.

As some of our readers may not exactly understand what a Mississippi sawyer is, we will tell them that it is merely a loose snag, which is kept swinging up and down by the force of the current, not unlike a person swimming.

When opposite the sawyer, they drove two upright stakes into the earth, and drew the pantaloons of the figure over the stakes, so as to make them stand perpendicular; then tying an unlighted torch in its hand, and placing a couple of empty boxes and a keg near, to give the look of baggage, it had quite a respectable appearance.

All things being prepared, they sat down to wait for a steamer. It was not long before they heard one approaching this made-up figure rounding the point, and they hastily kindled a fire near it. lit the torch in the figure's hand, conveyed a small string to the hand that held the light, and made it fast. The motion of the snag kept the torch in the hand of the figure waving up and down, exactly like a person hauling a steamer. The wagish boatmen then jumped into the skiff, and pulled off into the shade to watch the result. Soon the steamer came in sight. The captain, seeing the light, supposing of course it was a hail (as the projectors intended he should), at once commenced ringing his bell, and gave orders to lay over towards where Mr. Stuffy, as the boatmen had named him, was busy shaking his torch. "Stop here!" shouted the captain. Ding, dong went the bell, and the engines ceased their motion. "Open the fire doors!" shouted the engineer, and away streaked the light from the fiery furnaces, lighting up the surrounding gloom, and hissing went the escape steam, reverberating through the everlasting cotton-wood forests. There was as much bustle and noise on board as if she was going to take in twenty cabin passengers. "Stand by the yawl there!" the captain ordered. Soon the yawl was off with two deck hands pulling, and the mate, as usual, standing up in the stern, steering for Mr. Stuffy. "Stop shaking your light, don't you think we see you?" shouted the mate from the yawl. "Get your baggage down under the bank there, if you want to come on board!" shouted the captain, from the deck of the steamer, "or we will put off and leave you."

But Stuffy heard not. There he stood, waving up and down the firebrand he held in his hand. "The fellow's mad," said the captain. "He's a fool," muttered the mate. "No he ain't," said one of his hands, "but he's drunk; see, he has tumbled down the bank there." Just at this moment the yawl was run in near the shore, and passing between the snag and the figure, the line got attached to the mate's chin, throwing him back in the boat, and at the same time jerking Mr. Stuffy over the bank, and he rolled into the river. "Man overboard!" was then the cry, and the passengers rushed from the cabin to the deck to behold the sad catastrophe.

"Catch him—quick!" shouted several voices at once, "or he will be
drowned!" A few hurried strokes brought the yawl to the drowning man. The mate seized him, drew him on board the yawl, and then pulled for the steamer. When raising the drowning man on board, he split in two, and the moss falling out they all discovered that he was neither crazy, drunk, nor drowned, but that he was a regular cheat, for he had made April Fools of all hands of the steamer handsomely! Then such a laugh and a shout went up from the passengers and crew, as if to drown the escape of the steam of the boat, as she was put under weigh by the captain's hearty "go ahead!" Banyard and his men laughed heartily over the success of their joke.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

WHEN the western part of Ireland was afflicted with grievous famine, and when England nobly stepped forward and poured forth her hundreds of thousands to save those who were perishing for want, a depot of provisions was established on the seacoast for the relief of the suffering inhabitants of this remote district.

A solitary family, who had been driven from their lowland home, had settled themselves in a wild valley, and rebuilt the clay walls of a ruined hut. The man was shepherd to a farmer who kept cattle on the mountains. Here, in this savage retreat, he lived remote from the world; for the nearest cabin to this spot was more than four miles distant. It may be supposed that the general distress afflicted this insulated family.

The welcome news of the arrival of succour at length reached them, and the herdsman set out to procure some meal to relieve the hunger of his half-starved family. On arriving at the depot, the stock of meal was nearly expended; however, he obtained a temporary supply, and was comforted with the assurance that a large quantity was hourly expected.

Anxious to bring the means of sustenance to his suffering little ones, the herdsman crossed the mountains with his precious burden, and reached a hillock where the stones were loosely piled. But during his absence the rain had fallen heavily on the hills; the river was no longer fordable, a furious torrent of discoloured water rushed from the heights and choked up the narrow channel.

There stood the returning parent, within twenty paces of his wretched but dearly-loved hovel. The children with a cry of delight rushed from the hut to the opposite bank to welcome him; but terrified by the fearful appearance of the flood, his wife entreated him not to attempt its passage for the present. But would he, a powerful and experienced swimmer, be deterred?

The eager and hungry looks of his expecting family maddened the unhappy father. He threw aside his clothes, bound them with the meal upon his back, and, "in the name of God," committed himself to the swollen river. For a moment he boreed the torrent gallantly—two strokes more would bring him to the bank—when the treacherous load turned, caught him round the neck, swept him down the stream, and he was drowned. He struggled hard for life. His wife and children followed the unhappy man as he was borne away, and their agonizing shrieks told the poor man that assistance from them was hopeless. At last the body disappeared, and was taken up the following morning four miles from the fatal place.

One curious circumstance attended this calamity: a herd of cattle galloped madly down the river-side at the time their unfortunate keeper was perishing. Their bellowings were heard for miles, and they were discovered next morning grouped around the body of the dead shepherd, in the corner of a sandy cove, where the abated flood had left it.
MAGIC AND MYSTERY;
OR, LESSONS IN CONJURING, ADAPTED TO THE RESOURCES OF YOUNG AMATEURS.

BY FELIX J. BIGGS.

No. I.

PALMISTRY.

A very general complaint of those who have endeavoured to become acquainted with the mysteries of the magician's art by means of books, is that the written explanations of the methods of performing the illusions on which they treat are not sufficiently clear to the young amateur, and that it requires a conjurer to understand them.

Now, in commencing a short series of papers on the Magic Art, I promise my readers that they shall not be able to raise this objection against what I may have to say on the subject, as I shall make it my chief aim to render my explanations full and intelligible to all; nor shall I introduce any of those experiments which have been published elsewhere under the head of conjuring, though they have not the slightest claim to that title; but, on the contrary, I intend to select the newest inventions in the art, and shall give, here and there, a few moreaux from my own notebook, which will consist, for the most part, of tricks which I have originated, and have found to produce that degree of astonishment by which the merits of an illusion may be best tested; and though many of the performances of professionals, which require a stage to give them due effect, would be out of place here, I shall not hesitate in explaining the modus operandi of a few of the most popular, such as the Indian Basket Trick, &c., and, where practicable, shall endeavour to adapt them to the drawing room.

But before I begin, I would warn my readers that conjuring is not such an easy art as many persons suppose, but one which will tax both your perseverance and patience ere you can hope to perform with anything like proficiency. You must, therefore, take care not to fall into an error too frequently committed by young amateurs, viz., of being too precipitate. Never exhibit in public what you have not carefully studied in private; but before you exhibit in company, make yourself master of the tricks you intend to perform; or instead of exciting surprise and astonishment, you will only raise a laugh against yourself.

I will now endeavour to explain to you what may be very properly termed the essentials of sleight of hand magic—Palming, Twisting, and Flinging—without a thorough knowledge of which you will find it very difficult, if not impossible, to perform many of the illusions I may give.

1. Position of the hand previous to palming.

2. Position after palming.

By Palming, or as it is sometimes called, palmistry, I mean the method of retaining an object in the hand, though to the general observer it appears empty. It is done thus: Take a half-crown or penny piece (it will be better to begin with large objects) between
the first and second finger and the thumb of the right hand (see fig. 1) then release your hold with the thumb, at the same time pressing the money towards the palm of the hand, when, if you slightly contract your fingers, it will be prevented from falling by the ball or fleshy part of the thumb (see fig. 2). When you have thus secreted it, allow your hand to hang loosely, so that it may appear to hold nothing. After you have thoroughly mastered this, you may perform no end of simple deceptions; but palming is chiefly used in combination tricks, of which more hereafter. For the present you may amuse yourselves by practising—**How to cause an object apparently held in the hand to vanish.**

For example:—Take the half-crown as before, draw your right hand towards your left, which must be so placed as to present its open palm to your eye, then, as you pretend to place the coin in it, palm it in your right, and at the same time close the left hand. These motions must be done in unison. You now take up your wand in your right hand, dropping the coin into your pocket, or otherwise getting rid of it as you do so, then, tapping the closed hand with your wand, you say, “Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall command the half-crown to **vanish.**” Open your hand and show it empty. By having privately placed a duplicate in the pocket of one of your friends, you may desire him to restore you the half-crown which he will find in his pocket, of course to his astonishment. If neatly done, this, though so simple a trick, never fails to surprise and please the audience. Previously to exhibiting this, the coat-sleeves should be turned up, which will greatly add to the effect of the deception.

**Twisting** is the method of conveying a coin or other small object from the hand into the sleeve or pocket so rapidly that its flight cannot be detected by the spectators. The method of doing this is very simple. Take a coin in the same way as previously described, also release the thumb’s hold; but whilst doing so, instead of secreting it in the palm, send it, by a twist of the fingers, into the sleeve or pocket. If sent into the former place, a cuff should be made of the same material as the lining of the sleeve, and carefully sewn in it, so as to form a pocket into which, if it be necessary to let the hand drop, the coin will fall, and remain secure, and not, by rolling on the ground, discover to the audience the way the trick is done. A conjuror’s pocket, which the young amateur will find very useful, is placed under the left side of the coat, with its mouth a little below the level of the waistcoat pocket; but if more convenient a bag in the same place will answer every purpose, only care should be taken that it does not slip round, and become visible to the audience. With practice, any coin, handkerchief, &c., may be dexterously twisted into the sleeve or flung into the pocket, or, if desirable, produced therefrom, without the audience being any the wiser.

I shall conclude this paper with a trick, in the performance of which I hope my readers will be perfect when I resume this subject.

**Trick 1.**—**The Travelling Coin:** or, how to order a shilling to pass from the centre of a silk handkerchief, held by one of the spectators, into a cup extended at arm’s length.

Previous to exhibiting the trick, take a coloured silk handkerchief and spread it on the table; then place a shilling in the centre of it, and sew round the coin a piece of stuff of the same kind as that of which the handkerchief is made, and you may then commence by asking any lady or gentleman to lend you a shilling, and desire them to mark it, so that they may know it again; next, open the handkerchief and shake it, so that it may appear empty, keeping the prepared side nearest yourself. Then take the shilling from its owner, and, pretending to place it in the centre of the handkerchief, conceal it in your palm (which you may easily do under cover of the handkerchief), and give him the coin to hold which has been previously sewn in its centre—he will naturally suppose it is his own. Now catch hold of an end of the handkerchief with your right hand, and having previously conveyed the borrowed money into the palm of your left, hold out at arm’s length the glass or cup. You then desire the person who holds the handkerchief to drop it at the word “three,” when the shilling will pass invisibly from his hand to the cup. Then say, *One—two—three—pass!* and as he relinquishes his hold, shake the handkerchief, which will seem empty, as nothing, of course, can fall out of it, and allow the shilling to drop from the palm of your other hand (the left) into the cup. Hand the shilling to the owner who marked it, and desire him to tell the audience whether he recognized it as the one he lent you. With a little practice you may make yourself perfect in the performance of this pretty deception.

Should the company wish to examine the handkerchief, you must change it, from the
pocket before described, for a similar one, or pretend accidentally to drop it behind your covered table, when you must pick up a substitute, previously placed there.

AN ORIGINAL INVENTION.

TRICK 2.—How to break a watch borrowed from the audience, and restore it whole again.

The trick as it appears. For this illusion the performer borrows a watch from one of the audience, which, having wrapped in paper, he drops into a bag, formerly shown empty. The watch is then squeezed into one corner of the bag, and the conjuror proceeds to strike it with a hammer until it is broken into pieces. He then takes a little wadding from a plate placed on the table, and puts it in his mouth, intimating by dumb motions that the wadding and watch will change places. He produces the watch in the same state as when borrowed, from his mouth, and the wadding from the bag.

Preparation.—A double bag, constructed thus. Let the oblong figure represent the

![Fig. 1](image)

piece of stuff of which the bag is to be made, which should be rather thick, and of a lively colour. Double A over to B, when it will appear as Fig. 2. Then double C to E (see Fig. 3),

![Fig. 2](image)

and sew round A B E D C, leaving F open. You will then have a bag of two divisions; in the corner of one of these put a few broken pieces of glass and watch-spring, and have concealed in your hand a small piece of wadding, which you must place in one of the corners of the second compartment while showing that part to the audience, in order to convince them that the bag is empty. (You must, of course, only show one division, or the trick will be exposed; and also take care, while shaking the bag, to hold it by the corner containing the watch-spring, &c.) Now, having wrapped the watch up in a piece of white paper (a small Geneva suit best), drop it into the division containing the wool, and lift the bag as though about to strike it against the table. The watch will now fall out into your hand, where you must keep it concealed. Then appear to reflect for a moment, and say to the lady owning it, “You need have no fear, miss, I assure you. I promise to restore the watch uninjured.” (This is done to avoid completing the action of striking the bag against the table, when the watch having been abstracted, the sound would betray the trick.) Take up your hammer, and lay the bag on the table, keeping your eye on the corner in which the broken pieces are placed, so that the spectators may be led to believe that you are going to strike that part of the bag, which they will, of course, suppose to contain the watch; but instead of doing so, bring your hammer down as near it as possible, but so as to strike the table (which, of course, must be of the rudest kind, and should be kept for conjuring purposes), and you will produce a sound not unlike the smashing of a watch-case. After this you may deal your blows on the broken glass and watch-spring, which will make it seem to the audience as though you were breaking the works. Next take up a piece of wadding (from the plate) in which you must have hidden the watch.
while pretending to search for your hammer, and make the motions necessary to convey to the lookers-on the idea of the watch and wadding changing places. But whilst doing so, draw the wadding with your tongue off from the watch, and roll it up into a small ball at the back of the mouth. Take the watch out of your mouth, unfold the paper, and return it to its owner, after producing the wool from the compartment of the bag which contained it.

Note.—The young amateur will require to practise this very frequently in private, or he can hope to exhibit it with sufficient neatness and dexterity to prevent detection; but when he has arrived at that point of excellence, he will feel himself amply rewarded for his trouble.

Should he be provided with an old watch, &c. for no other purpose, he may use it as a substitute for the watch-spring, &c.

**TRICK 3.—The Enchanted Shower of Sweetmeats.**

As it appears. A handkerchief borrowed from the audience, and shown empty, becomes full of sweets at the word of command.

**Preparation.**—A bag made in the shape of a dancer’s cap or cone, of such a size as it may be conveniently hidden in a large silk handkerchief.

Round the opening of the bag sew in two pieces of watch-spring or whalebone, each to be equal in length to half the circumference of the mouth of the bag, that is, from A to C. Fill the bag with sweetmeats, or whatever you wish to produce from it, and if held at C nothing will fall out. Place it on a little ledge behind your table previous to exhibiting, with C on a level with the edge of the table.

Commence the trick by borrowing a silk handkerchief from the audience, then go behind your table, shake it, and spread it out, to show that it contains nothing; then, as you draw it up, stop when the centre of the handkerchief reaches the edge of the table, and leave hold of the handkerchief as though accidentally; catch it up by the centre, and the cone-shaped bag with it, which the folds of the handkerchief will prevent the spectators from seeing; again shake it (you may do this with impunity, as none of the sweets will fall out) and pass your left hand down it from the centre to the ends, pressing the mouth of the bag, when the springs will open, and a shower of sweets be sent forth. A plate should, of course, be put on the table to catch them.

I shall conclude this chapter with a very easy card trick, which you will find no difficulty in performing.

**TRICK 4.—A pack of cards being cut into any number of packs, to tell the bottom card in each pack.**

Begin by asking one of the company to shuffle the cards, and, as he places them on the table, catch a glimpse of the bottom one. Desire him to cut the pack into as many divisions as he pleases, you keeping your eye on that which contains the bottom card. Now ask for that card in any of the packs which you know does not contain it, bidding him to give you, without looking at it, the card which is at the bottom of the division you select. It will, of course, be the wrong card, but pretend it is the right one, and ask for that which he gave you in any of the packs except the one in which the bottom card is. The card he gives you will again be wrong, but continue calling for each he takes until you have selected one from every pack except that which contains the bottom card. Ask him for the last card selected in the division in which the card you saw previous to commencing is, place it on the top, and you may then show him the cards in their proper order.

For example:—Suppose he divide the cards into three packs, the bottom one which you manage to see being in the third—say the ace of clubs—and the other cards so placed in the two remaining divisions being the king of hearts and the queen of diamonds respectively. Desire him to give you the ace of clubs from the first pack, but the card he takes will be, of course, the king of hearts; then ask for that card (king of hearts) in the second division, and he will give you the queen of diamonds; ask again for the queen of diamonds in the third pack, which will be the ace of clubs, place this on the top of the other two cards, and you have them in their order as selected.
SOMETHING ABOUT DRAGON FLIES.

Who is there that has wandered into the country with an eye for the marvels of natural history, and has not admired the Dragon Flies skimming the surface of the sedgy grove, or resting on some aquatic plant? The Poet Laureate alludes to this curious insect in his poem, "The Two Voices." The speaker tells how he witnessed its transformation from the pupa, and how

"From head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail."

Lovely as it is in itself, its character (if we can say that it has one) is not amiable. Urged by an appetite almost insatiable, both in bright and dull weather, it may be seen hawking backwards and forwards in search of its prey; which is not unfrequently some of the most charming insect flutterers.

Well may the Dragon Fly rejoice in its new existence. One would imagine its previous sojourn beneath the water to have been very dolorous, lasting at least two years. Not as now, with large blue eyes and brilliant robes, but existing in a widely different state—a brown-coloured grub, with few apparent sources of enjoyment. Such was its condition, and it is very interesting to trace the progress of its development.

At first included in a sombre-tinted egg, then hatched into a dull-looking grub with six legs; next becoming a chrysalis, and afterwards a brilliant insect, strong, vivacious, and capable of rapid motion.

Very little difference subsists between the grub and chrysalis, excepting that the rudiments of embryo wings may be traced in the latter, for both are equally voracious, preying indiscriminately on all water-insects. Although furnished with six legs, the grubs of Dragon Flies not only move very little, but do not use their legs for walking so much as for capturing their prey.

Their motion is effected in a very peculiar manner. If the reader procure one of these grubs from a pond, let him place it in a large saucer with water, and with some of the dead leaves or sticks it previously employed as a covering. These will soon be seen floating towards the tail, and afterwards repelled, as a feather will be by a stick of sealing-wax when electrically excited. When the insect has been kept out of the water for a short time, the desire or necessity of respiration is increased, and when again put into the water, the pumping is repeated with unusual force and frequency. If it be held in the hand, head downwards, and some drops of water be let fall on its tail, it instantly sucks it in, and the dimensions of its body become visibly increased; but it collapses to the usual size when the water is expelled, which is effected by the same apparatus.

This wonderful apparatus serves several purposes, for, besides aiding the grub to move
SOMETHING ABOUT DRAGON FLIES.

(which it does), the reverberatory current brings small water insects within its reach, which it would otherwise be unable to procure, and is also partly appropriated to respiration, according to many distinguished entomologists.

We have said that these ferocious-looking grubs prey indiscriminately upon all water insects that come within their reach. For this purpose the head is furnished with a formidable apparatus, having a joint in the middle, and two strong claws at the end. When the creature is not in action this curious appendage, which resembles an hideous mask, is folded up so as to cover the face; but when seeking for prey, the instrument of death is suddenly expanded, and answers the double purpose of attacking and securing the luckless insect in pursuit.

In the grubs of some species of Dragon Flies, indeed this apparatus so nearly resembles a mask, that if entomologists ever went to masquerades (which we think few entomologists do), they could not more effectually relieve the insipidity of such amusements, and attract the attention of the demoiselles, than by appearing at the supper table with a mask of this construction, and serving themselves by its assistance!

Thus wonderfully constructed, the Dragon Fly continues his watery sojourn for two years; and then, as if actuated by a new and sudden impulse, he prepares for the change that awaits him. Behold an unsightly grub-like chrysalis eagerly ascending an aquatic plant, till, having cleared the water, he firmly grasps the stem, and continues for some time immovable, as if meditating upon his change! Wait a few moments, and then watch narrowly his proceedings; you will observe that the skin of the back and neck begins to separate, and presently the head of the real Dragon Fly is developed. Another slight effort, and the legs and body are disengaged, while the empty case of the chrysalis is left adhering to the plant, and exhibits a perfect model of the creature in its past condition. At first the newly-developed Dragon Fly is weak, and rests quietly upon the reed or water-dock whereto he emerged, while the wings, previously folded up and compressed within the small space they occupied, gradually expand. In about half an hour they become smooth and dry, and then, as if conscious of newly-acquired powers, the beautiful insect launches into the air.

We have never witnessed any of the Dragon Flies prey upon their own species, though they will often drive away intruders from their hawking stations; yet it is by no means improbable, that they may, upon occasion, make a meal of a conquered relative. Their habits very much resemble those of the fly-catchers among birds, as, like them, they frequently select a post, or a leafless branch, as a station from which to make excursions upon the insect tribes on the wing around them, always catching their prey on the wing, but returning to their resting place to devour it at leisure.

Unlike ephemera, which accomplish their transmigrations in the evening, the Dragon Fly chrysalis rises to the surface of the water at noonday, when the sun is high. Strange it seems that a creature which, an hour before the time of its full development, could exist only at a considerable depth should be deprived of life if plunged into its native element; and yet, though changed in outward aspect, its dispositions remain the same. As we have said before, the Dragon Fly is always employed in search of prey. Bees, wasps, blue-bottles, and even hornets, rarely elude his grasp, and many an ill-fated moth becomes his victim.

A moralist, deriving instruction from objects of natural history, would point to this carnivorous freeloader, as affording a ready emblem of the insufficiency of outward circumstances to change an unkindly nature.

Edward J. S. Clifford.

ISLINGTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.

The highest mathematical distinction at Oxford, the Senior University Mathematical Scholarship, has just been awarded to Mr. E. L. Balmer, B.A., a former pupil of the above-named School, who formerly gained the open Lusby Scholarship at Magdalen Hall, and was subsequently placed in the first-class in mathematics, both at his first and final public examination, having also obtained a second-class in classics at his first examination.

The University Mathematical Scholarship has also been gained by a former pupil of the same School, Mr. Edward Warner, M.P. for Norwich.
FRESH-WATER FISH.

BY PISCATOR.

Angling, or the art of capturing fish with a rod, line, and hook, is of great antiquity, as mention is made of it by the prophet Isaiah, "The fishermen also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle in the brooks shall lament." chap. xix. ver. 8. It is a recognized and popular mode of fishing, and has ever been so; and many books have been written on the subject. I shall endeavour, in the following papers, to give a few hints to the tyro which may prove useful, without entering into the minute and unimportant particulars which render many of the works on fishing a subject for too deep study.

Let the reader, however, remember the old adage, "experiencia docet." Experience teaches more than books can do; and he will find that, by the aid of a few hints, and by his own observation, backed by a determination to succeed, he will shortly understand the art of angling.

As a recreation, what can be more pleasant than to wander through green meadows decked with flowers—where the primrose, the violet, the wild thyme, and a variety of other flowers offer up their incense to the summer breeze—down by old grey mills; up through lovely glades in the woods and picturesque hills; and in the happiest time of the year, when birds pour forth their melody, and everything rejoices that Stern winter has passed. Then again to watch and angle for

"The silver-scaled fish, that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream,"

and to be able to recognize in the works of Nature the presence of Nature's God.

Quint old Isaac Walton (who was termed the father of anglers, and who was born at Stafford, 1593, died 1683) writes thus: "Will you hear the wish of an angler, and his commendation of his happy life?—

"Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my cork or quill down sink
With eager bite of perch or bleak or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think;
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrance,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue,
And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill,
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will
Among the daisies and the violet blue,
Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys."

Certainly a very pretty picture of a piscatorial existence, but the angler must not contemplate having it all his own way; for in fishing, as in everything else in this life, he must expect his share of trouble and disappointments.

I will conclude this introduction with a few words of advice to the young angler. Be patient, and persevering! Do not repine, or give up at small failures or misfortunes, but devote all your mind to the task before you; and then, having mastered the art or sober part of angling, the poetry of it will steal imperceptibly upon you.

The first on our list, which commences with the smallest, is the Stickleback (Gaste-
which is a little fish, seldom found more than from one to two inches long. It is scaleless, and of a silver colour, with minute prickles rising from its back. During its breeding season the males are decked with a variety of hues, amongst which light green and red are the most prominent. They are very pugnacious, and often fierce battles are fought beneath the green river weeds by two of these little tyrants. It thrives in ditches, ponds, and shallow streams, where it may easily be taken with a small piece of worm, as it bites very boldly. It is often used for a bait for perch, pike, and trout, in which case it should have the prickly back-fin cut off, and be used as a minnow. It is so common in some counties as to be used as a manure.

The Bullhead, or Miller’s Thumb (Cottus), is a small ugly fish, with a large flat head, mouth very wide and generally open. It has no teeth, but its lips are rough, like a file. It has two fins at the gills, rising something like a crest; two under the belly, two on the back, and one near the tail. The fin of the tail is round; and its body is dark brown. The average length of the bullhead is from four to five inches. It haunts the bottom of gravelly brooks and rivers, and may be taken with a small red worm. April is its spawning month. It is very poor eating, though Isaac Walton ascribes nourishing properties to it. It is generally caught to be used as a bait for trout and pike, when the gill-fins should be cut off.

The Minnow, Pink, or Minim, are one and the same fish. It is about two inches long, scaleless, with a black back, sides of a greenish watery shade, and belly white, and is a very handsome little creature. It spawns often, and may be taken in gravelly streams with a small bit of worm, a little bloodworm, a gentle, or paste. The tackle should be a light (hook No. 13), and you should strike as soon as you see a bite. They swim in shoals, and may be taken all day long, but are in season from March to October. As a bait for pike, salmon, trout, perch, chub, &c., they are excellent, and indeed are of fine flavour, but their exceeding small size prevents their being generally eaten.

The Stony-loach (Cobitis) is a rather scarce fish, that never grows more than four inches long. It is shaped something like a barbel, with wattles protruding from its upper jaw. Its sides are dappled greyish brown, sometimes spotted with black; back, yellowish brown. It has two fins at the sides, four at the belly, and one at the tail. As its name imports, it lies amongst the stones in the bottom of gravelly brooks, and may sometimes, though rather rarely, be taken with a small piece of red worm. In fact, it is seldom caught by the angler, but may be taken in a small net, or occasionally by the hands in shallow streams. It makes a capital night-line bait for large eels, and Isaac Walton attributes wonderful properties to it in healing sick persons; but the loach in no longer disturbed for medicinal purposes, and as far as eating it goes I say, “Requiescat in pace,” I will not interfere with it.

The bleak, or Bly, grows to about five inches in length, and is of a bright silvery-white colour—back, sea-green, and belly glossy white. It somewhat resembles the common sprat, and is often termed the fresh-water sprat. From its swiftness and continual motion after flies and grubs upon the surface of the water it also has received the name of the water-swallow. This handsome little fish may be found in most rivers, and spawns from March to May. It takes quickly small artificial brown flies and gnats, and may also be caught in great numbers by bottom-fishing. When angling for the bleak with the latter method, use a fine gut line, small quill float, and No. 13 hook. Bait with a maggot, and fish about a foot and a half from the surface, throwing in small pieces of bread near the float to attract the fish to the spot. Some persons use a float of three or four hooks on one line, each baited with a gentle. You should strike the instant you perceive a bite. The flesh is reckoned very fair eating, and old Isaac Walton says, in his quaint, old fashioned style, “Doubtless, though we have the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected, yet the bleak ought to be valued; though we want the Allamot salt and the skill that the Italians have to turn them into anchovies.”

The Pout, or Puff, is generally from six to seven inches long, with a rough skin, bony mouth, eyes dark coloured and large, and sharp prickly fins on the back, and resembles the perch in shape. They swim in large shoals, and may be found in gentle deep streams with a sandy bottom, and where the trees overshadow the water. It spawns in March and April. Use quill float, and No. 7 hook; bait with a brandling or red worm, and strike directly you perceive a bite. They bite very freely in the summer, especially on dark cloudy days, and are reckoned very good eating.

The Gudgeon (Gobius) is a leather-mouthed fish, having teeth in its throat. The body is thick and elongated, sides of a silvery steel colour, back, dappled grey, and spotted
slightly with black. It has short feelers or wattles from its mouth, resembling those of
the barbel and the stone-loach. Size, generally from five to six inches long. This fish
spawns two or three times in the summer, and is in season from April to October, when he
bites all day very boldly. In summer it frequents in shoals, gentle, gravelly, or sandy
streams, but when autumn approaches, and the river weeds begin to fall to pieces, it will
be found in deep quiet holes, where it will lurk until genial spring returns and calls it forth
again to its other haunts. The gudgeon lies so close to the ground, that in fishing for it
you should first plumb the depth, and when you have ascertained it, place the float so that
your hook, which should be well leaded, will slightly drag on the bottom. A ground bait
of chopped worms is useful. Use light tackle, No. 9 or 10 hook, and a small red worm or
maggot—though the worm is the better bait. When you find the fish cease biting, take a
rake, if you have one handy, if not, a broken-off bough of a tree, and with it cloud the
water by stirring up the mud from the bottom; as when the gudgeons see the earth rising
to the surface they repair in flocks thither in search of larvae and water insects that may be
thrown up. It always nibbles before swallowing the bait, so don’t be too eager to strike,
but allow it a little time, until the float disappears or is carried away. I will conclude the
description of the gudgeon by a quotation from John Davers, who lived a short time before
Isaac Walton. I give the original spelling:

“Loe, in a little boat where one dothe stand,
That to a willow-bough the while is tied,
And with a pole doth stir and raise the sand,
Whereas the gentle streame doth softly slide;
And then with slender line and rod in hand,
The eager bite not long he doth abide.
Well loaded is his line, his hooke but small,
A good big cork to bear the streame withal.

His bait the least red worme that may be found,
And at the bottom it doth always lie;
Whereas the greedy gudgion bites so sound,
That hooke and all he swallowedth by and by.
See how he strikes, and pulls them up as round,
As if new store the place did still supply;
And when the bit doth die, or bad doth prove,
Then to another place he doth remove.”

The Dace, or Dare (Cyprinus alburnus), is a pretty little gameome fish, of a bright
silvery hue shading into a bluish steel colour. It is of a brighter colour than the chub,
and not so thick, and has not red fins like the roach. It frequents deep still places in
rivers with sandy or gravelly bottoms, and shallow parts of brooks open to the sun in
summer. It also lies under overshadowing bushes in the evening, and rapids, eddies, and
the tails of currents, where the stream appears to turn and curl backwards.

Dace will rise readily at most small flies, such as ant-flies and gnats, and plunges very
much when first struck. The baits for angling for it with a bottom line are red worms,
brandlings, gilltills, oakworms, grasshoppers, gentles, wasp-grubs, and a paste made of bread
a day old, worked up into little balls with clean hands. A little jewellers’ wool added to
the latter bait gives it more consistency, and causes it to adhere to the hook.

A paste made of cheese and honey will also take dace, and chub may sometimes be taken
when fishing with this bait. Use a gut line, small quill float, long light rod, and No. 10,
11, or 12 hook. A ground bait of bran and clay will be found effectual. When bottom
fishing you should let your hook be from two to three inches from the ground.

The dace bites very sharply, and dashes itself very violently about when hooked; so
care is required in landing it, although it seldom or never grows to a pound in weight.
With regard to choosing your baits, you should fish with larvae and caterpillars in the
spring and early summer, with maggots and small worms in summer, and with paste,
genles, or greaves in the commencement of autumn, when they lie in the deep places.
They seldom bite during the winter, unless the weather is very mild. The flesh of the
dace is insipid, but is reckoned light, wholesome food.
ATHLETIC SPORTS AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

According to promise, we give our readers some account of the Athletic Sports at Wellington College, which were fixed to commence on Thursday, March 8th, at half-past two. But unfortunately that much-abused individual, the clerk of the weather, had not been consulted, and was unpertinacious accordingly; for about an hour before the time fixed for the commencement of the sports snow and hail began to fall, and the stewards decided to put off the day's sports till the next day, which was to have been the second day—the third day (Saturday) thus becoming the second. The sports concluded on Tuesday; the 13th.

We much regret that in several particulars the performances were not up to last year's; but this is to be attributed to the very unfavourable weather. On Friday afternoon a sharp shower fell, and on that day and Saturday a strong north-east wind was blowing. We also cannot help noticing that two heats resulted in "walks-over;" as many of those who had entered for the various races scratched their names after the heats were made up. This shows want of spirit, and we trust the fine for scratching was rigidly imposed on all such evildoers. The stewards were Messrs. G. R. Ponsoby, S. B. Walker, T. P. Pattle, M. Kingley, and M. B. Seager.

The sports in which it would appear that the competitors are not so efficient as last year are chiefly in the vaulting, in which last year we understand 6 ft. 2 in. was attained by the winner, and this year his successor only reached 5 ft. 4 in. The contest for the Drop Kick took place while the wind was very strong; and to this fact must be attributed the great failure in which this contest resulted—the prize being divided between three competitors.

The first event on the card was the Hundred Yards race, open to all under 4 ft. 10 in. For this there were 56 entries: the competitors being divided into 6 trial heats. The result was as follows:—First Heat—1, Kennedy, mi.; 2, Christopher, mi., time, 17 secs. Second Heat—1, Bailey; 2, Harris, time, 19 secs. Third Heat—1, Dance; 2, Blake, time, 13 secs. Fourth Heat—1, Wright; 2, Phelps, mi., time, 16 secs. Fifth Heat—1, Carpenter; 2, Hay, tert., time, 15 secs. Sixth Heat—1, Bauman; 2, Barrister, tert., time, 17 secs. The result of the Deciding Heat (run on the second day) was, 1, Dance; 2, Wright, time, 13 secs.

This was followed by the Two Hundred Yards race, open to all. 16 entries; 3 trial heats. First Heat—1, Reay; 2, Bohner, ma., time, 24 secs. Second Heat—1, Cameron; 2, Stopford, time, 24 secs. Third Heat—1, Ingham; 2, Burt, time, 23 secs. Deciding Heat (in which Cameron was unable to start, having hurt his foot)—1, Ingham; 2, Reay, ma., time, 23 secs.

The Vaulting followed, for which there were 5 entries on the card; one of whom scratched. The winners were—1, Ponsoby and Cameron (equal), height, 6 ft. 4 in.; 2, Ingham and Irwin (equal), height, 6 ft.

Then came the Hundred Yards race, open to all under 5 ft. 2 in.; for which there were 46 entries; run in 7 trial heats. First Heat—1, Rowlett, ma.; 2, Bunny, time, 14 secs. Second Heat—1, Fuller, mi.; 2, Boyd, mi., time, 13 secs. Third Heat—1, Ingall; 2, Mark, time, 13 secs. Fourth Heat—1, Booth; 2, Somerset, time, 14 secs. Fifth Heat—1, Mann; 2, Reay, mi., time, 13 secs. For Sixth Heat Harrison, ma., and Kennedy, ma., ran a dead heat, and both, in consequence, started in the Deciding Heat, time, 13 secs. Seventh Heat—1, Addie; 2, Barker, time, 13 secs. The Final Heat left Ingall and Rowlett equal; time, 12 secs. This "tie" was run off on the third day, and won by 1, Ingall; 2, Rowlett, time, 12 secs.

The Pole Jumping came next, for which there were 6 entries; but two scratched. Boileau was unable to do more than 6 ft. 4 in., which left the contest with Drought, Phelps, ma.; and Rowlett, ma. The first-named won; height, 7 ft. 8 in. Phelps and Rowlett equal second, at 7 ft. 7 in.

The Hundred Yards race, open to all, came next; 23 entries, in 4 heats. First Heat—1, Reay; 2, Cameron, time, 12 secs. The Second Heat was a "walk-over" for Ingham. Third Heat—1, Claremont; 2, Rose, time, 12 secs. Fourth Heat—1, Addy, ma.; 2,
Boehmert, time, 12 secs. Final Heat (run on the second day) — 1, Ingham; 2, Reay; 3, Addy, time, 11 secs.

High Jump for all under 15 years of age (Prize given by H. W. Eve, Esq.). 23 entries. 1, Slater, who jumped 4 ft. 3 in.; 2, Williams, 4 ft. 2 in. In this event we must particularize the jumping of Parkes, who cleared the bar when higher than his own shoulders.

Two Hundred Yards race, open to all under 5 ft. 4 in. 35 entries in 6 heats. First Heat — 1, Rowlatt, ma.; 2, Cotton, ma., 25 secs. Second Heat — 1, Harrison; 2, Maitland, 26 secs. Third Heat — 1, Osborne; 2, Bunny, 27 secs. Fourth Heat — 1, Ingall; 2, Fuller, mi. Fifth Heat — 1, Fuller, tert.; 2, Fuller, ma. The Deciding Heat (run on the second day) resulted in a dead heat between Rowlatt and Osborne, which was afterwards run off and won by Osborne in 25 secs.

The Wide Jump came next, for which 7 entered. This was won by Burt, who jumped 14 ft. 9 in.; 2, Read, 12 ft. 9 in.

The two Trial Heats for the Mile race, open to all under 5 ft. 4 in. followed. The first was won by Buchanan, ma.; 2, Bunny; 3, Beadnell, ma., time, 6 min. 28 secs. The second by Kirkland; 2, Osborne; 3, Rowatt, time, 5 min. 35 secs. The Final Heat was run on the last day. This was a very good race, Buchanan leading for the first three laps, but when the half of last lap had been passed, Osborne put on a fine spurt, and came in first by about 15 yards, time, 5 min 10 secs.

The second day's sports commenced with Throwing the Cricket Ball, for which 12 entered, of whom Seager threw 94 yards, and Southey 88 yards.

The Hurdle race, open to all, came next. Distance, 160 yards, over 8 flights of sheep hurdles. 42 entries, in 7 heats. First Heat — 1, Paget; 2, Alexander, mi. Second Heat — 1, Seager; 2, Dubery. Third Heat — 1, Ingham; 2, Abdy, ma. Fourth Heat — 1, Stopford; 2, Ponsonby. Fifth Heat — 1, Lawrence; 2, Miles. Sixth Heat — A walk over for Bowes. Seventh Heat — 1, Pidcock; 2, Osborne. Final Heat — 1, Ingham; 2, Lawrence, time 22 secs.

The Hurdle race, open to those under 5 ft. 2 in. followed. 32 entries; 5 heats. First Heat — 1, Scott; 2, Booth. Second Heat — 1, Rowlatt; 2, Master. Third Heat — 1, Bannister, mi.; 2, Paget, mi. Fourth Heat — 1, Christopher, ma.; 2, Edwardes. Fifth Heat — 1, Kennedy, ma.; 2, Spencer, mi. Final Heat — 1, Scott; 2, Christopher, time, 23 secs.

For the High Jump, open to all, there were 6 entries, of whom Ingram cleared 4 ft. 7½ in.; Hay, ma., 4 ft. 6 in.

The first event on the card for the last day was the Mile race, open to all, which was won by Ingham in capital style. He drew away at once, and at the finish was about 50 yards ahead, time, 6 min. 49 secs.; 2, Lawrence, 6 min. 10 secs.; 3, Lynch, 6 min. 12 secs.

The Drop Kick was divided between Ponsonby, Graham, and Paget, after a very poor contest; and the Place Kick between Ponsonby and Seager.

The Quarter Mile race, open to winners (Prize given by F. H. Fisher, Esq.) followed; only three started, who came in in the following order: — 1, Ingham; 2, Cameron; 3, Lawrence, time, 55 secs.

The Quarter Mile Consolation Stakes concluded the sports. About 50 entered, who were handicapped by the stewards. 1, Kingsley (4 yards start); 2, Worthington; 3, Talbot, time, 62 secs. Walker, ma., pressed Kingsley hard for some time, but ran against a post in rounding the last corner.

One word in conclusion. Would it not be well to choose warmer weather for the sports?

[The Editor of the Boy's Friend has great pleasure in presenting the above authentic and interesting account to his numerous readers; and if the stewards will give timely notice of Athletic Sports occurring at their Colleges, we will take means to publish them in our pages. The spirited and manly way in which the sports were conducted by the Wellingtonians, may be advantageously copied by the young gentlemen at other Schools and Colleges.]
TO THE SCHOOLBOYS OF ENGLAND.

BOYS’ TRIALS.

MY DEAR BOYS,

You have trials, I know, just as much as men or women, and trials which are just as hard to bear. Can there be any trial (unless it be the loss of dear friends) to equal the trial of a boy who first leaves home for a Public School? I don’t mean the act of leaving home for the first time—which is generally full of excitement—but early school life, after that excitement has passed, and before school delights come on. I wish that you big boys would remember this; you big boys, who have been at school three parts of your life. I wish that you could just remember the first week of your own school life, and then you would not increase the trials and unhappiness of some little boy whom you know to have left his home for the first time—a change quite as great to him, as if you now at your age were put down to shift for yourselves on the burning shores of India.

Lessons are a daily trial—they were to me. What, in its way, can be a greater trial than to sit in a hot schoolroom poring over books on a lovely morning in June; when you can almost hear the grasshopper chirrup in the cricket field; and when you know that, from idleness or some other fault, even most of your usual playtime is to be taken up in impositions; and that though you write with three pens at a time, you will hardly get through them before next school lessons?

That this is your own fault, does not lessen the trial. Yes! and some fellow calls you to play cricket, and you hear the sound from the racket court, and the laugh and talk from the playground. This is a day you will remember for many a long year. But no! some bigger boy, whom you had not been in the habit of reckoning among your best friends, running in, sees you, and sits by you and does half your imposition for you, and you have at last two hours’ good play, enjoyed all the more by both of you, for your companion has done an action worthy a Christian boy, and you have found a friend for school, or a friend for life!

Come, boys, it is not every one that thinks much of your trials! I think something of them, for I remember my own! Is it no trial to be disappointed in being the head of your class, when you had worked so hard for it? Is it no trial to be disappointed of being “captain of the eleven,” when your whole heart had been taken up in cricket? Was it no disappointment, and could you not almost have cut off your right hand for vexation, when you were bowled out first ball by Rigby! for you had looked forward a whole year to be one of the “eleven,” and you know that your friends were looking on at Lord’s Ground to see your style and admire your hitting?

Yes, and what disappointments in after life ever equal that, at the end of your school career, when you come out second instead of first in the sixth form, and see some one else carrying off the prizes and honours which you had hoped would have been yours?

Ah, but these trials and disappointments are just the thing for you; they are fitting you for your after life; they are trying, but at the same time improving your temper—showing your real disposition, bringing out your better feelings, which greater success might have hidden or sullied; they are making you the Englishman and the English gentleman—they are preparing you for the time when, afterwards, through all the vicissitudes of real life, you may have to be the support of your family, the leader of your corps to battle, the captain of a vessel in time of storm, or the minister that holds the national helm! As one, who remembers his own boyish days—as one who has now the care and control of boys in his own house—as one who sees and tries to understand their youthful trials and temptations, I feel for you all. But I would not have it otherwise—or would you if you could know what your after life was to be!

There are other trials and troubles, almost too little to talk of now; they are gone by, but yet which, coming daily, are almost too hard to bear for the little boys that have them. As a small boy at a large school, cold was one of my troubles; the intensity of which I feel now. I remember how I used to roast myself at the large iron fender when a March or April sun had enticed the other boys away! I remember when I used to stand out of doors to catch any warmth from a noon sun, which I could not catch from a roaring fire in the schoolroom. Yes, and I keep schoolboys warm now for thankfulness that those days are over. I remember, too, sitting in class next to a boy—a bigger boy than I—who used
to keep just below me in work, and so, who used to tease and pinch and shin me for moving till leaving. I wonder where he is now? I should like to see how he has turned out. If it be his lot to teach and bring up boys, I should be sorry to send a son of mine to his tender care—"the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

But, boys, these trials and disappointments do not make you unhappy! Thank God that they do not last, as the impression of after trials do. Listen next time with more attention at twelve o'clock to the shutting of books, the clash of the slates, the slamming of desks, the general rush into the playground, and see if you can mark one trace of grim care on the countenances of those who just before had the trial of "Propria que maribus," and the declensions of the Greek verbs. No, all has vanished, clouds have dispersed, the rain has stopped, there is not even one dewdrop to be seen; the sun is shining bright, books and lessons are as if they had never been; the cane is no more cared for than if it had never been cut, the class bully is avoided in play hours, the imposition (unhappily, for tomorrow morning) is "put off;" and the cold is forgotten when you are hot with running!

Even harder trials are got over. The being second in class is gulped down. You feel that though you are not captain at cricket, you can bowl better than he. You go in in your second innings as if you had got one hundred runs in your first! Even standing second in the school is soon got over amid the congratulations of your father and mother and friends, that you have "done so well." And who would have it otherwise? Who would have school troubles leave a trace upon a schoolboy's brow? Not I. And yet I do think often, and tell my boys sometimes, that the trials which they cause to their friends and teachers are far different to those which they have themselves: different, not so much in degree, as in the impression which they make. Play hours are not play hours to me when I find that a boy with whom I work hard every day, must be given up at last as a miserable dunce; and that another, from whom I expected at least upright conduct, has been "cribbing at his work," and telling lies to hide it.

Ah, never mind, boys!—I mean, never mind your troubles. There is an ointment for every sore; there is an antidote for every poison; there is at least as much sunshine as rain. There is plenty of playtime, though the work is hard; and "I know a hawk's nest at Porton Firs," and "I am going to play in the match next week;" and "the holidays are coming," are thoughts and subjects enough to drive all troubles away. Who would not be a schoolboy again? Hurrah for the holidays! Only mind the peashooters on the breaking-up day! And, boys, take care (a whisper for you) take care that your school life is fitting you for your real life hereafter, and take care that you are not disappointing a father's hopes, or breaking a mother's heart!

Your affectionate friend,
A Private Tutor.

---

TEN GUINEA PRIZE ESSAY.

Sir,

I see in the March number of your magazine that you announce that the subject of your Prize Essay is to be given in April. I am very inclined to wish that something may occur to defer this promised announcement; for though I have no doubt there are many boys who are anxiously looking out to know what the subject is to be, yet I think, somehow, that you have made a mistake in offering one prize of so high a value, instead of several worth a smaller sum.

You would find that the competition for one prize only would not be nearly so great as it would for two or three; even though the two or three be worth but little—and what you wish is to create as much interest among the Public School boys as possible! I would, then, certainly suggest that instead of this one prize of ten guineas you should offer at least seven different prizes, and let these be—one, say, of the value of three guineas, two of two, two of one, and two of 10s. 6d. Let there be also a choice of subjects, common, popular, every-day subjects, that boys may choose for themselves that upon which they think they can write the best.

And, Mr. Editor, if you will give me space, and not think me over bold, I would also suggest that all the prizes be to be given away by the Proprietors of the Boy's Friend, or under their hand, be given away to boys who are strictly school-boys—boys who are away
BOYS' LETTERS.

from home, either at a Public or Private School; for, though I am far from despising home education, I think that sometimes, without the slightest intention of unfairness, a parent's eye may see, or a parent's ear may hear the Essay before it reaches yourself for examination.

Do you not think, also, that it would be a great encouragement if you were to promise to insert in the Boy's Friend, or otherwise publish the Essay which gains the first prize? I fancy that this would be as much looked forward to as the prize itself, and would also give to the unsuccessful competitors some idea of the reasons which led to their own failure.

I only write this, Mr. Editor, because I feel some amount of interest in the success of your magazine, and because I feel the liberality of the Proprietors should be productive of as much good as possible. I am glad to see that your magazine is increasing in its circulation, for it certainly deserves support. And if during the coming season you were to find a corner which might be set apart for the names of the first school elevens, successful competitors in running, jumping, &c., your magazine would be purchased—and being purchased, might be read—by some boys who are fonder of field sports than of reading books.

Hoping some day to be able to offer a prize myself, subject to your own regulations,

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours faithfully,

EDMUND FOWLE.

Shipton Vicarage, Bellingers, Marlborough, March 19th, 1866.

[We are much indebted to the Rev. Mr. Fowle for his letter, and for the kind interest he expresses in the Boy's Friend. The suggestions he makes as to the Prizes will be duly considered. We are inclined at present to offer Ten Prizes of One Guinea each, instead of One Prize of Ten Guineas.

We have partly anticipated our correspondent's remarks as to the "first school elevens" by the authentic account we publish of the Athletic Sports at Wellington College. We shall feel much obliged by our friends at the various Colleges if they will kindly furnish us with similar accounts.—Editor.]

The Editor has much pleasure in inserting the following grateful acknowledgments of Prizes Awarded by the Proprietors for the Best Translations of French Extracts.

To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

25, Chester Street, Kennington Road, London, S.,
March 8th, 1866.

Dear Sir,—I have received the two handsome volumes of Shakspeare, for which please accept my very best thanks. I shall always treasure them, not alone for their valuable contents, but for the interesting occasion that made me their happy possessor.

I must say, however, with all due deference, that I was a little disappointed on finding no inscription on the fly-leaf inside. Though it could not have increased their value in my eyes, you must admit that it would have afforded ocular proof that the Proprietors of the Boy's Friend were indeed the donors!

It may prove interesting to my fellow-competitors to state that this is the first prize I have won from a magazine! Though I have tried and tried and tried again, all my efforts have, until this time, been fruitless. I hope this may encourage others to go on and on, till by gradual steps they reach the wished-for goal! May success attend the efforts of each and all!

In conclusion, dear Sir, I shall always use my utmost endeavours to increase the circula-
tion of the Boy’s Friend—for to increase its circulation is to multiply its usefulness. I am sure all your readers will agree with me in saying, it is one of the best magazines ever produced for boys.

Again thanking you for the valuable Prize, and also for your good wishes, and wishing, in all sincerity, the Boy’s Friend every success,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, very obediently,

J. E. Joselin.

To the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

12, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall,
March 6th, 1866.

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 1st and 6th instant, also of the book, for which I beg to return my thanks to the Proprietors, whose liberality in my case I duly appreciate. I will on all possible occasions, use my best endeavours to promote the success of so excellent a magazine as the Boy’s Friend. It is suitable in every respect as a companion for the fireside and the journey, and ought to—and will, no doubt—find its way into the hands of every boy throughout the kingdom.

With regard to the “Boy’s Own Prizes,” I think it is very generous on the part of the donors of the respective Prizes, and have no hesitation in predicting it to become one of the most attractive features in the Journal.

Wishing you every success in your arduous undertaking,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

W. H. Gates.

PRIZE CRYPTOGRAPH.

We, the undersigned, having been requested by Mr. R. C. Hemberow to officiate as adjudicators for the answer to the Prize Cryptograph offered by him for solution in the February number of the Boy’s Friend, have carefully examined and classified under three orders of merit the most correct and neatly written of the answers.

We have much pleasure in naming Alfred Brown, 99, High Street, Marylebone, as the winner of the Prize offered, whose solution, as a specimen of calligraphy, deserves the highest praise.

In consequence of the large number of competitors who send such neatly written solutions, Mr. R. C. Hemberow has kindly consented to present a second Prize, value 6s., to the next best in the order of merit, which we have much pleasure in awarding to James Gallagher, St. Mungo’s Academy, Towhead, Glasgow.

We, the adjudicators, also award to William Bailey, Barbican, London, a volume, value 3s., not as a reward for neat writing, but as a stimulus to other “working lads” to employ their leisure hours in intellectual pursuits. The Prizes have been forwarded to the several winners, who have been requested to acknowledge the receipt thereof to the editor.

R. E. CHURCHILL,
RICHARD WILLIAM TARN,
Adjudicators.

March 10th, 1866.

Number of competitors that were entitled to be classed the First Order of Merit ...... 44
Ditto Ditto Second Order of Merit ...... 29
Ditto Ditto Third Order of Merit ...... 17

Total 90
CRYPTOGRAPH.

6 10 19 17 5 10 26, 24-15, 17 26 6, 3
24 16 15 17 6 26 25, 24 4, 10 6 20 1
23 24 14 6, 25-19-25 17 6 25, 17 24, 25
19 25, 19 10 26, 11 19 10, 25-19 7 15 6 21.
16 15 7 6 23 15 6 5 17 26, 17 26 19 25,
25 5 1 11 6, 26 6 23 25-6.
11 19 6 25, 17 26 6, 25 16 1 18 6 3
17, 24 4, 5-11-11, 8 6 23 25.
25 19 7 15 6 21 25, 25-19-25 17 6 23, 10
6 20 1 23 24 14 6 25, 29 24 17 26 6 23.
7 6 5 17 26, 6 2 3 6, 17 26 24 16, 25 6
11 6 5 13 15 6 7, 5 15 7, 4 5-19-23, 5
17 19 20 6, 25 25 11 11, 17 26 23 24
22, 8, 7-5 23 17, 5 17, 17 26 6 6.

A WELLINGTONIAN.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

8 9 5 22, 10 22 12 9 18 8 23,
10 13 18 8 13 18 11, 13, 12 5 8,
18 19 24 12 13 18 11, 9 16 23 9, 24 19, 13,
24 12 19 25 11 12 24, 13, 1 19 25 16 8, 9
18 8 9 5 26 19 25 22, 24 19, 17 5 15 9, 19
25 24, 5, 7 2 3 2 20 19 19 11 2 25 20 12, 19
20 9 18, 10 19 22, 23 19 16 25 24 13 19 18,
24 19, 5 16 16, 6 19 3 23, 19 16, 9 18 11
16 5 18 8,
13, 22 9 17 5 13 18,
3 19 25 22 23, 9 24 7,
5 18, 13 8 16 9, 19 18, 9.
T. W. ARMSTRONG.

PRIZE CRYPTOGRAPH.

Rfnlo oespf cqa zorizof vano, Popsxum ornio suj, Osta paxzyn zrifqymyo, Qsoiovo npris vkour mlnryezo, Xxmt ksoemkarex, Wsec njoen fzcqtorix evalo, Sepizum xrw wotj, W bjsveanf izquoe, Swiop vxxm azekkasruzou oxryxo, Osqteszbax—XIVXI.

Strupno oetzcqo qovonx ymnyeyo, Suvori, Eppose vox iros jyi, Wexoos isjvnlub kobas jmphpm wbsarq, Fxursojx, Rjmyx xavo klo, Sviar vnumzqoerk zpu so nyzyymo, Xyqozo axuf jxjwurw fcaooq, Evqom esr nrywsoc ipivxhp leqex, Ixuox nixo, Jcjpstarm xemo—XIVXI.

HENRY G. CHURCHILL.

The author of the above cryptograph offers a prize of "Ten Thousand Wonderful Things" for the correct solution.

CHARADE.

My first is a place where money is made;
Making my second is also a trade;
My last is a diphthong which you know well,
As often you’ll have it in words to spell.
My whole is the name of a famous marsh,
Or rather marshes, I should say,
Where, fleeing from Sulla’s revengeful wrath,
Concealed within them Marius lay.

CHARADE.

My first’s a common article,
In many distant places found;
My second’s a place which you’ll find,
In dark damp regions underground.
My whole is used to hold my first,
’Tis made of many various things;
And now to find me out give scope
To your imagination’s wings.

T. W. M.

CHARADE.

My first will impede,
My second will torture,
My whole will enclose you
In wood, brick, and mortar.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of eight letters.
My 7 8 2 3 is clothing.
My 4 5 8 is the definite article.
My 4 8 6 is a plant.
My 7 3 6 4 8 is a fire place.
My 1 2 7 8 is a place of confinement for birds.
My 7 8 4 is to obtain possession of.
And my whole is an ancient city.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I consist of two words, and contain seventeen letters.
My 1 5 3 13 15 17 is a boy’s name.
My 1 15 4 13 is a reservoir.
My 10 12 8 is a negative.
My 16 5 10 is a spirit.
My 1 15 13 4 5 10 16 8 12 6 is the name of a famous warrior.
My 11 4 9 16 is used by women to protect their feet.
My 11 9 1 is a domestic animal.
My 6 12 1 is an adverb of time.
My 5 1 9 6 8 is a negative animal.
My 2 7 16 is an edible.
My 14 19 6 16 is an adjective.
My whole is a well-known English School.
NUMBERED CHARADE.
I consist of fourteen letters.
My 7 14 9 is a very useful article.
My 1 0 8 2 4 is a portal.
My 6 11 12 6 5 is "feeling."
My 1 2 3 10 is a rope.
My 1 3 4 2 9 14 an old woman.
My whole is reciprocal intelligence.

NUMBERED CHARADE.
I am a word of ten letters.
My 3 8 9 10 is the name of a tree.
My 9 4 3 is to pinch.
My 7 10 5 is to allow.
My 1 2 5 is an animal.
My 3 10 2 7 is to pare.
My 3 6 5 is a pan.
My 5 10 9 is a number.
My 5 8 7 10 is a covering for houses.
My 9 6 is a word of refusal.
My 7 10 2 3 is to jump.
And my whole is a hill of Rome.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.
Divide 150 by nothing, then add four-sixths of twenty. After having done this correctly, so is my riddle.

CLASSICAL PUZZLE.
1. What town was that whence first was brought To Italy the cherry tree?
2. Where was the "nest" midst rocks and stones, Home of a hero, brave and free?
3. What was the name of that famed pass Where three hundred warriors died?
4. And name the height near Athens' site, Where bees haunted the sweet hill-side?
5. What was the mountain, steep and high, Which, when at summer solstice sets The glowing sun, its shadow casts Upon the Lemnian islets?
6. Whence was Proserpine carried off, By Pluto's side to take a seat?
7. Name the place where Augustus made A station for his northern fleet.
8. In what island was the fountain, Which mingled with Alpheus' tide?
9. And, lastly, name th' Italian town Where brave and great Augustus died. My whole is the name of one of the heights In the land of th' "Aonian girls:"
In whose shady groves and retired nooks, Quietly resting, science dwells.

T. W. M.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.
Choose four wooden poles, five feet six inches long, with copper or brass heads. Place the poles in such a position that the distance between the heads of the poles shall be exactly alike.

[We have re-inserted the above, as none of the solutions we have received are sufficiently correct.]

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
The initials of the following will name a town in Yorkshire:
1. A county in Scotland.
3. A large river in Europe.
4. A domestic animal.
5. A town in Scotland.
6. A colour.
8. A small insect.
10. A girl's name.
11. A wild beast.

R. WOOD.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
The initials of the following will name a county in England:—
2. A town in Devon.
3. A lake in Perthshire.
5. A county in Wales.
6. A town in France.
7. A river in France.
8. A town in Kent.

T. W. A.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
The initials give the name of a town in Kent.
1. A boy's name.
2. A water vessel.
3. A number.
4. An article used in Cricket.
5. A small animal.
6. A black liquid.
7. A domesticated animal.
8. A young woman.
9. A large bird.
10. A stinging insect.
11. A publisher.
12. A narrow road.

ORPHEUS.
A GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The initials will name a town in Arabia.
An island in the Mozambique Channel.
An island near the coast of Tuscany.
A river in Austria.
A river which falls into the Bay of Bengal.
A small province of Spain (formerly a kingdom).
A range of mountains in South America.

H. C.

PUZZLE.

The initials of the following give a name of a town in Sussex:—
1. A thing that traverses the ocean.
2. A part of the body.
3. A bird.
4. Something to be put on a hand.
5. A part of the head.
6. A part of a pig.
7. A preposition (English).
8. An animal.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, CHARADES, &c.

First Class.—Wellingtonian—C. T. S.—
H. C.—Orpheus—J. Hooper—W. Burns—
Constant Reader—J. Maclean—Plenus Spei.—E. M. Birkett.

Second Class.—C. D. M.—M. R.—C. Jones—
Charles D. Moss—R. Church—H. Robson—

G. W. Hamilton.—In justice to other competitors, we must decline giving any information as to the proper mode of answering the Prize Enigma, beyond the directions in the Magazine.

H. C.—We are much obliged, but do not think we can find room for the article.

A very warm and zealous correspondent writes us a highly complimentary note from Glasgow, accompanied by a few simple verses of highly eulogistic poetry. He thinks the Boy’s Friend supplies a “want that required filling up.” We extract only two verses as a specimen—

“We’ve got the book at last, my boys!
A book on which we can depend.
Naught better can your time employ
Than to read and study the Boy’s Friend.”

W. T. Walker.—Nearly all our readers agree with the opinion you express. They, like yourself, are “delighted with the Boy’s Friend.” They think it neatly got up, well printed, and “that no boy should be without it.”

Beta.—If you refer to p. 192 of our March number, you will read these words: “The award for the Prize Enigma will be published in our number for May.”

A Boy.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. I Strand.

Robin Hood.—1. We shall be very glad to receive accounts of outdoor sports, swimming, skating, &c.—2. We will procure you the best dictionary you describe for rather less than the sum you mention, if you will authorize us to do so.

Arcturus.—The best and cheapest books on the Civil Service of India may be purchased at 1s. and 2s. 6d. each. We will send you either of these if you will send 15 or 20 stamps, which will cover the cost of carriage.

C. W. J. B.—The “squint” is a small hole cut through the wall of a church, generally in a slanting direction, and pointing towards the high altar, for the purpose of promoting uniformity between the service going on at the high altar and that at the side altar, as the “squint” enables the priest celebrating at the side altar to see when the Host is about to be elevated. There are “squints” in the churches at Ashby, Allerbourne, and others.

J. F. B.—1. We cannot answer your question till later in the year.—2. We do not know where the captain was born.

D. S. F.—Apply to some chemist. We hope you will spell your next question more correctly.

Hotspur.—An Index to the Bible may be purchased at prices varying from 2s. to 20s. Fix your own price, send us stamps, and we will send the best for your money.

Robin Hood.—A good French and English Dictionary may be bought as low as 3s. 6d., and as high as 30s. We will send you one at any price to which you would like to go.
C. A. D.—It is very probable we shall do as you propose.
C. J.—Nearly all our readers, we are happy to say, agree with the opinion you express, viz.: “that the March number is incomparably the best.”
Captain R. L.—We are glad to hear that you find the Boy’s Friend a “very good book.” We shall adopt some of your suggestions as to tales in a short time.
N. A. Cooper, Guernsey.—We believe our arrangements will prevent any cause of complaint in future. If the number of subscribers was increased in that part, it might ensure regularity.
T. Beresford.—We approve of your suggestion. It shall have our early attention.
A Subscriber.—1. A list of the Public Schools in England would occupy too much space to be inserted in the Boy’s Friend. 2. We shall be very much indebted to our young friends if they will favour us with the results of the athletic sports, cricket-matches, football, rowing-matches, &c., that take place in the Colleges and Public Schools.
S. C. R.—We are very much obliged by your obtaining so many new subscribers. We shall be glad to receive the promised charades.

EDITORIAL.

In making the AWARD for the Best Translation of “The Dervise” into French, we have anxiously weighed the merits of the several competitors, all of whom have acquitted themselves in a manner to deserve very “honourable mention.”

After making every allowance for the difficulty of rendering an English Extract into a foreign tongue, we think the prize is fairly won by

GEORGE HENRICH PARRY, aged 13 years, 32, Church Street, Kidderminster.

to whom a Prize Volume of the value of five shillings is awarded. The other translations are distinguished by many excellencies. The adjudicators observe, that many of the translations sent in by the young aspirants for literary fame are far superior, in point of penmanship, punctuation, accentuation, and knowledge of French grammar, to what might be reasonably expected from persons of good education and position and of double their age.

TEN GUINEA PRIZE ESSAY.

In compliance with the wishes of numerous contributors, and in accordance with the suggestion of an intelligent correspondent in another page, with the consent also of the adjudicators, we propose to offer TEN PRIZES of ONE GUINEA EACH, for the best Essay on a given subject, instead of ONE PRIZE of TEN GUINEAS. By this mode Ten of our young friends may obtain a Prize of One Guinea each. Instead of the interest being concentrated on one Prize, and the subject being exhausted in one Essay, the interest will be kept up from month to month by the discussion of a new subject, thus keeping up a healthy stimulus in the minds of our young friends. Unless, therefore, we shall receive an intimation that our contributors and young friends do not approve of this change, we shall give the subject of Essay, and the conditions on which each Essay is to be received, next month.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

The AWARD for the Prize Enigma will be published next month.

We regret being obliged again to defer the second part of “Boy Life in the Country.”
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XVII.

A LITTLE FAIR WEATHER AGAIN.

On re-entering the sala, the picture of woe was again presented, but in
an altered aspect. A change, sudden as the atmospheric one we had just
witnessed, had taken place; and the scene of wild weeping was now succeeded
by one of resignation and prayer.

On one side was Doña Joaquina, holding in her hands a golden rosary with
its crucifix. The girls were kneeling in front of a picture—a portrait of
Dolores with the fatal dagger; and the "Lady of Grief" looked not more
sorrowful from the canvas than the beautiful devotees that bent before her.

With their heads slightly leaning, their arms crossed upon their swelling
bosoms, and their long loose hair trailing upon the carpet, they formed a
picture at once painful and prepossessing.

Not wishing to intrude upon this sacred sorrow, we made a motion to retire.

"No, señores," said Don Cosmé, interrupting us: "be seated; let us talk
calmly—let us know the worst."

We then proceeded to inform Don Cosmé of the landing of the American
troops, and the manner in which our lines were drawn around the city, and
pointed out to him the impossibility of any one passing either in or out.

"There is still a hope, Don Cosmé," said I, "and that, perhaps, rests with
yourself."

The thought had struck me that a Spaniard of Don Cosmé's evident rank
and wealth might be enabled to procure access to the city by means of his
consul, and through the Spanish ship of war that I recollected was lying off
San Juan.

"Oh! name it, Captain; name it!" cried he, while at the word "hope" the
ladies had rushed forward, and stood clinging around me.

"There is a Spanish ship of war lying under the walls of Vera Cruz."

"We know it, we know it!" replied Don Cosmé, eagerly.

"Ah! you know it, then?"

"Oh, yes," said Guadalupe. "Don Santiago is on board of her."

"Don Santiago?" inquired I; "who is he?"
"He is a relation of ours, Captain," said Don Cosmé; "an officer in the Spanish navy."

This information pained me, although I scarcely knew why.

"You have a friend, then, aboard the Spanish ship," said I to the elder of the sisters. "'Tis well; it will be in his power to restore to you your brother."

A ring of brightening faces was around me while I uttered these cheering words; and Don Cosmé, grasping me by the hand, entreated me to proceed.

"This Spanish ship," I continued, "is still allowed to keep up a communication with the town. You should proceed aboard at once, and by the assistance of this friend you may bring away your son before the bombardment commences. I see no difficulty; our batteries are not yet formed."

"I will go this instant!" said Don Cosmé, leaping to his feet, while Doña Joaquina and her daughters ran out to make preparations for his journey.

Hope—sweet hope—was again in the ascendant.

"But how, señor?" asked Don Cosmé, as soon as they were gone; "how can I pass your lines? Shall I be permitted to reach the ship?"

"It will be necessary for me to accompany you, Don Cosmé," I replied; "and I regret exceedingly that my duty will not permit me to return with you at once."

"Oh, señor!" exclaimed the Spaniard, with a painful expression.

"My business here," continued I, "is to procure pack-mules for the American army."

"Mules?"

"Yes, we were crossing for that purpose to a plain on the other side of the woods, where we had observed some animals of that description."

"'Tis true, Captain—there are a hundred or more. They are mine—take them all."

"But it is our intention to pay for them, Don Cosmé. The Major here has the power to contract with you."

"As you please, gentlemen; but you will then return this way, and proceed to your camp?"

"As soon as possible," I replied. "How far distant is this plain?"

"Not more than a league. I would go with you, but—" Here Don Cosmé hesitated, and approaching said, in a low tone, "The truth is, Señor Capitan, I should be glad if you could take them without my consent. I have mixed but little in the politics of this country; but Santa Anna is my enemy—he will ask no better motive for despoothing me."

"I understand you," said I. "Then, Don Cosmé, we will take your mules by force, and carry yourself a prisoner to the American camp—a Yankee return for your hospitality."

"It is good," replied the Spaniard, with a smile.

"Señor Capitan," continued he, "you are without a sword. Will you favour me by accepting this?"

Don Cosmé held out to me a rapier of Toledo steel, with a golden scabbard, richly chased, and bearing on its hilt the eagle and nopal of Mexico. "It is a family relic, and once belonged to the brave Guadalupe Victoria."

"Ha! indeed!" I exclaimed, taking the sword: "I shall value it much. Thanks, señor! thanks! Now, Major, we are ready to proceed."

"A glass of maraschino, gentlemen?" said Don Cosmé, as a servant appeared with a flask and glasses.

"Thank you—yes," grunted the major; "and while we are drinking it, Señor Don, let me give you a hint. You appear to have plenty of peudor."

Here the major significantly touched a gold sugar-dish, which the servant was carrying upon a tray of chased silver: "take my word for it you can't bury it too soon."
"It is true, Don Cosmé," said I, translating to him the major's advice. "We are not French, but there are robbers who hang on the skirts of every army."

Don Cosmé promised to follow the hint with alacrity, and we prepared to take our departure from the rancho.

"I will give you a guide, Señor Capitan; you will find my people with the mulado. Please compel them to lasso the cattle for you. You will obtain what you want in the corral. Adios, señores!"

"Farewell, Don Cosmé!"

"Adieu, ladies, adieu!"

"Adios, Capitan! adios! adios!"

I held out my hand to the younger of the girls, who instantly caught it and pressed it to her lips. It was the action of a child. Guadalupe followed the example of her sister, but evidently with a degree of reserve. What, then, should have caused this difference in their manner?

In the next moment we were ascending the stairway.

"Lucky dog!" growled the major. "Take a ducking myself for that."

"Both beautiful, by Jove!" said Clayley; "but of all the women I ever saw, give me 'Mary of the Light.'"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCOUT CONTINUED, WITH A VARIETY OF REFLECTIONS.

Love is a rose growing upon a thorny bramble. There is jealousy in the very first blush of a passion. No sooner has a fair face made its impress on the heart, than hopes and fears spring up in alternation. Every action, every word, every look, is noted and examined with a jealous scrutiny; and the heart of the lover, changing like the chameleon, takes its hues from the latest sentiment that may have dropped from the loved one's lips. And then the various looks, words, and actions, the favourable with the unfavourable, are recalled, and by a mental process classified and marshalled against each other, and compared and balanced with as much exactitude as the _pros and contras_ of a miser's bankbook; and in this process we have a new alternation of hopes and fears.

Ah, love! we could write a long history of thy rise and progress; but it is doubtful whether any of our readers would be a jot the wiser for it. Most of them, ere this, have read that history in their own hearts.

I felt and knew that I was in love. It had come like a thought, as it comes upon all men whose souls are attuned to vibrate under the mystical impressions of the beautiful. And well I knew she was beautiful. I saw its unfailing index in those oval developments—the index, too, of the intellectual; for experience had taught me that _intellect takes a shape_; and that those peculiarities of form that we admire, without knowing why, are but the material illustrations of the inner principles of mind.

The eye, too, with its almond outline, and wild, half-Indian, half-Arab expression—the dark tracery over the lip, so rarely seen in the lineaments of her sex—even these were attractions. There was something picturesque, something strange, something almost fierce, in her aspect; and yet it was this indefinable something, this very fierceness, that had challenged my love. For I must confess mine is not one of those curious natures that I have read of, whose love is based only upon the goodness of the object. That is not love.
My heart recognized in her the heroine of extremes. One of those natures gifted with all the tenderness that belongs to the angel idea—woman; yet soaring above her sex in the paralyzing moments of peril and despair. Her feelings, in relation to her sister’s cruelty to the gold-fish, proved the existence of the former principle; her actions, in attempting my own rescue when battling with the monster, were evidence of the latter. One of those natures that may err from the desperate intensity of one passion, that knows no limit to its self-sacrifice short of destruction and death. One of those beings that may fall—but only once.

“What would I not give—what would I not do—to be the hero of such a heart?”

These were my reflections as I quitted the house.

I had noted every word, every look, every action, that could lend me a hope; and my memory conjured up, and my judgment canvassed, each little circumstance in its turn.

How strange her conduct at bidding adieu! How unlike her sister! Less friendly and sincere; and yet from this very circumstance I drew my happiest omen.

Strange—is it not? My experience has taught me that love and hate for the same object can exist in the same heart, and at the same time. If this be a paradox, I am a child of error.

I believed it then; and her apparent coldness, which would have rendered many another hopeless, produced with me an opposite effect.

Then came the cloud—the thought of Don Santiago—and a painful feeling shot through my heart.

“Don Santiago, a naval officer, young, handsome. Bah! hers is not a heart to be won by a face.”

Such were my reflections and half-uttered expressions as I slowly led my soldiers through the tangle path.

Don Santiago’s age and his appearance were the creations of a jealous fancy. I had bidden adieu to my new acquaintances, knowing nothing of Don Santiago beyond the fact that he was an officer on board the Spanish ship of war, and a relation of Don Cosmé.

“Oh, yes! Don Santiago is on board! Ha! there was an evident interest. Her look as she said it; her manner—furies! But he is a relation, a cousin—a cousin—I hate cousins!”

I must have pronounced the last words aloud, as Lincoln, who walked in my rear, stopped hastily up, and asked—

“What did yer say, Cap’n?”

“Oh! nothing, Sergeant,” stammered I, in some confusion.

Notwithstanding my assurance, I overheard Lincoln whisper to his nearest comrade—

“What the old Harry has got into the Cap’?”

He referred to the fact that I had unconsciously hooked myself half a dozen times on the thorny claws of a pita-plant, and my overalls began to exhibit a most tattered condition.

Our route lay through a dense chapparal—now crossing a sandy spur, covered with mezquite and acacia; then sinking into the bed of some silent creek, shaded with old cork trees, whose gnarled and venerable trunks were laced together by a thousand parasites. Two miles from the rancho we reached the banks of a considerable stream, which we conjectured was a branch of the Jamapa river.

On both sides a fringe of dark forest-trees flung out long branches, extending half-way across the stream. The water flowed darkly underneath. Huge lilies stood out from the banks—their broad wax-like leaves trailing upon the glassy ripple.
Here and there were pools fringed with drooping willows and belts of green 
tulé. Other aquatic plants rose from the water to the height of twenty feet; 
among which we distinguished the beautiful “iris,” with its tall spear-like 
stem, ending in a brown cylinder, like the pompon of a grenadier’s cap.

As we approached the banks, the pelican, scared from his lonely haunt, 
rose upon heavy wing, and with a shrill scream flapped away through the 
dark aiales of the forest. The cayman plunged suddenly into the sedgy 
water; and the “Sajou” monkey, suspended by his prehensile tail from some 
overhanging bough, oscillated to and fro, and filled the air with his hideous 
half-human cries.

Halting for a moment to refill the canteens, we crossed over and ascended 
the opposite bank. A hundred paces farther on, the guide, who had gone 
ahead, cried out from an eminence, “Mira la cabalada!” (Yonder’s the 
drove!)

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE WAY OF TAMING A BULL.

Pushing through the jungle, we ascended the eminence. A brilliant picture 
opened before us. The storm had suddenly lulled, and the tropical sun shone 
down upon the flowery surface of the earth, bathing its verdure in a flood of 
yellow light.

It was several hours before sunset, but the bright orb had commenced 
descending towards the snowy cone of Orizava, and his rays had assumed that 
golden red which characterizes the ante-twilight of the tropics. The short-
lived storm had swept the heavens, and the blue roof of the world was without 
a cloud. The dark masses had rolled away over the south-eastern horizon, 
and were now spending their fury upon the dyewood forests of Honduras and 
Tabasco.

At our feet lay the prairie, spread before us like a green carpet, and bounded 
upon the farther side by a dark wall of forest-trees. Several clumps of timber 
grew like islands on the plain, adding to the picturesque character of the 
landscape.

Near the centre of the prairie stood a small rancho, surrounded by a high 
picket fence. This we at once recognized as the “corral” mentioned by Don 
Cosmé.

At some distance from the enclosure, thousands of cattle were browsing 
upon the grassy level, their spotted flanks and long upright horns showing 
their descent from the famous race of Spanish bulls. Some of them, straggling 
from the herd, rambled through the “mottes,” or lay stretched out under the 
shade of some isolated palm-tree. Ox bells were tinkling their cheerful but 
monotonous music. Hundreds of horses and mules mingled with the herd; 
and we could distinguish a couple of leather-clad vaqueros, galloping from 
point to point on their swift mustangs.

These, as we appeared upon the ridge, dashed out after a wild bull that had 
just escaped from the corral.

All five—the vaqueros, the mustangs, and the bull—swept over the prairie 
like wind, the bull bellowing with rage and terror, while the vaqueros were 
yelling in his rear, and whirling their long lazos. Their straight black hair 
floating in the wind—their swarthy Arab-like faces—their high Spanish hats— 
their red leather caizoneria, buttoned up the sides—their huge jingling 
spurs, and the ornamental trappings of their deep saddles: all these, combined 
with the perfect manège of their dashing steeds, and the wild excitement of
the chase in which they were engaged, rendered them objects of picturesque interest; and we halted a moment to witness the result.

The bull came rushing past within fifty paces of where we stood, snorting with rage, and tossing his horns high in the air, his pursuers close upon him. At this moment one of the vaqueros launched his lazo, which, floating gracefully out, settled down over one horn. Seeing this, the vaquero did not turn his horse, but sat facing the bull, and permitted the rope to run out. It was soon carried taut; and, scarcely checking the animal, it slipped along the smooth horn and spun out into the air. The cast was a failure.

The second vaquero now flung his lazo with more success. The heavy loop, skilfully projected, shot out like an arrow, and embraced both horns in its curving noose. With the quickness of thought the vaquero wheeled his horse, buried his spurs deep into his flanks, and, pressing his thighs to the saddle, galloped off in an opposite direction. The bull dashed on as before. In a moment the lariat was stretched. The sudden jerk caused the thong to vibrate like a bowstring, and the bull lay motionless on the grass. The shock almost dragged the mustang upon his flanks.

The bull lay for some time where he had fallen; then, making an effort, he sprang up, and looked around him with a bewildered air. He was not yet conquered. His eye, flashing with rage, rolled around until it fell upon the rope leading from his horns to the saddle; and suddenly lowering his head, with a furious roar he rushed upon the vaquero.

The latter, who had been expecting this attack, drove the spurs into his mustang, and started in full gallop across the prairie. On followed the bull, sometimes shortening the distance between him and his enemy, while at intervals the lazo, tightening, would almost jerk him upon his head.

After running for a hundred yards or so the vaquero suddenly wheeled, and galloped out at right angles to his former course. Before the bull could turn himself, the rope again tightened with a jerk, and flung him upon his side. This time he lay but an instant, and again springing to his feet, he dashed off in fresh pursuit.

The second vaquero now came up, and as the bull rushed past, launched his lazo after him, and snared him around one of the legs, drawing the noose upon his ankle!

This time the bull was flung completely over, and with such a violent shock that he lay as if dead. One of the vaqueros then rode cautiously up, and, bending over in the saddle, unfastened both of the lariats, and set the animal free.

The bull rose to his feet, and looking around in the most cowed and pitiful manner, walked quietly off, driven irresistibly towards the corral.

We commenced descending into the plain, and the vaqueros, catching a glimpse of our uniforms, simultaneously reined up their mustangs with a sudden jerk. We could see from their gestures that they were frightened at the approach of our party. This was not strange, as the major, mounted upon his great gaunt charger, loomed up against the blue sky like a colossus. The Mexicans, doubtless, had never seen anything in the way of horseflesh bigger than the mustangs they were riding; and this apparition, with the long line of uniformed soldiers descending the hill, was calculated to alarm them severely.

"Them fellers is gwine to put, Cap'n," said Lincoln, touching his cap respectfully.

"You're right, Sergeant," I replied, "and without them we might as well think of catching the wind as one of these mules."

"If yer'll just let me draw a bead on the near mustang, I kin kripple him 'thout hurtin' the thing that's in the saddle."

"It would be a pity. No, Sergeant," answered I. "I might stop them by
sending forward the guide,” I continued, addressing myself rather than Lincoln; “but no, it will not do; there must be the appearance of force. I have promised. Major, would you have the goodness to ride forward, and prevent those fellows from galloping off?”

“Lord, Captain!” said the major, with a terrified look, “you don’t think I could overtake such Arabs as them? Hercules is slow—slow as a crab.”

Now this was a lie, and I knew it; for “Hercules,” the major’s great, rawboned steed, was as fleet as the wind.

“Then, Major, perhaps you will allow Mr. Clayley to make trial of him,” I suggested. “He is light weight. I assure you that without the assistance of these Mexicans, we shall not be able to catch a single mule.”

The major seeing that all eyes were fixed upon him, suddenly straightened himself up in his stirrups, and swelling with courage and importance, declared, “If that was the case, he would go himself.” Then, calling upon “Doc” to follow him, he struck the spurs into Hercules, and rode forward at a gallop.

It proved that this was just the very course to start the vaqueros, as the major had inspired them with more terror than all the rest of our party. They showed evident symptoms of taking to their heels, and I shouted to them at the top of my voice—

“Alo! somos amigos.” (Halt! we are friends.)

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when the Mexicans drove the rowels into their mustangs, and galloped off as if for their lives, in the direction of the corral.

The major followed at a slashing pace, Doc bringing up the rear; while the basket which the latter carried over his arm began to eject its contents, scattering the commissariat of the major over the prairie. Fortunately, the hospitality of Don Cosmé had already provided a substitute for this loss.

The vaqueros did not halt at the corral, as we expected, but kept across the prairie, and disappeared among the trees on the opposite side.

“What the devil has got into Blossom?” inquired Clayley; “he was clearly gaining upon them. The old bloat must have burst a blood-vessel.”

CHAPTER XX.

A BRUSH WITH THE GUERRILLEROS.

“Why, what was the matter, Major?” inquired I, as the major drove up, blowing like a porpoise.

“Matter!” replied he, with one of his direst imprecations—“matter, indeed! You wouldn’t have me ride plump into their works, would you?”

“Works!” echoed I, in some surprise; “what do you mean by that, Major?”

“I mean works—that’s all. There’s a stockade ten feet high, as full as it can stick of them.”

“Full of what?”

“Full of the enemy—full of rancheros. I saw their ugly copper faces—a dozen of them at least—looking at me over the pickets; and, sure as Heaven, if I had gone ten paces further, they would have riddled me like a target.”

“But, Major, they were only peaceable rancheros—cowherds—nothing more.”

“Cowherds! I tell you, Captain, that those two mahogany-coloured devils that galloped off had a sword apiece strapped to their saddles. I saw them
when I got near: they were decoys to bring us up to that stockade—I'll bet
my life upon it!"

"Well, Major," rejoined I, "they're far enough from the stockade now; and
the best we can do in their absence will be to examine it, and see what chances
it may offer to corral these mules; for, unless they can be driven into it, we
shall have to return to camp empty handed."

Saying this, I moved forward with the men, the major keeping in the
rear.

We soon reached the formidable stockade, which proved to be nothing more
than a regular corral, such as are found on the great haciendas de ganados
(cattle farms) of Spanish America. In one corner there was a house, con-
structed of upright poles, with a thatch of palm-leaves. This contained the
lazoes, alparejas, saddles, &c., of the vaqueros; and in the door of this house
stood a decrepit old zanbo, the only human thing about the place. The
zanbo's woolly head over the pickets had reflected itself a dozen times on the
major's terrified imagination.

After examining the corral, I found it excellent for our purpose, provided
we could only succeed in driving the mules into it; and throwing open the
bars, we proceeded to make the attempt. The mules were browsing quietly
at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the corral.

Marching past the drove, I deployed the company into the form of a semi-
circle, forming a complete cordon round the animals; then, closing in upon
them slowly, the soldiers commenced driving them towards the pen.

We were somewhat awkward at this new duty; but by means of a shower
of small rocks, pieces of bois de vache, and an occasional "heigh, heigh!" the
mules were soon in motion, and in the required direction.

The major, with Doc and little Jack, being the mounted men of the party,
did great service, especially Jack, who was highly delighted with this kind of
thing, and kept Twidget in a constant gallop from right to left.

As the mulada neared the gates of the enclosure, the two extremes of the
semi-circumference gradually approached each other, closing in toward the
corral.

The mules were already within fifty paces of the entrance, the soldiers
coming up about two yards in the rear, when a noise like the trampling of
many hoofs arrested our attention. The quick sharp note of a cavalry bugle
rang out across the plain, followed by a wild yell, as though a band of Indian
warriors were swooping down upon the foe.

In an instant every eye was turned, and we beheld with consternation a
cloud of horsemen springing out from the woods, and dashing along in the
headlong velocity of a charge.

It required but a single glance to satisfy me that they were guerilleros.
Their picturesque attire, their peculiar arms, and the parti-coloured bannerets
upon their lances, were not to be mistaken.

We stood for a moment as if thunderstruck; a sharp cry rose along the
deployed line.

I signalled to the bugler, who gave the command, "Rally upon the centre!"

As if by one impulse, the whole line closed in with a run upon the gates of
the enclosure. The mules, impelled by the sudden rush, dashed forward pell-
mell, blocking up the entrance.

On came the guerilleros, with streaming pennons and lances couchèd,
shouting their wild cries.

"Andela! andela! Mueran los Yankees!" (Forward! forward! Death to
the Yankees!)

The foremost of the soldiers were already upon the heels of the crowded
mules, pricking them with bayonets. The animals began to kick and plunge
in the most furious manner, causing a new danger in front.
"Face about—fire!" I commanded at this moment.

An irregular but well-directed volley emptied half a dozen saddles, and for a moment staggered the charging line; but before my men could reload, the guerilleros had leaped clear over their fallen comrades, and were swooping down with cries of vengeance. A dozen of their bravest men were already within short-range, firing their escopettes and pistols as they came down.

Our position had now grown fearfully critical. The mules still blocked up the entrance, preventing the soldiers from taking shelter behind the stockade; and before we could reload, the rearmost would be at the mercy of the enemy's lances.

Seizing the major's servant by the arm, I dragged him from his horse, and, leaping into the saddle, flung myself upon the rear. Half a dozen of my bravest men, among whom were Lincoln, Chane, and the Frenchman Raoul, rallied round the horse, determined to receive the cavalry charge on the short bayonets of their rifles. Their pieces were all empty!

At this moment my eye rested on one of the soldiers, a brave but slow-footed German, who was still twenty paces in the rear of his comrades, making every effort to come up. Two of the guerilleros were rushing upon him with couched lances. I galloped out to his rescue; but before I could reach him, the lance of the foremost Mexican crashed through the soldier's skull, shivering it like a shell. The barb and bloody pennon came out on the opposite side. The man was lifted from the ground, and carried several paces upon the shaft of the lance.

The guerillero dropped his entangled weapon; but before he could draw any other the sword of Victoria was through his heart.

His comrade turned upon me with a cry of vengeance. I had not yet disengaged my weapon to ward off the thrust. The lance's point was within three feet of my breast, when a sharp crack was heard from behind; the lancer threw out his arms with a spasmodic jerk; his long spear was whirled into the air, and he fell back in his saddle, dead.

"Well done, Jack! fire and scissors! who showed ye that trick? whoop! whoop!" and I heard the voice of Lincoln, in a sort of Indian yell, rising high above the din.

At this moment a guerillero, mounted upon a powerful black mustang, came galloping down. This man, unlike most of his comrades, was armed with the sabre, which he evidently wielded with great dexterity. He came dashing on, his white teeth set in a fierce smile.

"Ha! Monsieur le Capitaine," shouted he, as he came near, "still alive? I thought I had finished you on Lobos. Not too late yet."

I recognized the deserter, Dubrose.

"Villain!" I ejaculated, too full of rage to utter another word.

We met at full speed, but with my unmanageable horse I could only ward off his blow as he swept past me. We wheeled again, and galloped towards each other—both of us impelled by hatred; but my horse again shied, frightened by the gleaming sabre of my antagonist. Before I could rein him round, he had brought me close to the pickets of the corral; and on turning to meet the deserter, I found that we were separated by a band of dark objects.

It was a detachment of mules that had backed from the gates of the corral and were escaping to the open plain. We reined up, eyeing each other with impatient vengeance; but the bullets of my men began to whistle from the pickets, and Dubrose, with a threatening gesture, wheeled his horse and galloped off to his comrades. They had retired beyond range, and were halted in groups upon the prairie, chafing with disappointment and rage.
CHAPTER XXI.

A HERCULEAN FEAT.

The whole skirmish did not occupy two minutes. It was like most charges of Mexican cavalry—a dash, a wild yelling, half a dozen empty saddles, and a hasty retreat.

The guerilleros had swerved off as soon as they perceived that we had gained a safe position, and the bullets of our reloaded pieces began to whistle around their ears. Dubrose alone, in his impetuosity, galloped close up to the enclosure; and it was only on perceiving himself alone, and the folly of exposing himself thus fruitlessly, that he wheeled round and followed the Mexicans. The latter were now out upon the prairie, beyond the range of small-arms, grouped around their wounded comrades, or galloping to and fro with yells of disappointed vengeance.

I entered the corral, where most of my men had sheltered themselves behind the stockades. Little Jack sat upon Twidget, reloading his rifle, and trying to appear insensible to the flattering encomiums that hailed him from all sides. A compliment from Lincoln, however, was too much for Jack, and a proud smile was seen upon the face of the boy.

"Thank you, Jack," said I, as I passed him; "I see you can use a rifle to some purpose."

Jack held down his head, without saying a word, and appeared to be very busy about the lock of his piece.

In the skirmish Lincoln had received the scratch of a lance, at which he was chafing in his own peculiar way, and vowing revenge upon the giver. It might be said that he had taken this, as he had driven his short bayonet through his antagonist’s arm, and sent him off with this member hanging by his side.

But the hunter was not content; and as he retired suddenly into the enclosure, he turned round, and shaking his fist at the Mexican, muttered savagely—

"Yer darned skunk! I’ll know yer again! See if I don’t git yer yit!"

Gravenitz, a Prussian soldier, had also been too near a lance, and several others had received slight wounds. The German was the only one killed. He was still lying out on the plain where he had fallen, the long shaft of the lance standing up out of his skull. Not ten feet distant lay the corpse of his slayer, glistening in its gaudy and picturesque attire.

The other guerillero, as he fell, had noosed one of his legs in the lazo that hung from the horn of his saddle, and was now dragged over the prairie after his wild and snorting mustang. As the animal swerved, at every jerk his limber body bounded to the distance of twenty feet, where it would lie motionless until slung into the air by a fresh pluck of the lazo.

As we were watching this horrid spectacle, several of the guerilleros galloped after, while half a dozen others were observed spurring their steeds towards the rear of the corral. On looking in this direction we perceived a huge red horse, with an empty saddle, scouring at full speed across the prairie. A single glance showed us that this horse was Hercules.

"Good Heavens! the Major!"

"Safe somewhere," replied Clayley; "but where the deuce can he be? He is not hors de combat on the plain, or one could see him even ten miles off! Ha! ha! ha!—look yonder!"

Clayley, yelling with laughter, pointed to the corner of the rancho.

Though after a scene so tragic, I could hardly refrain from joining Clayley
A HERCULEAN FEAT
in his boisterous mirth. Hanging by the belt of his sabre upon a high picket was the major, kicking and struggling with all his might. The waist-strap, tightly drawn by the bulky weight of the wearer, separated his body into two vast rotundities, while his face was distorted and purple with the agony of suspense and suspension. He was loudly bellowing for help, and several soldiers were running towards him; but from the manner in which he jerked his body up, and screwed his neck, so as to enable him to look over the stockade, it was evident that the principal cause of his uneasiness lay on the “other side of the fence.”

The truth was, the major, on the first appearance of the enemy, had galloped towards the rear of the corral, and finding no entrance, had thrown himself from the back of Hercules upon the stockade, intending to climb over; but having caught a glance of some guerilleros, he had suddenly let go his bridle, and attempted to precipitate himself into the corral.

His waist-belt, catching upon a sharp picket, held him suspended midway, still under the impression that the Mexicans were close upon his rear. He was soon unhooked, and now waddled across the corral, uttering a thick and continuous volley of his choicest oaths.

Our eyes were now directed towards Hercules. The horsemen had closed upon him within fifty yards, and were winding their long lassoes in the air. The major, to all appearance, had lost his horse.

After galloping to the edge of the woods, Hercules suddenly halted, and threw up the trailing bridle with a loud neigh. His pursuers, coming up, flung out their lasso. Two of these, settling over his head, noosed him around the neck. The huge brute, as if aware of the necessity of a desperate effort to free himself, dropped his nose to the ground, and stretched himself out in full gallop.

The lariats, one by one tightening over his bony chest, snapped like threads, almost jerking the mustangs from their feet. The long fragments sailed out like streamers as he careered across the prairie, far ahead of his yelling pursuers.

He now made directly for the corral. Several of the soldiers ran towards the stockade, in order to seize the bridle when he should come up; but Hercules, spying his old comrade—the horse of the “doctor”—within the enclosure, first neighed loudly, and then, throwing all his nerve into the effort, sprang high over the picket fence.

A cheer rose from the men, who had watched with interest his efforts to escape, and who now welcomed him as if he had been one of themselves.

“Two months’ pay for your horse, Major!” cried Clayley.

“Och, the bewittful baste! He’s worth the full of his skin in goold. By my sow! the Capten ought to have ’im,” ejaculated Chane; and various other encomiums were uttered in honour of Hercules.

Meanwhile, his pursuers, not daring to approach the stockade, drew off towards their comrades, with signs of disappointment and chagrin.

(To be continued.)
HAPPY JACK:
A STORY FOR YOUNGSTERS.

Once upon a time there lived a peasant boy named Jack. He had served his master honestly and faithfully for several years, during which time he had never seen his poor old mother, who lived many miles distant. At last Jack began to feel homesick, and asked his master to pay him his wages, and allow him to return home.

His master gave him a lump of gold as large as Jack's head; and it was, I can assure you, none of the smallest. Very well satisfied, Jack packed his heavy burden in a cloth, and set out on his journey. He proceeded very merrily for some time, whistling and singing, for he thought how pleased his
mother would be to see him bring home such a lump of gold. At last he began to feel tired—for carry it as he would, on his head or across his shoulder, the gold was very heavy; so he sat down to rest himself on a stone by the wayside, and in a few minutes a man passed by, riding on a beautiful horse. "Oh!" exclaimed Jack, "riding is a noble exercise; I wish I had a horse."

The horseman stopped when he heard Jack's speech, and asked him what he had in his bundle; it appeared so very heavy.

"It is gold—pure gold!" replied the boy; "and I cannot carry it any further." So saying, he threw it down on the ground.

"If you would really like to have the horse, I don't care if I give it to you in exchange for that great load," said the man.

Jack jumped at the proposal. "Take it!" he exclaimed, "it is a bargain. I shall never walk on my legs again, when I have a horse to carry me."

The man, thinking that the foolish boy would soon repent of his bargain, picked up the gold, and ran off as fast as possible.

Jack, who had never been on a horse in his life, with some difficulty clambered into the saddle, and galloped on towards his native village. But not long could the poor fellow keep his seat; the horse suddenly stumbling over a stone, Jack was thrown over its head, and fell heavily to the ground, like a sack of oats. He was completely stunned, and unable to move for some time.

A peasant, who was passing by, leading a cow to market, caught the horse, and brought it to where Jack lay prostrate. He assisted him to rise; and Jack, looking very sheepish, said, "No more riding for me; it does not agree with my constitution. You are a happy man, my friend, to possess such a nice quiet cow; you may drink milk every day, and have good butter and cheese, and never need to run the risk of being thrown down and nearly killed, as I have just been, by that furious horse of mine."

"Oh!" replied the cunning peasant, "if my cow pleases you so much, I will give it to you in exchange for your horse; which certainly seems to be a spirited animal, and rather hard to manage."

"A good riddance," said Jack; "and I consider myself most lucky to make such a bargain." He accordingly drove the cow on, whilst the peasant mounted the horse, and disappeared in a moment.

When Jack arrived at the little inn where he intended to dine, he ordered a good dinner, and spent every farthing he had; for he thought that, having a cow, he was no longer in want of money. He then again set off towards his native village, but after some time he felt thirsty, and thought he would like to have a draught of milk. "How fortunate I am to have such a fine cow," said he to himself; and thereupon he attempted to milk her, but so clumsily, that he could not obtain a drop of milk; and the cow gave him such a kick in the face, that for several minutes he lay motionless on the ground. Just as he was recovering a little, a butcher passed by, driving a fat pig. He asked Jack what was the matter, and offered him some refreshment from a small flask he had in his pocket. Jack, having drunk a little, felt better, and related his adventures to his compassionate acquaintance. The butcher said that the cow was too old to give milk; she was only fit to be killed.

"Hem!" said Jack, "I don't think an old cow will prove particularly tender to eat. Now a nice fat pig like that would give me some capital bacon and savoury sausages."

"My good friend," replied the butcher, "you may have my pig, and I will take the old cow. Will that please you?"

"I shall be heartily glad to lose her," said Jack, inwardly rejoicing at his good luck. He then continued his journey, again merrily whistling, and thought to himself, "What a fortunate fellow I am! my losses are always
richly repaired. How nice this fat little pig will taste! I quite long to have a bit of him.” Shortly after a boy overtook him, carrying a goose under his arm. As they were going in the same direction, they entered into conversation, and the boy told Jack that the goose was intended as a present from his master to his son, whose child was going to be christened that day; and,” he continued, “it will be the daintiest dish that ever was seen—such another goose is not to be found in the whole country.”

“I would rather have my pig,” said Jack, “I shall have more than one good dinner from his fat sides when I get home.”

“Where did you get it?” said the other.

Jack told him all his adventures, and the boy listened with attention. At last he said, “Listen, I can tell you a secret. In the next village there was a pig stolen from the mayor last night. The thief has accused you of committing the crime, and the constables are now searching for you—I think there is one hiding behind that hedge. If he should find you, you will be arrested; and instead of being comfortably seated at your mother’s fireside to-night, you will be enjoying all the comforts of a jail!”

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” said poor Jack, “what an unfortunate creature I am! What shall I do?”

“Quick!” said the other, “do you give me the pig, and take my goose. I know all the by-paths in the neighbourhood, and can soon manage to get out of sight.”

No sooner said than done, and ere Jack had gone two steps the bad boy and the pig were no longer to be seen.

Jack laughed heartily at having so well contrived to rid himself of the unlucky pig, and carried the goose in his arms for some distance—calculating how much he might make by the feathers, and what a nice dinner he would give his mother.

He had now arrived at the next village to his own native place; and as he passed through the street, he saw a travelling cutler sitting at his machine, singing loudly to the music of his wheel—

“There came a young cutler one day,
He sharpened your scissors and knives,
He has since then been far, far away,
And again asks your custom, good wives.”

“Scissors to grind.” Whirr, whirr, whirr.
Jack stood some time staring at the cutler; he was quite astonished to see him so merry at his work. At last he said, “You seem to like your trade. I suppose it is profitable. Do you earn much by it?”

“Oh, yes, friend,” replied the cutler, “I am always happy; I have always money in my pocket. Have you got nothing but that goose? Where did you get it?”

“I exchanged it for a pig,” said Jack.
“And the pig?”
“I gave a cow for it.”
“And the cow?”
“I got it in exchange for a furious horse.”
“And the horse?”
“I paid a large lump of solid gold for it.”
“And where did you find the gold?”
“I received it as wages for seven years’ service.”

Whirr, whirr, whirr. “Scissors to grind! scissors to grind! You want nothing but a stone like mine to make your fortune. I have one lying by me which I could spare. Will you give me your goose for it?”
"Willingly," said Jack, "if you really think I can make my fortune with it."
"Just try," replied the man; and giving Jack an old whetstone and a pebble, which he picked up on the road, he received the goose, and Jack departed quite happy. The sun shone brightly, and feeling very tired and warm, the boy sat down to rest beside a well. "Oh," thought he, as he stooped down to drink, "what a foolish lad I was to take those stones, they are nearly as heavy as the gold was." Just at that moment, as he was leaning over the well, the stones rolled into the water. Splash, splash, and they were gone!

Delighted at being free from all care, and with no burden to carry, Jack sprang up, esteeming himself the happiest boy alive, and arrived in good spirits at his mother's cottage.

---

**MAY-DAY.**

Who is this, with smiling face,
   Tripping lightly here,
Trilling happy melodies,
   Echoing far and near?
On her head the waving grass
   And sweet flow'r-rets gleam,
Round her face a halo shines
   With a gladsome beam.

Singing birds fly round her head,
   Making music sweet,
While the silver brooklets play
   Round her naked feet.
With her wand she scatters swift
   Magic all around,
At her touch the corn-blades shoot
   From the dull, dark ground.

Down her dress of verdant hue
   Gleams the bright spring flowers,
Culled at random on her walk
   'Midst her scented bower.
Where she plants her dainty feet
   Blossoms quickly spring,
Happiness to each and all
   Does this maiden bring.

When she gently lifts her veil
   From her shining face,
All is glad and bright around,
   'Lumined by her grace:
Nature smiles and blesses her—
   Everything is gay,
As they feel the happy spell
   Of a bright May-day.

While I gaze upon her face
   I can see the past,
And discern the Maypole gay,
   Stately as a mast;
Lads and lasses, as they sing,
   Tread a merry measure,
Making all the welkin ring
   With their hearty pleasure.

Now those times for e'er are gone,
   They have passed away;
Now there's nought to celebrate
   Even one May-day.
Peerless maiden, ne'er forgot,
   Thou art dear to me—
On thy silver wings is borne
   The shade of memory.

S. C. S.
THE REV. HERBERT KYNASTON, D.D.,
High Master of St. Paul's School.

Was born at Warwick on the 23rd of November, 1809, being the fourth son of Roger Kynaston, Esq. (a member of the ancient family of which the late Sir John Roger Kynaston, of Hardwick, in the county of Salop, Bart., was recently the head), and Georgina, daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., sometime Governor of Madras. He was educated at Westminster, and from thence elected as a King's-scholar to a studentship of Christ Church, Oxford, in May, 1827.

At Oxford, notwithstanding the loss of nearly two years' study at Westminster in consequence of a serious accident, and the disadvantage of having to compete with men by two years, for the most part, his seniors, Dr. Kynaston obtained the highest classical honours in Easter Term, 1831, after gaining the College Prize at Christ Church for Latin verse in 1829. In 1833 he took his M.A. degree, and became Tutor of his College, and subsequently Philological Lecturer. In 1836 he was appointed Master of the Schools, and in 1842 one of the Select Preachers. He was ordained Deacon in 1834, and Priest the same year, at the Christmas ordination; and added to the performance of his College duties the Curacy of Culham, near Abingdon.

In 1838 Dr. Kynaston was elected by open competition to the High Mastership of St. Paul's School by the Court of Assistants of the Mercers' Company; soon after which he was also appointed Incumbent of St. Botorph, Aldgate, by his father, the then impropriator of that parish, which preferment he resigned in 1842.

He married, the same year, Elizabeth Selina, daughter of the late Hugh Kennedy, Esq., of Cultra, in the County of Down, Ireland.

In 1850 Dr. Kynaston was presented by Lord Chancellor Truro, an old Pauline, to the City living of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey with St. Nicholas Olave, which he now holds; and in 1853 he was collated to the Prebendal Stall of Holborn in St. Paul's Cathedral by the late Bishop Blomfield.

Dr. Kynaston is the author of "Miscellaneous Poetry" (Fellowes, 1841), and of a volume of "Occasional Hymns," original and translated, now used in his church. He has also published sermons, and a series of poetical compositions, year by year, in praise of Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, in Greek or Latin or English verse, of which the following have obtained some celebrity: "The Number of the Fish," written in 1855, and the verses "In Memoriam," after the death of the late lamented Prince Consort; and the "Corolla Nuptialis," written on the Princess Alexandra's passing through the City.
THE SAXON'S OATH:

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ROBIN HOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

A WOODLAND CAROUL.

HE party of Saxon knights and their followers, whom we left somewhat calmly witnessing the destruction of the Norman mercenaries, was still halted where they were joined by Black Sigurd, the staff, which he convulsively grasped, dripping with gore.

"You did well, noble knights, to leave to us the task of despatching those foreign bloodhounds; their blood is unworthy to stain your bright swords," he exclaimed, ironically, and in a voice even hoarser than before, through excitement. "And now, methinks, the sooner you seek the brave Fitzhoof and obtain the promise of his aid, the more speedily will your enterprise be brought to a happy issue."

"Exactly the remark I had just made to the Thane," said Sir Michael.

"It is well; follow me, brave knights, and I will lead you to him," said the strange being, and without another word, flourishing his staff above his head, he stalked on before the party at a pace which compelled them to make their horses trot over the uneven ground, greatly to the risk of their falling, in order to keep up with him.

It was well that they pushed on at once; for the Normans already had had a long and sorry ride before they were finally disposed of by Black Sigurd and his party, and the Saxons might, had they delayed, have missed the outlaw altogether. Black Sigurd led them on without wavering. Every path of the forest was so well known to him, as it seemed, that he could find it as easily by night as by day.

"Who approaches?" shouted a voice from out of a thicket. "Stand! or a shaft from my bow pierces the breast of the foremost man, be he knight or squire."

"Friends!" answered Black Sigurd. "Say that the Thane of Barnesdale and other friends seek an interview with the lord of these domains."

The concealed sentry forthwith despatched a messenger to his chief. He must have been quick of foot, for he speedily returned.

"Pass onward, and welcome to our broad domains," shouted the sentry.

Once more Black Sigurd advanced at the head of the party. Before them rose some dark ruined walls, so thickly surrounded, however, by trees, that it was not till they got close up to them that they could be perceived. There, through many an arched window and crevice which time had made, light streamed forth, tingling the dark foliage with ruddy hue, showing that a bright
fire burned within the walls, while laughter and other sounds of merriment burst forth from the once hallowed precincts of the old abbey.

The party here again halted, for there was no entrance except through a low arched door, which would not admit a knight with his plume, unless he bowed low his head, much less a man on horseback. They had not long to wait, when two men came out, bearing torches in their hands, followed by another person, whom, by his dress and independent air, even the strangers had no difficulty in recognizing as the far-famed Robin Hood, or Fitzhoof, as he has been called.

"Welcome, noble Knights and brave followers of the Saxon Thane, to my woodland domain. To me you are all friends and brothers, linked by the fellowship of suffering and wrong, and I greet you heartily. You come truly opportune, though the quarry on which you expected to pounce has escaped you. But I keep you in your saddles. If you will dismount, your horses shall be cared for, and I beg that you will enter and take some rest and refreshment, though this green grass must serve for tables and chairs, and the vault of Heaven instead of a roof.

The thane, in the name of his companions, accepted the outlaw’s courteous invitation—several of the outlaws, at Robin Hood’s call, appearing, to show the knight’s followers where they could stable their steeds and find fodder, which had been left by the Normans. Robin, well acquainted with the ruins, stepped quickly on; but had it not been for the light of the torches, his visitors would scarcely have found their way among the huge masses of masonry, and the stones which strewed their path. The extent of the ruins was considerable, and they had to go some distance before they reached another low door, passing through which, they found themselves in the presence of a large and motley group seated round a huge bonfire, at which some of them were busily engaged in cooking certain articles of food, while a portly personage, seated at the further end on a bale of goods, seemed to be the preying genius of the revel.

"Welcome, welcome, noble sirs, gentle and simples, to our humble monastery! I prithee all be seated; we banish ceremony from this our sylvan abode to Norman castles and palaces, where those dwell who cheat and lie and thieve and backbite and betray—who murder their friends and stab their foes in the dark; but it were a long list, and waste of too much breath to go on. Come up here, worthy Thane! Noble Sir Michael, methinks I know you, though it is long since we met; thrice welcome! You, in knight of ebon hue, come with me if you want to taste the best of the abbot’s wine. It is right that we should enjoy a feast twice won and bravely battled for. Ha! ha! ha! To think of our flinging it away from those gussling Normans, when they thought that they had got a prize to store their own castle for a month to come! The unconscionable rogues! knowing all the time that it was the property of the Church; why—save the mark!—if they had had a particle of religion they would have restored it. With us the case is different. I, myself, most worthily I opine, represent the Church, and in this abbey no one has greater right to the rank of lord abbot than I, and, certes, if an abbot gets the wine and provisions, the Church will be satisfied that she is not robbed; therefore can I quaff this good liquor with a clear conscience, and so may you, my worthy guests and merry men—which fact I tell you, lest you have any scruples on the subject. For my own part, I have none—none whatever. So fill your horns to the brim, and we'll drink success to Robin Hood and our next undertaking. You see, gentle, I’m doing the honours for our noble chief, whose only fault, if he has one, is that he seldom quaffs wine or ale, even when he can get them. I never do either when I can’t get them, but most religiously do I adhere to them when I can. You see he has matters of importance to settle, and it behoves him to keep his head cool; but I,
having only the consciences of these honest men under my charge, prefer keeping my stomach warm, and let my head take care of itself, so I quaff to your health, gentles, and merry men all. Ha! ha! ha!"

It was very evident from the way the friar ran on, that, if not drunk, he was very near that condition when a man does not know what he says.

Sir Michael now observed that Fitzhoof and Little John were absent from the feast, and that Black Sigurd had also disappeared. More refined in his habits than the generality of his countrymen, he felt a disgust for the friar's proceedings, which, however, he thought it prudent to conceal. Not so the thane nor the stranger knights. They leaned back on the grass, resting on their arms, laughing heartily at the friar's jokes, and holding out their horns to be filled as often as the master of the revel sent round the wine, by the hands of a couple of the youngest members of the band. It was carried in large coarse earthenware pitchers, intended to hold ale rather than the delicate liquor with which it was now honoured.

"You have heard, Sir Knight, of the way we treated the Norman nobles who ventured into our domain?" continued the friar. "I haven't ceased laughing till my eyes have run over with water since it occurred. In a sorry plight will they be by the time they reach their employer's castle. Cracked sculls, I warrant, not a few among them; for unless they have eyes in the backs of their heads, they will have hard work to escape the boughs of the trees under which their horses carry them."

"They escaped not with broken heads alone," said the thane; and he gave a full description of the fate of the Norman band.

"Ho! ho! the knaves have received their deserts, and yet they will have the credit of dying like brave men fighting for their lives, instead of flying from their foes. Your people's shafts, it seems, went in at the breasts and out at their backs; but an' I know the effect of an ell-shaft through a man's body, not many of them will live to boast of their deeds."

It must not be supposed that during this time either Sir Michael or his companions had forgotten their object in visiting the outlaws; but he, at all events, knew well the importance of falling in with the humours of the persons with whom they had to deal, that he might gain their confidence, and win them over to his purpose. If the thane also, giving way to the natural bent of his disposition, had joined in the hilarity of the jovial monk, and for a moment had forgotten his grief and his anxiety to recover his daughter, an instant's pause in the conversation allowed the subject to return with greater force than ever to his mind, and he became anxious for an opportunity of conferring with Fitzhoof, and obtaining his assistance.

The two young men, however, although they sat down with the rest on the greensward, allowed the drinking horn to pass their lips untasted. The one was thinking of the fair girl to whom he was betrothed, the other of his sister, and both were turning in their minds numerous plans, possible and impossible, by which she might be rescued from the power of Fitzwarren. They, therefore, with alacrity sprang to their feet on seeing the dwarf Gumbo enter the court and touch Sir Michael and the thane on the shoulder. He then went round and requested the two dark knights to follow him.

"Ho! Sir Knights! ho! most noble Thane! This is too bad—against all the rules of good fellowship, to leave the feast when the wine is just beginning to warm the cockles of the heart, to drive out all base feelings, and to allow only what is noble and generous and jovial to remain—ah! jovial the word—ha! ha! ha! That's what I feel now, gallants—ha! ha! ha!" and Friar Tuck, in the exuberance of his spirits, rolled off the bale of goods on to the grass, from which it required the strength of four stout foresters to raise him up again, as he was utterly unable to help himself.

Meantime, the knights followed the dwarf into a chamber less dilapidated
than the rest of the ruin, where at a rough table, surrounded by equally rough benches, sat Robin Hood, Little John, and two others of his lieutenants. The chamber was lighted by two pine torches stuck in holes in the walls, the smoke from which, curling upwards, formed a canopy overhead, blackening the arched ceiling. The outlaw chief and his lieutenants rose as the knights entered.

"I crave your pardon, noble Knights, for not at once receiving you here," he said, begging them by signs to be seated, "but I had some scouts to examine, and to send forth again on matters which brook of no delay."

"We had little cause to complain, since, thanks to the exertions of your jovial chaplain, the time passed away right pleasantly," said Sir Michael. "However, that we may lose no time, I will at once speak of the object for which we desired to see you. We have resolved to rescue by force of arms my fair cousin, the Lady Godiva, and we come to crave your aid forthwith to carry out our enterprise. We were prepared for it even before the destruction of Sir Brian de Hubert's company of free lances, and now that the garrison of Beauregard must be greatly weakened by their absence, we propose, with your assistance, to assault it before the sun once more sets in the west."

"Noble Knights, I approve of your enterprise, and promise you my aid, and that of my followers; but before we can undertake it, we have a duty to perform which will require all our sagacity, skill, and courage. One of my lieutenants, Will Stutly, has been captured by the Sheriff of Nottingham, and were my own mother's son—were my dearest friend—were the wife of my bosom, demanding my aid, I could not afford it till I had performed my duty to my faithful lieutenant, or to the meanest of my followers who might be in his place."

"Your principle is the true one, brave Fitzhoof; we cannot gainsay it," said Sir Michael. "Let us make a compact. We will help you to recover your lieutenant, and you shall then give us the aid of your merry men to rescue the fair daughter of the thane of Barnessdale from the fangs of the Norman wolf of Beauregard."

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed Robin Hood, and his words were echoed by his companions.

---

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TWO PALMERS.

IR GUY BELLANGER, the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robin Hood's mortal and persevering foe, inhabited the strong castle of Falconhurst, not far from the fair town of Nottingham. To this stronghold the outlaw chief discovered that Will Stutly had been conveyed by his captors.

There was no time to be lost if Will's life was to be saved, for the sheriff would, it was well known, grant but a short trial and a shorter shrift to any of the free rangers of Sherwood Forest who might fall into his power.

It is not necessary to repeat the discussion which took place between Robin and his knightly confederates, or to describe all the particulars of the plan which they formed. To carry it out, it was necessary to ascertain the exact spot and hour at which the sheriff proposed to put bold Will to death, and, if possible, to communicate with Will himself.

"Two palmers with staff and scallop-shell were seen this evening among your guests at Barnessdale, noble Thane," said Fitzhoof. "It may be that, if they
are friends to the Saxons, they would undertake the task. I would myself go—and will go, rather than not do all that can be done to save my brave lieutenant—but that so many keen eyes are on the watch for me, I might chance to be trapped myself, and instead of saving Will, be made to dangle along with him.”

“The palmer left my castle this evening, Sir Robert,” said the thane, giving the outlaw the title of knighthood to which he might from his birth have laid claim. “I rather doubt, indeed, whether they would have undertaken the task you wish to assign to them. Some other means must be found of communicating with the sheriff’s prisoner.”

“I know not that. Our friend Fitzhoof’s idea is a good one,” said the dark knight, who had not hitherto spoken. “Methinks the skins of the palmers remain behind, and it will be no difficult matter to fill them with other flesh and bones; and, by St. George, the man who ventures to lay hands on them, be he knight or yeoman, baron or serf, with the Sheriff of Nottingham to boot, shall feel the strength of my arm!”

Edmund and Ulric had been listening eagerly to the discussion, without, however, in deference to the age and rank of most of the party, taking a part in it; the first now started up, exclaiming—

“I owe you a debt of gratitude, noble Fitzhoof, it will be difficult to repay. I will undertake to visit Studly, and attempt his rescue.”

“And I will bear you company, cousin,” said Ulric. “Before the night is many hours older, we will have the palmer’s dresses here, and we will do our best to act the character with as much gravity as those to whom the dresses belong.”

“Bravely spoken, young sirs, and I doubt not that you will as bravely act,” exclaimed Fitzhoof. “My merry men, you will find, will be all the more ready to fight in the cause of those who are willing to risk their lives for one of their comrades.”

The arrangements were speedily made, and while the young men, with half a dozen men-at-arms who had the fleetest horses, set off for Barnessdale, the rest of the party wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and lay down to obtain that rest for recruiting their strength which the expected fatigue of the next day imperatively demanded.

The revels in the courtyard had also been brought to a conclusion, and Friar Tuck himself having again rolled off his seat, and found no one willing or indeed able to put him on it, had, after two or three ineflectual attempts to get on his legs, given up the hope of doing, and fallen fast asleep.

There was one, however, who remained awake and vigilant as ever—the chief of the outlaws. He owed his life and freedom, the wonderful success with which he had set at defiance the numerous powers league for his destruction, to that most important virtue among military qualifications, vigilance. When his visitors lay down, he himself went round with fresh sentries, and placed them at every spot round the bivouac where even a dog could find its way. Besides which, scouts were out—intelligent and quick of foot—scouring all the country round about the camp. Not until he had taken every possible precaution against surprise, did he wrap himself up in his cloak, and with his bow and trusty sword ready to his grasp by his side, lay himself down to snatch a short but much-needed repose, with his faithful staghound Cadwan at his feet.

An outlaw’s adventures may be very interesting to read about, but we may depend on it he has to go through terribly hard work, and has altogether a very uncomfortable life of it. In those days, to be sure, neither rich nor poor enjoyed much comfort of any sort, so the difference was not so great. We may be thankful that we do not live in Robin Hood’s days.

The outlaw had slept for some time, when Cadwan lifted up his head, and
gave a low, muttered growl. Robin sprang to his feet with his bow in his hand and an arrow drawn to its head. It was an action which had become habitual to him, for he said immediately to himself—

"The young thanes are returning; they have lost no time, neither must we, for the Sheriff will allow honest Will but a short shrift, unless he keeps him alive in the hope, through his means, of catching larger game. We shall see, however, whose wits are worth the most."

The young Saxon nobles, with their followers, appeared while Robin Hood was still speaking thus to himself. The staghound Cadwan instinctively knew that they were friends, and remained standing by the side of his master, though ready to dart forward in case he should have made a mistake.

"We need not awake our friends, and as you must set forth some time before us, all arrangements can first be made," said Robin Hood, after he had welcomed them, and thanked them for the speed with which they had performed their commission.

A few minutes sufficed, with the aid of a horn lantern, to change the gay young nobles into grave and humble palmers. It took longer, however, to disguise their features. This was done by the outlaw himself, by means of certain dyes, by which the naturally fair colour of their skins was changed to a dark hue, as if they had long been exposed to the scorching rays of an eastern sun. By similar means their hair also was darkened; and certain lines drawn down their cheeks and across their foreheads, gave them the appearance of careworn men of advanced age.

Robin, having very frequently to visit places where his features were well known, had often thus to disguise himself.

"There, young sirs, you may go and present yourselves to the Sheriff of Nottingham, and even should he know you as well as do your own fathers, he will not now recognize you," said the outlaw, as, holding up the lantern to their faces, he complacently surveyed his handiwork. "I have provided for you a trusty guide, and it is best that you set forth immediately. I pray thee get speech of honest Will Stutly, and tell him that if he cannot by himself get out of the clutches of the Sheriff, we will be at hand to rescue him at all hazards."

The young men, having received their final instructions, set off through the forest with their guide. After they had gone, he sat resting his head on his hands, lost in thought; then he roused up his companions, and the whole party set out in the direction of Falconhurst Castle. They had to proceed cautiously, sending out scouts as if they were in an enemy's country; for their success depended on not being discovered until the moment of action had arrived.

Morning was breaking when the Saxon knights and the band of outlaws reached a thick wood, which Robin Hood informed them was about half a mile from the castle.

"This is the only spot where you and your friends can remain concealed with your steeds," he observed to Sir Michael. "Further on, within little more than two bowshots from the walls, there is a low hazel copse, which will afford ample shelter for me and my men. There we can remain until the time for sallying forth arrives. Two minutes will suffice us to cover the ground between the copse and the castle-gate. Do you follow, when you hear the sound of my horn, as fast as you can urge on your horses. We can hold the gates till your arrival, or surround honest Will, whether he be inside or out, and keep our foes at bay, as the case may be."

The plan proposed seemed excellent; and while the knights dismounted and led their horses into the wood, the outlaw and his men, keeping as much as possible under cover, pushed on for the copse where they purposed forming their ambush.
CHAPTER XIV.

HOW THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM WAS TAKEN IN.

HE castle of Falconhurst took its name, not because of its elevated position, for the spot on which it stood was but slightly raised above the level of the surrounding country, but on account of its four lofty towers, which had displaced a grove of tall trees, in the tops of which falcons were supposed once to have built their nests. Hurst was the Saxon word for a wood; and hence Falconhurst signifies a lofty wood. The watchmen stationed on the tower tops, who could command a view of the country around, reported all quiet, not a man nor a beast stirring. Not long after this, however, they announced that two men, in the guise of humble palmers, were, with slow and tottering steps, approaching the castle.

In those days, when candles and lamps, from the imperfect manner in which they were made, afforded but a poor and far from pleasant light, people of all ranks went to bed soon after the sun descended below the horizon, and got up even before he once more arose. Sir Guy Bellanger and the other inmates of the castle had reason also to be early afoot. He purposed trying the prisoner taken the evening before, and supposed to be one of the band of daring outlaws who had so long been a terror to the neighbourhood, and especially to himself—or, it should be said, that he purposed going though the form of a trial, for he had already resolved to hang the prisoner on the gallows which stood permanently outside the castle walls, as a gentle hint to evildoers what they might expect if captured.

The sheriff, when the palmers appeared at the gate, directed that they might be admitted. When they were brought into the great hall, where he was seated, he inquired whence they came and whither they were going. They replied that they had been wandering about the forest all the early part of the night, that only towards the morning had they found their way out of it—that they were on their way to the fair city of Nottingham. They were, they said, hungry and thirsty, and they craved a sup of ale and a piece of bread and bacon on which to break their fast.

"That you shall have, honest men," said the sheriff, who was in good humour with the prospect of hanging one of his enemies; "but tell me how was it you escaped falling into the hands of the arch rogue, Robin Hood?"

"We did, most noble Knight, encounter some of his followers," answered one of the palmers, "but they told us to proceed on our way, as they make war only on the robber lords of Normandy, and the rich abbots and priors, and other lazy monks and churchmen, who grow fat on the spoils out of which they cheat, by their impostures, the hapless Saxon serfs."

The speaker fixed his eyes on a person seated near the sheriff, who, by his dress, was evidently an ecclesiastic of rank.

"You speak language, palmer, which smacks strongly of daring and impertinence," exclaimed the sheriff, in an angry tone.

"So I opine, and so I thought when the robbers made the remarks I have repeated," said the Palmer. "They expressed an opinion, moreover, that the Sheriff of Nottingham is a rogue unhung, and that the Abbot of St. Hilda and Prior of St. Barnabas are more fitted to feed swine than look after the welfare of men's souls; and that as for the Sheriff——"

"You need not go on repeating what the villains said of us," thundered out the sheriff, in a furious rage, "we shall see whether the fellow who is to dance in the air this morning will express the same opinions."
“Pardon me, noble sirs, but I was merely remarking that the outlaws look upon the monks as the grubs and caterpillars and snails and slugs which eat up the fat of the land,” said the palmer, in a meek and gentle tone.

“Our ears would rather not hear any more of the opinions of the villains,” observed the dignified priest, who was no other than the Prior of St. Barnabas himself.

“Once more I must crave your pardon, reverend father,” persisted the palmer; “but the outlaws remarked that if every bishop, abbot, prior, and every monk and friar were swept out of the kingdom, there wouldn’t be an honest man the less in it; and if every Norman baron and knight were sent after them, there would be so many robbers the less.”

“Silence! or, by our Lady, I’ll have your saucy tongue torn by the roots from your mouth,” shouted the sheriff. “Aye, in spite of your palmer’s gown and staff!”

“Oh, I fear greatly that I have again unwittingly offended, most noble Sheriff,” said the palmer, in the same gentle calm tone in which he had before spoken; “we will accept with gratitude your generous hospitality, and then go on our way, as we desire to be in fair Nottingham town before noon.”

“Certes, you shall go; and moreover you shall bear an account of the proposed hanging of the robber. Maybe some of them will like to come out and witness the pleasant sight.”

“We will willingly bear any message with which you may honour us,” answered the palmer, meekly crossing his hands on his bosom, “but methought you had said, noble Sheriff, that the supposed robber was to be tried. In the days of the Saxon rule, persons were not condemned till they were proved to be guilty. Do the Normans act otherwise?”

“Prating palmer, hold thy peace!” shouted out the sheriff. “Stand aside, and keep silence till the trial is over.”

“An’ we had something to put in our mouths, we might the better keep silence,” observed the unperturbable palmer. “However, it strikes me that the trial of the knave will not be a long business.”

The sheriff made no answer to this remark, and soon after the prisoner was brought in by a guard of four men, two with drawn swords and two with daggers; for so strong was the opinion formed of the boldness and hardihood of Robin and his companions, that it was believed the prisoner might attempt to make his escape even from among the midst of his enemies. The outlaw as he was brought in cast a look of defiance at the sheriff and knights, the men-at-arms and others before whom he stood; then he glanced carelessly round the hall, so it seemed, but in that glance he ascertained every one who was present. He noted the two aged palmers, who were standing aloof from the rest of the people assembled, and it is probable that though he was totally unacquainted with their appearance, from knowing the numberless resources of his chief’s fertile brain, he might have entertained hopes that they were there for the purpose in some way of aiding him. Still, neither by look nor gesture did he show this.

The trial, or rather the form of a trial, now commenced. The prisoner was taken in arms, engaged in committing a robbery—and not a common robbery, but a sacrilegious robbery, inasmuch as that the articles stolen belonged to the holy Abbot of St. Hilda. He was likewise found opposing, sword in hand, the lawful authority of the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Poor Will’s guilt indeed was so evident that he had nothing to say in his defence; still he determined to meet his fate bravely.

“It seems as clear as noonday, Master Sheriff, that you purpose to put me out of the way, but I must let you understand that there are fifty stout men—or five hundred indeed—who are ready to do the things I have done, and many more besides; so that by killing me you will not cure the evil of which you
complain. However, do as you wish; the only favour I ask is the loan of a good sword, and let me stand up in fair fight against twenty of your men, and let them do their best to slay me—so that I may do my utmost to save my life."

The sheriff and his attendants laughed heartily at this proposal. "No, no, knave," he answered, "that were the death of an honest man. Hanging you deserve, and hanged you shall be, as sure as I am Sheriff of Nottingham, before noon of this same day—the gallows is ready and the rope is twisted. The only favour I'll grant is, to invite some guests to see the hanging. It may warn some of them, I warrant, from joining thy master, and following thy example. Ho! palmers, you hear what I say! As soon as you have broken your fasts, haste away to Nottingham, and invite the people to come and see stout Will Stutely dancing in air. Bid them hurry, or they will be too late for the play."

The palmers signified their comprehension of the sheriff's orders, and having received the food offered them, hurriedly ate part of it, and taking the bread and meat in their hands, left the castle, and were seen to be bending their way towards Nottingham.

Meantime the prisoner was led back to the dungeon, to spend the last few hours of his existence in darkness. He would have had no food had not one of the warders, more charitable than his master, brought him some of his own mess and a jug of ale, observing, as he put it down, "A man cannot even die pleasantly on an empty stomach, so, friend, I have brought wherewith to fill thee. Keep up a good heart—all of us must die, you know, and the how and the when matters little in the long run."

"Thanks, friend! thanks! you're the first honest man I have met inside these castle walls, who does to his neighbours as he would be done by," answered Will, sitting down on a stone with the viands between his legs, and falling on to them, for his appetite was keen, as he had eaten nothing for several hours. "I only wish thee a more honest calling than serving so great a rogue as the Sheriff of Nottingham."

"Ha! ha! it is a good joke for a thief taken in the act to say that," said the warder, closing the door of the cell.

The fatal hour of noon was approaching, and Will was roused up by the entrance of a body of armed men, who came to conduct him to the gallows. A priest, who had only just then been found, they said, accompanied them, and offered to hear the prisoner confess his sins, and to shrive him if he wished. The priest drew near, while the men-at-arms stood apart for a few minutes, but what Will said to the priest, and what the priest said in return, no one heard.

The castle gates were now thrown wide open, and Will was led forth towards the gallows, accompanied by the sheriff and his men-at-arms—the priest, in virtue of his office, keeping close to his side.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the sheriff, "those old palmers have been slow in executing my orders, for I see none of the people from Nottingham coming to witness the death of this knave. Ah, yes, there comes one! a tall varlet, who hurries on, as if he was eager to see the sport. There will be others anon, I doubt not."

While the sheriff was speaking, besides the tall yeoman who at first had attracted his attention, several other persons, in company with the old palmers, appeared coming from the direction of Nottingham. The tall yeoman, however, was the first to draw near. He had a good sword by his side, but no other arms. In spite of the orders of the men-at-arms to keep at a distance, he came close up to where Will was standing under the gallows.

"Ho! Sir Sheriff!" he exclaimed, in a loud voice, "if this is the man to be hung, I have a favour to ask—that I may do the hanging!"

"Why, knave! why have you that fancy?" asked the sheriff.
THE APPROACH TO CANTON.

"Supposing a man had slain your father and two brothers, with an uncle and cousin to boot, would you not be greedy of such a chance of vengeance?" asked the tall yeoman.

"Aye, surely, that I would," answered the sheriff. "Varlet, your wish is granted. Make short work of the knave! I see that the people are collecting; we shall have witnesses enough to publish it abroad how the Sheriff of Nottingham punishes the rogues he catches belonging to Robin Hood's band."

"Come, Master Stutely, you hear what the good Sheriff says, so prepare for your fate," said the tall yeoman, taking hold of the prisoner. "You and I have met before, and now we meet not to part till death does separate us, or you are free."

With these words he whipped out a sharp knife, with which he cut the bands which bound stout Will Stutely's limbs, and the next instant knocking down a man-at-arms, whose sword he seized, he handed it to Will, and the two, placing themselves back to back (for the tall yeoman was no other than Little John), they so rapidly plied their weapons that they kept their assailants at bay. At the same moment the well-known sound of Robin Hood's horn greeted their ears, and numerous fresh actors appeared on the scene.

(To be continued.)

THE APPROACH TO CANTON.

As you approach Canton, the river, which is nearly half a mile in width, becomes so crowded with boats of all sizes and classes, crossing and recrossing each other, that a novice might be in despair of forcing a passage, or making his way through them. On either side of the river are moored boats, in which whole families are domiciled, and the fronts of some of these aquatic dwellings are very handsomely carved, and gaily painted in arabesque; whilst on the decks or flat roofs are constructed gardens, where they sit and smoke amidst flowering shrubs, planted in painted porcelain flower-pots, fantastically grouped around. The most gaily decorated of all are boats which have carved fronts painted in arabesque, and silken lanterns suspended from their roofs, whilst looking-glasses, pictures, and verses inscribed on particoloured paper, decorate their sides. Of all the extraordinary scenes which can be witnessed, nothing can be more surprising or astounding to a European than the appearance of the Canton river; for, let him have travelled "far and wide," nought can give him an idea of the scene but ocular demonstration.

Myriads of boats float on the waters, of all descriptions; retailers of edibles, cooked and uncooked; boats laden with chests of tea, piled one upon the other, tier above tier, until the side of the boat is level with the water's edge; mandarin boats forcing their way authoritatively through the crowd; war-junks at anchor; whilst here and there a European boat, manned by our sailors, who give vent to their excited feelings by uttering sundry and divers ejaculations, not particularly complimentary to the good seamanship of the natives, or expressive of kindly feelings towards them. Flower-boats, and others belonging to artisans and vendors of food, are wedged together, as far as the eye can reach, in one solid mass, apparently impenetrable; whilst the air is filled and the ears stung with the deafening sounds of gongs and wind instruments, discouraging most unearthly music, accompanied by the yelling, screeching, gabbling, and clamour of hundreds of thousands of human tongues. As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of China so thickly populated as Canton, the population of the city of Canton and its suburbs being estimated at above one million; and the denizens of the river, who habitually reside in their boats, are said to exceed two hundred thousand.—China and the Chinese.
"Now hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard."

MILTON.

It is not many years since I was present at one of those assizes for Tipperary, so distinguished in the annals of that county, and infamous in the records of Ireland for its horrible but accustomed detail of atrocity, assassination, and recklessness of life. I had been listening for some days with horror and disgust to the crimes of the murderers who were brought to the bar of justice, and to the shameless impudence of those who sought to shelter them from the consequences of their guilt.

I had listened until my senses recoiled with affright at the villainies that were detailed to me, and I had marked, with equal contempt and abhorrence, the steeled countenances of the *alibi* witnesses for the prisoners, while their perjuries were being translated into the English language, with which they pretended to be unacquainted. From the midst of misery, vice, villany, and wretchedness, I gladly received an order to return immediately to Dublin.

Upon inquiring at the coach-office, I was informed that all the inside places to the metropolis were engaged for a particular company; but the clerk could not tell me who or what they were, nor even satisfy my inquiries so far as to inform me to which sex this particular company belonged. My curiosity was, I confess, a little excited by the circumstances, and it was with little of the usual listlessness of a stage-coach passenger, that I took my place beside the driver the next morning.

Before I mounted the box I took care to look into the coach—it was empty. There were not upon the roof any one of those innumerable and nameless depositories of stowage that indicate the profusion or attention to personal comfort and decoration, which show that the public vehicle is honoured by a female traveller.

The coach had no outside passenger but myself; and the blank countenance of the hostler, as he pocketed his single shilling, and bade the coachman "Drive on," showed that there was but a single departure from Clonmel in the midst of a busy and bustling assize.

It was a chill and frosty morning in March. I was cursing the clerk for his stupidity in having told me that I could not, in such weather, procure an inside seat; and as I rolled my travelling cloak around me, and was considering whether I should formally complain of him to his employers, I perceived, about one hundred yards ahead of me, a mounted policeman. His conduct could not but attract my attention and excite my surprise. He occasionally dashed forward at a rapid pace, then leaped his well-trained horse into a field. After riding rapidly round its ditches, he would return to the road, and the moment after, perhaps, halt, leap from his horse's back upon a wall, and after a careful survey, to see that there was as little chance of a surprise from the demesnes which line the road on one side, as of an ambush on the other, where the fields stretch down to the river Suir, he would proceed.
in such a manner as to keep the coach always about one hundred paces in his rear. He had travelled thus for about two miles, until he at length came to a place where the road turns in directly upon the river-bank.

Here about ten to twelve persons could be observed collected together. The low whistle of the mounted policeman was responded to by them. I could distinguish the military step and bearing of some amongst the group, and the protrusions in the front and back parts of the dark frieze coats with which they were enveloped, showed that they had concealed beneath them the short musket with which every one of the Irish police is armed. The coachman was directed to pull up. In a few seconds afterwards, a movement took place in the distant group, and five persons walked towards us.

Two of them were dressed like the peasants of Tipperary, in their best apparel—or, as they themselves term it, "their Sunday clothes." There were two immediately behind them, and as if watching with a practised glance every attendant of the countrymen (these I at once recognized as two of the Dublin peace officers), while in front of the four walked a gentleman who, either for the purpose of concealment, or probably to protect himself from the cold, had his face covered up nearly to the eyes with a silk handkerchief, while his person was covered with a large rugged coat, over which was thrown a large camel's cloak. He appeared to be engaged with one of the countrymen, whose pale but still handsome features, his dark and heavy eyebrows, his steady manner, his crouching demeanour, and the quick glances of his lively black eyes, at once betrayed him to me as the notorious and intelligent approver, Fitzgerald—the man who had first conspired to murder the unfortunate Moras, who afterwards betrayed his associates in guilt, and brought to justice the majority of them.

While he was speaking to the gentleman who was next him, his associate in guilt and fellow-approver, Ned Ryan, was walking carelessly along, kicking at the stones on the road, and watching, apparently with the most intense interest the distance he might be able to drive them. It would not be known that he was taking any part in the conversation that was going on, except that whenever the gentleman turned towards him, he raised his hand to his hat while giving a brief reply to the questions that were put to him. The only words that I could hear of the conversation that was passing were these: they proceeded from Fitzgerald.

"Know Kirby, is't? I'd know him, your honour, in a pattern. I only saw him while we were settling Moras's business, and he has a curl o' the eye that I'd never forget. barrin' I lost the recollection I have o' my own mother, rest her soul! Know him! He has a twist with the forefinger o' the right hand that maybe yourself 'd never forget, supposin' you saw it once, Counsellor!"

I could see a large full grey eye turned upon Fitzgerald as he made use of this dubious expression. Some further words passed between the parties, which were inaudible to me. In a few seconds the entire party was at the coach-door, and the gentleman, who was still muffled up, exclaimed—

"Peace officers, you will look carefully to these two men: not a word is to be spoken by either of them on business. Detachments of the police and soldiers will protect you to Kilkenny, from thence to Dublin; there can be no apprehension of violence."

Fitzgerald, Ryan, and the two peace officers, entered the coach. It proceeded at a rapid rate on its journey. On my looking round, I observed that the mysterious gentleman had joined the police, and that they were turning through a by-road to Clonmel.

"Musha, hout! bad luck go with you, Long Jack!" said the coachman; "but it's a pair of informin', murderin' villians you're after puttin' into the decent coach this mornin'!"
“Whom do you call Long Jack?” said I.
“Who do I call Long Jack! Who but the Counsellor?”
“What Counsellor?”
“The Counsellor! Oh, the Counsellor for the Crown—the villyan o’ the world, that’s hangin’ all the boys in Tipperary; Long Jack——, that has a tongue that’d twist a rope round a man’s neck in a pair o’ minutes—that’s the Long Jack I mane!—him that’s after putting two blackguards and two peelers into my coach this fine mornin’. Barrin’ that my own neck’d be broke by it, I wished it was knocked to smithereens this minute.”
“I am sure,” I observed, “you must be mistaken; Mr.—— is a much taller man than the gentleman who has just left us. The tones of this person’s voice, too, are much more hoarse.”
“More hoarse!—hoarse! Why, then, if they are, it’s with ragnery they’re hoarse. It’s the fellow’s voice that frets me, for he’s as pleasant at a hangin’ as another man is at a christenin’ or a berrin’; and he cracks a joke at the very minute he’s crackin’ a man’s neck. Old Towler was bad enough, but Long Jack is ten times worse, entirely. An’ it’s Ned Kirby, my own aunt’s cousin-jarman, they’re now looking after. Oh, then, one way or another, somebody will hear who they want most before I’m a day older; an’ to be drivin’ in a coach the fellows that brought him into the scrape, and then wants to swear his life away! Oh! but wasn’t it hard fortin’ that I should ever know a cow from a gurton, when it’s four of them I’m drivin’ this blessed day to please the murdering villyans, Fitzgerald and Ryan—they two blackguards that’s a disgrace to Tipperary.”
“Surely,” said I, “you are not vexed with those two wretched men, if they now are instruments in bringing to justice the murderers of an innocent, an honest, an unoffending, and an industrious man. It is true that they were wicked enough to deprive a human being of his life; but that is a crime which they repented of, and they are now endeavouring to make every reparation for it by the prosecution of Moras’s murderers.”
“It’s ‘asy seein’ that it’s little you know o’ them, or the country. I’ll tell you what, sir, that you have in the coach two boys that, if they were out, an’ free, would be after doin’ the same thing only for the askin.’ Sure, all they did was only for a warnin’, that neither kith nor kin of any informer should dare show his nose in the bounds of the county; and as to ‘reptin’—what would they reptin’ of? Is’t that they put out o’ the way a man that was doin’ as all the tyrants in the land are doin’, takin’ the places over their heads, raisin’ the rints on them, and lavin’ them as they are this day, with two of the peelers beside them? Reptin’!—the divil a reptin’ they reptin’! I be bail you, they never tould Long Jack, conversible and full of discourse as they are to him, where they hid the arms last. No, an’ now mind my words, that, exceptin’ the boys they are after gibbettin’, the dickens a man more will ever be got by them. The rest o’ the boys are safe any way.”
“Then you have not, I perceive,” said I, “any great respect for an informer, as you term him.”
“Respect!” cried the coachman, “respect! no, not a bit of respect—but, as this is a long stage, I will tell you a story about what we call an informer, and which I knew to be a real truth, in a manner.”
“It’s somethin’ more nor forty or forty-five years ago, that there lived in Kilsheelan, in this very county of Tipperary, a real old gentleman; he was one Major Blennerhassett, one of the real old Protestants—none o’ your upstarts, that came in with Cromwell, or Ludlow or any o’ the Biblemen o’ them days; for the only difference between a Bibleman now, sir, and the Biblemen o’ former times, was just this—that Cromwell’s Biblemen used to burn us out o’ house and home, an’ the Biblemen now only tell us that we are going to blazes; so, your honour, you see they are determined to fire us one way or
another. Well, as I was telling you, Major Blennerhassett was a real old genuine Protestant, and thought he'd denounce the Papists when he'd be in a passion, not one ov' him 'd ever be after turnin' us out ov' our little holdings, supposin' we were two or three, or, may be, five years in arrear. Well, you may be sure that all the boys were distracted one mornin' to hear that the Major was found in a most unhandsome manner, with his throat cut from ear to ear. There wasn't a Papist in the parish but knew that he hadn't a hand in it, for the Major was as dead as a door nail.

"There wasn't a neighbour's child in the entire barony that wasn't up at the Major's big house in no time, to hear how the poor master's throat was cut; an', when they saw him, it was plain that the Major didn't do it himself, for there was his poor old right hand cut in two nearly, and it was plain to be seen that such a gash as he had in his throat could never be given by himself, and most particularly we thought so, as the Major it was well known wasn't kethaged (left-handed).

"Besides that, there was his old gold watch gone, an' his bonds, and besides what money he had in the house, along with a £500 note. Well, sir, the magistrates had an inquest, an' pretty work they made about it; an' they never stopped for three months sayin' that 'Protestants were all murdered by Papists,' and that 'Papists sassinating Protestants,' and so on, till the country was put under the Insurrection Act, all by reason of a decent gentleman's throat bein' cut by some blackguard or another. Well, there was no making head nor tail o' the Major's murder, till comin' on the assizes, when two young creatures, one Jack Carey and one Bill Dorney, were taken up as the murderers. My father knew the two chaps well, an' except they didn't care what they did to come round a girl, he often told me that milder, nor more innocent, nor modester, purtier behaved boys he had never seen; the people, in fact, were sure an' certain they would be acquitted, till they heard that Lord Norbury was comin'; an' then they gave it up as a bad job.

"At last the day o' the trial came, and, to the surprise an' wonderment of everybody, who the dickens should get up on the table, and take the book in his hand to swear away the lives of poor Jack Carey an' Bill Dorney, but one Kit Cooney. Now, Kit, you must know, was the only creature that lived in the house with the Major; for the Major was an old bachelor, an' Cooney fled the country after the Major was murdered, an' in truth every one thought that it was he who did the Major's business, for he wasn't the best o' characters at any time, an' every one wondered why the Major let him live with him at all at all.

"Up Kit got on the table as bold as a lion, and he swore hard an' fast that he agreed to join them in doing so, but that he repented of it, and wouldn't lay a hand on the old man, but ran away to Dublin when it was all over, and told the police there. He was, you see, sir, a Queen's evidence; and, in short, he hung the two men. I saw their gibbets myself. The truth was, Cooney had the Dublin police magistrates to back him out, and the two poor boys could not prove an alibi at all. But this, indeed, I often heard their friends say, that they could prove as clear as day where they were the night the Major was murdered. In fact, they said that the two poor boys were with some friends that very night; but they were ashamed o' their parish priest knowing where they were. At all events, they might have let such evidence alone, for the judge wouldn't mind it, an' they'd have been hanged on Kit Cooney's affidavit at any rate. At all events, they said they were innocent, and the people believed them. The judge said they were guilty, and the jury believed him; and the lads were hanged, at all events. This, sir, I was telling you, happened forty-five years ago, and just like the present times, too. Cooney knew the country too well to stop it; at least he was but an informer's man, and Tipperary is a spot that was always counted too hot for
them kind of rapscallions. It wasn't for many years after that he was heard of, and the way that mention came of him was just this.

"It was, you see, about six-and-twenty years next Holydenight that my Aunt Biddy (an' it's from her own son I have the story, which is next to knowin' or seen' it myself), it was on that very night (an' its a night that's mighty remarkable entirely for gnome stories of the good people), that she was standin' at the door of poor old Major Blemmerassett's house that was, and looking out to see what in the world was keepin' Paddy (that was her husband's name) so long at the market of Golaen, for it was market-day in Golaen, when she seen a well-dressed farmer-looking man, with clothes that looked as if they were made in Dublin, upon him. You see they hadn't the Tipperary cut upon them at all, an' there was this decentish-looking old man standin' right opposite her on the road, and lookin' terrible narrow [pryingly] at the house. Well, she thought nothin' at all o' that, for it's few people could pass the road without stoppin' to look at the Major's house; it was close to it, and it was such an out o' the way big one.

"'God save you, ma'am,' says he. 'God save you kindly,' says she. 'It's a cold night,' says he. 'Tis,' says she; 'well, you can walk in, and take an air o' the fire.' 'I will,' says he. So she brought him down to the kitchen, and the first thing she remarked was, that she forgot to tell him or an ugly step that lay in his way, and that everybody tripped over it if they weren't told o' it, or didn't know it well before. But without a trip or a jestle, but smooth and smack clean like herself, the stranger walked into the kitchen before her. 'By my sawkins,' says she to herself, 'my good man, whoever you be, I must keep my eye upon you,' and then she talks out to him. 'Are you dry or hungry?' says she. 'No; but I'd like a drink of buttermilk,' says he. 'Why then I'll get that same,' says she, 'for you. What countryman are you?' 'Then, to tell you the truth,' says he, 'I'm a Connacht man.' 'Why, then, you have not a bit o' the brogue,' says she, 'but talk English almost as well as myself.' 'Oh,' says he, 'I was in Dublin, polishing up the brogue.' 'Oh, that accounts,' says she, 'for the accent you have. Were you ever in these parts before?' 'Never,' says he. 'That's a lie,' says she to herself; 'but I'll go and fetch you a noggin of the buttermilk.' 'Thank ye,' says he. You see she left him sitting close up to the hob in the kitchen, and while she went for the buttermilk, which was in the pantry like off the kitchen, an' while she was there, she saw the stranger put his hand to the second brick in the hob, take out some little parcel, and put it into his breeches' pocket. While he was doin' this, she saw his little black ferret eyes, that weren't larger in appearance nor a hawk's, but were bright and dazzlin' like them, wheelin' all round the kitchen to see if any one was watchin' him. In a minute she knew the gallows look of him, and saw at once that it was Kit Cooney, that had hung her own flesh and blood! To be sure the poor woman was frightened enough; but she was very stout, an' didn't let on, an' accordingly she came out with a noggin of milk, an' handed it to him. He drank it off, an' she then sat down opposite him, and asked him would he stop the night, as her husband would be home in a few minutes, an' would be glad to see any one that could tell him about the castle and the parliament house an' the bridges an' the Lord Mayor an' all the fine sights of Dublin. 'No, thank ye,' says she, 'I must be in Golaen to-night. I've got all I wanted from you.' 'Faith, you have,' said she to herself again, 'but whatever it is it's more nor a noggin of buttermilk.' So the man left her; an' she sat down waitin' for her husband, quite melancholy like, and wonderin' what in the world it was that Cooney had taken from behind the hob. She searched it mighty 'cutely, but not a ha'porth she could find in it but an empty hob, an' nothin' in it.

"Ten o'clock struck, eleven o'clock struck, an' no Paddy was yet come home —so to comfort herself she sat down to make a cup of tay; an' to make
it strong, she determined to put a stick an' a glass of whiskey in it. She had the bread an' the butter an' the whiskey bottle an' the taypot laid comfortably on the little bed, and there she was sittin' on a cruseen [little stool] beside it, when the clock struck twelve, an' the very instant it did, she heard the drawin'room door open, an' tramp, tramp, tramp, she heard two feet comin' down stairs, an' whack, whack, went a stick against the banisters, as if somebody who was lame was hobblin' down to her as well as his two legs an' a stick could carry him. To be sure the poor woman was frightened enough. She knew it could not be Paddy, for if he had a stick in his fist, he would be far more likely to knock it against a man's head than an old wooden banister. 'The Lord save us!' says she to herself, 'tis this Kit Cooney comin' back to murder me. Holloa!' she then called out, 'you vagabond, whoever you are, don't be afraid to show your ugly face to an honest woman than ever your mother was.' Never an answer she got. 'Oh,' says she, 'maybe it's nobody at all. I'll take another cup of tay.' She had just poured it out, and put the second stitch in it, and was mixin' it with a spoon, when she turned up her eyes, and who in the world should she see, leanin' over the sittle-bed, and lookin' quite melancholy an' angry at the same time at her, but the Major himself! There he was, in the very same dress that she had seen on him the very last day he was out with the Tipperary militia.

'He had a cocked hat on him, that was at least three feet broad, an' two gold bands that were six inches wide, an' glitterin' as grandly as if they had only that minute come out o' the shop, or had never got a drop o' rain on them; then he had a large black leather stock on his neck, an' a grand red officer's coat, that between the green that it was turned up with, an' the gold that was shinin' all over it, you could hardly tell the colour of it. His shirt was as fine as silk, an' fringed with beautiful tuckers; an' then the leather breeches on his thin old legs were white as the driven snow, and his boots, that came up to his knees, were polished that you could see your face in them. The Major, in fact, was dressed out in the very suit that he went up to Dublin to get made for himself, and that he never wore barrin' it was on the king's birthday. To be sure poor Biddy, who knew that the Major was buried many a long day ago, an' knowin', too, right well that she got drunk with grief at his wake, was spiccified, an', in fact, sir, completely nonplushed with admiration, when she saw him standin' before her in his best suit of clothes. She hadn't time to say one word to him, when he thus spoke to her:—

'So, Biddy, a decent man can't walk down his own stairs without your abusin' an' calling him names. I little thought I'd ever hear your mother's daughter call poor old Major Blennerhasset, that was a good friend to you an' yours, a vagabond. It's asy, knowing it's in my grave I am, and not here, or you'd cut the tongue out of you before you'd dare to say such a word to me, you drunken——'

'Ah, then, Major,' says Biddy, 'sure enough, if I knowed that it's you that was in it, I would be the biggest vagabond if I called you now; but how in the world was I to think that you'd be walking like a whiteboy at this unseasonable hour o' the night?'

'Ah, then, Biddy, if you knew how glad I am to get a walk, you wouldn't wonder at my walkin' whenever I'd be let. Maybe you'd be glad to stretch your limbs yourself, if they were after bein' stretched twenty-five years in a cold grave. But how is Paddy?'

'He is mighty well, thankee, Major.'

'How many children have you between you?'

'Only ten, Major.'

'What's become o' them?'

'Why, then, it's mighty good o' you to ask after them, Major; then, to tell you God's truth, my four girls are married, and have three children each;
two boys were hanged in the risin’ o’98; three more were transported because their brothers were hung for that same; and my youngest boy is in an hospital, from an accident he met with at the last fair o’ Golaen, where one o’ the Kenneallies broke his leg by a blow ov a stane, because he was fightin’, as well as the shillelagh could help him out, for the Hagens, who are, you well know, cousin germains o’ his own. But, Major, I’m sorry to see you look so delicate; is there anything the matter with you?

‘‘Anything the matter with me? Why, then, Biddy, you’re enough to drive me mad. It’s no wonder Paddy often gives you a malla verying [beating]. Anything the matter with me? Blur an’ ouny fish, ain’t I dead and buried? What worse could be the matter with a man than that? Bisidess, I’m cruel dry—I didn’t taste a drop o’ wine, malt, beer, or even water, this many a long day.’

‘‘Why, then, maybe, Major,’ says she, ‘you’d take a cup o’ tay with me?’

‘‘Oh, hould your prate, Biddy!’ says he, ‘or you’d drive me rarin’ mad entirely, an’ maybe I’d forget what brought me here.’

‘‘May be you couldn’t take much tay yourself, if you met with such an accident as that in your gullet.’

‘‘Look at me,’ said the Major, taking off his leather stock; ‘ain’t I just like an old turkey cock on a Friday, that you were goin’ to dress for my dinner on a Sunday?’ And as he said this, the Major loosed his stock, and there, sure enough, was a gash so deep and so long that Biddy didn’t wonder that he held his head steady with one of his hands, for fear it might fall off his shoulders.

‘‘Oh! Major,’ says she, ‘it’s plain to be seen that they were near takin’ the head off you entirely—bad luck to the hands that did that same to you.’

‘‘Amen,’ says the Major; ‘an’ high hanging to them, too; but the dirty villian that did that is walkin’ about the wide world yet, an’ he hung your two nephews for it; but I won’t have my walk for nothin’, Biddy, if you now remember what I’m goin’ to say to you. Do you know who was here to-night? It was Kit Cooney, then. Now mind what I’m goin’ to say to you, Biddy. You saw him take somethin’ out o’ the hob to-night; that was a purse o’ mine, filled with gold guines, an’ it was he put it there after cuttin’ my throat, an’ my blood is on his person still. An’ you recollect he swore on my trial that he got none o’ my money; now, the lying scoundrel, at this very minute he has my goold watch in his fob, with my name written on it, and that five hundred pound; with that my cousin was more sorry for his loss of than he was for myself; that in this very minute in the inside o’ my goold watch, and my name is written on it, and there’s some o’ my blood on it, for I bled a dale when he cut my throat. The villian was afraid ever since to change the notes. Let you and Paddy follow him to Golaen; you will find him in the beerhouse there, an’ charge him with this murder, an’ tell him what I say to you, an’ tell him I’ll never stop walkin’ till I see him walk to the gallows; and Biddy, now you mayn’t be thinking this is a drama you have, here’s a guinea I saved out o’ the fire, and I’ll make you a present of.’

‘‘Thankie, Major,’ says she; ‘you were always good to me.’ And so she held out her hand to him for the golden guinea that he was goin’ to give her. Her heart leaped up to her mouth when she saw it, for it was as shining and as yellow as a buttercup in a green field on a May morning.

‘‘There it’s for you,’ says he; ‘hold it fast, and don’t forget I was with you.’

‘With that she shut her fist hard on the guinea, and the minute she closed her fingers on it, she thought the hand was burnt off her.

‘‘Oh! Major, Major!’ says she, ‘you’ve murdered me entirely.’

‘‘Ah! what Major are you talking of?’ called out Paddy, who was that moment come home, and found Biddy jumping an’ skippin’ through the kitchen like a wild cat.
"'What Major!' answered Biddy, 'why the old Major that was here.'
"'It's drunk you are, or dramin'," says Paddy.
"'Why, then, if I am,' said Biddy, 'do you look in the teacup, where you'll find the Major's guinea that I threw there to cool it. By the powers, it has burnt the finger and thumb off me!'

"With that Paddy went to the cup, and, instead of a guinea, he found nothin' but a smokin' cinder! If Biddy took her oath of it, nothing would persuade Paddy but that his wife was dramin', till she told him of Kit Cooney bein' there, and all the Major said to her. Well, the upshot of it was, that Paddy and Biddy went to the priest and tould him, and the priest went to a magistrate, Mr. Fitzgibbon, that he knew had a spite to the father of the magistrate that took Kit Cooney's swearing' against Carey and Dorney.

"But, as I'm near the end o' my stage, I must be short with my story. Cooney was arrested by Mr. Fitzgibbon, an' the purser an' the watch an' the five hundred pound note were found exactly as the ghost tould Biddy; an' Mr. Fitzgibbon never let Cooney alone till he owned that he was the real murderer, an' that the two poor boys he swore against were completely innocent. Cooney was accordingly hung at the next assizes, an' there wasn't a Carey nor a Dorney in the County Tipperary that wasn't at the hangin' in Clonmel. But, as to that, we have revenged ourselves well on the Conneys; for, at the last fair o' Clogheen, the Careys gave three Conneys such a thrashin' that it'll be a mighty curious thing entirely, entirely, if one o' them three lives to see next Christmas-day. Take my word for it, that the worst kind o' castle in Ireland are the informers. But this, your honour, is the town o' Cullum. I don't go any farther; I hope you won't forget myself, that's both guard and driver."

---

**AN INGENIOUS WIFE.**

After the learned Grotius had been confined about a year in the castle of Louvenstein in Holland, to which imprisonment he was sentenced for life, his wife conceived and executed the means of his deliverance. Perceiving that the guards were not so strict as they had been in examining the chest which was made use of to carry books and linen to and from the prison, she persuaded her husband to get into it, and remain there as long as it would require to go from Louvenstein to Gorcum.

Finding that he could endure the confinement, when holes were made in the chest to breathe through, Madame Grotius determined to seize the first opportunity of effecting her design. Accordingly, when the governor went to Haag to raise recruits, she waited upon his lady, and told her that she was anxious to send away her husband's books; too great an application to which, she said, greatly injured his health. Having thus prepared the commandant's wife, and at the same time spread abroad a general report that her husband was ill, on March 21, 1621, she, with the help of her servant maid, shut him up in the chest.

The chest was brought down on a ladder with great difficulty, and the extraordinary care which was taken in conveying it, made one of the soldiers suspicious: he demanded the key; and upon its being refused, he went to the commandant's lady, who reprimanded him, saying there were only books in the chest, and that they might carry it to the boat.

While they were carrying it along, a soldier's wife said there was more than one instance of prisoners making their escape in boxes. However, the chest was placed in the boat, and taken to Gorcum, to the house of M. Dazelaer, a friend of Grotius; and when everybody was gone, the servant unlocked the chest, and let her master out, who had suffered but little inconvenience, though the length was but three feet and a half. Being thus free, he dressed himself like a monk, with a trowel and rule in his hand, and going out at Dazelaer's back door, went to Valvic in Brabant, and from thence to Antwerp. In the meanwhile, it was believed at Louvenstein that he was ill; but as soon as his wife learnt from her maid that he was safe, she acknowledged the fact. The commandant, in a great rage, put her under a rigid confinement; but on presenting a petition to the States-general, they were ashamed of acting severely to a woman who had conducted herself with so much magnanimity, and ordered her to be set at liberty.

\[v^{2}\]
THE SPIRIT OF THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

A Dream.

"Fallen is the pride of that stately Hall,
Passed the splendours of its olden day;
Gloomy and cheerless it stands amid the storm,
Unwooed by the sunbeams light and gay."

"Twas a wild winter’s eve, and the storm roared without, as it swept with savage glee over bleak moors and through thick woods, breaking the unbending pride of full many a huge forest tree, and mingling with its shrill notes of joy a weird lament, as with increasing fury it passed onwards from triumph to triumph.

Comfortably ensconced before the huge logs which cheerily blazed behind the fire-dogs, and danced in ruddy gleams over the oak-panelled chamber, half revealing, half concealing the portraits of grim old warriors, courtly dames, dashing cavaliers and handsome maidens, which hung around. I took no heed to the voice of the raging storm, but, gazing into the deep ruddy heart of the fire, I formed strange fantastic tableaux from the chaotic embers, or mused over memories of England’s days of chivalry and martial renown.

Suddenly my musing was brought to an abrupt termination by a strange apparition. Happening to fix my eyes on an ancient casque suspended over the mantelpiece, I perceived a form of such dazzling splendour that I was glad to turn my eyes away.

Recovering myself, I took a critical survey of my unexpected visitor. It was in the form of a man, every feature and limb moulded in the most exquisite shape. Its stature was perhaps two feet. It was arrayed in a tight-fitting suit of glistening white satin, but a breastplate and visorless helm of polished silver, a magnificent collar of rubies, a scarf and plume of violest crimson, caused the weary eye to turn gladly from the dazzling presence.

After a few moments had elapsed, I ventured to steal another look at the tiny creature. It still stood on the top of the helmet, and, encouraged by a smile playing around the small mouth, I scrutinized its features. Its complexion was of a light reddish brown; a straight, well-formed nose, black eyes, hair and moustache of the same raven hue made up its tout ensemble.

Undergoing my scrutiny with inimitable composure, it gracefully bent forward in a courtly salute. For an instant the rubies tossed their crimson sparks together, and the gorgeous plume waved like a tongue of ruddiest fire; then, as I most reverently returned the salute, it addressed me in a voice of thrilling, but withal mournful melody.

"Stranger," it began, "I am the Guardian Spirit of this old Manor-House. For full five hundred years I have watched over it, and have marked every alteration, and the different hands into which it has passed. I have seen the bold, sturdy boy, the gentle girl, at their mother’s breast in the days of their infancy—have rejoiced over the martial renown of the young warrior, and the joyous beauty of the young maiden. I have followed them through the stern battle of human life, and have seen the dark and sinful, the pure and bright, sides of nature. I have whispered gentle words of consolation to the sorrow-stricken soul, and poured warnings into the ear of the erring mortal, when passion has asserted its sway. I have stood by their bedside, when life has passed away for ever from them, and marked the desperate struggle, as nature
has vainly combated with the spirit of death. For I am no evil spirit, to fly
the presence of the holy priest,” added the spirit, as it paused for a moment.

“Ofttimes have I watched stern bands of steel-clad cuirassiers, pikemen
and musketeers, meet the dashing cavaliers of King Charles in mortal strife
before our walls; and have seen the ruddy falchion descend, the pikes and
lances wildly fall and rise, and marked the stricken warriors lying prone upon
the purple turf. Oft has the culverin and mortar poured their iron hail against
our walls; and I have beheld the desperate assault, the fierce struggle in
the breach, when the moat has been cumbered with the bodies of the slain,
and our battlements for weeks have borne the crimson record of the strife.
I have seen the broken-hearted mother’s tears when they brought her the life-
less clay of our young lord, with a smile of joy and martial pride upon his
pale lips, his thick sunny ringlets splashed with gory stains, the silver hilt of
his shattered rapier tightly clenched in his cold hand.

“Well do I remember the dark gloom which settled upon every countenance
when the sad news came that our sovereign lord died on the block—died ’neath
the axe of the headsman! Kinsmen and friends had our lady given to the
good cause, land and gold had she lost. On long Marston Moor her husband
had fallen, sword in hand; her son, too, had died on the red battle-field; but
still she lived, though deep were the lines on her stately brow, and silvery the
soft locks which a few years before had been of a sunny brown. But now the
blow had come, as she heard the fatal news, and gazed upon the snow-covered
mounds, beneath which rested the bones of her dear ones. She silently bowed
her head to the stroke. A few days after the fatal news she was no more.

“Then came a change. A Puritan held possession, and all of noisy gaiety
and joy went out. No more was heard the wild strains of the minstrel’s harp,
or the sweet tones of the lute. No more was seen the merry dance, as in the
days of yore, when gallant gentlemen and fair dames tripped lightly o’er the
oaken floor, and the eye was dazzled by the flashing of jewels, the glitter of
rich apparel, and the ear confused by the medley of soft voices. The years
glided quietly on, and peace and prosperity held sway. But anon the old
Protector died, and for short space all was confusion in our realm of England.
Then one bright May day King Charles landed at Dover, and once more the
ancient line of the Stuarts sat upon the throne.

“Again the Manor-House changed hands, and feasting and revelry squan-
dered the gains of the Puritans. And the long years passed away, fraught
with light and shade, and many changes befell; for the Stuarts were once
more driven forth into exile, and darkness and sin brooded over the face of
the country. But surely the better days were drawing nigh; and now, though
the ancient grandeur of the Manor-House has passed away, yet more of peace
and joy reigneth within and without than before.

“Stranger, I could have told thee dark stories and gloomy—have shown thee
the darker and baser passions of the human soul, stripped of all covering, and
hideous to the sight. But why should I tell thee of such things? Rather
would I pour into thy ears the olden memories of the past, around which
hangeth a sheen of melancholy and romance.”

The voice ceased, and the spirit disappeared in a glare of dazzling light. A
sound as of a metallic body falling, fell upon my ear. I started forward, and
awoke!

I had fallen asleep in my chair, and the sound which had awakened me was
caused by the falling of the helmet!

E. Lamplough.
A GOSSIP ABOUT INSECTS.

THE GOLD-TAILED MoTH.

No true lover of Nature has strolled through shady lanes of hawthorn and maple, and, scanning the hedgerow, has failed to admire the simple beauty of this moth, while reposing amongst the leaves, as is its wont in sunny weather. The delightful contrast which the pure silvery white of its wings affords to the verdure with which it is surrounded, must have struck the least observant of passers-by.

For the benefit of those not intimately acquainted with insects in general, and this one in particular, we may give a short description of the characteristics by which it may be known. All the wings are of a pearly white, while the fore-wings have a smoke-coloured spot near the hind margin; the under side also is shaded with a similar colour. It is a remarkably downy moth, covered with "plumage to the very toes," as an eminent writer expresses it, and carrying at the extremity of its tail a tuft of golden-coloured, silky hair. This bright-coloured tuft is worthy of notice, for from it the moth derives its English name, and it is used by the female while ovipositing, to cover and protect her eggs from the heats of summer, for which purpose she is provided with tweezers to remove the down from her body, and distribute it round her future brood, an operation which it would interest the reader to observe.

In the male moth this appendage is less fully developed, but it adds beauty to the appearance, from its brilliant contrast to the general colour.

While we are interested in the beauty of the moth, however, let us not neglect the caterpillar from which it is produced. This may be found plenti

fully during the present month, feeding on a variety of trees, although it may have a preference, perhaps, for blackthorn and whitethorn, upon which it is usually taken in most abundance. It is a handsome caterpillar, with red and black stripes, and pencil-like appendages, which extend from the head, gracefully adorning it, and giving it a striking appearance, not unlike to other caterpillars similarly furnished.

Notwithstanding its beauty, however, the hairs with which it is covered have a very unpleasant property, viz., that of raising on the face and hands an appearance not at all attractive, and an irritation almost unbearable. While feeding and tending these caterpillars, we have often had the skin inflamed and
irritated by these means; so much so, indeed, that we have long since cut their acquaintance, confining ourselves to the collection of the perfect insect, which we find the more pleasant way of obtaining a series for our cabinet.

The manner in which these caterpillars pass the winter (for they hibernate) is rather curious to observe. When at large on their native trees, they spin a loose web, common to all, in which they congregate socially; but when kept in confinement, each caterpillar spins a separate web, which is double, and in the inner web, which closely surrounds it, passes the winter without food. When spring arrives, it issues from the web, and, as may be supposed, is very voracious after the winter's fast, requiring leaves several times a day, if kept in confinement.

When about to change into the chrysalis state, which is usually done about the beginning of June, these caterpillars spin a loose web among the leaves, which is studded with hairs, and we advise the reader to beware how he handles it, remembering their irritative qualities before mentioned.

The moth is in its perfect condition in July, at which time it may be often captured while resting amongst the bushes, or sticking tightly to tree-stems, for it usually feigns death when touched, and often voluntarily falls into the entomologist's net, a victim to its attempts at self-concealment.

Insect collectors usually have to pass through a series of mortifications before getting hardened to the public gaze. And not the least or most insignificant of these mortifications are the snears and derision of by-passing strangers, whose contempt for entomology seems never-ending. In searching the hedgerows for these moths, one's operations are made painfully obvious; for, as they have a predilection for settling near the ground, the collector is compelled to assume a position anything but elegant or becoming, and often is he attacked by the enraged proprietors of market gardens, on the supposition that he is injuring their property.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, however, insect-hunting has its peculiar charms, known only to those who have persevered in the pursuit of it; for Time, that uses us to all things, hardens the collector of insects equally to the scornful glances of critical young ladies, and the snears of less valued members of society, and thus we find him prosecuting his researches with a most exemplary determination and courage.

As we close our sketch of this moth, we cannot forbear to invite our numerous young readers to study as well as to collect insects, the one being of little importance without the other; and to remember that their field of observation, the world of insects, is inexhaustibly rich.

E. J. S. Clifford.

A WONDERFUL PARROT.

A FACT.

FIFTY years ago, before the days of brilliant lamps, or even composite candles, a party assembled round the dinner table of a well-known naval officer at Lymington, and were about to seat themselves, when the favourite parrot took a rapid flight from the top of her cage, and passing between the four candles placed on the table, extinguished them all by the sudden flutter of her wings, leaving the company in darkness. Amid the consequent confusion, the voice of the hostess exclaimed, "Oh dear! she'll be drowned in the soup! she'll be drowned in the soup!" No sooner were the words uttered, than Polly flew back as hastily as before, and blew the lights in again! The company were astonished, and thought the feat could not have been excelled by anything that the half-reasoning elephant could have accomplished.
Rev. Dr. Kynaston,
High Master of St. Paul's School.
ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

ESTABLISHED 1509.

(With an Engraving, taken expressly for the Boy's Friend.)

DEAN COLET, THE FOUNDER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, was born in London in the year 1466, and was the eldest of twenty-two children, eleven sons and eleven daughters. To him must the honour be accorded of having first established the principle of Free Schools in England.

The beneficent founder of St. Paul's School adds another instance to many that might be recorded of the munificence of men connected with the Corporation of the City of London, who have rendered their names illustrious by the establishment of institutions for the advancement of learning, and the principles and the extension of Christianity. His father was a wealthy citizen, and twice filled the Civic chair of London's proud city. He was educated at St. Anthony's School, and proceeded to Oxford in 1483, where he was the contemporary of the "butcher boy of Ipswich," the proud Cardinal Wolsey.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, he travelled in foreign parts, and received due honours in Paris, Turin, and other continental capitals.

In 1509 the buildings for St. Paul's School were commenced, and are said to have cost more than £11,000.

In the year 1666 the school buildings were destroyed in the great fire, and were rebuilt (see our engraving) by the Mercers' Company in 1670, who had been appointed by Dean Colet to carry out his benevolent intentions as to St. Paul's School.

His death took place in 1519, and his remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's.
The first High Master was the learned W. Lily, who was appointed in the year 1512.

From the commencement this ancient Foundation has been under the High Mastership
of some of the most eminent men in the annals of English Literature. It has the good
fortune now to have that honourable post filled by the Rev. Dr. Kynaston, who was
appointed in the year 1833, to whose memoir we refer in another page, and whose portrait
we have engraved, by the Doctor's obliging permission, for the Boy's Friend.

The number of scholars in St. Paul's School is limited to one hundred and fifty-three, in
allusion to the number of fishes taken by Peter, as described in the Gospel of St. John,
chap. xxi. ver. 11.

The following extraordinary rules, among others, were laid down by it founder:—

"A childe at the first admission, once and for ever, shall pay fourpence for wrytings of
his name; this money of the admissions shall the poor scholar have that sweepeth the
schole and kepeth the seats cleane.

"In the schole, in no tyme in the yere, they shall use talough candeell in nowise, but
allony wax candeell, at the costes of ther frendes."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

The following statement, compiled from authentic documents, will be
perused with interest by many of our readers throughout the kingdom:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of College or School</th>
<th>Number of Masters</th>
<th>Number of Boys</th>
<th>No. of Boys to each Master, about</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Westminster</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>136</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winchester</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>240</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merchant Taylors'</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>250</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eton</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>806</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Paul's</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rugby</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>485</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shrewsbury</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>190</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charterhouse</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>130</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrow</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>505</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ's Hospital</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>700</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City School</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King's College</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>London University</td>
<td>27</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birmingham</td>
<td>22</td>
<td>500</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedford</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>865</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marlborough</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>505</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossall</td>
<td>26</td>
<td>305</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wellington College</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>300</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In 19 Public Schools there is a total of about 7,750 boys, taught by 379
masters, including the several Departments of Teaching, giving an average
of about 20 boys under the instruction of each master.
CROSS PURPOSES;
OR, A SCHOOLBOY IN A DILEMMA.

BY E. TURNER.

I REMEMBER that I once at school "put my foot in it," in a remarkable manner; a manner which has acted as a lesson ever since, and has made me more careful.

I had a great friend at school, by name Larkins, and after we had been together two or three years, he was obliged to leave; but before going, he and I exchanged promises about writing to one another very often indeed, so often that had we each acted up to our promises, there might soon have led to a penny taken off the Income Tax on account of the increased revenue of the General Post Office. But we contented ourselves by first of all writing to one another in a red hot manner, each receiving about six letters per week; but after a time I noticed a visible falling off on the part of Larkins, although he afterwards declared that I was the first to drop the correspondence. Whoever was to blame, it is very certain that after a time the letters were sent far less frequently; and though we were as friendly as ever, we contented ourselves with writing about once a fortnight, and really I immediately fancied the postman seemed to get fatter, besides more friendly to me upon this improved state of affairs.

But as to the misdirection of the letters, I must proceed to relate how it happened. I had been made Captain of our Cricket Club, and was expected to do all the business; such as writing letters, accepting or refusing challenges, and the like; in fact, our secretary's place was quite a sinecure. One day two letters arrived for me; one in the well-known hand of Larkins, and the other in a strange hand. Through mere curiosity I opened the latter first, and read the contents as follows:

"SIR,—The first eleven of the Wimmerton Cricket Club hereby challenge the first eleven of Dr. Beanfoy's Grammar School C. C., to a friendly game at cricket on Wednesday next, the 21st inst.
"Yours truly,
"SNIGGLEBY SNOOKS.

"To the Captain of the Grammar School C. C."

Now as we had no holiday on Wednesday, I saw very plainly that the Doctor's permission would have to be obtained. So I put the challenge on one side, and opened Larkins' letter, which ran as follows:

"DEAR BOB,—Isn't it an awful sell? My governor has altered his mind about sending me to college, and making a barrister of me; and says I am to go into a stockbroker's office in the city. Now you must know, I hate the very name of stockbroker; sounds so low, you know. As I said to the governor, 'I don't want to set up as a fellow who'll give the best price for rags, bones, &c.,' when he immediately told me I had a wrong idea of the business, and began talking about the Exchange and consolidated humbugs,
until I went to sleep. But any way, it is very certain that I shall have to be a stockbroker, so I must make the best of it, and hope you’ll soon write and console

"Your afflicted stockbroker (Bah!)"

"HARRY LARKINS."

"P.S. How is the old Doctor getting on? Has he thrashed many of the chaps lately?"

After reading Larkins’ letter, I thought I would go and settle the Wimmerton’s business at once. So I proceeded to the playground, and after a long consultation, it was decided that I must write to the doctor and ask for a holiday before answering our challengers. This I agreed to do, and as soon as I had some spare time I wrote:

"Dear Sir,—I have to inform you that I have received a challenge from the first eleven of the Wimmerton Cricket Club, for a match to take place on Wednesday next; and as it does not happen to be a holiday, I have to ask your kind permission to leave school on that day.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"ROBERT SMITH."

After writing this note in my best manner, carefully dotting my i’s and crossing my t’s, I wrote to Larkins to console him about the stockbroking, and to report on the state of affairs at school:

"Dear Harry,—I am very sorry you have been disappointed about going to college, and hope you will be able to survive the disappointment. All is going on well here, and I have just written to the Doctor for a holiday, which I hope the old boy will grant; but you know he’s generally rather stingy in granting holidays: but if I can catch the old guy in a soft humour, I dare say I can gammon him over. As for the thrashings, I can only say that we have come off pretty well lately, having only received just sufficient to keep his hand in.

"But I must conclude, so believe me, yours truly,

"ROBERT SMITH."

Having folded and directed these epistles, I posted the one addressed to Larkins, and put the one addressed to the Doctor on his desk, and patiently awaited the result. I had not long to wait, for next morning after much coughing and silencing the school, the Doctor spoke:

"After a residence of nearly thirty years in this School, I am very sorry I have to complain that I do not seem to meet with the respect I deserve, and which until yesterday I thought I received." ("Cutting up rough about something," said a boy on my left). "I am very sorry to think that boys who would speak so respectfully in my hearing, would write of me to their friends in such a disrespectful manner. I have here a letter which has accidentally fallen into my hands through a mistake on the part of the writer. I will read this letter aloud."

Here, to my extreme horror, the Doctor read in a sonorous voice the identical letter that I wrote to Larkins, and accidentally put in the wrong envelope, and left on the Doctor’s desk.

I was so horror-stricken that I could not speak. I remember being called before him, and then I remember a smarting on my hands and back, and after school the “chaffing” of my schoolfellows, who were highly amused with the whole proceeding.

But, shall I continue? No; let me draw a veil over the letter of astonishment written to me by Larkins, and the subsequent explanations into which I had to enter, and merely say that never since that day have I written a letter without closing it and directing it before beginning another.
MAGIC AND MYSTERY;
OR, LESSONS IN CONJURING, ADAPTED TO THE RESOURCES
OF YOUNG AMATEURS.

BY FELIX J. HIGGS.

No. II.

PALMISTRY (continued).

Conjuring may be divided into two grand divisions, Sleight of Hand Magic, and the merely Mechanical. As in the first of these, the merit lies in the performer, whilst in the latter is wholly to be ascribed to the apparatus used by him, it is quite evident that prestidigitation, i.e., quickness of fingers, should be the foundation of the young student's knowledge; and on this account I am induced to dwell more particularly on sleight of hand in these two or three first lessons. But it is almost impossible to produce any really surprising result by means of only one of these branches of the art; the majority of illusions consists of a union of the two.

The young amateur, however, should take care to use apparatus only as a subordinate aid, and not to make it the real essence of the trick. He will find by experience, should he be incredulous, that the simpler the means used to attain an end in magic, the greater will be the effect produced on the spectators; and I give it to him as a golden rule, which he will do well to observe, never to resort to mechanical assistance when he can possibly do without it, or his audience will soon begin to doubt his powers, and to exclaim, "The trick lies in the box, that is all," perhaps the worst compliment that can be paid to any pretender to l'Art Magique.

Confidence is a most necessary requisite to the conjurer, as it will often enable him to extricate himself from a fix, and thus prevent his spoiling the trick; for should the young amateur find himself unable to proceed with a deception as he originally intended, he ought to endeavour to finish it in another manner, or to produce the intended result by other means. With practice he may soon guard himself against the generality of such emergencies as are likely to occur, but they happen most frequently in "Tricks with Cards," of which I hope to speak at length in the next number of Boy's Friend. I must also warn you that it is a very general fault with those who are not adepts, that they very often betray a trick, even by their manner. It is in order to prevent this, that the professional keeps up a continual talk, so that the senses of his audience may be diverted; and I have known the attention of the most determined drawn away in this manner. Let the amateur bear this in mind, and also not to commit the common error of watching himself; as the eye, more often than is supposed, is an index of the thoughts.

It is sometimes necessary to place a coin or other small object in the pocket of one of the spectators, previous to performing a trick, and without his knowledge. This should be done with great care, and the illusion exhibited as shortly afterwards as possible, or he who was to be surprised may, by discovering your purpose, in his turn surprise you, and finish the trick in a manner quite unexpected. As an example of how the tables may be turned in this way, I give you the following little anecdote:

Herr Boaz (so we will call him) announced that he would give a representation of his Magical Entertainment in one of our small provincial towns. On the evening advertised, the hall set aside for amusements was filled with a large and expectant audience, who had been attracted thither by the strange rumours that were afloat of the magician's wonderful skill. Now it so happened that amongst the townsfolks there was a certain individual who was induced to honour the professor with a visit, partly by his love of the marvellous, but more especially with the hope of detecting that gentleman in his performance of the "Cabalistic Wonders," as they were termed on the flaming posters. So Mister Curiosity
arrived early at the door of admission, in order that he might get a good place, and took a ticket for the front seat, while a tall thin gentleman in a muffler paid for another on the back seat.

At the entrance of the hall, our friend gave up his ticket to the door-keeper, and, as he did so, he fancied he felt something drop into his pocket, but, pretending to take no notice, he passed on, and, watching his opportunity, when the official's eyes were averted, searched and found a shilling, which he quickly slipped into that of the tall, thin gentleman. The music ceased, the audience stopped conversing, and Herr Beaz, emerging from behind the screen, made the usual preliminaries, but in very broken English. He was very clever in his art, and the audience failed not to appreciate him. Trick followed trick; ladies' handkerchiefs were torn into strips and restored whole again; a wig and feather-bed were magically produced from a gentleman's hat, together with what seemed to be an almost countless number of tin cups; and after the applause which followed this last had subsided, the professor advanced towards the audience, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have astonished you; I will astonish you by more—this is mine very great trick." He desired the loan of a shilling. The money was borrowed, and marked by one of the company (of course a confederate), and sent round for inspection, so that the audience might know it again. "Leetle shilling," said the professor, holding it between his finger and thumb. "Leetle shilling, I commands you to fly—go, sure, go," and almost before he had finished speaking, the coin had vanished. "Ah! vare is the shilling gone? Ah! I see; he is in that small little gentleman's pocket in the front seat," and he pointed out our friend. "Dear me!" said Curiosity, on whom all eyes were now turned. "Dear me! marvellous! wonderful! incomprehensible!" and, pretending he had found the money, he raised his closed but empty hand to his mouth, and blowing on it, commanded the coin to disappear—"One, two, three, pass! It is in that tall thin gentleman's pocket at the other end of the room." The shilling was produced by the tall thin gentleman, the marks on it recognised, and the whole room literally shook with applause. "Dat is very goot," said the astonished but discomfited conjuror. "Dat is very goot. I percieve there is two magic mans here."

To be brief: at the close of the exhibition (so the story runs), the professor sought out conjuror No. 2, and even offered him a sum of money to reveal what he could not, at all account for, and what he was half inclined to think was done through the agency of one who shall be nameless. "No, sir—no; I cannot explain it," the other merely replied; "it will die with me!" and left him, if not wholly, at least three parts a believer in the supernatural.

And now let me give you another hint or two, and conclude this chapter with a few more tricks.

Firstly, then, it is best only to employ confederates when they are absolutely necessary.

Secondly, that when an article has been placed about the person of any of the spectators, the trick which it is intended to aid should follow as shortly afterwards as possible.

Thirdly, never inform the audience what you intend to do.

Fourthly, make no pretensions to any power than that of performing improbable, but not impossible things.

**TRICK 5.—The enchanted twenty shillings.**

*Preparation.*—One shilling palmed in the right hand, and five others in the left.

This really capital deception is performed in the following manner. Having made the necessary preparations, borrow twenty shillings from the audience, and count them out one by one into a plate previously shown empty. You may also desire one of the company to do the same, if you choose; and when he is satisfied that there are neither more nor less than were lent you, take the twenty shillings up, and, mixing them with the five previously concealed in your left hand, give them to him to hold. Next request him to return you five, which will, of course, leave him with twenty, though he supposes he has only fifteen.

Now mix the five with the one already palmed in the right hand, and desire another of the audience to take charge of them, asking him, as before, to give you one, and taking care to remind him that now he has only four (though in reality five). Next take the shilling you have just received, and pretend to place it in your left hand, but instead of doing so, palm it in your right; then, striking this hand with your magic wand, command it to fly into the closed hand of the person who has the five, or, as he supposes, the four
skillings; then desire him to count his money, when, to his amazement, he will find the amount the same as he originally had. Now take the five skillings, and, by a clever pass, seem to put them into your left hand (but in reality conceal them in the palm of your right), from which bid them fly and mix with the fifteen (i.e., twenty) skillings held by the other gentleman. Ask him to count them out on the plate, when, to his own wonder as well as that of the company, he will find the number complete. Return the money to its owners, and thank them for the loan of it.

AN ORIGINAL INVENTION.

TRICK 6.—The wonderful producing bag.

Preparation.—A bag, inside which, in one of its corners, a small india-rubber ball must be sewed; some dozen of wooden balls of the same size; and another bag, constructed on the principle of that used in Trick 3, but of a different shape (see Fig. 2), and sufficiently long to reach from your armpit to your right hip. Previous to exhibiting, take off your coat, and having filled bag No. 2 with the wooden balls, stitch it at A on to your shirt under your armpit, so that the whalebone mouth B may hang just above your hip. Next get your conjuring coat, and make a little slit in it (which, of course, must be sewed round, to prevent its going any further), so that when you have put it on, the aperture of it will be on a level with the mouth of the bag. Now you can begin. Turn up your cuffs, and tell the audience that you wish them to observe that you have nothing concealed either in the bag (No. 1) or in your hands. Catch hold of the india-rubber ball, so that the audience may not see it, and turn the bag inside out, when it will appear empty. Having done this, pass your hand down the outside of the bag, and when you reach the corner, on account of the stuff being pulled tightly over it, a ball will seem to have been formed there. Place the bag in your left hand, and rest your right on your hip (see Fig. 3) as though merely making an attitude. Now press the mouth of the concealed bag, and the whalebones extending, will allow one of the balls to fall into your hand, where you must palm it. Put this hand into the bag, and, allowing it to regain its natural shape, draw out the ball which you have in reality put into it, and exhibit it to the spectators. Proceed in this way until you have used all your balls, and then, if you wish to send the bag round for examination, you have only to break the stitches which attach the india-rubber dummy to it, and to conceal the ball in your hand.

Note.—The coat must not fit too tight.

TRICK 7.—To cause a marked shilling to pass from a glass into the centre of a ball of worsted in another glass.

For this simple trick you will require a small, flat tin tube, through which a shilling will just pass, and which must be previously put into the middle of a large ball of worsted. Begin by desiring one of the company to lend you a shilling, and to mark it. When you have received it, pretend to drop it into a glass held in your left hand; but instead of doing so, twist it with your finger and thumb into your sleeve, and by slightly expanding the hand, allow another shilling, privately palmed there, to fall into it. Now let your arm hang, when the shilling will drop into your hand; and as you show the ball of worsted to the company, quickly and unobserved slip the coin into the tube, which you must draw out concealed by your hand, and fling into your conjurer’s pocket, or otherwise put it out of sight.

Squeeze the worsted together, to prevent the coin from coming out, and put it into another glass, which, for the sake of effect, may be placed on a table opposite. Take up the duplicate shilling in your right hand, and the glass in your left, and as you seem to drop it in again, twist it as before, and knock another piece of silver (hidden in your left hand) against the bottom of the glass, which, though empty, will be supposed by the audience to contain the borrowed money. Say, “Presto! fly, sir!” Show the glass empty, hand it round for examination, so that the spectators may see that it is not a mechanical contrivance, and desire one of them to unravel the worsted, when the shilling will of course fall into the glass—though to the surprise of the audience; and then ask its owner if he recognizes it again.

Note.—A little music during the latter part of this trick will increase the effect.

TRICK.—The cut string restored.

This ingenious little trick is thus performed. Take a piece of string of medium thickness, and about half a yard long, and, holding an end between the finger and thumb of
each hand, allow the centre to drop, when it will present the form of a semi-circle. Next desire one of the audience to catch hold of the middle of the string, and to bring it up to the level of your hands. This being done, secure the string at A and B (see Fig. 1) between the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hand respectively. Tell him to release his hold, and to cut it at C. But as it is quite evident that if he were to do so, it would be impossible for you to restore the string whole again (seemingly), quickly draw B down to E, and, letting C go, pull up E in its place, when the string will appear as Fig. 2, in which you see F has taken the place of C. Now allow him to cut it at F, and though it seems to him that he is really dividing the string in half, he is, of course, only decreasing its length by an inch or so. Keep your finger and thumb tight at A, and tie the two ends on your left in a knot, or desire him to do so. Next pull the string out straight, and give

the two ends to him and another of the spectators to hold. Put your handkerchief over the knot (to hide the operations of your hands), and while diverting their attention by asking them to pull a little stronger, or to let it hang a little looser, &c., you must untie it. But it is sometimes easier to slip the knot (which is in reality merely a piece of string tied round a much longer piece) off as you place it in their hands; only, in this case, one of your hands must be immediately placed over the centre of the string, so that it may not be missed. Hide the false knot between your fingers, and mutter some cabalistic term or other, and draw off the hand or handkerchief, as the case may be, when the audience will be surprised to find the string restored whole.

Note 1.—By taking a piece of string, and following out the directions I have given above, you will soon learn this trick, though at the first reading it may perhaps seems a little incomprehensible.

Note 2.—I see that by a slight error, it is almost impossible to understand the watch trick as given in the April number. This may be easily remedied by reversing the position of the letters A and B in Fig. 1.

(To be continued.)

We must apologise to several of our Correspondents, as want of space obliges us to defer several Articles already in type.
FRESH-WATER FISH.

BY FISCATOR.

PART II.

The Barbel (Cyprinus Barbue, and Barbus vulgaris) is a handsome and powerful fish, with a back of an olive colour, and silvery shade the rest of the body. It has large fins and wattles protruding from its mouth, like the stone-loach. It haunts swift currents during the summer, deep and swift water under bridges, and the mouths of sharp streams, lying under weeds, and among timber or large stones. The best baits for this fish are large worms well scoured in moss, maggots rather fresh, and not scoured enough to make them hard, and the spawn of salmon or trout. A capital bait for the barbel may be made of cheese, not too hard, but kept in a wet linen cloth, to make it tough without drying it; and this is improved still more by adding a little clarified honey to it. A groundbait of chopped lob-worms is useful, as is also another of greaves, bran, and clay. The tackle required is a strong rod, reel, and running tackle, gut line, quill float, and No. 7 or 8 hook. The line should be well leaded, so that the bait may touch the bottom.

The barbel attains a large size, some having been caught weighing as much as fourteen pounds. It spawns in April or May, and should be angled for early and late in the summer months. When winter approaches, they may only be taken after middle-day in deep still water. They bite best during wet weather. Both Isaac Walton and his commentator, Sir John Hawkins, attribute poisonous properties to the spawn and other parts of this fish; but though not really injurious, it is very unpalatable, and therefore is not worth the trouble of catching for the table. It is, however, a very strong and crafty fish, and generally affords the angler plenty of sport when struck; but from its well-known habit of rooting and rubbing against the gravel at the bottom, old trees, or anything of that sort, both the tackle and the fish are constantly endangered.

The Roach (Cyprinus Rutulus) is a large handsome fish, of a silvery colour, strong and well made. Its eyes fins and tail are of a reddish colour, from which, probably, it derived its name (Rutulus). It abounds in rivers, ponds and canals, in shallows, eddies, and deep holes, and near bridges, locks and floodgates.

The rod used in fishing for the roach should be long and light, line of fine gut, quill float, and hook No. 9 or 10. The bait should touch the ground, but not drag, and the float should ride no more than the eighth of an inch above the surface. As roach bite so delicately, many capital bites will be missed unless a watchful eye is kept on it.

A good bait for this fish is a paste made of white bread, with a little vermilion added to it, to make it a pink colour, and a very little honey added will improve it. Another capital bait is a small red worm with a white head, found in the fields after ploughing.

In summer they often bask among the weeds at the top of the water, and may be caught by dabling with a natural fly, grasshopper, or beetle; in winter you may use paste and gentles; in April, worms and caddis; in the hot months, small white snails and flies, above and below water; and in autumn, past. The gentle or maggot is, however, an excellent bait all the year. There should only be a yard of line from the top of the rod to the float, and strike obliquely at a bite.

This fish spawns in May, and is at its best in winter, but is so healthy and seasonable all the year round as to give rise to the proverb "as sound as a roach."

Fresh grains make a good groundbait, and the roach bites all the year in rivers, but in ponds only in the summer.

Isaac Walton and many writers on fish call the roach the "water-sheep," and attribute simplicity and foolishness to it. This, however, I think is a mistake, for unless you angle for it with very fine tackle and clean baits, and keep out of sight, your sport will be small, on account of its shyness.

The Rudd is a coarse fish of the roach species. It thrives well in ponds and pools, and
is so like the roach in size and colour as to frequently be mistaken for it. A fine line, quill float, and No. 10 hook, is the tackle necessary for this fish, and its best baits are gentles, small red-worms and paste. Angle at the bottom, and strike at once when you have a bite.

The Chub (Cyprinus Cephalus) is also known by the names Chevin, Nab, and Botling, and is a strong thick fish with large scales. Its sides are silvery, and so are the sides of its head; its back, and the upper part of its head, is of a dusky greenish colour; its belly white; its sides silvery in the winter, but changing to yellow in the summer; and its forked tail is brown, tinged with blue at the end. It seems to have derived its name from the size of its head—namely, from the old English word “cop,” signifying “a head.” Its general length is from ten to fourteen inches. It thrives well in pools through which quick streams flow, and in the deep rapid parts of rivers; and in the autumn and winter it haunts still holes under banks sheltered by overhanging willows. It bites all the year round, best in the morning and evening, and, spawning about May, is at its prime in December and January. Use running tackle, strong though fine line, quill float, and No. 8 or 9 hook. The best baits for chub are red-worms, gentles, bullock’s brains, and pith from the backbone of a bullock. In the spring a minnow is good; and in the winter, paste made of white bread and honey. Snails, cheese, grasshoppers, and common houseflies are good baits for chub, and he may be taken by dishing with natural insects. A groundbait of soaked bread and bran is useful. In spring, fish in the middle of the stream, and let the bait drag.

The chub is a very shy fish, and will not take a bait if the shadow of the angler is thrown on the water, and darts away to the opposite side furiously when struck. Strike when you perceive a bite, and then allow it plenty of line.

It is not accounted a good fish for the table, as it is very bony and tasteless.

The Perch (Perca Fluviatilis) is a handsome, bold, and strong fish, averaging generally from 10 oz. to 2 lbs. It has a strong spinied backfin, which it uses both for offence and defence, as it is extremely pugnacious. It is, however, so sociable to its own kind that it rarely swims alone, but in flocks, so that Isaac Walton says, “If there be twenty or forty in a hole, they may be at one standing all caught one after another, they being, like the wicked of the world, not afraid, though their fellows and companions perish in their sight.” They may be taken the greater part of the year, and often all day; but the best times for fish for them are from 7 to 10 a.m., and from 2 p.m. to dusk, in the spring; from sunrise to 9 a.m., and from 4 to sunset, in the summer. A strong line, cork float, and No. 7 hook, are best suited to this fearless and strong fish.

The perch lurks near bridges, millpools and locks, in deep rivers, pools, and canals, and near rushes in dark still holes. It spawns in February or March, and may be taken from April to October freely, but occasionally afterwards. The best time, however, is April, May and June. The bait for this fish is marsh, brandlings, cabbage, and red-worms, all well scourcd; and live minnows are very attractive to the larger fish. Groundbait with grains or chopped worms. Dark windy days, when not too cold, is the best time for perch fishing. Perch very seldom indeed take a fly, many authors say never, but a friend assures me he has taken three or four that way when fly fishing over deep holes. It is, however, a very rare circumstance.

The perch is a slow grower, and the flesh is sweet and wholesome, indeed, I reckon it very nearly equal to the trout.

The Bream (Cyprinus Brama) is a hog-backed fish, with a very small head, prominent eyes, and very forked tail. In colour it somewhat resembles the carp. It haunts large lakes and pools, and still deep rivers, and the baits used for taking it are well-scourcd worms, maggots, wasp-grubs, flag-worms, and brandlings. Make a groundbait of grains and chopped worms, and bait the holes you intend to fish overnight. The tackle required is a gut line, quill float, and No. 10 hook. Let the bait touch the bottom. This fish spawns in June and July, and is only taken in the spring and late summer. The best hours for angling for it are from sunrise to 8 a.m., and from 5 p.m. to dusk. It has been known to attain the weight of 8 or 10 lbs. The angler should be very silent, and keep from the water’s edge, as this fish is very timid, and easily frightened from the neighbour-hood. Strike directly the float is drawn slowly under the surface. Isaac Walton adds the French proverb, “He that has breams in his pond is able to give his friends welcome,” but I cannot speak highly of the French taste. Of all fresh-water fish, the bream is perhaps the most unpalatable, amounting even to disgust. Its flesh is so soft as to appear quite putrid when cooked, and its flavour is anything but agreeable.
HARROW SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

We have the gratification of placing before our readers the following account of the Athletic Sports that have recently taken place at the above School:

The following are the results of the various contests which have taken place:—

Form Races.—Four flights of hurdles, 220 yards. Sixth Form—1, H. H. Montgomery; Fifth Form—1, E. Cumberlege; 2, T. Gibbon. Shell—1, E. A. Peel. Fourth Form—1, S. Lloyd.

Quarter of a Mile (flat) race.—1, J. S. Holmes; 2, Moore, ma.; time, 58 secs. Owing to the state of the ground, this race was run on the road, but slightly up hill.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1, W. H. Hardow; 2, T. H. Heartley. 120 yards, 10 flights of hurdles, 4 ft. 3 in. high.—1, Sir W. Ffolkes; 2, E. Cumberlege.

Forty-five Stone.—1, J. G. Reynard Cookson; 2, J. R. Graham. Owing to the slipperiness of the ground, it was hardly possible to put the stone any considerable distance.

Throwing the Hammer.—1, J. Reynard Cookson; 2, J. R. Graham. Weight of hammer 16 lbs. Distance 85 yards. This was a round throw, and could not be approached by the ordinary swinging throw, which the second man practised.

High Jump.—1, C. W. Martin; 2, D. D. Anderson; height 5 ft. 1 in. Owing to the state of the ground, the jumping stand was changed no less than six times.

High Jump (all those under 5 ft. 3 in.).—1, E. A. Peel, 4 ft. 9 in.; 2, Kennaway.

One Hundred Yards Flat.—1, Sir W. Ffolkes; 2, B. Latham; time, 11 secs.

Broad Jump.—1, E. Cumberlege; 2, T. H. Part; distance 18 ft. 7 in.

Champion Hurdle Race, over five flights.—First Heat—1, Sir W. Ffolkes; 2, J. A. Ainslie. Second Heat—Sir W. Ffolkes and J. A. Ainslie; dead heat. Third Heat—Sir W. Ffolkes and J. A. Ainslie; dead heat. The conditions of this race are, that the winner must twice come in first. The third time of running, when starting, a dog seized and for some time kept hold of the leg of Sir W. Ffolkes' trousers, which lost him some ground, and occasioned a recurrence of the dead heat.

Deciding Heat—1, Sir W. Ffolkes; 2, J. A. Ainslie. The deciding heat came off on two yards.

Champion Hurdle Race, sloped hurdles.—First Heat—1, E. A. Peel.—Second Heat—1, E. A. Peel. No one else came to the end in safety other time.

Strangers' Race, 300 yards flat; handicap. Several distinguished runners from Oxford and Cambridge were on the ground, but could not be persuaded to enter. Among these were C. B. Lawes and Mr. C. F. Buller. Mr. P. M. Thornton started, but the starts given were too long for him to come in a winner.

1, Lord Melgund.

Consolation Hurdle Race.—T. Gordon Duff alone arrived at the winning post.

Mile Race.—There were five starters for this race. This was the first time that it was run on grass at Harrow; the ground was heavy, and up hill. The course was four times round the Football Match-ground; time, 5 min. 23 secs. 1, J. H. Morgan; 2, R. Thornton; 3, E. A. Peel. Won by about 200 yards.

Trouser Race, 50 yards.—1, J. A. Ainslie and J. H. Graham; 2, T. H. Part, and Sir W. Ffolkes.

We much regret the difficulties under which the sports were conducted. The weather had made the ground in such a wretched condition, that no small amount of pluck was necessary to induce competitors to enter "the list." By none was a finer spirit shown than by Sir W. Ffolkes, who was the hero of the field.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

We have just been favoured with a most interesting account of the Athletic Sports of St. Paul's School, which took place on the 4th day of April. We regret that it reached us too late for our present number, but we shall have the pleasure to present it to our readers next month, together with accounts of the Athletic Sports of City Schools, Merchant Taylors', London University, and others.
UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE FOR 1866.

Of all the excitable days that the excitable sporting public look out for with the greatest eagerness, none is comparable to the University Boat Race, to which public attention was especially challenged, as it was hoped that this year would have gained the victory for Cambridge, for which they had gallantly struggled for six years, but without success. Yet it must be readily admitted that at this race the oarsmen of the Cam made a better fight of it than they have done since they achieved their latest victory in 1850. The crew had a stronger and steadier grip than usual, though the long swinging drag of Oxford was still beyond their reach. As a mere matter of pictorial effect, nothing could well be prettier than the quick sharp flash of the light blue oars. It was just the kind of rowing to please artists and ladies, and it would have sufficed to ensure victory had the course been but half its actual length. As they go under the bridge at Barnes, Oxford is nearly a length in advance; and Oxford, under Brown's leadership, has a habit of keeping what it gets—a habit desperately provoking to a losing crew. Even yet the Cantabs are pulling prettily; nothing can be more graceful or fatal. They are far stronger than last year; and with the Oxford training and the Oxford traditions, they would be irresistible. But it is nearly over now. From half a mile of carriages four deep and from a multitude upon the towing path comes a loud roar, as they rush on—the cheers for Cambridge decidedly preponderating over those for Oxford.

For a moment or two, so daring and swift is Griffiths, that it seems as though he would yet win back the battle he has lost; but cheering will not do it, and spurring will not do it. Once ahead upon the Thames, the dark blue cannot be passed. Steadily—slowly to impatient eyes, yet swiftly enough to those who can keep cool—the distance widens; the race is all over; and already you can see the consciousness of triumph upon all the friends of Oxford. A few more moments of suspense, and then all along the line, by a sort of human electricity, flashes the news that Oxford has won. The crowd waits to see the crews paddle homeward. Loud and ringing are the cheers that welcome the victorious dark blue; and with a smile on his merry face, young Tottenham, thrice coxswain of a victorious crew, acknowledges the compliment; but the heartiest cheering of all is that which is reserved for the losers. With a grand burst of English feeling—with the manliest sympathy for gallant gentlemen who have done their best to win—the whole crowd, a multitude without "a rough," shout lustily, "Well rowed, Cambridge!" And, indeed, Cambridge had rowed well.

The time for the race was to Londoners so very early in the morning, that it was evident enough many had regarded the sitting up all night as the lesser evil when compared with rising at 4 a.m., and had acted accordingly. Contrary to the forebodings engendered by the extremely boisterous weather of Friday night, Saturday dawned with the calmness that proverbially follows a storm. The sun was up and shining long before the last of the gas-lights in the suburbs had ceased to give that sickly gleam which always reminds one of the appearance of a ballroom where dancing has been continued till after daybreak. The air was fresh and exhilarating, and there was in town hardly a breath of wind to give rise to apprehensions as to the condition of the course. Carriages conveying light or dark blues, as the case might be, rolled along southwards through the otherwise quiet streets. Hansom cabs, with horses preternaturally fresh and bedizened with garlands, had turned out at this abnormal hour, and were almost as easily within hail as they are in a leading thoroughfare at midday.

Finery shops, resplendent with favours of light or dark blue, and rich in cravats of similar hues, were fully equal to the occasion. From several private houses, as well as from the inns, large flags of the recognized shades floated in the breeze, which had here found more play than London can afford. The banks of the river at 7 a.m. were less largely thronged than usual. Balconies were less gaily filled, windows were not so bright as usual, nor was the attendance of ladies generally so numerous as when the race takes place at noon. Presently the Thames began to assume its wonted race aspect.

At half-past seven o'clock the Cambridge eight launched their boat, and paddled down to the starting place, loudly cheered by the spectators, and boldly serenaded by the numerous brass bands, or fractions of brass bands, which on these occasions play a kind of music that is never heard anywhere else but at boat races. The Oxford crew, who made
their appearance a few minutes later, were treated with a reception of the same complimentary character. As soon as they had arrived at the starting barge, and had divested themselves of their outer jackets, each crew bent to their oars and prepared to go.

The names and weights were—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OXFORD</th>
<th>st. lb.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. R. T. Raikes (Merton)</td>
<td>11 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. F. Crowder (Brasenose)</td>
<td>11 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. W. F. Freeman (Merton)</td>
<td>12 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. F. Willan (Exeter)</td>
<td>12 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. E. F. Henley (Oriel)</td>
<td>13 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. W. W. Wood (Univ.)</td>
<td>12 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. H. P. Senhouse (Christ Church)</td>
<td>11 3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CAMBRIDGE</th>
<th>st. lb.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. J. Still (Caius)</td>
<td>11 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. J. R. Selwyn (Trinity)</td>
<td>11 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. J. W. Bourke (Trinity)</td>
<td>12 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. H. Fortescue (Magd.)</td>
<td>12 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. D. F. Stevenson (Trinity)</td>
<td>12 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. R. A. Kinglake (Trinity)</td>
<td>12 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. H. Watney (St. John's)</td>
<td>10 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. W. R. Griffiths (Trinity)</td>
<td>11 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. A. Forbes (St. John's) (cox.)</td>
<td>8 0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

At ten minutes before eight o'clock, Mr. Searle, the starter, gave the word to go, and the two boats started on perfectly level terms. True to their antecedents, as well as faithful to what was expected of them, the Cambridge eight were the first to get fairly to work, and before they had taken half a dozen strokes they had gained an appreciable though small advantage. For a few strokes more they continued at a nearly equal pace, both boats, when fairly in swing, making very good way. Just at this time the sunlight, which had been some moments overshadowed, burst forth in all its brilliancy, and illuminated a scene at once sprightly and spirit-stirring. The two long low boats, shooting swiftly through the water in response to the strokes of as gallant crews as ever dipped oars, were followed first by the umpire's boat, and after that, breasting right across the broad surface of the Thames, and ploughing its waters into foam, came the whole fleet of powerful and heavily-laden steamers, from all of whose passengers, as well as from thousands of people on both banks of the Thames, there arose a perfect roar of cheers. After Cambridge had cleared about one hundred yards, and while they had the best of it by nearly six feet, their steerer, Mr. Forbes, took them a little further out into the river, while the Oxonians, taking at this time the more approved course, almost hugged the shore. In rather more than two minutes they had completed the first mile of the course, and had reached Craven Point.

Here Cambridge increased their lead very gradually, although the advantage they had obtained was not at all clear to the eye, owing to the wide distance laterally which at this part of the race intervened between the two boats. The Cantabs aimed nearly straight up the river for the next point. The Oxonians still held hard towards the north shore, preferring rather to make a small curve, and have the full benefit of the stream, than to follow too closely a direct line.

As they went further along, however, the two boats drew closer together, and before they reached the point just named it was plain, as well to those on the steamboats as to horsemen trotting along the bank, that the light blues were fully half a length ahead. They were about this time taking forty strokes to the minute, their opponents one less; and it might have been observed that there was a greater approximation to similarity, or rather less of contrast, in style of rowing than had been noticed before.

On Hammersmith Suspension Bridge, not only was the roadway crowded by a dense throng of people, but even on the suspending chains, reaching nearly to the top of the four buttresses, numbers of the more adventurous spectators swarmed, somewhat after the manner of monkeys. Here, again, the cheers, with the multitudinous clapping of hands, rose high as the two boats darted under the bridge, this distance being accomplished in eight minutes. So close alongside were the two boats as they came up here, that there was some danger. The contending oars, however, did not touch; the boats took a rather wider course. As they did this, Cambridge, as though in reply to the cheers, still further improved their position, so that, before they had passed Chiswick Eyot, they were a clear length ahead.

While going up the Reach, they came suddenly upon a pair of the Thames swans, who, having a way of their own, and that being decidedly opposed to any hurried or ungraceful movement, very nearly flapped their great wings on the Oxford oars, to the risk of retarding the beautiful "going" of the boat. Happily both swans and oars got clear, and the race continued without interruption. The two boats travelled along Coney Reach at very
nearly the same pace, each, crew disputing almost fiercely every foot of way they made. Getting them into smoother water, they pulled strictly even, neither having any positive lead. Here they had to encounter new dangers of the deep. A sailing barge, standing across the middle of the river from the south to the north side, lay right in the course, but was more particularly in the line of the Cambridge boat. Both coxswains had to steer round the bows of this vessel, and in doing so, Oxford got right into the sweep of the best water. Again clear, on the way to Barnes Bridge the utmost heat of the struggle was shown. The Oxford crew now put on their greatest power, the Cambridge strained every nerve, and for fifty yards the issue of the race was contested at the height of the spirit, strength, and skill of both crews. And Oxford had it. The Cambridge rowed hard and rowed well, but they were now outpaced. Yet, beaten as they apparently were, within sight of Barnes Bridge, or about three miles from the start, they still pulled most gamely through the remainder of a losing race. At a quarter past eight o’clock they finished, 300 yards beyond the Ship at Mortlake, in 25 min. 32 sec.

Thus ended the University Boat Race for 1866. Cambridge had lost all but honour, after a gallant and glorious struggle; but they have registered a vow that the year 1867 shall see the victory reversed in favour of Cambridge University.

To the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

London, April 10, 1866.

Sir,—I was much pleased to find, from an advertisement on the cover of the last number of the Boy’s Friend, that the friends and former pupils of Dr. Mortimer intend to present a Testimonial to that veteran champion of Education on his retirement from the Head Mastership of the City of London School, an office held by him for more than a quarter of a century.

As Dr. Mortimer was one of the earliest to second your efforts when you undertook the arduous task of conducting the new series of the Boy’s Friend, and as he contributed an article to your first number, in which he spoke of the Magazine as “our periodical,” would it not be a suitable and graceful act if your readers were to unite in a subscription, to be called the “Boy’s Friend Testimonial Fund” (to be limited to one shilling each), as an expression of the sense they entertain of the eminent services rendered by the Doctor to the cause of Education, in the benefits of which so many of your readers have largely participated?

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Adolescens.

[We think the above a capital suggestion, and shall be happy to see it carried out. If our young friends approve the plan, and will send us their subscriptions (not more than one shilling each) a correct list of the Subscribers shall be published in the Boy’s Friend.—Editor.]

To the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

23, Regent’s Park Road,

April 10, 1866.

Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of two handsome volumes, offered by Mr. T. W. Dougan, for the best Essay on the “Life of Napoleon Buonaparte.” I was very much surprised and delighted on receiving them. I thank him also very much for the kind letter which I received along with the Prizes.

I have taken in a good many magazines for boys, but I think the Boy’s Friend exceeds them all.

Again thanking him for the prizes,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours very obediently,

C. F. Fuller.
SOLUTIONS OF THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

I. HEAT: (1) the natural heat of animal bodies; (2) feebly, as in warmth; of wondrous might, as in fire; (3) is felt, but not seen, and exists (4) in darkness as in light, and in bodies that are dark, as well as those rendered luminous by excessive heat. It travels on the iron way, iron being a good conductor of heat; and also in the locomotive engine, &c., (9) in assisting manufactures; (9) in the destruction of property; in accidental or other deaths, in curative agency. 10 to 14 become sufficiently obvious after those explanations.

II. ELECTRICITY: (1) is an element of animal life, and exists in the (2) brain, and probably all other animal structures; (3) it is set in motion by fire and by light, and is beautiful (4) in the night, when its effects are seen in the Aurora, or in flashes of lightning. (6) It is very manifest in certain electrical fishes, and has been observed in certain worms; (12) refers to the telegraph. The other items explain themselves.

III. LIGHT: 1 and 2 are obvious. (3) It is near at hand in the darkest night, and may be produced by the simple ignition of a lucifer match. (5) It is estimated to travel swifter than electricity, or lightning; (6) calls forth the songs of birds; (8) may be absorbed and set free again from various substances; (9) is reflected or turned back by some substances, and refracted, or bent, by others, by which (11) the colours of the rays are variously displayed. The other answers become obvious after these explanations; and a more full elucidation of the various scientific facts may be found in the pages of the "Reason Why."—General Science.

THE AWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have awarded the First Prize to William Alphonso Matthews, 3, Collier Street, New Leeds, Bradford, Yorkshire, for the following Solution:

I. HEAT.

God of the deep—the gloomy mine—
Fair source of life, thou thing divine,
We worship at thy feet—
Subtle and silent is thy power,
Fair parent of the painted flower,
Thy magic name is HEAT.
Son of the dust, a voice proclaims,
I favour Fancy’s fairest dreams;
’Tis HEAT that holds thy plastic quill,
’Tis HEAT directs thy potent will.
From depths of earth it sometimes springs,
’Tis feeble in cold-blooded things,
A flame of fury, melting stone,
Within the furnace I am known.
And though as feeble as the spark
Which lights the worm, when night is dark,
Yet, give me food, returning strength
Shall guide me forward, till at length
Beneath my all-devouring state
The world itself shall melt with HEAT.
Invisible—yet in its flight
HEAT lives in darkness, and in light
Calls Fancy from her fairy halls;
Or sits, the soul of drunken brawls,
Or in the locomotive bound
By pressure, like some god profound,
I dwell in my compressed abode,
And along the iron road
Fly with frantic voice of fame.
Head of steam and feet of flame
Shout in fury where you see
Now no other thing but me.

While creation through I run,
And my palace is the sun,
I can condescend to dwell,
Down in darkness—deep in hell!—
Till the wild volcanic strife
Calls me into active life,
Burning vine-clad hill and wood
With my liquid fiery flood.
Breath of sulphur, wings of flame,
HEAT, my desolating name.

Phaeton once, in frolic—fun—
Drove the chariot of the sun
Down the distant space, till Earth
Stopped at last the youngster’s mirth.
For mid all his tact and thrill
HEAT awoke—and, wanting oil,
Friction, with a grating sound,
Set in flames the deep profound.
Proving plainly that through space
HEAT lies hid in every place.
On as flames my fiery breath,
I am still the cause of death
Or of life; for as I steal
Through the system, I can heal.
Thus all nature—all agree
Death or life t' assign to me.

Where the beauteous palm-tree stands,
And where, on a sea of sands,
Glides the desert-ship—beware!
For I hold my revels there.
Or where icy regions rise,
There I come in cloudless skies,
Waking Nature as I go
From her fleecy robes of snow,
Bringing back the flowery glade
And the blossom and the shade,
Bounteous benefactor I;
And though weak in air and sky,
Gently use me, and in need
I will be a "friend indeed."

II. ELECTRICITY.

When from the deep th'Almighty hurled
The stars along the paths divine,
Shook from His hand this teeming world,
And laid in love the great design,
Then Nature, in her equal stride
Of equipoise through all her realm,
Called macracracy to life:
While Order, at the sacred helm,
With look serene
Beheld the scene,
And with an eagle-glance around, above,
Beheld my shapeless form—yet every movement love!

Then, as moves the breath of God,
Calmly I creation tread,
Swifter than the rays of light,
In my mystic, magic might.
But chiefly in northern skies
'Mid flowery fields of ether rise,
And hold my revels, keep my court,
Clap my wings, and dance and sport
All fantastic; giving light
Like the day to Lapland night.

Shapeless—yet I must have form
As I ride upon the storm,
Or to vengeful life awake
In the calm torpedo snake,
Which would say, "Intruding elf,
Keep your fingers to yourself.",
For my light elastic wings
Insects guide, and creeping things
Like some genii—ruling still
Nature with my potent will.

All creation I control,
As the living working soul
Of the universe—my toys,
Lightning, and its living noise,
Which, attracted, seems the breath
Of that skeleton called Death.

But withal I take a part
Sometimes in the "healing art."
Where I work with potent skill,
Wonders over mind and will,
Till the horrid fiend of Pain
Bows to my despotic reign.

On my light elastic wings
Now I tell of popes and kings,
What their doings, what their state—
How some genoa sleep and eat—
Who the star of last court ball,
What some ladies ladies call—
Or if ever bishops preach,
What the ethics bishops teach;
Beating Mercury, the gods'
Flying boy, on iron rods.
Thus I work by night, by day
Ever on my iron way.

Hark! that deep, that awful boom,
Death-like as the day of doom!
Nature now my presence owns;
Sigh, ye winds, in plaintive tones.
For ten thousand thunders sweep
Through the heavens, while the deep
Shouts responsive, as I ride
On with Death, in sullen pride,
Till, where distant echo falls,
Echo still to echo calls.
Mortal man, beware of me,
I AM ELECTRICITY!

III.—LIGHT.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" At that dread sound
Old Chaos starts from tenfold sleep!
A living fluid flew around,
And, fair as music o'er the deep,
Forth from the fount of Love I came,
And LIGHT is my immortal name!

Thus on the hands which take delight
Our dark ENIGMA to indite,
I sit an angel-form, which brings
Pure joy on my celestial wings.
And, like fair Hope, which points above,
Through Death's dark gate to realms of love,
I'm ev'ry living creature's right,
And nearest when 'tis darkest night.

Young Fancy, in her giddy dance
From orb to distant orb, may glance
As fleet as flies the red-winged ire
Of lightning from its cage of fire;
Yet swifter far on wings of Love,
Light wakes the music of the grove,
When, blossom-throned at early dawn,
The blackbird pipes along the lawn,
To welcome on her silver wing
Pure Light, as some celestial thing
Which gloomy Night with fetters bound
In prison deep, a dark profound,
Till Light, in living garments dress'd,
Unlocks the portals of the east,
And in her pearly smiles unfold
Aurora in her robes of gold!

But as winter shades the bloom
Of the lily in his tomb,
Bring the captive from his night,
Let a sunbeam cheer his sight,
And as hope our sorrows chase,
Health returning whispers "Peace!"

Where the hopeless widow weeps,
Where the thoughtless sluggard sleeps,
Fashion's votive slaves, no doubt,
These, with others, shut me out,
And Morpheus, with his dreams,
Flies from my refreshing beams——
Beams which, full refracted, stray,
Or upon the prism play,
Cheating Fancy and her eyes
With its many-tinted dyes.

Lovely goddess! as you move
Onward, onward, smiling love;
Oh, how precious to the blind
Would the rayless eyeballs find
One small ray of gentle light,
Pouring on their constant night!

One—Diamond mountains, all agree,
Proffered, could not purchase thee;
Yet the fool of mortal clay,
Who makes night his glorious day,
Turns thee weeping off away.

We have awarded the Second Prize to F. W. O. Rymer Jones, Truro House, 50, Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, London; and we wish to make very Honourable Mention of the Solution sent by A. R. H., Newcastle-under-Lyne.

I.—Heat.

1. Heat dwells in this hand which at present doth write;
2. Oft feeble, but often of wonderful might.
3. We feel it, but never have had it in sight.
4. In darkness it labours, as well as in light.
5. It urges the train on its firm iron path;
6. And few can endure when it rises in wrath.
7. It is caused by the friction of fast-rolling wheels.
8. It can make, it can mar, it can kill, or it heals.
9. It silently travels in swift-moving air:
10. You may go to the tropics and still find it there;
11. And even the cold icy poles have their share.
12. You love it,—yet still of its pow'r must beware.
13. In sea, earth, and sky, we need scarcely repeat.

II.—Electricity.

1. The force is electric that makes my hand write,
2. And by the same power my brain doth indite.
3. 'Tis oft freed by fire, or, flashing in light,
   Illumines the gloom of the hot summer's night.
4. In calms we see meteors; the lightning in storm;
5. It arms the gymnotus, and lights up the worm.
6. Still no shape does it take, nor assume any form.
7. In the earth, in the sky, in the water and air,
   Electricity operates everywhere.
10. Killing the rash who its fury provoke;
11. And through chains galvanic it heals by its stroke.
12. Through the telegraph wires it hourly steals;
13. And silently secrets at distance reveals.
14. The thunder's loud voice proclaims it near;
   And the hearts of the strong even tremble with fear.

III.—Light.

1. Light shows me the hand which at present doth write;
2. It falls on my paper of spotless white;

   Gymnotus, or electric eel.
3. It beams from a lucifer on a dark night;
4. And, truly, is each living creature's just right.
5. Its speed outstrips the lightning's wing;
6. And at dawn calls forth the birds to sing.
7. 'Tis a bright, 'tis a pure, 'tis a heavenly thing.
8. In the flint's dark breast it imprisoned lies;
9. And is turned by reflection away from our eyes.
10. By refractive force it is led astray;
11. And the prism divides the ethereal ray.
12. I cure vegetation, though sometimes I kill;
13. And my undulations have never been still.
14. The blind would give all they possessed but for me;
15. Yet the dying by thousands each day from me flee.

---

To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

After days of deep thinking,
And nights without rest,
I have finished my answer,
And trust 'tis the best;
For if patience and thought
In your mind have a claim,
I am sure, my dear Sir,
That your prize I must gain!

T. W. O. R. J.

---

BOYS' OWN PRIZES.

We again invite special attention to this novel and interesting department of the Boy's Friend, containing generous offers from our young friends to their fellow-subscribers. We are happy to learn that these Prizes are looked forward to with increasing interest by our readers.

To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

April 13, 1866.

Dear Sir,—After a very careful examination, I have decided on awarding the Prize which I offered for the best translation of the passage of Virgil's 'Aeneid' to W. H. Ruston, St. Saviour's Grammar School, Southwark. His translation is excellent, and the writing very good. There is one competitor about whom I must also say a word or two. That is E. A. Varies, New Kingston, Bath, whose splendid penmanship entitles him to Honourable Mention; and I can only say that, had his translation been a very little better (and it is very good as it is), he would have carried off the prize.

I subjoin a list of the names of those who have sent me translations, and remain,

Yours very sincerely,

Frederick Harcourt.

First Order of Merit ........ 24
Second Order of Merit ........ 27

---

To the Readers of the Boy's Friend.

Bally Street, Oswestry, Salop.

April 13, 1866.

H. Poole begs to offer to the subscribers of the Boy's Friend the following Cryptograph for solution. For the best solution he will give a prize of a handsome six shilling volume.

In making the award, accuracy of the solution and superiority of penmanship will
be taken into consideration. The winner must write to the editor of the Boy’s Friend, acknowledging receipt of Prize, and the giver will also send to the editor a list of competitors. Competitors should state their age last birthday.

All competitions must be received on or before May 31st, at the above address. On each envelope the words “Prize Cryptograph” should be written.

4 12 20 9 12 14 10 24,
12 1 23 4 6.

14 4, 14 15 9, 10 9 1 7 9 10 12, 4 11 14
15 9, 3 4 24 12, 11 10 17 9 2 7.
15, 6 4 23 9, 3 9 13 12, 14 4, 4 11 11
9 16, 14 4, 14 15 9, 12 16 3 12 5 10 17 9
9 12, 14 4, 14 15 9, 3 4 24 12, 11 10
17 9 2 7, 14 15 17 12, 5 10 24 14 13 10
16 15, 11 4 10, 12 4 23 4 14 17 4 2, 11 4
10, 14 15 9, 3 9 12 14, 12 4 23 16 14 17 4
2, 16 9, 20 17 23 23, 13 17 18 9, 1, 6 10
17 26 9, 4 11, 1, 15 12 7, 12 4 25 9, 12
17 22, 12 16 17 23 23 17 2 13, 18 4 23 16
25 9.

17 2, 25 1 21 17 2 13, 14 15 9, 1 20 1 10
7, 1 5 16 10 1 5 24, 4 11, 14 15 9, 12 4
23 16 14 17 4 2, 1 27, 12 16 5 9 10 17 4 10
17 14 24, 4 11, 6 9 2 25 1 2 12 16 17 6,
20 17 23 23, 3 9, 14 1 21 9 2, 17 24 4,
6 4 2 12 17 7 9 10 1 14 17 4 2, 14 15 9, 20
17 2 29 10, 25 16 12 14, 10 17 14 9, 14
4, 14 15 9, 9 7 17 14 4 10, 4 11, 14 15 9,
3 4 24 12, 11 10 17 9 2 7, 1 5 21 2 4 20 23
9 7 13 17 2 13, 9 10 9 17 6 14, 4 11, 6
10 17 26 9, 1 27, 14 15 9, 13 17 18 9 10,
20 17 23 23, 1 25 12 4, 12 9 2 7, 14 4, 9
7 17 14 4 10, 1, 23 17 12 2 4 11, 14 15
9, 5 4 25 6 9, 14 17 14 10 12, 5 4 25 6 9
14 17 14 4, 10 12, 12 15 4 16 23 7, 12 14 1
14 9, 14 15 9 17 10, 1 13 9, 23 1 12 14,
3 17 10 14 15 7 1 24.
1 23 23, 5 4 25 6 9 14 17 14 17 4 2 12,
25 16 12 14, 3 9, 10 9 17 18 9 7, 4 2,
4 10, 3 9 11 4 10 9, May 31st, 1 14, 24
15 9, 1 3 18 9, 1 7 10 9 12 12, 1 2 7,
14 20 4, 12 14 1 25 6 12, 25 16 12 14, 3
9, 2 25 23 4 12 9 7, 11 4 10, 6 4 12 14 1
13 9, 4 11, 6 10 17 26 9, 4 2, 9 1 5 15,
9 2 18 9 23 4 6 9, 14 15 9, 20 4 10 7 12,
6 10 17 26 9, 5 10 24 6 14 4 13 10 1 6 15,
12 15 4 16 23 7, 3 9, 20 10 17 14 19 2.

To the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

MUMPS, OLDHAM, APRIL 14, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I offer a Prize of a Book for the best translation of the under-mentioned extract from Cæsar’s “Commentarii de Bello Gallico.” Neatness of penmanship and grammatical construction will be taken into consideration. All letters to be addressed to “J. DAVIES, “(Care of R. Hulme),” “54, DERKER STREET, “‘OLDHAM,” by the 15th of May.

Yours respectfully,

J. DAVIES.

P.S. The successful competitor to acknowledge the receipt of the book to the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres, quarum unus incolumit Belge, aliam Aquitaniam, tertiam qui ipsum lingua Colce, nostra Gallia appellatam. Hi omnes linguae, institutis legibus inter se different. Gallos, ab Aquitanis Garumna ilumen, a Belgis Mabrona et Sequana dividit. Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae, properterea quod a cultu atque humanitate provinciae longissime absunt, minimeque ad os mercatores sape commentem, atque ea quae ad effeminandos animos pertinent important, proximique sunt Germanis, qui trans Rhenum incolum, qui buscum continentur bellum gerunt.

To the Editor of the Boy’s Friend.

53, CALTHORPE STREET, EDGBASTON,
BIRMINGHAM, APRIL 9, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—I offer the annexed extract from Victor Hugo’s play of “Ruy Blas” to the subscribers of this magazine for competition. For the best translation I will give a handsome volume of the value of 8s. If a great number of correct translations are received, I will give a second, and even a third Prize of the same value.

In awarding the Prizes, the penmanship will be taken into consideration.

All translations must be received at the above address on or before the 15th of May, 1866.

A letter must be sent to the Editor of the Boy’s Friend acknowledging the receipt of the Prize.

I am, yours obediently,

THOS. S. EVANS.

P.S. The age of the competitor must be stated.

C’est fini. Rêve éteint! visions disparues! Jusqu’au soir au hasard j’ai marché dans les rues.

J’espère en ce moment. Je suis calme. La nuit
On pense mieux. La tête est moins pleine de bruit.
CRYPTOGRAPH.

17 8, 17 18 3, 13 6 1 17 8 26, 8 21, 17 18 3, 5 8 12, 22, 21 26 1 13 9 6, 6 13 11 2 6, 22 1 26
1, 22 13 9 6, 12 8 2, 11, 7 26 12
20 17 8 26 26 11 20 18, 24 18 1 7 18, 1, 18 8 20 13, 15 11 12, 11 20 20 13 11 26, 1 9, 17 18 3, 20 11 25 13 22, 8 21, 12 8 2
26, 13 19 7 13 14 14 13 9 17
15 8 9 17 18 14 12, 4 8 2 26 9 11 14, 17
18 3, 5 18 12, 22, 21 26 1 13 9 6, 24 1 14
14, 22 8 9, 6 13, 17 18 3, 5 13 22 17, 5
8 5 10, 8 21, 1 17, 22, 10 1 9 6
1, 11 15, 13 16 13 26, 12 8 2 26 22, 13 17 7
11, 21 2 25 22 7 26 15 13 26
E. H. DUNN.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

Nfog bfr noah Jobfe nfoq bfr vzuah
Oek nzaj bfr oecouc ue nquah
Infkufay Jobfe Ocpufayk Obfe
Oek kuk op rf nop muk
Fayqayq gquf Qttfaykf Okkafppfe.

RECAPITATIONS: OR, WANTED
A RHYME.

I'm a valuable metal called . . . .
D reheads me, and says I am . . . .
C does likewise, and shrinks from the . . . .
P hustes to place his sheep in their . . . .
G cries, "Trust me, there's nothing like . . . ."
H soon stops him by crying out . . . .
M must fashion me into a . . . .
S cries lustily, "See how I'm . . . ."
T replies, "Ah that I could have . . . ."

ENIGMA.

1. The greatest name, according to Charles Knight, in the literature of our own age.
2. A town once famous for a celebrated statue of Apollo.
3. An authoress of Erin in the days of George III.
4. A celebrated historian in the reign of Augustus.

ENIGMA.

H and P P, they both did agree
To cut off J C, but that could not be
Without the will of G G;
While M stood amazed,
At the hatred and malice of H and P P.

MENTAL SCENES.

A celebrated Englishman, whose character is remembered by all his countrymen with pride, though they may not approve of the cause in which he fought and in which he died.

CHARADES.

My first's a vault, my second is
A startled exclamation;
My third is short and from the Greek
Receives its derivation.
My whole will never be found out
By boys of stupid brains,
But if discovered you will gain
A secret for your pains.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

My whole, a town in South America,
Consists of of ten letters.
My 3 10 4 9 is a short letter.
My 5 4 2 3 is the name of a large Public School.
My 10 6 7 8 is the name of a Latin author.
My 4 2 3 is a weight.
My 10 5 5 suffers in winter.
My 10 3 9 is a number.
My 4 5 3 is another number.
My 10 3 7 2 3 is a plant.
My 1 2 10 3 is the great luminary of the night.
My 1 10 4 7 6 5 is the reason for an action.
My 8 10 7 3 2 is a kind of long hood or dress.

H. C.
GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADES.

1. My first is a colour, my second is a piece of iron, and my whole is a town in Scotland.
2. My first is a vessel, my second is an article, my third is a term for mother, and my whole is an ismuth in America.
3. My first are vessels, my second is a floodgate, and my whole is a town in Prussia.
4. My first is the sun, my second is a road, and my whole is a bay in Scotland.
5. My first is used for the feet, my second is an article, my third is a vessel, and my whole is a cape in Greece.
6. My first is a young girl, my second is a mineral, and my whole is a town in England.
7. My first is a young horse, my second is not wealthy, and my whole is a town in India.
8. My first is a vessel, my second is a female's name, and my whole is a country in America.
9. My first is money, my second is another name for lake, and my whole is a State in India.

WAVERLEY CHARADES.

No. III.

Night fell on Leven's quiet lake,
As oft it had of yore,
When one had sworn for Cath'rine's sake;
To free her Queen once more.
Fair Cath'rine bright had seen the light
Grow dim not long before,
Which told her plainly all was right,
My first had left the shore.

My second lived a quiet life,
Content was he though poor,
To spend his days afar from strife,
And from the din of war.
Blinkhoolie kept the signals dear,
Unto the captive Queen,
Though oft he looked on them with fear,
To see the answering gleam.

Where is my first? cried Roland Grizel.
She lies beneath the wall,
My whole will guide her o'er the stream,
If nothing sad befal.
Queen Mary stepped into my first,
Young Roland fled away;
He's false, I ever feared the worst,
Escape now while ye may.

My whole George Douglas took his seat—
Oh, stay one moment more!
Young Roland came, with movements fleet
He sprang and reached the foze.
The Queen escapes, the rowers pull
My first with silent ear;
My first is managed by my whole,
And safely makes the shore.

No. IV.

Old Phillipson, wearied in body and soul,
Determined to haste to my first;
He entered my second, 'twas also my whole,
And 'twas certainly none of the worst.
My first in the corner so neatly was laid,
My second was scrupulously clean;
And soon on my soft whole he quietly laid,
In my whole, and 'twas fit for a queen.
No sleep could he get, for he toss'd to and fro,
Revolving strange things in his mind;
When all of a sudden my first seemed to go,
From beneath him its standing to find.
Though old Phillipson trembled with bitterest fear,
He had for resistance prepared,
As my first sunk down, and the bottom was near,
To spring on—he knew not nor cared.
'Twas useless; when he arrived at my second,
A rope was thrown over his arms,
And truly "without his host he had reckoned"—
His position was full of alarms.
My underground second was dismal enough,
'Twas the court of the holy Vehme,
The merchant was taken by officers rough,
To their president as it would seem.
He sat up in my first to answer the charge,
A serious one brought against him,
That oft he had spoken while he was at large,
Against the holy and sacred Vehme.
Long was the trial—at length the accused
Was acquitted but with a caution;
If he ever related how he'd been used,
A dreadful death would be his portion.
This sentence was passed, and my first ascended
To my second from which it came;
Glad was the merchant the trial was ended,
He found himself in my whole again.
A. A. Roberts.

NUMBERED CHARADES.

I.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 14 3 16 7 19 20 9 17 is a dagger.
My 11 18 1 6 is complete.
My 15 2 10 12 is sultry.
My 8 4 5 21 is part of the body.
My whole is a proverb.

II.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 20 19 8 2 5 14 is a refusal.
My 16 11 20 16 3 7 15 resembles gold.
My 4 9 12 1 is a fragment concrete.
My 18 13 10 6 is wholesome.
My whole is a proverb.
S. C. R.
NUMBERED CHARADE.
I consist of 14 letters, and am a well-known street in London.
My 5 7 13 9 is the vital part of a plant.
My 1 7 9 2 3 13 is a vegetable.
My 14 4 6 3 is part of the verb "to go."
My 12 8 3 is rest.
My 11 2 9 is a small animal.

ORPHEUS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.
Divide one hundred and fifty by nothing, then add four-sixths of twenty. Having done this correctly, so is my riddle, which describes the name of a well-known Englishman.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.
The initials of the following name a town in Belgium celebrated for a battle:—
1. A river in Germany.
3. A watering-place in Kent.
4. A county of Scotland.
6. A river of France.
7. A country of Europe.
8. A European sea.

REBUS.
The initials give the name of a well-known and celebrated book:—
1. A metal.
3. An Indian vegetable.
4. A small boat.
5. A group of islands in the Northern Ocean.
6. A thief.
7. A measure.
8. Another name for Ireland.
10. A blockhead.

W. STANSFIELD.

CLASSICAL REBUS.
The initials will give the name of a celebrated painter of Rhodes, who flourished about B.C. 325:—
1. A celebrated philosopher of Athens.
2. A mountain in Thrace.
3. An Egyptian deity.
4. A king of Lydia and son of Jupiter.
5. An Athenian festival.
6. One of Virgil's poems.
7. The Spartan magistrates.
8. A celebrated queen of Babylon.
9. One of the seven hills of Rome.
10. A celebrated river of Troy.

W. STANSFIELD.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
The initials give the name of a country in Asia, and the finals one of its exports:—
1. One of the oceans.
2. A town in Brazil.
3. A gulf on the south of Russia.
4. A county of Scotland.
5. A department of France.
6. A town in South Australia.

W. STANSFIELD.

A GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
The initials of the following will name a town in the Island of Sicily.
A town in France.
A volcanic mountain.
A city of California.
A large sound (North Sea).
A town in Argyleshire.
An Italian State.
A mountain of Armenia.

H. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS ON FRANCE.
The initials will name a celebrated English General who flourished in the beginning of the eighteenth century:—
1. A French town, founded more than 500 years B.C. by a colony of Greeks.
2. A French town, birthplace of Peter the Hermit.
3. A naval port of France.
4. A French town, remarkable for its strong fortifications.
5. A Parisien promenade.
6. A French province; no other begins with the same letter.
7. A French town; has a Gothic cathedral, surmounted by a cast-iron tower weighing more than 1,000,000 lbs.
8. A French town, where the English were defeated by Joan d'Arc.
9. An island off the extreme west of Brittany.
10. A French river 360 miles long.
11. The second port of France.

BEAUCAMPS.

A MYTHOLOGICAL REBUS.
The initials of the following will give the name of a man who deceived Jupiter.
A woman made by Vulcan.
The wife of Saturn.
A celebrated musician.
One of the Gorgons.
One of the Muses.
A celebrated hero of antiquity.
A man of extraordinary strength.
The wife of the above musician.
A king in the Trojan war.
The father of Jupiter.

H. C.
CORRESPONDENCE.

ENIGMAS, CRYPTOGRAPHS, ETC.

In addition to the satisfactory solutions of the Prize Enigma (see page 311), we have received solutions of most of the other charades, &c., from the following contributors:

O. R. Jones—H. Loveridge—Orpheus—Legion—Robin Hood—E. D. M. Hooper—
Knocker, &c., &c.

Charades and Puzzles have been received from W. T. Docter—A. Fox—S. C. R.
—Beancamps—J. A. Roberts—E. H. Dunn—
S. Watson—Orpheus—A. Ruggeyan—W.
Stamfield—J. K. Hall—A Wellingtonian—
F. G. Jean—C. U.—Anonymous—H. C.—
W. W., &c., &c.

Correspondence.

[No reply will be sent to letters unless a Stamped Envelope is enclosed.]

W. Stamfield.—We thank you for your good wishes for a “long run of prosperity” for our “accolent journeymen.” Many agree with your opinion, that the Boy’s Friend supplies a want long felt by a great many. We do not, at present, intend to offer prizes for Charades, &c., unless they are something very superior.

J. C.—Your honourable conduct is very commendable. Nothing could justify your placing yourself, as you say, “in a false position,” until you have demonstrated the correctness of the solution by well-executed diagrams. Had it been our custom to present prizes for solutions of problems, &c., you have established your claim to that distinction.

Inquirer.—You may safely make the experiment you mention. Take care that the water boils when you place the kettle on your hand, which you can then do with impunity, as there is a body of steam generated between the bottom of the kettle and the water.

J. H.—1. Consult a Gazetteer. 2. Write to Mr. Riddell, 12, Bell Street, Glasgow. 3. Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. 1 Strand.

E. R.—Mr. Hood is much obliged by your suggestion, which shall have our best consideration; also for your good opinion of the Boy’s Friend, which is esteemed by all parts of the United Kingdom.

S. U.—We are much obliged by your pertinent remarks, but we do not know of any recognised laws as to the principles that regulate Cryptographs.

Eden.—The consecration of burial-grounds may be traced to the early medieval superstition that the earth was largely inhabited by demons, who would carry away the remains of their dead, unless they were interred in consecrated or holy ground.

Secretary.—Sympathetic, or invisible ink, used for the purpose of secret writing, may be made of common ink, if the milk be good; an ordinary pen may be used; but the writing will be invisible. Hold it to the fire when dry, and it will bring out the letter in a brilliant manner.

S. C. R.—Apply to some persons who staff and preserve animals.

R. E.—We cannot insert your Enigma without being furnished with the solution. Send them both together, and we shall then judge of the merits of the Enigma.

C. Jones.—Hedgehogs are not mischievous or dangerous; on the contrary, they are most useful in the destruction of pests that are injurious to fruits and flowers in our gardens.

A. Reader.—We have not discovered the error which you think you have detected in our “admirable journal.”

E. H. Dunn.—We approve your suggestion, and will act upon it when circumstances will allow.

S. B.—1. Your question is not expressed with the precision necessary to convey your meaning. 2. Write to Mr. Bell, 31, Fleet Street. 3. Your writing is better than your punctuation.

W. T. Docter.—We have not prepared any articles, at present, on the subject you mention. 4. We are much obliged by the zeal you display in promoting the circulation of the Boy’s Friend, and hope your new subscribers will agree with your favourable opinion, that our “Magazine is undoubtedly the best of its class.”

R. M. C.—We are gratified to hear of your success in obtaining so many new subscribers, and by the high opinion you express of the Boy’s Friend; but we must caution you against supposing that it “teaches a great deal more than lesson-books.”

J. M. T.—Your offer to send us an account of your Cricket Matches we gladly accept.

Our columns will always be open to short graphic sketches of the noble Athletic Sports that take place at any of the Public Schools and Colleges.

C. G. Kellner.—Your suggestions are very good, and shall have due consideration.

J. C.—We agree with many of your remarks. The Arithmetical Puzzle is not printed correctly; it is inserted again this month in a more correct form.

Orpheus.—Yes, if we find the treatment of the subject is generally approved.

T.—1. Tennyson’s works are published by Mozon, in volumes of different sizes, and at various prices.

2. “Our Holiday” does not quite suit our pages.

Henry Werner.—Mr. Statham, of 111 C. 1 Strand, will furnish you with all the information you require.

Alfred Brown.—In awarding the Prizes, due regard will be had to all the circumstances connected with each competitor, but especially their respective ages.

A Constant Subscriber.—We have replied to your very proper inquiry under Editorial Notices.

R. M. B.—A Young Subscriber.—Your notes will be answered by the above reply.

R. T. Thorp.—Your solutions are all correct, and you do great credit. The “Arithmetical Puzzle” was not printed correctly. You must try again.

Black Sigurd.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. 1 Strand.

J. H. Bullivant.—If we were to insert all the
solutions we receive, it would occupy far too much space. We think it the best way to publish the names of those who send in the most correct and the best written solutions.

C. H. Gardiner.—There are none to be had.

Alfred Broune.—We are much gratified at your success in obtaining so many new subscribers, and for your kind intention of offering a prize in a short time.

H. P.—1. The number of Boy’s Friend for which you write is out of print. 2. We think highly of your liberality, and agree with your opinion, that “the system of ‘Boys Own Prizes’ will become one of the leading features of your valuable magazine.”

E. M. Bissett.—No prizes are awarded for solutions of charades, &c. 2. We cannot receive any more answers to Prize Enigma. 3. All solutions of puzzles, &c., must be sent in by the 15th of the month.

J. Davies.—We shall be very glad to receive a well-written article on the habits and treatment, &c., of rabbits, if any of our correspondents will kindly favour us with one.

D. Clifford.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111, C. 1 Strand.

J. Dodd and M. Robinson.—We are glad you approve of the change of plan as to the Prize Essay.—A guinea is too much to pay for an Enigma, unless it is something very superior; but if you or any of our young friends will make the attempt, we will award a prize, if deserving.

W. A. Turner.—Your kind and liberal offer of a prize reached us too late for insertion in this our next number.

EDITORIAL.

On no former occasion have we been able to congratulate our young friends on having received from them so large a number of contributions as during the past month, most of them characterized by an amount of industry and intelligence that do them great honour. We thank them for their communications, and hope they will feel encouraged to continue to exercise their talents in the same manner, which will be very beneficial to them in every way, and make the Boy’s Friend more than ever their own Magazine.

We refer with gratification to the several Prizes offered by our young friends under the designation of “Boys’ Own Prizes,” which we regard as a very pleasing feature of our Magazine. We know they are regarded by our readers generally with great satisfaction. We present our acknowledgments to the respective donors for their liberality.

We are pleased to know that the change we propose, as suggested by our esteemed correspondent, the Rev. Mr. Fowle, of offering Ten Prizes of One Guinea each, instead of One Prize of Ten Guineas, is universally approved by our readers.

The subject for the FIRST PRIZE will be

A POETICAL VERSION OF GULLIVER’S TRAVELS TO LILLIPUT;

For which a Prize of the value of ONE GUINEA will be given for the best Poem. The length not to exceed two hundred lines, and to be delivered not later than the 31st of May. Every competitor must state his age on his last birthday, or his poem will not be received.

We are also much indebted to the liberality of our talented correspondent, C. W. R. C., for his permission to offer a PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Essay ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF BRUTES,

Illustrated by well-authenticated anecdotes, from actual observation, or from well-known authors. The length not to exceed 2,500 or 3,000 words, more or less, and to be written only on one side of the paper. IT is imperative that the age should be stated of each competitor on his last birthday. No paper can be received later than the 31st of May.

In our number for June we will announce the subject of the SECOND GUINEA PRIZE ESSAY.

BOY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

We regret to be compelled to state that the gentleman who furnished the first part of the above tale, is unable at present to fulfil his engagement to supply the second part.
ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

I began to reflect upon the real danger of our situation—corralled upon a naked prairie, ten miles from camp, with no prospect of escape. I knew that we could defend ourselves against twice the number of our cowardly adversaries; they would never dare to come within range of our rifles. But how to get out? how to cross the open plain? Fifty infantry against four times that number of mounted men—lancers at that—and not a bush to shelter the foot-soldier from the long spear and the iron hoof!

The nearest motte was half a mile off, and that another half-mile from the edge of the woods. Even could the motte be reached by a desperate run, it would be impossible to gain the woods, as the enemy would certainly cordon our new position, and thus completely cut us off. At present they had halted in a body about four hundred yards from the corral, and feeling secure of having us in a trap, most of them had dismounted, and were running out their mustangs upon their lances. It was plainly their determination to take us by siege.

To add to our desperate circumstances, we discovered that there was not a drop of water in the corral. The thirst that follows a fight had exhausted the scanty supply of our canteens, and the heat was excessive.

As I was running over in my mind the perils of our position, my eye rested upon Lincoln, who stood with his piece at a carry, his left hand crossed over his breast in the attitude of a soldier waiting to receive orders.

"Well, Sergeant, what is it?" I inquired.

"Will yer allow me, Cap’n, ter take a couple o’ files, and fetch in the Dutchman? The men ’ud like ter put a sod upon him afore them thievin’ robbers kin git at him."

"Certainly. But will you be safe? He’s at some distance from the stockade."

"I don’t think them fellers ’ull kum down—they’ve had enuf o’ it jest now. We’ll run out quick, and the boys kin kiver us with their fire."

"Very well, then; set about it."

VOL. III.
Lincoln returned to the company, and selected four of the most active of his men, with whom he proceeded towards the entrance. I ordered the soldiers to throw themselves on that side of the enclosure, and cover the party in case of an attack; but none was made. A movement was visible among the Mexicans as they perceived Lincoln and his party rush out towards the body; but seeing they would be too late to prevent them from carrying it off, they wisely kept beyond the reach of the American rifles.

The body of the German was brought into the enclosure and buried with due ceremony, although his comrades believed that before many hours it would be torn from its “warrior-grave,” dragged forth to feed the coyote and vulture, and his bones left to whiten upon the naked prairie. Which of us knew that it might not in a few hours be his own fate?

“Gentlemen,” said I to my brother officers, as we came together, “can you suggest any mode of escape?”

“Our only chance is to fight them where we stand. There are four to one,” replied Clayley.

“We have no other chance, Captain,” said Oakes, with a shake of the head.

“But it is not their intention to fight us. Their design is to starve us. See! they are picketing their horses, knowing they can easily overtake us if we attempt to leave the enclosure.”

“Cannot we move in a hollow square?”

“But what is a hollow square of fifty men? and against four times that number of cavalry, with lances and lazaas? No, no; they would shiver it with a single charge. Our only hope is that we may be able to hold out until our absence from camp may bring a detachment to our relief.”

“And why not send for it?” inquired the major, who had scarcely been asked for his advice, but whose wits had been sharpened by the extremity of his danger. “Why not send for a couple of regiments?”

“How are we to send, Major?” asked Clayley, looking at the major’s proposition as ludicrous under the circumstances. “Have you a pigeon in your pocket?”

“Why?—how? There’s Hercules runs like a hare. Stick one of your fellows in the saddle, and I’ll warrant him to camp in an hour.”

“You are right, Major,” said I, catching at the major’s proposal. “Thank you for the thought. If he could only pass that point in the woods. I hate it, but it is our only chance.”

The last sentence I muttered to myself.

“Why do you hate it, Captain?” inquired the major, who had overheard me.

“You might not understand my reasons, Major.”

I was thinking upon the disgrace of being trapped as I was, and on my first scout, too.

“Who will volunteer to ride an express to camp?” I inquired, addressing the men.

Twenty of them leaped out simultaneously.

“Which of you remembers the course, that you could follow it in a gallop?” I asked.

The Frenchman Raoul stood forth, touching his cap.

“I know a shorter one, Captain, by Mata Cordera.”

“Ha! Raoul, you know the country? You are the man.”

I now remembered that this man joined us at Sacrificios, just after the landing of the expedition. He had been living in the country previous to our arrival, and was well acquainted with it.

“Are you a good horseman?” I inquired.

“I have seen five years of cavalry service.”

“No doubt. Do you think you can pass them? They are nearly in your track.”
"As we entered the prairie, Captain; but my route will lie past this motte

to the left."

"That will give you several points. Do not stop a moment after you have
mounted, or they will take the hint and intercept you."

"With the red horse there will be no danger, Captain."

"Leave your gun; take these pistols. Ha! you have a pair in the holsters.
See if they are loaded. These spurs—so—cut loose that heavy piece from the
saddle; the cloak too; you must have nothing to encumber you. When
you come near the camp, leave your horse in the chapparal. Give this to
Colonel C——."

I wrote the following words on a scrap of paper:

"Dear Colonel,—Two hundred will be enough. Could they be stolen out
after night? If so, all will be well—if it gets abroad . . .

"Yours, H. H."

As I handed the paper to Raoul, I whispered in his ear—

"To Colonel C——'s own hand. Privately, Raoul—privately, do you
hear?"

Colonel C—— was my friend, and I knew that he would send a private
party to my rescue.

"I understand, Captain," was the answer of Raoul.

"Ready, then! now mount and be off."

The Frenchman sprang nimbly into the saddle, and, driving his spurs into
the flanks of his horse, shot out from the pen like a bolt of lightning.

For the first three hundred yards or so he galloped directly towards the
guerilleros. These stood leaning upon their saddles, or lay stretched along the
green sward. Seeing a single horseman riding towards them, few of them
moved, believing him to be some messenger sent to treat for our surrender.

Suddenly the Frenchman swerved from his direct course, and went sweeping
around them in the curve of an ellipse.

They now perceived the ruse, and with a yell leaped into their saddles.
Some fired their escopettes; others, unwinding their lazoes, started in pursuit.

Raoul had by this time set Hercules' head for the clump of timber which
he had taken as his guide, and now kept on in a track almost rectilinear.
Could he but reach the motte or clump in safety, he knew that there were
straggling trees beyond, and these would secure him in some measure from the
lazoes of his pursuers.

We stood watching his progress with breathless silence. Our lives depended
on his escape. A crowd of the guerilleros was between him and us; but we could
still see the green jacket of the soldier, and the great red flanks of Hercules,
as he bounded on towards the edge of the woods. Then we saw the lazoes
launched out, and spinning around Raoul's head; and straggling shots were
fired; and we fancied at one time that our comrade sprang up in the saddle,
as if he had been hit. Then he appeared again, all safe, rounding the little
islet of timber, and the next moment he was gone from our sight. There
followed a while of suspense—of terrible suspense—for the motte hid from
view both pursuers and pursued. Every eye was straining towards the point
where the horseman had disappeared, when Lincoln, who had climbed to the
top of the rancho, cried out—

"He's safe, Cap'n! The dod-rotted skunks air kummin' 'ithout him."

It was true. A minute after, the horsemen appeared round the motte,
riding slowly back, with that air and attitude that betokened disappoint-


x 2
CHAPTER XXIII.

A SHORT FIGHT AT "LONG SHOT."

The escape of Raoul and Hercules produced an effect almost magical upon the enemy. Instead of the listless defensive attitude lately assumed, the guerilleros were now in motion, like a nest of roused hornets, scouring over the plain and yelling like a war-party of Indians.

They did not surround the corral, as I had anticipated they would. They had no fear that we should attempt to escape; but they knew that instead of the three days in which they expected to kill us with thirst at their leisure, they had not three hours left to accomplish that object. Raoul would reach the camp in little more than an hour's time, and either infantry or mounted men would be on them in two hours after.

Scouts were seen galloping off in the direction of Raoul, and others dashed into the woods on the opposite side of the prairie. All was hurry and scurry.

Along with Clayley I had climbed upon the roof of the rancho, to watch the motions of the enemy, and to find out, if possible, his intentions. We stood for some time without speaking, both of us gazing at the manœuvres of the guerilleros. They were galloping to and fro over the prairie, excited by the escape of Raoul.

"Splendidly done!" exclaimed my companion, struck with their graceful horsemanship. "One of those fellows, Captain, as he sits, at this minute, would—Ha! what—" shouted he, suddenly turning and pointing towards the woods.

I looked in the direction indicated. A cloud of dust was visible at the débouchement of the Medellin road. It appeared to hang over a small body of troops upon the march. The sun was just setting; and as this cloud lay towards the west, I could distinguish the sparkling of bright objects through its dun volume. The guerilleros had reined up their horses, and were eagerly gazing towards the same point.

Presently the dust was wafted aside—a dozen dark forms became visible—and in the midst a bright object flashed under the sun like a sheet of gold. At the same instant an insulting shout broke from the guerilleros, and a voice was heard exclaiming—

"Cenobio! Cenobio! Los cañones!" (Cenobio! Cenobio! the cannon!)

Clayley turned towards me with an inquiring look.

"It is true, Clayley; by Heavens, we'll have it now!"

"What did they say?"

"Look for yourself—well?"

"A brass piece, as I live!—a six-pound carronade!"

"We are fighting the guerilla of Cenobio, a small army of itself. Neither stockade nor motte will avail us now."

"What is to be done?" asked my companion.

"Nothing but die with arms in our hands. We will not die without a struggle, and the sooner we prepare for it the better."

I leaped from the roof, and ordered the bugler to sound the assembly.

In a moment the clear notes rang out, and the soldiers formed before me in the corral.

"My brave comrades!" cried I, "they have got the advantage of us at last. They are bringing down a piece of artillery, and I fear these pickets will offer us but poor shelter. If we are driven out, let us strike for that island of timber; and, mark me—if we are broken, let every man fight his way as he best can, or die over a fallen enemy."
A determined cheer followed this short harangue, and I continued:—

“But let us first see how they use their piece. It is a small one, and will not destroy us all at once. Fling yourselves down as they fire. By lying flat on your faces you may not suffer so badly. Perhaps we can hold the corral until our friends reach us. At all events, we shall try.”

Another cheer ran along the line.

“Great Heaven, Captain! it’s terrible!” whispered the major.

“What is terrible?” I asked, feeling for the moment a contempt for this blaspheming coward.

“Oh! this—this business—such a fix to be—”

“Major! remember you are a soldier.”

“Yes; and I wish I had resigned, as I intended to do, before this cursed war commenced.”

“Never fear,” said I, tempted to smile at the candour of his cowardice; “you’ll drink wine at Hewlett’s in a month. Get behind this log—it’s the only point shot-proof in the whole stockade.”

“Do you think, Captain, it will stop a shot?”

“Ay—from a siege gun. Look out, men, and be ready to obey orders!”

“The six-pounder had now approached within five hundred yards of the stockade, and was leisurely being unlimbed in the midst of a group of the enemy’s artillerists.

At this moment the voice of the major arrested my attention.

“Great Heaven, Captain! Why do you allow them to come so near?”

“How am I to prevent them?” I asked, with some surprise.

“Why, my rifle will reach farther than that. It might keep them off, I think.”

“Major, you are dreaming!” said I. “They are two hundred yards beyond range of our rifles. If they would only come within that, we should soon send them back for you.”

“But, Captain, mine will carry twice the distance.”

I looked at the major, under the belief that he had taken leave of his senses.

“It’s a windmadel, I assure you, and will kill at eight hundred yards.”

“Is it possible?” cried I, starting; for I now recollected the curious-looking piece which I had ordered to be cut loose from the saddle of Hercules.

“Why did you not tell me that before? Where is Major Blossom’s rifle?” I shouted, looking around.

“This hyr’s the Major’s gun,” answered Sergeant Lincoln. “But if it’s a rifle, I never seed sich. It looks more like a two-year old cannon.”

It was, as the Major had declared, a Prussian needle-gun—then a new invention, but of which I had heard something.

“Is it loaded, Major?” I asked, taking the piece from Lincoln.

“It is.”

“Can you hit that man with the sponge?” said I, returning the piece to the hunter.

“If this hyr thing ‘ll carry fur enuf, I kin,” was the reply.

“It will kill at a thousand yards, point-blank,” cried the major, with energy.

“Ha! are you sure of that, Major?” I asked.

“Certainly, Captain. I got it from the inventor. We tried it at Washington. It is loaded with a conical bullet. It bored a hole through an inch plank at that distance.”

“Well. Now, Sergeant, take sure aim; this may save us yet.”

Lincoln planted himself firmly on his feet, choosing a notch of the stockade that ranged exactly with his shoulder. He then carefully wiped the dust from the sights, and placing the heavy barrel in the notch, laid his cheek slowly against the stock.
“Sergeant, the man with the shot!” I called out.
As I spoke, one of the artillerists was stooping to the muzzle of the six-pounder, holding in his hand a spherical case-shot. Lincoln pressed the trigger. The crack followed, and the artillerist threw out his arms, and doubled over on his head without giving a kick.
The shot that he had held rolled out upon the green sward. A wild cry, expressive of extreme astonishment, broke from the guerilleros. At the same instant a cheer rang through the corral.
“Well done!” cried a dozen voices at once.
In a moment the rifle was wiped and reloaded.
“This time, Sergeant, the fellow with the linstock.”
During the reloading of the rifle, the Mexicans around the six-pounder had somewhat recovered from their surprise, and had rammed home the cartridge. A tall artillerist stood, with linstock and fuse, near the breech, waiting for the order to fire. Before he received that order the rifle again cracked; his arm flew up with a sudden jerk, and the smoking rod, flying from his grasp, was projected to the distance of twenty feet. The man himself spun round, and staggering a pace or two, fell into the arms of his comrades.
“Cap’n, jest allow me to take that cre skunk next time.”
“Which one, Sergeant?” I asked.
“Him that’s on the black, makin’ such a dot-rotted muss.”
I recognized the horse and figure of Dubrose.
“Certainly, by all means,” said I, with a strange feeling at my heart, as I gave the order.
But before Lincoln could reload, one of the Mexicans, apparently an officer, had snatched up the burning fuse, and, running up, applied it to the touch.
“On your faces, men!”
The ball came crashing through the thin picket of the corral, and whizzing across the enclosure, struck one of the mules on the flank, tearing open its hip, causing it to kick furiously as it tumbled over the ground. Its companions, stampeding, galloped for a moment through the pen; then collecting in a corner, stood cowerd up and quivering. A fierce yell announced the excitement of the guerilleros.

Dubrose was sitting on his powerful mustang, facing the corral, and watching the effects of the shot.
“If he wur only ‘thin range ov my own rifle!” muttered Lincoln, as he glanced along the sights of the strange piece.
The crack soon followed—the black horse reared, staggered, and fell back on his rider.
“Ten strike, set ’em up!” exclaimed a soldier.
“Missed the skunk—curse him!” cried Lincoln, gritting his teeth as the horseman was seen to struggle from under the fallen animal.
Rising to his feet, Dubrose sprang out to the front, and shook his fist in the air with a shout of defiance.
The guerilleros galloped back; and the artillerists, wheeling the six-pounder, dragged it after, and took up a new position, about three hundred yards farther to the rear.
A second shot from the piece again tore through the pickets, striking one of our men, and killing him instantly.
“Aim at the artillerists, Sergeant. We have nothing to fear from the others.”
Lincoln fired again. The shot hit the ground in front of the enemy’s gun; but, glancing, it struck one of the cannoniers, apparently wounding him badly, as he was carried back by his comrades.
The Mexicans, terror-struck at this strange instrument of destruction, took up a new position, two hundred yards still farther back. Their third shot
A SHORT FIGHT AT "LONG SHOT."

ricochetted, striking the top of the strong plank behind which the major was screening himself, and only frightening the latter by the shock upon the timber.

Lincoln again fired. This time his shot produced no visible effect, and a taunting cheer from the enemy told that they felt themselves beyond range.

Another shot was fired from the simondadel, apparently with a similar result.

"It's beyond her carry, Cap'n," said Lincoln, bringing the butt of his piece to the ground, with an expression of reluctant conviction.

"Try one more shot. If it fail, we can reserve the others for closer work. Aim high!"

This resulted in the two preceding ones; and a voice from the guerilleros was heard, exclaiming—

"Yankees bobos! mas adelante!" (A little farther, you Yankee fools!)

Another shot from the six-pounder cracked through the planks, knocking his piece from the hands of a soldier, and shivering the dry stock-wood into fifty fragments.

"Sergeant, give me the rifle," said I. "They must be a thousand yards off; but, as they are as troublesome with that carronade as if they were only ten, I shall try one more shot."

I fired, but the ball sank at least fifty paces in front of the enemy.

"We expect too much. It is not a twenty-four pounder. Major, I envy you two things—your rifle and your horse."

"Hercules!"

"Of course."

"Lord, Captain! you may do what you will with the rifle; and if ever we get out of the reach of these infernal devils, Hercules shall be—"

At this moment a cheer came from the guerilleros, and a voice was heard shouting above the din—

"La metralla! la metralla!" (The howitzer!)

I leaped upon the roof, and looked out upon the plain. It was true. A howitzer-carriage, drawn by mules, was debouching from the woods, the animals dragging it along at a gallop.

It was evidently a piece of some size, large enough to tear the light picketing that screened us to atoms.

I turned towards my men with a look of despair. My eye at this moment rested on the drove of mules that stood crowded together in a corner of the pen. A sudden thought struck me. Might we not mount them and escape? There were more than enough to carry us all, and the rancho was filled with bridles and ropes. I instantly leaped from the roof, and gave orders to the men.

"Speedily, but without noise!" cried I, as the soldiers proceeded to fling bridles upon the necks of the animals.

In five minutes each man, with his rifle slung, stood by a mule, some of them having buckled on tapados, to prevent the animals from kicking.

The major stood ready by his horse.

"Now, my brave fellows," shouted I in a loud voice, "we must take it cavalry fashion—Mexican cavalry, I mean." The men laughed. "Once in the woods, we shall retreat no farther. At the words 'Mount and follow,' spring to your seats and follow Mr. Clayley. I shall look to your rear—don't stop to fire—hold on well. If any one fall, let his nearest comrade take him up—Ha! any one hurt there?" A shot had whistled through the ranks. "Only a scratch," was the reply.

"All ready, then, are you? Now, Mr. Clayley, you see the high timber—make direct for that. Down with the bars! 'Mount and follow!'"

As I uttered the last words the men leaped to their seats; and Clayley, riding the bell-mule, dashed out of the corral, followed by the whole train,
some of them plunging and kicking, but all galloping forward at the sound of the bell upon their guide.

As the dark cavalcade rushed out upon the prairie, a wild cry from the guerilleros told that this was the first intimation they had had of the singular ruse. They sprang to their saddles with yells, and galloped in pursuit. The howitzer, that had been trailed upon the corral, was suddenly wheeled about and fired; but the shot, ill-directed in their haste, whistled harmlessly over our heads.

The guerilleros on their swift steeds soon lessened the distance between us. With a dozen of the best men I hung in the rear, to give the foremost of the pursuers a volley or pick up any soldier who might be tossed from his mule. One of these at intervals kicked as only a Mexican mule can; and, when within five hundred yards of the timber, his rider, an Irishman, was flung upon the prairie.

The rearmost of our party stopped to take him up. He was seized by Chane, who mounted him in front of himself. The delay had nearly been fatal. The pursuers were already within a hundred yards, firing their pistols and escopettes, without effect. A number of the men turned in their seats and blaséd back. Others threw their rifles over their shoulders, and pulled trigger at random. I could perceive that two or three guerilleros dropped from their saddles. Their comrades, with shouts of vengeance, closed upon us nearer and nearer. The long lazos, far in advance, whistled around our heads.

I felt the slippery noose light upon my shoulders. I flung out my arms to throw it off, but with a sudden jerk it tightened around my neck. I clutched the hard thong, and pulled with all my might. It was in vain. The animal I rode, freed from my manège, seemed to plunge under me, and gather up its back with a vicious determination to fling me. It succeeded; and I was launched in the air, and dashed to the earth with a stunning violence.

I felt myself dragged along the gravelly ground. I grasped the weeds, but they came away in my hands, torn up by the roots. There was a struggle above and around me. I could hear loud shouts and the firing of guns. I felt that I was being strangled.

A bright object glistened before my eyes. I felt myself seized by a strong rough hand, and swung into the air and rudely shaken, as if in the grasp of some giant’s arm.

Something twitched me sharply over the cheeks. I heard the rustling of trees. Branches snapped and crackled, and leaves swept across my face. Then came the flash—flash, and the crack—crack—crack of a dozen rifles, and under their blazing light I was dashed a second time with violence to the earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RESCUE.

"Rough handlin', Cap'n. Yer must excuse haste."

It was the voice of Lincoln.

"Ha! in the timber? Safe, then!" ejaculated I, in return.

"Two or three wounded—not bad neither. Chane has got a stab in the hip—he gin the fellow goss for it. Let me louze the darned thing off o' your neck. It kum mighty near chokin' yer, Cap'n."

Bob proceeded to unwind the noose end of a lazo, that with some six feet of a raw hide thong was still tightly fastened around my neck.
THE RESCUE.

"But who cut the rope?" demanded I.
"I did, with this hyur toothpick. Yer see, Cap'n, it warn't yer time to be hung just yet."
I could not help smiling as I thanked the hunter for my safety.
"But where are the guerilleros?" asked I, looking around, my brain still somewhat confused.
"Yander they are, keeping safe out o' range o' this long gun. Just listen to 'em!—what a hillerballoo!"
The Mexican horsemen were galloping out on the prairie, their arms glistening under the clear moonlight.
"Take to the trees, men!" cried I, seeing that the enemy had again unlimbered, and were preparing to discharge their howitzer.
In a moment the iron shower came whizzing through the branches, without doing any injury, as each of the men had covered his body with a tree. Several of the mules that stood tied and trembling were killed by the discharge.
Another shower hurtled through the bushes with a similar effect.
I was thinking of retreating farther into the timber, and was walking back to reconnoitre the ground, when my eye fell upon an object that arrested my attention. It was the body of a very large man, lying flat upon his face, his head buried among the roots of a good-sized tree. The arms were stiffly pressed against his sides, and the legs projected at full stretch, exhibiting an appearance of motionless rigidity, as though a well-dressed corpse had been rolled over on its face. I at once recognized it as the body of the major, whom I supposed to have fallen dead where he lay.
"Good Heavens! Clayley, look here!" cried I; "poor Blossom's killed!"
"No, I'll be hanged if I am!" growled the latter, screwing his neck round like a lizard, and looking up, without changing the attitude of his body. Clayley was convulsed with laughter. The major sheathed his head again, as he knew that another shot from the howitzer might soon be expected.
"Major," cried Clayley, "that right shoulder of yours projects over at least six inches."
"I know it," answered the major, in a frightened voice. "Curse the tree! it's hardly big enough to cover a squirrel; and he squatted closer to the earth, pressing his arms tighter against his sides. His whole attitude was so ludicrous, that Clayley burst into a second yell of laughter. At this moment a wild shout was heard from the guerilleros.
"What next?" cried I, running toward the front, and looking out upon the prairie.
"Them wild cats are gwine to cl'ar out, Cap'n," said Lincoln, meeting me.
"I kin see them hitchin' up."
"It is as you say! What can be the reason?"
A strange commotion was visible in the groups of horsemen. Scouts were galloping across the plain to a point of the woods about half a mile distant, and I could see the artillerists fastening their mules to the howitzer-carriage. Suddenly a bugle rang out, sounding the "recall," and the guerilleros, spurring their horses, galloped off towards Medellin.
A loud cheer, such as was never uttered by Mexican throats, came from the opposite edge of the prairie; and looking in that direction, I beheld a long line of dark forms debouching from the woods at a gallop. Their sparkling blades, as they issued from the dark forest, glistered like a cordon of fireflies, and I recognized the heavy footfall of the American horse. A cheer from my men attracted their attention; and the leader of the dragoons, seeing that the guerilleros had got far out of reach, wheeled his column to the right, and came galloping down.
"Is that Colonel Rawley?" inquired I, recognizing a dragoon officer.
"Why, bless my soul, H——!" exclaimed he, "how did you get out? We heard you were juggled. All alive yet?"
"We have lost two," I replied.
"Pah! that's nothing. I came out expecting to bury the whole kit of you. Here's Clayley, too. Clayley, your friend Twing's with us; you'll find him in the rear."
"Ha! Clayley, old boy!" cried Twing, coming up; "no bones broken? all right? take a pull; do you good—don't drink it all, though—leave a thimbleful for Haller there. How do you like that?"
"Delicious, by Jove!" ejaculated Clayley, tagging away at the Georgia major's flask.
"Come, Captain, try it."
"Thank you," I replied, eagerly grasping the welcome flask.
"But where is old Blos? killed, wounded, or missing?"
"I believe the Major is not far off, and still uninjured."
I despatched a man for the major, who presently came up, blowing and swearing like a Flanders trooper.
"Hilloa, Blos!" shouted Twing, grasping him by the hand.
"Why, bless me, Twing! I'm glad to see you," answered Blossom, throwing his arms around the diminutive major. "But where on earth is your pewter?" for during the embrace he had been groping all over Twing's body for the flask.
"Here, Cudjo! that flask, boy!"
"Faith, Twing, I'm near choked; we've been fighting all day—a terrible fight. I chased a whole squad of the scoundrels on Hercules, and came within a squirrel's jump of riding right into their nest. We've killed dozens; but Haller will tell you all. He's a good fellow, that Haller; but he's too rash—rash as blazes. Hilloa, Hercules! glad to see you again, old fellow; you had a sharp brush for it."
"Remember your promise, Major," said I, as the major stood patting Hercules upon the shoulder.
"I'll do better, Captain. I'll give you a choice between Hercules and a splendid black I have. Faith! it's hard to part with you, old Herky, but I know the Captain will like the black better: he's the handsomest horse in the whole army; bought him from poor Ridgely, who was killed at Monterey."

This speech of the major was delivered partly in soliloquy, partly in an apostrophe to Hercules, and partly to myself.
"Very well, Major," I replied, "I'll take the black. Mr. Clayley, mount the men on their mules: you will take command of the company, and proceed with Colonel Rawley to camp. I shall go myself for the Don."
The last was said in a whisper to Clayley.
"We may not get in before noon to-morrow. Say nothing of my absence to any one. I shall make my report at noon to-morrow."
"And, Captain——" said Clayley.
"Well, Clayley?
"You will carry back my——"
"What? To which, friend?"
"Of course, to 'Mary of the Light.'"
"Oh, certainly!"
"In your best Spanish."
"Rest assured," said I, smiling at the earnestness of my friend.
I was about moving from the spot, when the thought occurred to me to send the company to camp under command of Oakes, and take Clayley along with me.
"Clayley, by-the-way," said I, calling the lieutenant back, "I don't see
why you may not carry your compliments in person. Oakes can take the men back. I shall borrow half a dozen dragoons from Rawley."

"With all my heart," replied Clayley.

"Come, then; get a horse, and let us be off."

Taking Lincoln and Raoul, with half a dozen of Rawley's dragoons, I bade my friends good night.

These started for camp by the road of Mata Cordera, while I with my little party brushed for some distance round the border of the prairie, and then climbed the hill, over which lay the path to the house of the Spaniard.

As I reached the top of the ridge, I turned to look upon the scene of our late skirmish.

The cold round moon, looking down upon the prairie of La Virgen, saw none of the victims of the fight.

The guerilleros in their retreat had carried off their dead and wounded comrades, and the Americans slept underground in the lone corral: but I could not help fancying that gaunt wolves were skulking round the enclosure, and that the claws of the coyote were already tearing up the red earth that had been hurriedly heaped over their graves.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CUCUYO.

A night-ride through the golden tropical forest, when the moon is bathing its broad and wax-like frondage—when the winds are hushed and the long leaves hang drooping and silent—when the path conducts through dark aisles and arbours of green vine-leaves, and out again into bright and flowery glades—is one of those luxuries that I wish we could obtain without going beyond the limits of our own land.

But no. The romance of the American northern forest—the romance that lingers around the gnarled limbs of the oak and the maple and the elm—that sighs with the wintry wind high up among the twigs of the shining sycamore—that fits along the huge fallen trunks—that nestles in the brown and rustling leaves—that hovers above the bold cliff, and sleeps upon the grey rock—that sparkles in the diamond stalactites of the frost, or glides along the bosom of the cold black river—is a feeling or a fancy of a far different character.

These objects—themselves the emblems of the stony and iron things of nature—call up associations of the darker passions: strange scenes of strife and bloodshed; struggles between red and white savages; and struggles hardly less fierce with the wild beasts of the forest. The rifle, the tomahawk, and the knife, are the visions conjured up, while the savage whoop and the dread yell echo in your ear; and you dream of war.

Far different are the thoughts that suggest themselves as you glide along under the aromatic arbours of the American southern forest, brushing aside the silken foliage, and treading upon the shadows of picturesque palms.

The cocuyo lights your way through the dark aisles, and the nightingale cheers you with his varied and mimic song. A thousand sights and sounds, that seem to be possessed of some mysterious and narcotic power, lull you into silence and sleep—a sleep whose dream is love.

Clayley and I felt this as we rode silently along. Even the ruder hearts of our companions seemed touched by the same influence.
We entered the dark woods that fringed the arroyo, and the stream was crossed in silence. Raoul rode in advance, acting as our guide.

After a long silence, Clayley suddenly awoke from his reverie, and straightened himself up in the saddle.

“What time is it, Captain?” he inquired.

“Ten—a few minutes past,” answered I, holding my watch under the moonlight.

“I wonder if the Don’s in bed yet.”

“Not likely; he will be in distress; he expected us an hour ago.”

“True, he will not sleep till we come; all right then.”

“How all right then?”

“For our chances of a supper; a cold pasty, with a glass of claret. What think you?”

“I do not feel hungry.”

“But I do—as a hawk. I long once more to sound the Don’s larder.”

“Do you not long more to see—?”

“Not to-night—no—that is, until after supper. Everything in its own time and place; but a man with a hungry stomach has no stomach for anything but eating. I pledge you my word, Haller, I would rather at this moment see that grand old stewardess Pepe than the loveliest woman in Mexico, and that’s ‘Mary of the Light.’”

“Monstrous!”

“That is, until after I have supped. Then my feelings will doubtless take a turn.”

“Ah! Clayley, you can never love!”

“Why so, Captain?”

“With you, love is a sentiment, not a passion. You regard the fair blonde as you would a picture or a curious ornament.”

“You mean to say, then, that my love is ‘all in my eye’?”

“Exactly so, in a literal sense. I do not think it has reached your heart, else you would not be thinking of your supper. Now, I could go for days without food—suffer any hardship; but, no, you cannot understand this.”

“I confess not. I am too hungry.”

“You could forget—nay, I should not be surprised if you have already forgotten—all but the fact that your mistress is a blonde, with bright golden hair. Is it not so?”

“I confess, Captain, that I should make but a poor portrait of her from memory.”

“And were I a painter, I could throw her features upon the canvas as truly as if they were before me. I see her face outlined upon these broad leaves—her dark eyes burning in the flash of the cocuyo—her long black hair drooping from the feathery fringes of the palm—and her—”

“Stop! You are dreaming, Captain! Her eyes are not dark—her hair is not black.”

“What! her eyes not dark?—as ebony, or night!”

“Blue as a turquoise!”

“Black! What are you thinking of?”

“Mary of the Light.”

“OH, that is quite a different affair!” and my friend and I laughed heartily at our mutual misconceptions.

We rode on, again relapsing into silence. The stillness of the night was broken only by the heavy hoof bounding back from the hard turf, the jingling of spurs, or the ringing of the iron scabbard as it struck against the moving flanks of our horses.

We had crossed the sandy spur, with its chaparral of cactus and mezquita,
and were entering a gorge of heavy timber, when the practised eye of Lincoln
detected an object in the dark shadow of the woods, and communicated the
fact to me.
"Halt!" cried I, in a low voice.
The party reined up at the order. A rustling was heard in the bushes ahead.
"¿Quién vives?" challenged Raoul, in the advance.
"Un amigo" (A friend), was the response.
I sprang forward to the side of Raoul, and called out—
"Acercate! acercate!" (Come near!)
A figure moved out of the bushes, and approached.
"Estar el Capitán?" (Is it the Captain?)
I recognized the guide given me by Don Cosmé.
The Mexican approached, and handed me a small piece of paper. I rode
into an opening, and held it up to the moonlight; but the writing was in
pencil, and I could not make out a single letter.
"Try this, Clayley. Perhaps your eyes are better than mine."
"No," said Clayley, after examining the paper. "I can hardly see the
writing upon it."
"Esperate, mi amo" (wait, my master), said the guide, making me a sign.
We remained motionless.
The Mexican took from his head his heavy sombrero, and stepped into a
darker recess of the forest. After standing for a moment, hat in hand, a
brilliant object shot out from the leaves of the palma redonda. It was the
cocuyu—the great firefly of the tropics. With a low humming sound it came
glistening along at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. The
man sprang up, and with a sweep of his arm jerked it suddenly to the earth.
Then, covering it with his hat, and inverting his hand, he caught the gleaming
insect, and presented it to me with the ejaculation—
"Ya!" (Now!)
"No muerte!" (It does not bite), added he, as he saw that I hesitated to
touch the strange beetle-shaped insect.
I took the cocuyu in my hand, the green golden fire flashing from its great
round eyes. I held it up before the writing, but the faint glimmer was
scarcely discernible upon the paper.
"Why, it would require a dozen of these to make sufficient light," I said to
the guide.
"No, señor; uno basta—asi" (No, sir; one is enough—thus); and the
Mexican, taking the cocuyu in his fingers, pressed it gently against the surface
of the paper. It produced a brilliant light, radiating over a circle of several
inches in diameter!
Every point in the writing was plainly visible.
"See, Clayley!" cried I, admiring this lamp of Nature's own making.
"Never trust the tales of travellers. I have heard that half a dozen of these
insects in a glass vessel would enable you to read the smallest type. Is that
true?" added I, repeating what I had said in Spanish.
"No, señor; no cincuenta" (No, sir; not fifty), replied the Mexican.
"And yet with a single cocuyu you may. But we are forgetting—let us see
what's here."
I bent my head to the paper, and read in Spanish—
"I have made known your situation to the American commander."
There was no signature nor other mark upon the paper.
"From Don Cosmé?" I inquired, in a whisper to the Mexican.
"Yes, señor," was the reply.
"And how did you expect to reach us in the corral?"
"Asi" (So), said the man, holding up a shaggy bull's hide, which he carried
over his arm.
“We have friends here, Clayley. Come, my good fellow, take this!” and I handed a gold eagle to the peon.

“Forward!”

The tinkling of canteens, the jingling of sabres, and the echo of bounding hoofs, recommenced. We were again in motion, filing on through the shadowy woods.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LUPE AND LUZ.

Shortly after, we debouched from the forest, entering the open fields of Don Cosme’s plantation. There was a flowery brilliancy around us, full of novelty. We had been accustomed to the ruder scenes of a northern clime. The tropical moon threw a gauzy veil over objects that softened their outlines; and the notes of the nightingale were the only sounds that broke the stillness of what seemed a sleeping elysium.

Once a vanilla plantation, here and there the aromatic bean grew wild, its ground usurped by the pita-plant, the acacia, and the thorny cactus. The dry reservoir and the ruined acequia proved the care that had in former times been bestowed on its irrigation. Guardarayases of palms and orange-trees, choked up with vines and jessamines, marked the ancient boundaries of the fields. Clusters of fruit and flowers hung from the drooping branches, and the aroma of a thousand sweet-scented shrubs was wafted upon the night air. We felt its narcotic influence as we rode along. The helianthus bowed its golden head, as if weeping at the absence of its god; and the cereus spread its bell-shaped blossom, joying in the more mellow light of the moon.

The guide pointed to one of the guardarayas that led to the house. We struck into it, and rode forward. The path was pictured by the moonbeams, as they glanced through the half-shadowing leaves. A wild rose bounded away before us, brushing his soft flanks against the rustling thorns of the mesquite.

Farther on we reached the grounds, and halting behind the jessamines, dismounted. Clayley and myself entered the enclosure.

As we pushed through a copse we were saluted by the hoarse bark of a couple of mastiffs; and we could perceive several forms moving in front of the rancho. We stopped a moment to observe them.

“Quitate, Carlo! Pompo!” (Be off, Carlo! Pompo!) The dogs growled fiercely, barking at intervals.

“Papa, manda los!” (Papa, order them off!)

We recognized the voices, and pressed forward.

“Afuera, malditos perros! Abajo!” (Out of the way, wicked dogs!—down!) shouted Don Cosme, chiding the fierce brutes and driving them back.

The dogs were secured by several domestics, and we advanced.

“Quien es?” inquired Don Cosme.

“Amigos” (Friends), I replied.

“Papa! Papa! es el Capitan!” (Papa, it is the Captain!) cried one of the sisters, who had run out in advance, and whom I recognized as the elder one.

“Do not be alarmed, señorita,” said I, approaching.

“Oh! you are safe—you are safe!—papa, he is safe!” cried both the girls at once; while Don Cosme exhibited his joy by hugging my comrade and myself alternately.

Suddenly letting go, he threw up his hands, and inquired with a look of anxiety—
"Y el señor gordo?" (And the fat gentleman?)

"Oh! he's all right," replied Clayley, with a laugh: "he has saved his bacon, Don Cosmé; though I imagine about this time he wouldn't object to a little of yours."

I translated my companion's answer. The latter part of it seemed to act upon Don Cosmé as a hint, and we were immediately hurried to the dining-room, where we found the Doña Joaquina preparing supper.

During our meal I recounted the principal events of the day. Don Cosmé knew nothing of these guerrilleros, although he had heard that there were bands in the neighbourhood. Learning from the guide that we had been attacked, he had despatched a trusty servant to the American camp, and Raoul had met the party coming to our rescue.

After supper Don Cosmé left us to give some orders relative to his departure in the morning. His lady set about preparing the sleeping apartments, and my companion and I were left for several hours in the sweet companionship of Lupé and Luz.

Both were exquisite musicians, playing the harp and guitar with equal cleverness. Many a pure Spanish melody was poured into the delighted ears of my friend and myself. The thoughts that arose in our minds were doubtless of a similar kind; and yet how strange that our hearts should have been warmed to love by beings so different in character! The gay free spirit of my comrade seemed to have met a responsive echo. He and his brilliant partner laughed, chatted, and sang in turns. In the incidents of the moment this light-hearted creature had forgotten her brother, yet the next moment she would weep for him. A tender heart—a heart of joys and sorrows—of ever-changing emotions, coming and passing like shadows thrown by straggling clouds upon the sunlit stream!

Unlike was our converse—more serious. We may not laugh, lest we should profane the holy sentiment that is stealing upon us. There is no mirth in love. There are joy, pleasure, luxury; but laughter finds no echo in the heart that loves. Love is a feeling of anxiety—of expectation. The harp is set aside. The guitar lies untouched for a sweeter music—the music that vibrates from the strings of the heart. Are our eyes not held together by some invisible chain? Are not our souls in communion through some mysterious means? It is not language—at least, not the language of words; for we are conversing upon indifferent things—not indifferent either. Narciso, Narciso—a theme fraternal. His peril casts a cloud over our happiness.

"Oh that he were here—then we should be happy indeed!"

"He will return; fear not—grieve not; to-morrow your father will easily find him. I shall leave no means untried to restore him to you and a sister."

"Thanks! thanks! Oh, we are already indebted to you so much!"

Are those eyes swimming with love, or gratitude, or both at once? Surely gratitude alone does not speak so wildly. Could this scene not last for ever?"

"Good night—good night!"

"Señores, pasean Vds. buena noche!" (Gentlemen, may you pass a pleasant night!)

They are gone, and those oval developments of face and figure are floating before me, as though the body itself were still present. It is the soft memory of love in all its growing distinctness!

* * * * * * * * * *

We were shown to our sleeping apartments. Our men picketed their horses under the olives, and slept in the bamboo rancho, a single sentry walking his rounds during the night.
CHAPTER XXVII.

A TOUGH NIGHT OF IT AFTER ALL.

I entered my chamber—to sleep? No. And yet it contained a bed fit for Morpheus—a bed canopied and curtained with cloth from the looms of Damascus; shining rods roofed upwards, and met in an ornamental design, where the god of sleep, fanned by virgins of silver, reclined upon a couch of roses.

I drew aside the curtains—a bank of snow—pillows as if prepared for the cheek of a beautiful bride. I had not slept in a bed for two months. A close crib in a transport ship—a “shake-down” among the scorpions and spiders of Lobos—a single blanket among the sandhills, where it was not unusual to wake up half-buried by the drift.

These were my souvenirs. Fancy the prospect! It certainly invited repose; and yet I was in no humour to sleep. My brain was in a whirl. The strange incidents of the day—some of them were mysterious—crowded into my mind. My whole system, mental as well as physical, was flushed; and thought followed thought with nervous rapidity.

My heart shared the excitement—chords long silent had been touched—the divine element was fairly enthroned. I was in love!

It was not the first passion of my life, and I easily recognized it. Even jealousy had begun to distil its poison—“Don Santiago!”

I was standing in front of a large mirror, when I noticed two small miniatures hanging against the wall, one on each side of the glass.

I bent over to examine first that which hung upon the right. I gazed with emotion. They were her features. “And yet,” thought I, “the painter has not flattered her; it might better represent her ten years hence: still the likeness is there. Stupid artist!” I turned to the other. “Her fair sister, no doubt. Gracious Heaven! Do my eyes deceive me? No! the black, wavy hair, the arching brows, the sinister lip—Dubrose!”

A sharp pang shot through my heart. I looked at the picture again and again, with a kind of incredulous bewilderment; but every fresh examination only strengthened conviction. “There is no mistaking those features; they are his!” Paralysed with the shock, I sank into a chair, my heart filled with the most painful emotions.

For some moments I was unable to think, much less to act.

“What can it mean? Is this accomplished villain a fiend—the fiend of my existence—thus to cross me at every point, perhaps in the end to—”

Our mutual dislike at first meeting—Lobos—his reappearance upon the sandhills—the mystery of his passing the lines, and again appearing with the guerilleros—all came forcibly upon my recollection; and now—I seized the lamp, and rushed back to the pictures.

“Yes, I am not mistaken; it is he, it is she; her features—all, all. And thus, too!—the position—side by side—counterparts! There are no others on the wall; matched, mated, perhaps betrothed! His name, too, Don Emilio! The American who taught them English! His is Emile—the voice on the island cried ‘Emile!’ Oh, the coincidence is complete! This villain, handsome and accomplished as he is, has been here before me. Betrothed, perhaps married, perhaps—Torture—horrible!”

I reeled back to my chair, dashing the lamp recklessly upon the table. I know not how long I sat, but a world of wintry thoughts passed through my heart and brain. A clock striking from a large picture awoke me from my reverie. I did not count the hours. Music began to play behind the picture.
It was a sad sweet air, that chimed with my feelings, and to some extent soothed them. I rose at length, and hastily undressing, threw myself upon the bed, mentally resolving to forget all—to forget that I had ever seen her.

"I will rise early—return to camp without meeting her; and once there, my duties will drive away this painful fancy. The drum and the fife and the roar of the cannon will drown remembrance. Ha! it was only a passing thought at best—the hallucination of a moment. I shall easily get rid of it. Ha! ha!"

I laid my fevered cheek upon the soft cold pillow. I felt composed—almost happy.

"A Creole of New Orleans! How could he have been here? Oh! have I not the explanation already? Why should I dwell on it?"

A jealous heart—it is easy to say "forget."

I tried to prevent my thoughts from returning to this theme. I directed them to a thousand things—to the ships, to the landing, to the army, to the soldiers, to the buttons upon their jackets and the swabs upon their shoulders—to everything I could think of: all in vain. Back, back, back, in painful throes it came, and my heart throbbed and my brain burned with bitter memories freshly awakened.

I turned and tossed upon my couch for many a long hour. The clock in the picture struck, and played the same music again and again, still soothing me as before. Even despair has its moments of respite; and worn out with fatigue, mental as well as physical, I listened to the sad sweet strain until it died away into my dreams.

(To be continued.)

BLINDNESS OF PASSION;
OR, THE MISTAKES OF A KAMTSCHATKAN BEAR.

FISH, which forms the bear's chief nourishment, and which they procure for themselves in the rivers, was one year excessively scarce in Kamtschatka. A great famine consequently existed among them, and instead of retiring to their dens, they wandered about the whole winter—and even into the streets of the town of St. Peter and St. Paul. One of them, finding the outer gate of a house open, entered, and the gate accidentally closed after him. The woman of the house had just filled a large teakettle with boiling water, and the bear smelt it to it and burnt his nose. Provoked at the pain, he vented all his fury on the kettle, folded his forepaws round it, and pressed it with his whole strength against his breast to crush it. Of course he burnt himself more and more! The horrible growl which rage and pain forced from him, brought all the inhabitants of the house and neighbourhood to the spot, and poor Bruin was soon dispatched with shots from the window. He has, however, immortalized his memory, and become a proverb amongst the townspeople; for when any one injures himself by his own violence, they call him "The bear with the teakettle."
THE SAXON'S OATH:
A TALE OF THE TIMES OF ROBIN HOOD.

CHAPTER XV.

A SKIRMISH, AND ITS RESULTS.

"O ARMS! to arms!" shouted the Sheriff of Nottingham. "We are betrayed! we are betrayed! That villain Robin Hood is at the bottom of all the mischief that occurs in these parts, and in many others probably. To arms, I say!—to arms!"

Good reason had the sheriff to cry "To arms! to arms!" for ere the echoes of Robin Hood's shrill horn had died away, a troop, not of peaceful citizens eager to enjoy the pleasure of seeing a fellow-creature hanged, but of well-armed foresters, with bow and targe and sword, was seen springing out of the neighbouring copse, and hurrying as fast as their nimble legs could carry them towards the castle.

The sight made Will Stutely and the redoubtable Little John, as they manfully stood back to back, ply their weapons with even greater energy than at first. If they could hold their own for a minute or two longer, life and liberty might be secured; but if once they were dragged within those iron portals, death would be their lot. In vain the sheriff's men swarmed round them like hornets, with sword and battle-axe; but could not shoot their bolts or arrows without a good chance of killing some of their friends.

The sheriff and his attendant knights sent into the castle for their spears, hoping to get a few effectual prongs at the outlaws before the arrival of their friends. The non-combatants among the Norman party, or those who had no arms in their hands, hurried into the castle; for, however satisfactory men may find it to slaughter each other, even in those good old days, when life was held at a very cheap rate and all classes, from the king downwards, enjoyed a free-trade in murdering, people did not like to get killed if they could help it, and they saw from the number of enemies gathering around that there would be some pretty sharp fighting.

The sheriff would himself have gladly retired with becoming dignity within his stone walls before the foresters could come to blows with him, and he shouted to his men-at-arms to dispatch the prisoner and the audacious stranger forthwith, or to bring them along dead or alive; but the order was more easily given than executed.

Not two minutes had passed since Little John had struck the first blow for Will's liberty, than the whole body of outlaws were engaged hand to hand with the followers of the sheriff. Yard shafts and bolts were flying thickly—battle-axes and swords were clashing furiously. Still Little John and Will were fighting alone, for the Normans, thronging thickly around them, seemed determined to wreak vengeance on their heads.

Robin Hood, seeing the danger of his two friends, sword in hand made a desperate charge towards them, against the wall of iron-clad soldiers, who turned fiercely to encounter him. Neither iron helm nor breastplate could withstand the furious sweep of his sword. Soon the men-at-arms gave way
before it. Some fell wounded to the ground, and the rest turned and ran off to get out of its way, leaving Will and Little John at liberty.

Robin Hood then saw at a glance that far more than he had purposed could be done. The stronghold of his enemy, and the oppressor of all the surrounding peasantry, might be taken by a sudden assault. The gates were open. He and his men might fight their way in with their retreating foes. He knew, too, the aid which was speedily to arrive.

"On! on! my brave yeomen," he shouted. "On, and the castle of Falconhurst is ours!"

The outlaws needed not a second command. The well-known notes of their chief's horn summoned those at a distance. On together they rushed, but, brave as they were, they had not the advantage of the style of discipline possessed by the followers of the sheriff. The latter, instead of rushing helter skelter, as the outlaws had probably expected they would do, over the drawbridge and through the gates, immediately formed themselves into a compact body, and stood their ground resolutely under the walls, whence they could receive the assistance of their friends, who were already manning the battlements.

The sheriff—who was one of those brave men who love fighting so much that they always prefer living, if possible, to fight another day, and to obtain this desirable object will even condescend sometimes to take to flight, which, were it not for the importance of the end, might appear ignominious—retired to the rear of his men, through the gateway, furiously shaking his sword at the advancing outlaws.

He had reason to hurry, for a shout from the battlements made him look along the road to the west, where he saw coming on at full speed a body of knights, with lances lowered, ready to do battle. At first he thought that they were friends, but he soon discovered, by the devices on their banners and the antique shape of the shields carried by the foremost, that they were Saxons, and among the most inveterate of his enemies.

Seeing this, he summoned all who could disengage themselves from the outlaws to come within the castle walls, leaving only the men-at-arms, who were mostly mere mercenaries, to defend the entrance. It mattered not much to him if their lives were sacrificed; their pay was in arrears, and he could easily supply their places. Still, just then, as they would be useful to defend the castle till succour could arrive from Fitzwarren or other friends, he was anxious if possible to get them safe within the walls.

As soon, therefore, as the battlements on either side of the gateway could be thoroughly manned, and a strong force placed just outside the gate itself, to allow them to enter and to keep out their foes, the heavy portcullis also was lowered so that a man could just pass under it, and a slight touch would allow it to drop and crush to death any unfortunate wretch who might be beneath it. As soon, therefore, as his preparations were made, the sheriff sent a messenger to order the men-at-arms to retire through the gateway, and at the same time he despatched two others, one to Earl Fitzwarren and the other to the warlike Abbot of Bigland, who had usually two or three hundred well-armed men ready to obey his behests, praying them to come to his succour; for that, as far as he could judge, he should probably be sorely pressed by deadly foes, who were not likely to leave him till they had taken the hide off his back.

In the meantime, the party of Saxon knights were advancing, with spears in rest, at full speed. The wide open green space, which extended for a considerable distance from the castle, was particularly favourable to horsemen, and although as they drew near, shafts and bolts were thickly showered on them from the walls, they came on at too much speed to allow the bowmen to take steady aim.

The men-at-arms saw this formidable body of enemies approaching,
the same time got the order from the sheriff to retire. They commenced retreating shoulder to shoulder in good order, fighting as they did so, and keeping their assailants at bay.

Before, however, they reached the gate of the castle, a shout from the rams-parts attracted their attention, and once more they halted. A large body of horsemen was seen approaching, some with the Fitzwarren arms and banners, but the larger number were habited in the royal livery of England. The noise of the strife had reached their ears, and observing the signals made to them from the towers, they pushed on, to place themselves between the castle gates and the sheriff's assailants.

In those days the Crown of England, or rather the person who ministered its affairs, was held in very little respect by a large number of the people of England. King Richard had been long absent in the Holy Land, or a prisoner in Germany, and Prince John, who had usurped his authority, had done his best, by his cruelties and exactions, to alienate the hearts of the people from their sovereign. The royal banners, therefore, served rather to inflame the anger of the Saxon party, and they also pushed on with redoubled fury to attack the new comers.

The men-at-arms found ample occupation in defending themselves from Robin Hood and his followers. The two parties of horsemen were therefore left to engage each other. They met with a shock which shook the very ground over which they rode, for there were stalwart knights on both sides. Spears were splintered against their opponents' shields, swords were drawn, and battle-axes wielded by sturdy arms. The stamping of the horses, the clash of swords, and the heavier ring of the battle-axes, mingling with the shouts of the combatants, sounded loudly through the air, reverberating among the walls of the fortress.

Sir Michael led the Saxons, ably supported by the Thane of Barnessdale and the two stranger knights. Several knights of no mean renown in arms headed the Normans; the latter, too, greatly outnumbered the former, and enjoyed besides the very great advantage of support from the castle walls, whence thick showers of bolts and shafts came rattling down on the heads of their opponents.

Still the sturdy Saxons, with the indomitable courage which has always distinguished them, returned again and again to the charge. Several on both sides had fallen, and instead of the slight skirmish which it was expected would take place in carrying off Will Stutly, a fierce and bloody battle was commenced, the rage and fury of the combatants making up for the fakeness of their numbers.

"One more charge, and we will drive these Normans through the stone walls!" cried Sir Michael, flourishing a new spear, which he had just obtained from his page.

His followers dashed on, but the Normans stood like a wall. Riding boldly among the first were Ulric and Edmund, eager to distinguish themselves under the eyes of the stranger knights. In his impetuosity Edmund was separated from his companions. A Norman knight seemed to recognize him.

"Ah! ah! you have escaped before, Sir Saxon, but you shall not again," he exclaimed, and setting furiously on him, aided by his squire and two or three men-at-arms, he hurled him to the ground. Ulric saw his friend fall.

"A rescue! a rescue!" he shouted. The cry called the attention of Sir Michael to his son, round whose fallen body the fight became more furious than ever—the Normans endeavouring to make the young thane prisoner, the Saxons to rescue him. At length the Normans gave way, and Little John and Will Stutly, with two or three followers, rushing in, Edmund was lifted up by them and carried off to the rear. The Normans, finding that they could not drive off their assailants, retreated towards the gates, those nearest them
hurrying in, while a choice body of knights and armed horsemen drew up to cover their retreat, and then suddenly wheeling round, dashed at headlong speed under the portcullis, which fell with a loud clang before any of the Saxons could reach it. Sir Michael now directed his party to retreat out of the reach of the shafts which continued to be shot from the walls. Edmund was found to be alive, but so severely wounded, that it was evident he could not bear the journey to Barnessdale without risk to his life.

Humbling as it was to the pride of Sir Michael and his friends, they were obliged to confess that they could not attack the castle with any prospect of success, strengthened as it now was by so large an addition to its garrison. They therefore decided to retreat towards the forest country, where at their leisure they might arrange some other enterprise. Sir Michael rode by the side of his son, whose pale countenance and sunken eyes alarmed him. In those days medical science was in a very rude state; such as existed, was practised principally by the monks and friars among the Christians, though the Jews were supposed to possess some of the more valuable secrets of the healing art.

Sir Michael was in a state of perplexity, for it was scarcely to be hoped that either monk or Jew could be found in time to render any service to his unfortunate son. While meditating on the matter, he was joined by the outlaw leader, who quickly divined his thoughts.

"Entrust your son to me, Sir Michael," he said. "Depend on it he shall be well cared for. I know of a leech who dwells not far from this, and in whose skill I have unbounded confidence. The issues of life and death are not in man’s hands, but what man can do will, I am sure, be done."

The knight warmly thanked the outlaw, and accepted his offer.

"You must, however, allow my people to carry him thither, for the leech wishes to remain unknown, and would not be pleased to see strangers."

Sir Michael having already had ample experience of the trustworthiness of the outlaw, without hesitation committed his son to his charge. Six of the foresters, at a signal from their chief, took charge of the young knight, and the same number forming a guard round his litter, they soon disappeared with him among the trees of the forest.

---

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW NORMAN KNIGHTS MADE LOVE TO SAXON MAIDENS.

MONG the men who have sat on the throne of England, John was one of the worst sovereigns, and yet Richard of the Lion Heart, though possessing certain qualities which demand our admiration, was, in his character of king, not a whit the better. During his reign he was six months in England; four months before he went on his mad expedition to the Holy Land, and during two months after his return. He regarded England only in the light of a rich mine, whence he could draw supplies of men and money, with which he could carry on those warlike exploits in which he chiefly delighted. His absence, however, had one good effect. It taught the English people to depend on themselves and to govern themselves, though they naturally did so at first in a somewhat rough and irregular manner, being fonder of appealing to the sword than to the law. This mode of proceeding, however, compelled the two nationalities—the
Normans and Saxons—to associate more than they had hitherto done, and paved the way for the creation of Magna Charta, which, if not truly the basis of English liberty, was a great step towards its ultimate establishment.

When King Richard started for Palestine—having already appropriated as much of the wealth of the kingdom as he could obtain—he left the government in the hands of William de Longchamp, the chancellor, a native of Beauvais in France, and who was also Bishop of Ely. He is described as “a grasping priest, who, slighting the English nation on all occasions, attended by a troop of Franks and Flemings, moved pompously along, bearing a sneer in his nostrils, a grin on his features, derision in his eyes, and superciliousness on his brow. He and his revellers at length so exhausted the kingdom, that they did not leave a man his halls, a woman her necklace, a nobleman his ring, or anything of value, even to a Jew.”

This account is evidently written by an enemy of the chancellor, whom John at length succeeded in getting deposed, not so much that he desired it for the good of the people, but that he might himself indulge unchecked in the same practices. He, however, soon after this, began to entertain the design of usurping the crown; and when the news reached England that Richard, the hero of the crusades, had fallen into the hands of the Emperor of Germany, there appeared every probability of his being able speedily to realize his hopes. With this object in view, he endeavoured, as far as his ungracious character would allow, to ingratiate himself with the people, and for that purpose he was, at the time our story commences, making a rapid tour of the country. He did not obtain much by so doing, for neither his manners nor habits were such as to gain the love or esteem of the people. If Longchamp had taken the ornaments of the people, he took the very clothes from off the backs of those who offended him, though his policy was to court popularity among the multitude. While he robbed he made fine speeches; while he murdered with one hand, he held out the other to offer a friendly greeting. Without a grain of religious or moral principle, false, treacherous, debauched, and heartless, John’s evil deeds were only limited by his power to do ill.

We must now return to the castle of Beauregard. The arrival of the wretched remains of Sir Brian’s troop of free lances, some actually headless, others with arrows through their bodies, and others desperately wounded, scarcely one having escaped uninjured, caused great dismay at the castle. Earl Fitzwarren swore and stamped, and declared that he would be revenged on the daring outlaws who had been guilty of the outrage. His threats, even had they been heard, would not have created any great amount of alarm in the breasts of the foresters, as they were such as had been uttered over and over again by the Sheriff of Nottingham and himself with the same results. They would have been glad enough to cook their hare, but they could not catch him.

Sir Brian was the only one who could give any lucid account of what had occurred. He had to confess that he had been caught napping, and that on waking he had found himself seated in most unknighthly fashion, with his face to the tail of his horse and his feet lashed beneath him. He also declared that he had recognized the Thane of Barnessdale instigating and abetting those who had committed the outrage.

“Then we will burn his castle to the ground, and put all the inmates to the sword,” exclaimed the earl; “that, at all events, cannot run away and hide itself. I am glad of a sufficient excuse to attack the thane, and,” he muttered to himself, “methinks I shall now humble the pride of his fair daughter.”

Sir Brian, however, declared that he was so ashamed of what had occurred, that he could never hold lance in rest again, but that he would turn monk and go into a convent, or start off on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.
"Tut, tut, man," answered the earl. "You are to good a soldier to be guilty of any such folly. You will soon collect another company, and I will give you work enough in subjecting these Saxon churls, and you may thus gratify your feelings of revenge on their heads. I can just fancy you with a herd of them before you, and the recollection of last night's ride in your mind, with what hearty goodwill you would ride at them; how you would scatter them like chaff, and how your thirsty sword would drink up their life-blood."

"Your arguments are irresistible, noble Earl," answered the knight; "I will get the dead among my fellows buried, the wounded looked after, and will make a speech to the rest to the effect of what you have now said."

"I thought so," said the earl, who well knew the coarser motives which actuate such men as Sir Brian, and was pleased at securing an instrument to carry out his own objects. While, therefore, Sir Michael and the thane were preparing to attack Beauregard, in the hopes of effecting the rescue of the Lady Godiva, the Earl of Fitzwarren was contemplating the destruction of Barnessdale and all its inmates.

One thing only might have made him turn aside from his purpose. Since the Lady Godiva had become his prisoner, he had several times visited her, and each time he had been more and more struck by her youthful beauty—obscured though it was by grief and indignation. He might certainly burn her father's castle and obtain his lands, but even in those days that mode of gaining property did not always afford a secure title; and King Richard might come back, and for the sake of ingratiating himself with the Saxons insist on the restoration of property wrung from them by force, or some more powerful noble might wrest it from him; or, which was still more likely, his dear friend Prince John might lay claim to it, and use very little ceremony in taking possession of its revenues. A far more secure way would be to put young Ulric out of the way, and then to marry the Lady Godiva, who would thus become the heiress of Barnessdale. The idea of killing the brother and then marrying the sister did not in the least shock his conscience—or, if it should at any time give him a twinge, he could without difficulty obtain absolution from the Pope, who would be ready to grant it, for a consideration, for far greater crimes than those he contemplated.

Such were the feelings which animated his bosom, and prompted by them he sought the prison chamber of the Lady Godiva at the very time which has already been described in this history, when her young cousin Nigel was paying her a visit. It seemed almost impossible that the young page could escape without encountering the earl, and the Lady Godiva trembled for her new-found relative's safety. Nigel, however, having been brought up in the castle since his childhood, knew it better than even the owner himself. Pointing to a panel in the wainscoting of the lower part of the room, he stepped noiselessly towards it. He pressed against it; it opened—and a recess was exhibited, into which he glided, closing the panel behind him, at the very instant that the door of the chamber opened and the fierce Earl of Fitzwarren entered.

The Lady Godiva tried to compose her feelings, so that she might meet her oppressor with a calm countenance. She replaced herself in the attitude in which young Nigel had found her, and did not look up, though she heard the earl enter the room.

He stood silent for some moments, with his hands hanging down before him, as if to show sorrow and respect. He had laid aside his armour, and was habited in the rich and somewhat fantastic costume of a nobleman of that period when at home. Finding that the young lady was determined to say nothing, he was at length obliged to speak.

"I fear, beautiful girl, that I have offended you by my threats and the rough
way in which I the other day spoke to you,” he said in a subdued voice, scarcely lifting his eyes from the floor. “I come to crave your forgiveness and entreat that I may be reinstated in your favour.”

“It does not become a jailor to ask forgiveness of his captive,” answered the young lady, for the first time venturing to glance up at the earl.

“It is I who am the captive—you are the jailor,” exclaimed the earl, at the same time bowing low. “I cannot rest till I have obtained your forgiveness. Oh, say that you will grant it!”

“It is cruel mockery to speak thus!” said the young lady. “Prove your sincerity by setting me free.”

“You shall be free as the lark when she soars on high in the morning air, sweet lady, if you will grant me but one favour,” exclaimed the earl, bending humbly towards Godiva, and attempting to take her hand.

“I know of no favour which I can by any possibility have it in my power to grant,” answered the young lady, endeavouring to conceal her agitation by a firm a voice as she could command.

“You know not your own power, fair lady,” said the earl, assuming a gentle voice, which sounded affected and unnatural. “I will confess at once that you have enslaved me by your beauty and your fascinating manner, and that I desire to make you my countess; and believe me that there are not many damsels in England would refuse so proud a position.”

“I am glad to hear that such is the case,” answered the Lady Godiva, with more animation than she had hitherto shown, “because there will then be no difficulty in finding a fair lady to fill the post which it is impossible for me to occupy.”

“It is you who are now mocking at me!” exclaimed the earl. “Why cannot you, lady, occupy the position I offer?”

“Simply because I love another, and feel no love for you,” answered the Saxon maiden, in a firm voice.

The fierce earl laughed scornfully. “He whom you love is dead; and the Earl of Fitzwarren is not accustomed to have his offers declined,” he answered in an angry tone.

“And I may say that Saxon maidens are not accustomed to give their hands to those to whom they cannot give their hearts,” said the young lady.

In vain the earl pleaded. At length he lost patience, and exclaimed, “You will soon have to learn, fair lady, that there are those who have wills more powerful than your own. I leave you now. Understand that if you remain contumacious, means will be found to compel you to do as I desire.”

Godiva on hearing these words, felt that she would gain more by a bold than a humble bearing. Rising to her feet, and supporting herself by the back of the chair, she faced the earl, and answered—

“You may boast, my Lord of Fitzwarren, of your knighthood and of your manhood, but remember that it is the act of a coward and a tyrant to oppress the weak and helpless. I cannot give you my love—that is another’s. If you take my hand by force, as you threaten, you will only gain a lifeless form. Then be generous, and let me go free—by detaining me you will assuredly bring down the vengeance of my kindred and my friends on your head.”

The earl laughed scornfully. “We shall see—we shall see whether the Earl of Fitzwarren or the Thane of Barnessdale is the most powerful in these realms!” he exclaimed; and without even a word of common courtesy he turned on his heel and descended the stairs.

No sooner had the echoes of his footsteps died along the passage, than the page emerged from his concealment.

“I heard every word the fierce Earl said,” he exclaimed; “and often did I feel inclined to rush out and strike my dagger into the heart of the destroyer of my kindred and friends. Had he dared to offer you any insult I would
have done so without a moment's hesitation. But there is no time to be lost, fair cousin; you must fly from hence this very night. I will be your guide and escort, and either accomplish your liberation, or die with you."

Godiva could not refuse her young cousin's offer, though she trembled for his safety. He did his utmost to make her believe that the risk was but slight, and that he was so well acquainted with the castle and all the country round, that he should find no difficulty in accomplishing the undertaking. All preliminary arrangements having been made between them, he hurried away, saying that the earl might be seeking for him, and that suspicion would be aroused if he was not to be found.

When he was gone the young girl gave way to a flood of tears. Relieved by them she nervèd herself to encounter the numerous dangers which beset her path. She thought, however, much less of herself than of her friends, who she knew would risk their lives to obtain her freedom should Nigel be unable to accomplish the plan he proposed. Some time had passed, and the shades of evening cast a gloom into her prison chamber, when a light step approached the door, and Nigel appeared.

"I have come to announce what I trust may be good news, fair cousin," he said. "Prince John has arrived at the castle with a large retinue, who, together, will give ample occupation to the Earl and all his attendants. Be of good cheer, therefore, fair cousin! we shall have even less risk of interference than I had expected. I must not wait, for I have to attend the Earl—but I could not resist the temptation of letting you know what had happened. I will come back again as soon as I can and tell you more. Farewell, sweet cousin."

And the young page hurried again down the stairs.

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

Dancing, foaming, splashing
In a ceaseless tide,
Comes the laughing water
Down the mountain side.

Flashing in the sunlight,
Softened in the spots
Where the trees o'ershadow
Blue forget-me-nots.

Where the streamlet eddies
'Neath the mossy sides,
There the foamwreath glitters,
And the lily hides;
Then like arrow onward,
Dancing in its way,
Singing gladsome music
All the summer day.

Then its play is over,
And it flows along
O'er the fertile valley,
With a calmer song;
Peaceful in its sadness,
For its empty glee,
Stedfast, firm, unchanging,
Till it gains the sea.

Thus the rill resembles
Childhood's happy day;
Everything is joyous,
Everything is gay.
But the bubble over,
And the brightness past,
Softly on it wanders
To the sea at last.

SOMEBODY.
THE TRAVELLING PEDLAR AND THE PICCANINNY.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Henry Warner was owner and cultivator of a small farm in one of the oldest, most fertile, and most beautiful counties of the State of Pennsylvania, not far from the Maryland line. Henry was a plain Quaker, and a man of quiet and primitive habits. He was totally devoid of all ambitious cravings after tracts of ten thousand acres, and he aspired not to the honour and glory of having his name given to a town in the western wilderness (though War- ner ville would not have sounded badly), neither was he possessed of an unconquerable desire of becoming a judge, or of going to congress. He was satisfied with the possession of two hundred acres, one-half of which he had lent (not given) to his son Samuel, who expected shortly to be married to a very pretty and notable young woman in the neighbourhood, who was, however, no heiress.

Upon this event, Samuel was to be established in an old frame house that had long since been abandoned by his father, in favour of the substantial stone dwelling which the family occupied at the period of our story. In America, frame or wooden houses are so constructed, that they can be removed with little difficulty to a convenient distance. They are raised from the ground by levers, then placed on cartwheels, and drawn by horses or oxen to their new location. Strangers find something irresistibly ludicrous in the spectacle of a house on its travels.

The house had been taken up and transplanted to that part of the farm now allotted to Samuel, and he very prudently deferred repairing it till he saw whether it survived its progress across the domain. But as it did not fall asunder during the journey, it was judged worthy of a new front door, new window-panes, and new shingles to cover the vast chasms of the roof; all which improvements were made by Samuel's own hands. This house was deposited in the vicinity of the upper branch of the creek, and conveniently near to a sawmill which had been built by Samuel.

Like all of her sect, whether in town or country, Sarah, the wife of Henry Warner, was a woman of even temper, untiring industry, and great skill in housewifery. Her daughters, commonly called Amy and Orphy, were neat pretty little Quaker girls, extremely alert, and accustomed from their earliest childhood to assist in the work of the house. As her daughters were so handy and industrious, and only went half the year to school, Mrs. Warner did not think it necessary to keep any other servant than a negro girl, named Cloe.

Except the marriage of Samuel, which was now in prospect; a flood in the neighbouring creek, which had raised the water so high as to wash away the brick oven from the side of the house; a tornado that carried off the roof of the old stable and landed it whole in an adjoining clover field; and a visit from a family of beggars (an extraordinary phenomenon in the country), nothing occurred among the Warners for a long succession of years that had occasioned more than a month's talk of the mother, and a month's listening of the children. "They kept the even tenour of their way." The occupations
of Samuel and his father (assisted occasionally by a few hired men) were of course those of the farm, except when Samuel took a day now and then to attend to his sawmill.

It was about a month before the one fixed for the wedding of Samuel, that something like an adventure fell among the Warner family.

It was a beautiful evening at the close of August. The father and son had been all day in the meadows, mowing the second crop of grass; Mrs. Warner was darning stockings in the porch, with her two daughters knitting on the bench beside her; Amy being then fourteen, and Orphy about twelve. Cloe was absent.

"Come, girls," said Mrs. Warner to her daughters, "it's just sundown. The geese are coming home, and daddy and Samuel will soon be here. Amy, do thee go down to the spring-house, and bring up the milk and butter; and Orphy, thee can set the table."

The two girls put up their knitting, and in a short time Amy was seen coming back from the spring-house, with a large pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. In the meantime, Orphy had drawn out the ponderous claw-footed walnut table that stood all summer in the porch, and spreading over it a brown linen cloth, placed in regular order their every-day supper-equipage of pewter plates, earthen porrings, and iron spoons.

The viands consisted of an immense loaf of bread, made of wheat and Indian meal, the half of a huge cheese, a piece of cold pork, a peach pie, and an apple pie; and as it had been baking-day, there was a customary addition of a rice pudding, in an earthen pan of stupendous size. The last finish of the decorations of the table was a large bowl of cold water, placed near the seat occupied by the father of the family, who never could begin any of his meals without a copious draught of the pure element.

In a few minutes the farmer and his son made their appearance as they turned the angle of the peach-orchard fence, preceded by the geese, which went out every morning to feed in an old field beyond the meadows.

As soon as Henry and Samuel had hung up their scythes, and washed themselves at the pump, they sat down to table; the farmer in his own blue-painted, high-backed, high-armed chair, and Samuel taking the seat always allotted to him—a low chair, the rushes of which, having long since deserted the bottom, had been replaced by cross-pieces of cloth listing, ingeniously interwoven with each other; and this being, according to the general opinion, the worst seat in the house, always fell to the share of the young man, who was usually passive on all occasions, and never seemed to consider himself entitled to the same accommodation as the rest of the family.

Suddenly the shrill blast of a tin trumpet resounded through the woods that covered the hill in front of the house, to the great disturbance of the geese, who had settled themselves quietly for the night in their usual bivouac around the ruins of an old waggon. The Warners ceased their supper to listen and look; and they saw, emerging from the woods and rattling down the hill at a brisk trot, the cart of one of those itinerant tin merchants who travel from one end of the Union to the other, avoiding the cities and seeking customers among the country people; who besides buying their ware, always invite them to a meal and a bed.

The tinman came blowing his horn to the steps of the porch, and there stopping his cart, addressed the farmer's wife in the true nasal twang that characterizes the lower class of New Englanders, and inquired "if she had any notion of a bargain." She replied that "she believed she had no occasion for anything," her customary answer to all such questions. But Samuel, who looked into futurity, and entertained views towards his own housekeeping, stepped forward to the tincart, and began to take down and examine various mugs, pans, kettles, and coffee-pots—the latter particularly, as he had a
passion for coffee, which he secretly determined to indulge both morning and evening as soon as he was settled in his domicile.

"Mother," said Amy, "I do wish thee would buy a new coffee-pot, for ours has been leaking all the summer, and I have to stop it every morning with rye meal; then knows we can give the old one to Samuel."

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Warner, "it will do well enough for young beginners. But I cannot say I feel quite free to buy a new coffee-pot at this time. I must consider about it."

"And there's the cullender," said Orphy, "it has such a big crack at the bottom, that when I am preparing the vegetables for dinner, not only the water but the vegetables themselves drip through. Better give it to Samuel, and get a new one for ourselves."

"What's this?" she continued, taking up a tin water-dipper.

"That's for dipping water out of the bucket," replied the tinman.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amy, "I've seen such a one at Rachel Johnson's. What a clever thing it is! with a good long handle, so that there's no danger of splashing the water on our clothes. Do buy it, mother. Thee knows that Samuel can have the big calabash: I patched it myself yesterday where it was broken, and bound the edge with new tape, and it's now as good as ever."

"I don't know," said the farmer, "that we want anything but a new lantern, for ours had the socket burnt out long before these moonlight nights, and it's dangerous work taking a candle into the stable."

The tinman, knowing that our plain old farmers, though extremely liberal of everything that is produced on their plantations, are very tenacious of coin, and much averse to parting with actual money, recommended his wares more on account of their cheapness than their goodness; and, in fact, the price of most of the articles was much lower than they could be purchased for at the stores.

Old Henry thought there was no absolute necessity for anything except the lantern; but his daughters were so importunate for the coffee-pot, the cullender, and the water-dipper, that finally all three were purchased and paid for. The tinman in vain endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Warner to buy some large patty-pans, which the girls looked at with longing eyes; and he reminded them how pretty the pumpkin pies would look baked in scollop-edged tins. But this purchase was peremptorily refused by the good Quaker woman; alleging that scollop-edged pies were all pride and vanity, and that, if properly made, they were quite good enough baked in round plates.

The travelling merchant then produced divers boxes and phials of quack medicines, prepared at a celebrated manufactory of those articles, and duly sealed with the maker's own seal, and inscribed with his name in his own handwriting. "Among these," he said, "there were certain cures for every complaint in natur; draps for the agur, the toothache, and the rheumatiz; salves for ringworms, corns, frost-bitten heels, and pills for consumption and fevers; beside that most valuable of all physic, Swain's Wormifuge."

The young people exclaimed with one accord against the purchase of any of the medicines; and business being over, the tinman was invited by the farmer to sit down and take supper with the family; an invitation as freely accepted as given.

The twilight was now closing, but the full moon had risen, and afforded sufficient light for the supper table in the porch. The tinman took a seat, and before Mrs. Warner had finished her usual invitation to strangers of— "Reach to, and help thyself; we are poor hands at inviting, but thee's welcome to it, such as it is," he had already cut himself a huge piece of the cold pork, and an enormous slice of bread. He next poured out a porringer of milk, to which he afterwards added one-third of the peach pie, and several plates-full of rice pudding. He then said, "I suppose you havn't got no cider
about the house;" and Samuel, at his father's desire, immediately brought up a pitcher of that liquor from the cellar.

During supper the tinman entertained his hosts with anecdotes of the roguery of his own countrymen. In his opinion of their general dishonesty Mrs. Warner most cordially joined. She related a story of an itinerant Yankee* who persuaded her to empty some of her pillows and bolsters, under colour of exchanging with him old feathers for new; a thing which she acknowledged had puzzled her not a little, as she thought it strange that any man should bargain so badly for himself. He produced from his cart a bag of feathers which he declared were quite new; but after his departure she found that he had given her such short measure that she had not half enough to fill her ticking, and most of the feathers were proved, upon examination, to have belonged to chickens rather than to geese—nearly a whole cock's tail having been found amongst them.

The farmer pointed into the open door of the house, and showed the tinman a large wooden clock, put up without a case between two windows, the pendulum and the weights being "exposed and bare." This clock he had bought, for ten dollars of a travelling Yankee, who had set out to supply the country with these machines. It had only kept tolerable time for about two months, and had ever since been getting faster and faster, though it was still faithfully wound up every week. The hands were now going merrily round at the rate of ten miles an hour, and it never struck less than twelve.

The Yankee tinman, with a candour that excited the admiration of the whole family, acknowledged that his countrymen were the greatest rogues "on the face of the yearth;" and recounted instances of their trickery that would have startled the belief of any but the inexperienced and credulous people who were now listening to him. He told, for example, of sausages being brought to market in the eastern towns, that when purchased and prepared for frying, were found to be filled with chopped turnip and shreds of red flannel.

For once, thought the Warners, we have found an honest Yankee.

They sat a long while at table, and though the tinman seemed to talk all the time he was eating, the quantity of victuals that he caused to disappear surprised even Mrs. Warner, accustomed as she was to the appetite of Samuel. When the Yankee had at last completed his supper, the farmer invited him to stay all night; but he replied, "That as it was moonshiny, and fine cool travelling after a warm day, he preferred putting on towards Maryland as soon as his creature was rested, and had a feed."

He then, without more ceremony, led his horse and cart into the barnyard, and stopping near the stable door, fed the animal by the light of the moon, and carried him a bucket of water from the pump.

The girls being reminded by their mother that it was late, and that the cows had long since come home, they took their pails and went out to milk, while she washed up the supper things. While they were milking, the subsequent dialogue took place between them.

Orphy. I know it's not right to notice strangers, and to be sure the man's welcome; but, Amy, did thee ever see anybody take victuals like this Yankee?

Amy. Yes, but he didn't eat all he took, for I saw him slip a great chunk of bread and cheese into his pocket, and then a big piece of pie, while he was talking and making us laugh.

Orphy. Well, I think a man must be very badly off to do such a thing. I wonder he did not ask for victuals to take away with him. He need not have been afraid. He must know that victuals is no object. And then he has travelled the roads long enough to be sure that he can get a meal for nothing.

* In America the inhabitants of the eastern states only are called Yankees.
at any house he stops at, as all the tinmen do. He must have seen us looking
at his eating so much, and maybe his pride is hurt, and so he's made up his
mind, all of a sudden, to take his meals no more at people's houses.

Amy. Then why can't he stop at a tavern, and pay for his victuals?

Orphy. Maybe he don't want to spend his money in that trifling way. Who
knows but he is saving it up to help an old mother, or to buy back land, or
something of that sort? I'll be bound he calculates upon eating nothing to-
morrow but what he slipped off from our table.

Amy. All he took will not last him a day. It's a pity, anyhow.

Orphy. I wish he had not been too bashful to ask for victuals to take
with him.

Amy. And still he did not strike me at all as a bashful man.

Orphy. Suppose we were just in a private way to put some victuals into his
cart for him, without letting him know anything about it. Let's hide it
among the tins, and how glad he'll be when he finds it to-morrow!

Amy. So he will. that's an excellent notion! I never pitied anybody so
much since the day the beggars came, which was five years ago last harvest,
for I have kept count ever since; and I remember it as well as if it was
yesterday.

Orphy. We don't know what a hard thing it is to want victuals, as the Irish
schoolmaster used to tell us when he saw us emptying pans of milk into the
pig-trough, and turning the cows into the orchard to eat the heaps of apples
laying under the trees.

Amy. Yes, and it must be much worse for an American to want victuals
than for people from the old countries.

After they had finished their milking, and strained and put away the milk,
the kind-hearted little girls proceeded to accomplish their benevolent purpose.
They took from the large wire safe in the cellar a pie, half a loaf of bread,
and a great piece of cheese, and putting them into a basket, they went to the
barnyard, intending to tell their mother as soon as the tinman was gone, and
not for a moment doubting her approval; since in the house of an American
farmer, victuals, as Orphy justly observed, is no object.

As they approached the barnyard they saw, by the light of the moon, the
Yankee coming away from his cart and returning to the house. The girls
crouched down behind the garden fence till he had passed, and then cautiously
proceeded on their errand. They went to the back of the cart, intending to
deposit their provisions, when they were startled at seeing something evidently
alive moving behind the round opening of the linen cover, and in a moment
the head of a little black child peeped out of the hole.

The girls were so surprised that they stopped short and could not utter a
word, and the young negro, evidently afraid of being seen, immediately popped
down its head among the tins.

"Amy, did thee see that?" asked Orphy, in a low voice.

"Yes, I did so," replied Amy; "what can the Yankee be doing with that
little nigger, and why does he hide it? Let's go and ask the child."

"No, no!" exclaimed Orphy; "the tinman will be angry.

"And who cares if he is?" said Amy; "he has done something he is
ashamed of, and we need not be afraid of him."

They then went quite close to the back of the cart, and Amy said, "Here,
little snowball, show thyself and speak; and do not be afraid, for nobody's
going to hurt thee."

"How did thee come into this cart?" asked Orphy, "and why does the
Yankee hide thee? Tell us all about it, and be sure not to speak above thy
breath."

The black child again peeped out of the hole, and looking cautiously round,
said, "Are you quite sure the naughty man won't hear us?"
"Quite sure," replied Amy; "but is thee a boy or a girl?"

"I'm a little gal," replied the child; and with the characteristic volubility of her race she continued, "and my name's Dinah, and I'm five year old, and my daddy and mammy are free coloured people, and they lives a big piece off, and daddy works out, and mammy sells ginger-bread and molasses-beer, and we have a sign over the door with a bottle and cake on it."

Amy. But how did this man get hold of thee, if thy father and mother are free people? Thee can't be bound to him, or he need not hide thee.

Dinah. Oh, I know I ain't bounded to him—I expect he stole me.

Amy. Stole thee! What here—in the free state of Pennsylvania?

Dinah. I was out picking huckleberries in the woods up the roads, and I strayed off a big piece from home. Then the tinman comed along, driving his cart, and I run close to the roadside to look, as I always does when anybody goes by. So he told me to come into his cart, and he would give me a tin mug to put my huckleberries in, and I might choose it myself, and it would hold them a heap better than my old Indian basket. So I was very glad, and he lifted me up into the cart, and I choosed the very best and biggest tin mug he had, and emptied my huckleberries into it. And then he told me he'd give me a ride in his cart, and then he set me far back on a box, and he whipped his horse, and druv and druv and jolsted me so, that I tumble down among the tins. And then he picked me up and tied me fast with his handkercher to one of the back posts of the cart, to keep me steady, he said. And then, for all I was steady, I couldn't help crying, and I wanted him to take me home to daddy and mammy. But he only sniggered at me, and said he wouldn't, and bid me hush; and then he got mad, and because I couldn't hush up just in a minute he whipped me quite smart.

Orphy. Poor little thing!

Dinah. And then I got frightened, for he put on a wicked look and said he'd kill me dead if I cried any more or made the least bit of noise. And so he has been carrying me along in his cart for two days and two nights, and he makes me hide away all the time, and he won't let nobody see me. And I hate him, and yesterday, when I know'd he didn't see me, I spit on the crown of his hat.

Amy. Hush!—thee must never say thee hates anybody.

Dinah. At night I sleeps upon the bag of feathers; and when he stops anywhere to eat, he comes sneaking to the back of the cart and pokes in victuals (he has just now brung me some), and he tells me he wants me to be fat and good-looking. I was afraid he was going to sell me to the butcher, as Nace Willet did his fat calf, and I thought I'd ax him about it, and he laughed and told me he was going to sell me sure enough, but not to a butcher. And I'm almost all the time very sorry, only sometimes I'm not, and I shouldn't like to play with the tins, only he won't let me. I don't dare to cry out loud, for fear the naughty man would whip me, but I always moan when we're going through woods, and there's nobody in sight to hear me. He never lets me look out of the back of the cart, only when there's nobody to see me, and he won't let me sing even when I want to. And I moan most when I think of my daddy and mammy, and how they are wondering what has become of me; and I think moaning does me good, only he stops me short.

Amy. Now, Orphy, what is to be done? The tinman has of course kidnapped this black child to take her into Maryland, where he can sell her for a good price, as she is a fat healthy-looking thing, and that is a slave state. Does thee think we ought to let him take her off?

Orphy. No, indeed! I think I could feel free to fight for her myself—that is, if fighting was not forbidden by Friends. Yonder's Samuel coming to turn the cows into the clover-field. Little girl, lay quiet, and don't offer to show yourself.
Samuel now advanced: "Well, girls," said he, "what's thee doing at the tinman's cart? Not meddling among his tins, I hope? Oh, the curiosity of women folks!"

"Samuel," said Amy, "step softly; we have something to show thee."

The girls then lifted up the corner of the cart cover, and displayed the little negro girl, crouched upon the bag of feathers—a part of his merchandize which the Yankee had not thought it expedient to produce after hearing Mrs. Warner's anecdote of one of his predecessors. The young man was much amazed, and his two sisters began both at once to relate to him the story of the black child. Samuel looked almost indignant. His sisters said to him, "To be sure we won't let the Yankee carry this child off with him."

"I judge we won't," answered Samuel.

"Then," said Amy, "let us take her out of the cart, and hide her in the barn or somewhere till he has gone."

"No," replied Samuel, "I can't say I feel free to do that. It would be too much like stealing her over again; and I've no notion of evening myself to a Yankee in any of his ways. Put her down in the cart and let her alone. I'll have no underhand work about her. Let's all go back to the house; mother has got down all the broken crockery from the top shelf in the corner cupboard, and the Yankee's mending it with a sort of stuff like sticks of sealing-wax that he carries about with him; and I dare say he'll get her to pay him more for it than the things are worth. But I say nothing."

The girls cautioned Dinah not to let the tinman know that they had discovered her, and to keep herself perfectly quiet; and they then accompanied their brother to the house, feeling very fidgety and uneasy.

They found the table covered with old bowls, old teapots, old sugar-dishes, and old pitchers; whose fractures the Yankee was cementing together, while Mrs. Warner held the candle, and her husband viewed the operation with great curiosity.

"Samuel," said his mother, as he entered, "this friend is making the china as good as new, only that we can't help seeing the join; and we are going to give all the mended things to thee."

The Yankee, having finished his work and been paid for it, said it was high time for him to be about starting, and he must go and look after his cart. He accordingly left the house for that purpose; and Samuel, looking out at the end window, exclaimed, "I see he's not coming round to the house again, but he's going to try the short cut into the back road. I'll go and see that he puts up the bars after him."

[Samuel went out, and his sisters followed him to see the tinman off.]

The Yankee came to the bars, leading his horse with the cart, and found Samuel there before him.

"Are you going to let down the bars for me?" said the tinman.

"No," replied Samuel, "I'm not going to be so polite; but I intend to see that thee carries off nothing more than belongs to thee."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Yankee, changing colour.

"I expect I can show thee," answered Samuel. Then, stepping up to the back of the cart and putting in his hands, he pulled out the black child and held her up before him, saying, "Now, if thee offers to touch this girl, I think we shall be apt to differ."

The tinman then advanced towards Samuel, and with a menacing look raised his whip; but the fearless young Quaker (having consigned the little girl to his sisters, who held her between them) immediately broke a stick from a tree that grew near, and stood on the defensive with a more stedfast look of calm resolution.

The Yankee went close up to him, brandishing his whip; but before he
had time to strike, Samuel with the utmost coolness and with great strength and dexterity seized him by the collar, and swinging him round to some distance, flung him to the ground with such force as to stun him, saying, "Mind, I don't call myself a fighting character, but if thee offers to get up, I shall feel free to keep thee down."

The tinman began to move, and the girls ran shrieking to the house for their father, dragging with them the little black girl, whose screams (as is usual with all of her colour) were the loudest of the loud.

In an instant the stout old farmer was at the side of his son; and notwithstanding the struggles of the Yankee, they succeeded by main force in conveying him to the stable, into which they fastened him for the night.

Early next morning Samuel and his father went to the nearest magistrate for a warrant and a constable, and were followed home by half the township. The county court was then in session; the tinman was tried, and convicted of having kidnapped a free black child with the design of selling her as a slave in one of the southern states; and he was punished by fine and imprisonment.

The Warner family would have felt more compassion for him than they did, only that all the mended china fell apart again the next day, and his tins were so baldly soldered that all their bottoms came out before the end of the month.

Mrs. Warner declared that she had done with Yankee tinmen for ever, and, in short, with all other Yankees. But the storekeeper, Philip Thompson, who was the sensible man of the neighbourhood, and took two Philadelphia newspapers, convinced her that some of the best and greatest men America can boast of were natives of the New England states. And he even asserted that in the course of his life (and his age did not exceed sixty-seven) he had met with no less than five honest Yankee tinmen; and besides being honest, two of them were not in the least impudent. Among the latter, however, he did not of course include a very handsome fellow, that a few years since made the tour of the United States with his tincart, calling himself the Boston Beauty, and wearing his own miniature round his neck!

To conclude. An advertisement having been inserted in several of the papers, to designate where Dinah the little black girl was to be found, and the tinman's trial having also been noticed in the public prints, in about a fortnight her father and mother (two very respectable free negroes) arrived to claim her, having walked all the way from their cottage at the extremity of the next county. They immediately identified her, and the meeting was most joyful to them and to her. They told at full length every particular of their anxious search after their child, which was ended by a gentleman bringing a newspaper to their house, containing the welcome intelligence that she was safe at Henry Warner's.

Amy and Orphy were desirous of retaining little Dinah in the family, and as the child's parents seemed very willing, the girls urged their mother to keep her instead of Cloe, who they said could very easily be made over to Samuel. But to the astonishment of the whole family, Samuel on this occasion proved refractory, declaring that he would not allow his wife to be plagued with such an imp as Cloe, and that he chose to have little Dinah himself, if her parents would bind her to him till she was eighteen. This affair was soon satisfactorily arranged.

Samuel was married at the appointed time, and took possession of the house near the sawmill. He prospered, and in a few years was able to buy a farm of his own, and to build a stone house on it. Dinah turned out extremely well, and the Warner family still talk of the night when she was discovered in the cart of the travelling tinman.
GOSSIP ABOUT INSECTS.

THE RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.

Let us take a ramble this bright morning, my young friend, in order that we may observe the finest, as some think, of our native butterflies in his accustomed haunts. We will visit yonder chalk-pit, abounding with such flowers as are attractive to the insect tribes, and there doubtless we shall find him either skimming over our heads with rapid flight, or enthroned on the flower-head of some majestic plant of the composite order, fanning his wings with that graceful motion so peculiar to the family of which he is no insignificant member.

Having arrived at the sunny spot, let us cautiously advance towards your clump of stalwart teasels, which wave so proudly in the sunshine. Ah! have you so soon detected his brilliant coat, contrasting so favourably, you observe, with the quiet tints of the teasel-head on which he is resting? Beware, then, of approaching him too closely, for his sense of your presence is very acute, and when once roused, we shall have a difficulty in obtaining a second inspection of those magnificent wings of his, notwithstanding all that we hear of his boldness from entomological books. Do you observe that little insect impudently attacking his majesty, because he rivals him in the possession of that flower? That is the Common Blue, a pugnacious little butterfly, who appears to consider that his right of first possession ought not to be infringed, even by such a splendid insect as the one before us. Foolish little fellow! your delicate wings will suffer more than the strong pinions of our “Admiral” in the contest.

But the sun is high, my companion; let us therefore retire from beneath his scorching rays; seat yourself beneath the shadow of this far-spread oak, whilst I unfold the history of that splendid insect from its earliest commencement.

The poet Pope has said—

"Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man."
Well, then, guided by the mysterious power which, for want of a better name, we call "instinct," the female butterfly affixes her eggs to the nettles, where, when hatched, her progeny find themselves surrounded by good cheer, and fall to work with great vigour. Thus by searching beds of stinging nettles (urtica) in May and June, the reader may find them, laid generally singly, but sometimes they appear in patches of sixty to eighty in number. They are green, and precisely similar in tint to the nettles where they are deposited; hence it is somewhat difficult to find them, unless possessed of the sharp eyes of the naturalist, who is accustomed to such investigations.

When first hatched, the little caterpillars feed gregariously, within a web which forms their common home; but as they increase in size, which they do very rapidly, we find them feeding within two or three nettle leaves, which they have drawn together by means of silk. Having fed thus till they have literally "eaten themselves out of house and home," they ramble to another part, resuming the operation with increased vigour as they grow older. It is as well to mention that though usually found hidden in the above manner, yet during the past season we more than once captured the caterpillar feeding exposed on the flowers of the nettle, which they seem to prefer to the leaves.

The Red Admiral cannot feel very proud of his caterpillar state, since he has no great beauty to boast of while in that condition. A short thick-set caterpillar, tawny yellow in colour, with lighter lines on his sides, and irregularly marked with black, he is certainly not very prepossessing. He is covered with spines, like all others belonging to his genus, and these are shorter and less branched than in most of the Vanessa caterpillars. One cannot help admiring the ingenuity with which he suspends himself for his change. This he generally does within the covering of leaves that afforded him his last meal, swinging quite safely in the silken hammock which he has constructed. We say he generally does this, for last summer we took the chrysalis attached to a brick wall, without the slightest covering. He was, we should suppose, an eccentric individual, choosing to differ entirely from his predecessors; hence we must regard this merely as a "freak of instinct," of which instances often occur.

The angular chrysalis is brown adorned with golden spots; it is an interesting object to rear, for when near emergence the bright markings of the insect are seen through the thin envelope which enwraps them, only of course on a reduced scale compared with their size and brilliancy when the wings are properly expanded.

The perfect insect is out in August and September, disappearing entirely towards the end of October; and although it appears that a few manage to live through the cold months, coming out for a short time in the spring, yet their wings are sadly rubbed and faded, and they look altogether like insects "who have seen better days." Usually, however, the life of our gallant "Admiral" is as short as it is no doubt merry.

One feels utterly powerless to describe the exquisite beauty of his wings. Strikingly beautiful as is their upper surface, with the bright bands of vermillion and crescent-shaped spots of pure white, yet their under surface is to my mind surpassingly delicate in its varied tints of colouring. Here we find a splendid tracery of greys, blacks, and browns, together with other indescribable tints, while a metallic lustre enlivens the whole and forms a magical picture of beauty to the admiring onlooker.

The flight of the Red Admiral is indeed beautiful to behold; and as he sails proudly in the autumn sunshine, inclining from side to side, as if to display his rich brown wings so beautifully bedizened, its radiance seems to sink into their soft velvety down, and gives them a golden gloss.

The poet Rogers has written some fine lines, which I have always admired for their exquisite beauty of conception; I cannot close this sketch more...
appropriately than by quoting them, in order that my readers may appreciate their merit—

"Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lovest, in fields of light,
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold;
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut in silent ecstasy."

Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth; then wrought a tomb and slept:
And such is man; so from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!"

E. J. S. CLIFFORD.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

BORLASE says he saw a lobster attack an oyster, who persisted in closing its shell as often as the lobster attempted to intrude within it. After many failures the lobster took a small stone, and placed it between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish. Mr. Gardener, in his Curiosities of Natural History, states that he once watched a crab enlarging its burrow on the sand; and about every two minutes it came up to the surface with a quantity of sand in its left claw, and by a sudden jerk threw it to the distance of about six inches. Having a few shells in his pocket, Mr. G. endeavoured to throw one of them into the hole. Three of them fell near the hole, and the fourth rolled into it. Five minutes afterwards the animal made its appearance, bringing with it the shell, and carrying it to the distance of a foot from its burrow, there deposited it. Seeing the others lying near the mouth of the hole, it immediately carried them, one by one, to the place where the first had been deposited, and then resumed its original labour.

Gilbert White tells us of an old hunting mare which ran on the common, and which, being taken ill, came down into the village, as it were to implore the help of man, and died the following night in the street.

A writer in Fraser relates of a hen, which had hatched several broods of ducklings, that from experience she had lost all the anxiety usually borne by these foster-mothers, by the indomitable perseverance with which the young palmipedes took to the water as soon as they are born, and quietly led them to the brink of the pond, calmly watching them as they floated on the surface, or dusting herself on the sunny bank, to wait unconcernedly their return.

Duges saw a spider which had seized a bee by the back, and effectually prevented it from taking flight; but the legs being at liberty, it dragged the spider along, which presently suspended it by a thread from its web, leaving it to dangle in the air till it was dead, and then it was drawn up and devoured.

An individual living in the square at St. Marc's, Venice, has been in the habit of scattering grain every day at two o'clock, previous to which hour the birds assemble in one place on the cathedral; and as the clock strikes, they take wing and hover round his window in small circles, till he appears and distributes a few handfuls of food. This at all events indicates the faculty of noting time, and may be placed on a parallel with the story of the dog who went to church regularly every Sunday at the proper hour to meet his master.

Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-
outang which, having had when ill some medicine administered in an egg, could never be induced to take one afterwards.

Le Valliant’s monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would not be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. A dog had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, and ever after fled whenever it accidentally smelt the drug, and was so susceptible, that it was used in some physiological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the the organs of digestion—a severe test of the dog’s sense of smell and capability of profiting by experience.

Strand of Prague had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an airpump; but as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog having great antipathy to the sound of a violin, always sought to get the bow and conceal it. Plutarch tells of an artful mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream, and finding its load thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the expedient afterwards, and whenever it crossed a stream, slipped souse into the water with its panniers; and to cure it of the trick the panniers were filled with sponge, under which, when fully saturated, it could barely stagger.—Hibberd’s Gardener’s Magazine.

A BOLSTER TUSSELE AT OUR SCHOOL.

BY B. TURNER.

Of all the “stolen sweets” in which we were accustomed to indulge at school, I think nothing pleased us so much as a good Bolster Fight. Whether it was the extreme pleasure of knocking one another about, or the risk we ran of getting thrashed if discovered by our master, I do not pretend to say; I only know that no amusement was more eagerly sought, or more spiritedly carried out. The risks we ran were so numerous, that I really think they gave increased force to our blows, by making us desperate.

First, there was the risk of tearing the pillow-cases; secondly, the chances were, that in throwing the bolsters at one another we should knock over a water-jug, the contents of which would leave an undeniable proof of our guilt on the ceiling below; thirdly, if the masters, who were constantly in and out of our rooms, were to discover us, we should get a sound thrashing; and, fourthly, the beds on which we fought being treacherous, we might, perhaps, in aiming a tremendous blow at the head of an enemy, overbalance ourselves, and fall with our pillows to the ground.

Like all things that are much enjoyed, it was not often that we succeeded in getting up a good match. But one of the best matches we ever had was the one I now propose to describe.

On my side there were Jones, Larkins, and Crickles (my three special chums), who elected me captain; and on the opposite side were Smithers, Toddles, Gurrany, and Laddell, with Toddles as captain. Our arrangements had all been made two or three days before, so that on the day of the match all was ready, and it was agreed that whoever woke first in the morning was to rouse the others.

I happened to awake first, so I immediately shouted out for Jones, who merely gave a sulky “Well!” and soon snored again; but by dint of pulling them one by one out of their beds, I at last managed to rouse them all to a sense of their exciting contest—the Bolster Fight. We were soon ready, as our beds ranged down each side of the room, so that one party took one line of beds, and the other faced them on the opposite row. We could first reach one another without leaving the beds, when we used the bolsters (which were our
great guns), but when we tried *storming*, we were obliged to resort to the
pillows, at which times the fight was terrific.

I opened the ball by throwing a pillow at Toddlies, who though staggered
by the shock, retaliated by knocking Crickles off his bed on to the floor with
a bolster. I immediately sprang to the rescue, for Smithers and Laddell were
preventing him rising by belabouring him with their bolster. They did not
see me coming, and so were easily discomfited, for I knocked Laddell on the
head, making him *cannon* against Smithers, who in return *cushioned* against
Gurramy, and then all three fell in a heap on the beds. This was our
opportunity—so throwing down bolster and taking up pillows, we stormed
the **enemy**'s castle and soon won an easy victory, thus making the victory ours.

I now saw by the look of our adversaries that we should not win the next so
easily, and so cautioned my party to be very careful.

Gurramy then threw a pillow at Larkins, who was pitching into Toddlies,
and who, being taken unawares, was knocked flat on the bed, whereupon
Toddlies led a storming party; but as they did not advance in very good
order, Jones with one stroke of his bolster (which he had not had time to
exchange for a pillow) sent Toddlies and Smithers reeling back, whereupon
Larkins, who had now recovered, followed Toddlies up in a very vigorous
manner, and left him doubled up on the bed; but on turning back to the
others he found his retreat cut off by Gurramy, who engaged him in single
combat, in which Larkins I perceived was getting the worst. So I cautiously
advanced, and was first going to give him a tremendous blow, when I
"received one" from Laddell, and was knocked on to the top of Gurramy, who
in turn falling on his adversary Larkins, disabled him for a few seconds. I
was soon up, but was not pleased to observe Toddlies, Smithers, and Laddell
in undisputed possession of our row of beds; but calling on Jones and
Crickles to follow me, I knocked Laddell down, and jumping into his place
assisted Crickles in turning Toddlies off the bed on to the floor, where Jones
had already sent Smithers. We had not breath enough to follow up our
success, and as the others were in the same predicament, we declared the
struggle a drawn battle, and agreed to have ten minutes for refreshments. At
the expiration of this time, we were as fresh as ever, with no particular damage
done. It was now the third and last fight, which was to be the crowning victory.

Crickles commenced by throwing a bolster at Gurramy, but instead of
aiming at his head, he threw his bolster at his knees, which completely
staggered him. This was my signal, for I immediately followed it up by a
pillow at his head, and soon put him *hors de combat*, then throwing away our
bolsters, we seized the pillows and stormed the opposite castle, but although
we were four to three, our opponents were not disposed to afford us an easy
victory, for Toddlies threw himself down and began kicking and struggling
about our legs, while Smithers and Laddell belaboured our heads. It was a
splendid move on the part of Toddlies, for it so disconcerted us, that I, finding
Gurramy was recovering, sounded a retreat, when we retired, fighting every
inch of our way until we reached our own beds; then, as if by mutual
consent, both parties stopped to take breath, and I gave some instructions to
my party which won the victory for us.

We stood entirely on the defensive, and by doing so soon exhausted their
ammunition, when we suddenly sent such a volley of pillows, that they were
completely staggered; whereupon we rushed upon them, but were met with
plenty of blows, and for some time every one fought wildly; when at last the
victory seemed to be on our side, which Toddlies perceiving, braced all the
energies of his party for a dying effort, and threw pillows with tremendous
force at us, but they were directly after, all knocked flat on their beds, whilst
we, jumping on them, secured our victory. We then proceeded to notice the
effects of the last volley, which proved to be three pillow-cases torn to shreds,
a blanket torn in half, a water-jug smashed, with the contents rapidly running through to the ceiling below—and last and worst of all, a broken pair of spectacles, which had been knocked off the nose of the Doctor as he was entering to discover the cause of the noise, and who now stood calmly taking down our names and estimating damages. But fortunately he was not very angry, but contented himself with making us pay for the damages out of our pocket money, which we considered cheap for the fun we had had, and we all declared the Doctor was a "brick" for taking it so quietly.

A DARK SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

It was a Sabbath e'en; the wind howled o'er moor and common in wild gusts, whose fitful fury, soon spent, soon arose, and with strange wierd groanings swept o'er the wold, raising clouds of dust on the quiet highway, screeching, as in mortal agony, as it whirled through tree and bush, and scattering the few leaves which, spared by autumn's fierce breath, yet clung to the branches of the forest tree, making the stout limbs to groan in anguish, and thrilling the gnarled trunk with a spasm of pain, then with demoniac laughter pursuing its stormy course.

Suddenly two men, muffled in large cloaks of a sombre hue, and their countenances almost hidden by huge sombreros, appear on the highway; behind them follow twelve troopers armed to the teeth. They proceed onward at a sharp trot, and soon approach the town of Doncaster. The wary sentinels soon perceive them, and they are drawn up by the challenge, "Who goes there?" The leaders briefly reply that they bring letters from General Cromwell to Colonel Rainsborough.* They are at once admitted, and the leaders, accompanied by one trooper, are shown to the house in which Rainsborough had taken up his quarters, while the remainder ride on to the bridge leading to the Pontefract road, and, to allay suspicion, hold the guard in conversation.

The messengers proceed to the house occupied by the Parliamentarian leader; entering his bedroom, they briefly inform him that he must choose whether he will accompany them, or die by their hands. Rainsborough calmly rises, and quickly attires himself; then signifying that he is ready to accompany them, the whole party leave the house. Seeing the insignificant force to which he has yielded, Rainsborough loudly calls for assistance. The royalists with passionate fury draw their weapons, and, thrusting their helpless victim through, lay him a bleeding corpse at their feet, then hastily mounting their horses they gallop to the bridge, and joining their troopers fall upon the guard. For a moment steel rings against steel as they force their way through the midst of the surprised Parliamentarians; the next, they have gained the road, and ride off in the direction of Pontefract. So ends the dark tragedy of Sunday the twenty-ninth of October, 1648.

The perpetrators of this base murder were two royalist officers, viz., Sir John Digby and Colonel Morrice, who commanded at Pontefract for the king. This bloody and useless murder greatly grieved Cromwell, who sincerely lamented the death of Rainsborough, and keenly felt his loss in a military point of view; whilst the army, by whom Rainsborough was greatly beloved, was much exasperated, and clamoured for the blood of the king and royalist commanders then in prison. So that the only end that this bloody deed answered was to accelerate the catastrophes of the thirtieth of January, and the ninth of March, 1649.

EDWARD LAMPLOUGH.

* Colonel Rainsborough was one of Cromwell's most trusted and long-tried officers, and at the period of the narrative was proceeding to the relief of Pontefract Castle.
H. Montague Butler, D.D.,
Head Master of Harrow School.
HARROW SCHOOL.

(With an Engraving, taken expressly for the Boy's Friend.)

"STET FORTUNA DOMUS."

About three hundred years ago the benevolent John Lyon founded the now famous School at Harrow, mainly to educate the poor of the parish. "There is evidence," says Staunton, "that for many years before the foundation of the School this estimable man appropriated twenty marks (£6 13s. 4d.) a year to the education of young children." He died in 1692, and was buried in the nave of the church. The inscription states that he had "founded a free grammar school in the parish to have continuance for ever." In the year 1813 several gentlemen who had been educated at the School, subscribed sufficient funds to erect a mural monument to the memory of John Lyon.

The founder established a code of laws for the government of the School, and regulated the salaries to be paid to the "School Master" and to the "Usher." The former was to receive a stipend of £26 13s. 4d., "with £3 6s. 8d. annually for firing." The salary of the latter was to be £13 6s. 8d., with £3 6s. 8d. for firing. He also provided for the distribution of £20 annually among the poorest householders of the parish, and a further sum of £20 towards maintaining four poor scholars at the University; they were to be chosen from children of his own kin, and afterwards such as are "most meet for toardsness, poverty, and painfulness." Amongst other rules for the government of the School, he directs that the scholars shall be "restricted to driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running, shooting, and no other," and that no girls shall be taught in the School.

For fifty years Harrow School remained in comparative obscurity. But it soon attracted many pupils from the "upper ten thousand," and has continued to flourish under the able guidance of learned and distinguished Head Masters, until it has attained the highest position attained by any of the Public Schools of England, Eton alone excepted.

While sauntering amidst its classic shades, and indulging in reminiscences of "learned Harrow," the mind recours to those noble Harrovians who have rendered the School famous by the illustrious course they have pursued as statesmen, senators, poets, &c., and the signal services they have rendered to their country, reflecting honour on themselves and on the noble Institution from which they proceeded; and while standing near to "Byron's tomb," as an old tomb in the churchyard is commonly called, we are reminded of the gifted but erratic author of "Childe Harold," and in what touching terms he wrote about the burial of his daughter in 1822: "There is a spot," says he, "in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree, where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot." There the dust of his daughter rests until the morn of the resurrection.

In the long list of learned Head Masters who have guided the fortunes of Harrow, no name is more distinguished than that of Butler. For nearly a quarter of a century, the father of the present Head Master filled the important office. Dr. H. Montague Butler, who succeeded Dr. Vaughan in 1860, was born in 1833, and is one of the youngest Head Masters in any of the Public Schools. At no time has Harrow been in a more prosperous condition than at the present period. Under the late Dr. Butler the number of boys never exceeded 300. The number at present is about 500. Dr. Butler's course at College was a very brilliant one. He was Senior Classic in 1855, and elected Fellow in the same year. The Doctor is, we believe, the brother of the Head Master of Haileybury College. It has never happened that two such important institutions have been presided over by two brothers so young as the brothers Butler!

We present our readers with a Portrait of Dr. Butler, also an Engraving of the Old School. There are several other interesting buildings connected with this noble establishment for which we are unable to find room at present.
KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

A very gratifying meeting was held in the above College on the 17th of May, for the purpose of distributing more than Three Hundred Prizes and Certificates of Honour to the Students of the Evening Classes, which have made extraordinary progress since their establishment in the year 1855, their number now being more than 600. This has been their average for the last three or four years.

The Bishop of Ely distributed the Prizes, supported by Dr. Jew, the Principal, the Rev. Professor Plumtre, by several distinguished characters, and a large number of the Students and their friends. The classes have been taken advantage of by a large number of young men in Government offices, banks, and others, who wish to devote their leisure hours to self-culture. Instances have been frequent of their having been enabled to rise to eminient positions in society, having especially distinguished themselves in the Indian Civil Service Examinations for important public positions.

The Prizes to the five students who had gained the highest aggregate number of marks in all the subjects respectively brought up for examination this year, were awarded to—

Mr. Geo. Ricks, Mr. F. A. Billing,
" G. A. Marshall, " E. M. Doble, and

The Prize given by Mr. J. W. Cunningham to the rest of the Associates of the current year who, at the examinations in the fifteen classes which the rules required him to attend, had gained the highest number of marks, was taken by Mr. G. A. Marshall. The Students elected Associates of the College at the close of their academical course, were—

Mr. Thomas Davis, Mr. T. L. Mears,
" E. M. Doble, " A. Parkinson,
" J. Gough, " B. A. Price,
" J. Hancock, " J. H. Thompson,
" G. S. Horams, " W. Ward, and

A very remarkable and interesting feature in the proceedings was the fact of Prizes being taken in Latin, Greek, Mechanics, Logic, and a Certificate of Merit in Physiology by a blind gentleman, named Daniel Conolly, who was in each case loudly applauded as he was led upon the platform. Another notable circumstance, and one in which the assembly appeared to evince the liveliest interest, was that the first Prize in the third division of Mathematics was taken by a private in the Royal Engineers, named William Parsons; and the Right Rev. Prelate, who presided, in responding to a vote of thanks, referred to this circumstance, remarking that it must be a great honour in being associated with so many honourable men, and that it must do the College equal honour to have a member of that highly honourable service connected with it.

The whole proceedings were of a most interesting character, and appeared to afford the greatest gratification to the respectable audience who witnessed the presentation of the Prizes.

MERCHANT TAYLORS’ ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(By an Eye-Witness.)

On, the pleasures of Athletic Sports, and the endurance required, on such a day as the first of May, to compete in the Mile Races, the Hurdle Races, the Long Jump, and other Sports, for which handsome Prizes were offered, and for which the boys of Merchant Taylors’ School contended right manfully, notwithstanding it was one of the most unfavourable days for the Sports that can be imagined! It was anything but an orthodox
May-day! But although the rain fell incessantly the whole day, were the competitors deterred from pursuing their favourite amusements with their accustomed spirit? Not a bit of it! They endured the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and addressed themselves to their manly sports as coolly, in their sporting dress (fit only for fine weather), as if the day had been one of the old-fashioned May-days of England.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages with which the competitors had to contend, the scene was of a most exhilarating description: and as the several groups passed round the course in their distinctive colours, as shown by the jockey cap or the graceful sash worn across the breast, and cheered to the echo as they neared the goal, "Go it, Trevitt!" "Well done, Bourne!" "You're safe, Cruttwell!" Another spurt, Christie, and you'll beat!" &c., &c., spectators were reminded of the exciting scenes on Epsom Downs, and (barring the horses) almost imagined it to be a "miniature Derby-day!"

One of the best features of the day was the universal good-temper that prevailed amongst all the competitors, and which was especially conspicuous in those who superintended the arrangements of the day. The Rev. Mr. Whittington, who was a most efficient Starter, was unfailing in his efforts to secure order. Nothing daunted by the miserable weather, he was to be seen paddling about in the wet grass, from place to place, umbrella in hand, intent on the discharge of his somewhat onerous duties. He was always in request, and always ready. It was "Whittington here—Whittington there—Whittington everywhere!"

He was never ruffled—always patient, always obliging!

We hope it will not be thought invidious if we select one other individual (Mr. Herford), who was a most indefatigable secretary, and deserves unqualified praise for the manner in which he discharged his rather difficult duties. He was courteous and attentive to all. Although he was one of the best runners in the field, and the winner of two Prizes, he was always ready to cheer and encourage other competitors, especially the junior boys. We were glad to see some of the latter boldly challenging their seniors, and in many cases with marked success, especially in the case of "little Ratcliffe" (as he was familiarly called), and who won three Prizes.

We might mention others who distinguished themselves, but it is difficult to make a selection where there was so much to admire and applaud in all who entered the lists. We thought Trevitt was decidedly the best runner of the day; but all the competitors, without exception, were splendid instances of what may be accomplished by the determined pluck of British youth under such discouraging circumstances, as regards the weather. It was indeed the "pursuit of Prizes under difficulties!" but the difficulties were grappled with in a manly spirit, and effectually overcome.

One of the most amusing of the day's Sports was the Hopping Match, which was contested by many of the junior boys, and was carried out with unusual spirit—the shouts and laughter and cheers that hailed the competitors were the most hearty we ever heard—it "made the welkin ring." More than a dozen heats were run (we beg pardon, hopped), which were heartily enjoyed, especially by the ladies, as this match was run (hopped) under cover, and they had been prevented by the inclemency of the weather from witnessing the Sports that took place out of doors.

The 16th of April was the day originally fixed for these Sports, and several contests were decided then, but the inclemency of the weather brought them to a speedy conclusion, and the committee decided on postponing them until May 1st.

The arrangements were excellently carried out by the following committee: Rev. R. Whittington (president), Messrs. P. M. Herford (Secretary), C. T. Cruttwell, H. M. R. Pope, G. R. Hogg, J. W. Cole, W. Alford, F. S. Alford. The competitors were divided
into four classes. The first class included all above 16 years of age; the second, between 16 and 14; the third, between 14 and 12; the fourth, all under 12.

The first event on the Card was

**High Jump**, for all classes.—In the first class, A. Christie (scarlet and blue) easily surpassed all the rest, clearing 5 ft.; R. R. Sharpe (pink) 2nd. In the second class, R. E. Tonkin (red and black) was first, clearing 4 ft. 3 in., who, we regret to say, fell at his last trial, and broke his arm, owing to the slippery condition of the ground. In the third class, J. Aynsley cleared 3 ft. 11 in. In the fourth class, E. Northcote cleared 3 ft. 3 in.


**Throwing Cricket Ball.**—First class: 1, F. C. Coxhead; 2, D. Tupper; distance, 86 yards. Second class: 1, F. S. Alford; 2, Redpath, jun.; distance, 77 yards. Third class: 1, Aynsley; 2, Harris; distance, 57 yards.

**Half Mile Race**, for two classes.—First class: 1, D. A. A. Tupper; 2, R. R. Sharpe; time, 2 min. 20 secs. This was a splendid race. Sharpe led the whole way till within about 10 yards of home, when Tupper with a magnificent spurt passed his antagonist and landed himself the winner by a couple of yards. Third class: 1, A. E. Bourne; 2, Fischel; time, 2 min. 40 secs. This was won easily.

Here the Sports on April 16th concluded.

The first event on May 1st was

**Putting the Stone**; for the first class only.—For some time, the “putting” of Watson and Coxhead (the only two really in the contest) was very close, until the latter, by a splendid effort, put the stone full a foot and a half beyond his adversary. Distance, 33 ft. Weight of stone, 16 lb. After which,

**Quarter of a Mile Race**, for three classes.—In the First Heat Coxhead made the running, closely followed by Herford, until close to the butts, where Coxhead gave up. Bourne here challenged Herford for the first place; a spirited set-to took place, Herford winning splendidly by little more than a foot; time, 61 secs. The Second Heat was won easily by Trevitt, who took his own time to it, being never headed. Time, 60 secs. Final Heat—1 Trevitt; 2, Herford. Won by about 10 yards; time, 59 secs. Second class: An easy victory for J. W. Sarl; 2, Redpath, jun.; beating a large field; time, 61 secs. Third class: 1, Ratcliffe, jun.; 2, Northcote, jun.; time, 73 secs. This was won easily.

**Long Jump**.—First class: 1, A. Christie clearing 16 ft. 3 in.; 2, Gregory, beating 6 others. Second class: 1, Madden, clearing 13 ft. 2 in.; 2, F. S. Alford. Third class: 1, A. E. Bourne, 13 ft. 6 in.; 2, Aynsley. Fourth class: 1, Povah, 9 ft.; 2, Moore.

**Hopping Race** (60 yards).—In consequence of the slippery ground, the contest took place in the fine messroom. First class: 1, Christie; 2, Hogg. Second class: 1, Goldney; 2, J. W. Sarl.

**Hurdle Race.**—First class: 1, A. Christie; 2, Sharpe. Second class: 1, J. W. Sarl; 2, Stevens.

**Race of Two Hundred and Twenty Yards.**—The first prize was given by Mrs. Hessey, which made this race one of the most important of the day. In the first class the competitors were divided into two heats. The First Heat was a magnificent race all the way between Coxhead and Herford, the latter winning by a fine rush; time, 28 secs. Second Heat—Another easy race for Trevitt, who led the whole distance; 2, Sharpe. Final Heat—1, Trevitt; 2, Herford; time, 27 secs. Second class: First Heat—1, Maughan; 2, Bourne, jun. Second Heat—1, J. W. Sarl. Final Heat—1, Sarl; 2, Maughan; time, 29 secs. Third class: 1, Aynsley; 2, Dear. Won by a dozen yards; time, 32 secs. Fourth class: 1, Ratcliffe, jun.; 2, Northcote. Won by 5 yards.

**Strangers' Race** (440 yards).—Mr. Charles Emery (whose beautiful running at the Civil Service Athletic Sports, on May 4th and 5th, was so greatly admired) won this race in fine style by three yards; 2, Mr. O. King; 3, Mr. Dunt; time, 28½ secs.
One Mile Race for a Silver Challenge Cup.—This race had been looked forward to for many weeks, and was certainly the most exciting race of the day. The competitors, 9 in number, got off well together. Shortly afterwards, Gregory took the lead at a good pace, which he kept up for some time; Cruttwell then took up the running, Bourne and Watson being fourth and fifth. In this order they ran the remaining part of the race. Cruttwell finished a good twenty yards ahead; 2, Bourne; 3, Watson; time, 5 min. 18 secs. Third class: A. J. Sarl held the lead throughout, and won by forty yards; 2, Redpath, jun., beating 12 others; time, 5 min. 23 secs.

At the close of the Sports the company assembled in the spacious Hall, for the distribution of the Prizes, which pleasing task was kindly undertaken by Mrs. Hessey, and discharged in the kindest manner. To see the winners pass from her presence laden with the several Prizes, in the shape of handsome cups, tankards, cricket and footballs, fishing-rods, &c., and to hear the cheers which greeted them, was highly gratifying. The smaller the recipient, the greater was the amount of cheers he received.

The silver Challenge Cup, won by Cruttwell, was very elegant. It was presented by Joseph Sarl, Esq., the eminent silversmith. It is beautifully chased, and stands under a glass shade, on a marble plinth. It bears the arms of the Merchant Taylors, and the following inscription: “Merchant Taylors’ Athletic Sports, 1866. Prize Cup, won by C. T. Cruttwell.”

Three hearty cheers were given for “Dr. Hessey,” “The Ladies,” and “The Committee,” including the indefatigable secretary (Herford), who had discharged his duties in so exemplary and efficient a manner.

The band of the South Middlesex Volunteers played a series of popular selections in admirable style during the day.

Thus ended the Merchant Taylors’ Athletic Sports for 1866—a day not soon to be forgotten either by competitors or spectators.

ST. PAUL’S SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(Kindly communicated.)

President—Rev. E. S. Hudson.
Treasurer—Mr. J. W. L. Glaisner.
Secretary—Mr. L. M. Dalton.

It is well known that St. Paul’s School is deficient in that which is almost as essential to a Public School as the schoolroom itself: the Paulines have no playground! There is indeed a small space on the basement of the main building, separated from the footway by a kind of iron grille, through which the astonished pedestrians, attracted by boyish shouts, (if they have good eyes) discern some score of juveniles dodging about and running their heads against gigantic pillars, apparently under the impression that they are enjoying a good game! This, however, is not a playground; nor was it ever meant for one: it is only intended as a passage leading from the general schoolroom to the Third Master’s private study.

Notwithstanding this serious disadvantage, the Paulines are much attached to all manly games; they have their Cricket Club, their Football Club, and their Athletic Society. The last-named of these institutions was founded in 1860 by Mr. Osborne Aldia, now a Graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge; and has continued to flourish since then under the presidency of the Rev. E. T. Hudson, Third Master of the School.
The sixth Annual Meeting was held this year on April 4, at the West London Cricket Ground, Brompton, the Revs. J. W. Shepard and J. H. Lupton acting as umpires, and the President as referee. The members of the committee were Messrs. South, Mills, Seaman, Kelly, and Townsend.

The competitors were divided into three classes: First Class, comprising all under 13. Second Class, between 13 and 16. Third Class, over 16.

The events were decided as follows:—

**Flat Race, One Hundred Yards.**—First Class: 1st prize, Wood; 2nd (given by S. P. S. Union) Williams; time, 13 secs. Second Class: L. White; time, 13½ secs. Third Class: Seaman; time, 11¾ secs.

**High Jump.**—First Class: Williams, height, 3 ft. 3 in. Second Class: Bell, height, 4 ft. 1½ in. Third Class: Mills, height, 4 ft. 4 in.

**Flat Race, One Mile.**—1st prize, Mills; 2nd. prize (given by L. Tew, Esq.), Russell; time, 5 min. 23 secs.

**Flat Race, Four Hundred and Forty Yards.**—Second Class: 1st prize (given by S. P. S. Union), Russell; 2nd prize (given by the Society), L. White; time, 1 min. 8 secs. Third Class: 1st prize (given by seventh class), Peck; 2nd prize (given by the Society), Townsend; time, 1 min. 4 secs.

**Throwing Cricket Ball.**—Second Class: Lacey; length of throw, 57 ft. 10 in. Third Class: Peck; 73 yds. 2 ft.

**Long Jump.**—Second Class: L. White; length 12 ft. Third Class: Mills, length 13 ft ½ in.

**Kicking the Football.**—Prize (given by Football Club) Kelly.

**Hurdle Race.**—1, Mills; 2, Kelly.

**Consolation Race.**—Age under 15, West; age over 15, Kempe.

**Strangers’ Race, Four Hundred and Forty Yards.**—A. Black, Esq., Christchurch, Oxon.; time, 1 min.

During a great part of the day the weather was unfortunately very unfavourable, and many of the Prizes were contested in a soaking rain, which, though it did not appear to damp the ardour of the competitors, must be taken into account in estimating the quality of their performances.

The ground was enlivened by the presence of some ladies, and a goodly gathering of old Paulines and other friends.

Under the auspices of the same Society matches at Fives were held on the 11th and 14th April, and decided thus:—

**Double-handed, age over 16.**—Mills and Seaman.

**age under 16.**—L. White and F. Illingworth.

**Single-handed, open.**—Mills.

On the 25th April, a Pair Oar Race was contested on the river between Hammersmith and Putney; the Prize was gained by Mills and L. White; F. Illingworth being coxswain.

The High Master, the Rev. Dr. Kynaston, has kindly given permission to have the Prizes distributed on the Apposition Day (June 20), after the conclusion of the speeches and the ordinary business of this great Pauline Anniversary.

[We are much indebted to the gentleman who kindly furnished the above interesting account, and we shall be very much pleased to receive the promised account of the other matches referred to. We hope the time is not far distant when the Paulines will have new buildings, more handsome and capacious than their present school buildings, and grounds in which they will have more scope for the display of their prowess in their Athletic Sports.—Editor.]
CIVIL SERVICE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Games of this Society were recently held at the Beaufort House Grounds, Walham Green. The concourse of spectators was very great, and every part of the ground was thronged with a most fashionable attendance. The events in the programme were very numerous, but only the chief of these attracted great and general interest.

Foremost among these was the Pole-leaping. In no case did either the height obtained or the style of jumping give satisfaction. The greatest leap was made by Mr. Phillips, who cleared 8 ft. 6 in. well, but this height, great as it may appear, shrinks into comparative insignificance before the jumps which have been easily done by amateurs.

The Broad Jump brought forth only two competitors, and Mr. Lambert won easily by a jump of 17 ft. 4 in.; Mr. M’Namara jumped 16 ft. 3 in., both being below the standard of the defeated competitor at the University contest.

The Strangers’ Race of 600 yards was won with comparative ease by Mr. Channery. Mr. Digby forced the running for a short time, but then gave in, when the winner, who had kept himself well in reserve, came on with a spurt, and won easily by five or six yards, Mr. Martin being second.

The Final Heat for the Mile Race was well contested. After a short distance it virtually lay between Mr. Jobling and Mr. M. H. Holsworth. Both ran well, though the latter gentleman was deservedly the favourite. It seemed as they came along, shoulder to shoulder at a terrific pace, that it would be a dead heat. Eventually, however, as they neared the winning post, Mr. Jobling managed to get himself ahead, and won a fine race by about a foot or so.

In the Hurdle Race, Mr. Emery won in most dashing style, Mr. Phillips pushing him hard, and making an admirable second.

The Hopping Race was won by Mr. Pigott, though Mr. Wearne pressed him so close to the very finish, that the winner, amidst shouts of applause, only gained the victory by a single stride.

The Sack Race, as usual, elicited shouts of laughter; Mr. Hunt won, and Mr. Pigott was a good second.

In the Consolation Race Mr. Adams won, after a close contest with Mr. Wearne; and the Prizes were then distributed by the Marchioness of Queensbury.

LONDON UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

President—Professor Williamson.

Secretary—J. C. Kaufmann.

The Athletic Sports of University College were held at Beaufort House on Thursday, the 3rd of May; but owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, were not attended by so much company as usual, nor were the competitors so numerous as might have been expected. It would also, we think, have added much to the interest of the proceedings had a larger number of the junior boys joined in the Sports.

The first contest of the day took place between the sun and the rain, in which old Sol was declared the victor, after a violent and lengthened struggle, that threatened at one time to put an end to any further contests for the day. Soon after the commencement, however, the competitors were cheered by the “shining of the sun after the rain”; nor did he withhold his cheering rays during the remainder of the proceedings.

The Judges were Professors Seeley, Foster, and Morley; and Serjeant Carter acted as
ATHLETIC SPORTS AT UPPINGHAM.

(Kindly communicated by a Correspondent.)

Seeing in your last number that you would be glad to receive accounts of the Sports that occur at the Public Schools, I willingly comply with your request, and send you an account of our UPPINGHAM ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Steepleshoe, open to all.—Distance half-mile; 12 jumps. 1, C. Childs; 2, J. F. Hartley; 3, J. Champion; 4, C. French; time, 3 min. 10 secs.; 26 started.

Steepleshoe, open to all under 16 years.—Quarter-mile; 7 jumps. 1, G. Holmesley; 2, C. C. Ridley; 3, W. Keene; 4, P. Currey; time, 1 min. 15 secs.; 22 started.
Mile Race, open to all.—1, C. Childs; 2, J. Champion; 3, W. Gordon; 4, P. C. Newbigging. Run in heats; 33 started; time, 5 min. 6 secs.

Half-mile Race, open to all under 15.—1, W. Keene; 2, F. Macmillan; 3, G. Holmesley; 4, C. Wood; 24 started; run in heats; time, 2 min. 32 secs.

Two Mile Race, open to all.—1, C. Childs; 2, J. Champion; 3, P. C. Newbigging; 4, W. Champion; 33 started; run in heats; time, 11 min. 32 secs.

Hurdle Race, 500 yards, over 20 flights; height, 3 ft. 7 in.; open to all.—1, C. Childs; 2, W. Gordon; 3, C. T. Parsons; 4, J. Champion; 13 started; run in heats; time, 1 min. 24 sec.

Hurdle Race, 100 yards, over 10 flights; height, 3 ft. 9 in.; open to all under 15.—1, G. Helmsley; 2, C. Wood; 3, C. C. Ridley; 4, P. Currey; 18 started; run in heats; time, 25 1/2 sec.

Quarter-mile Race, open to all.—1, W. Gordon; 2, H. Mitchell; 3, C. Childs; 4, L. Thompson; 27 started; run in heats; time, 56 1/2 sec.

Quarter-mile Race, open to all under 15.—1, F. Hogg; 2, J. Hampson; 3, Bell; 4, W. Lyall; 13 started; run in heats; time, 1 min. 16 sec.

One Hundred Yards Race, open to all.—1, H. Mitchell; 2, W. Gordon; 3, C. Childs; 4, H. Houghton; 22 started; run in heats; time, 10 4/5 sec.

One Hundred Yards Race, open to all under 15.—1, G. Helmsley; 2, H. English; 29 started; run in heats; time, 12 4/5 sec.

One Hundred and Fifty Yards Flat Race, open to all under 15.—1, F. Hogg; 2, J. Hampson; 10 started; run in heats; time, 21 sec.

One Hundred Yards Flat Race, open to all under 12.—1, G. Edmunds; 2, T. Beevor; 12 started; run in heats; time, 15 sec.

High Jump, open to all.—1, J. F. Hartley, 4 ft. 10 in.; 2, C. T. Parsons, 4 ft. 9 in.; 3, F. W. Armstrong, J. E. Bode, H. Hunt, and H. Staughton, 4 ft. 8 in.

Height Jump, open to all under 15.—1, A. Smith, 4 ft. 7 in.; 2, C. C. Ridley, 4 ft. 4 in.

Wide Jump, open to all ages.—1, J. Champion, 17 ft. 4 in.; 2, F. W. Armstrong, 16 ft. 6 in.

Width Jump, open to all under 15.—1, C. Wood, 16 ft. 2 in.; 2, W. Keene.

Vaulting, open to all.—1, C. Childs, 5 ft. 8 in.; 2, C. T. Parsons.

Throwing Cricket Ball, open to all.—1, C. T. Parsons, 104 yards; 2, H. Hussey, 90 yards.

Consolation Race.—1, H. Staughton; 2, D. E. Williams; 22 started; run in heats; time, 25 1/2 sec.


Fives, open to all under 15.—1, A. Smith and J. Gibson; 2, M. Murray and J. Skinner.

Gymnastics, open to all ages.—1, C. Childs; 2, A. Brabant.

Gymnastics, open to all under 15.—1, G. Thring and F. Hogg; 2, H. Rawnson and H. Machell.

[We are very much obliged by the above authentic account from an esteemed (although unknown) correspondent. Had we been favoured with his name, we should have written for many additional particulars, which would have added much to the interest of the account, and would have enabled us to present to our readers an equally graphic account of the Uppingham School Sports as that which our pages present of Merchant Taylor's Sports.—EDITOR.]

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

President—The Rev. Dr. Barry.

The popular and well-known Sports of the above College came off on the 4th and 5th of May, in the commodious grounds of the College, and were attended by a large number of visitors, including a considerable number of ladies of the fashionable town of Cheltenham.

VOL. III.
We congratulate the College on having their own grounds, and that they are not compelled
to resort to distant places to enjoy their manly and healthy games, as is unfortunately the
case with most of the Public Schools in the metropolis, who have to travel four or five
miles before they can find sufficient accommodation for their purpose. Among other
inconveniences, it necessarily thins the attendance and prevents the presence of the
ladies. It is hoped that this evil will be remedied, and that Merchant Taylors' School, City
of London School, St. Paul's School, King's College, and others, will do their utmost in
amending this state of things. We think it as important to provide for the proper
celebration of these Athletic Sports for the health of the body, as it is assiduously to attend
to the mental culture of the pupils. We respectfully point attention to the very striking
remarks of the Rev. Dr. Barry, the learned Principal of Cheltenham College, on the
subject.

One of the most interesting features in the day's proceedings was the presentation of a
large Silver Cup, the competition for which was of a most exciting and severe description.
The Prize was offered by the LADIES OF CHELTENHAM, and was called the LADIES' PRIZE.
After a most desperate struggle it was awarded to C. T. Naylor, who was the successful
competitor in the largest number of matches. It was most gracefully presented by Mrs.
Barry, the wife of the Principal of the College, and received with becoming modesty by
the fortunate winner of the handsome Prize.

Dr. Barry's Prize for the MILE RACE was won by Kinloch, who was also the winner of the
next prize, for PICKING UP FIFTY STONES, laying a yard apart, and putting them in a basket.
The next event of the day was the Grand Steeplechase, which was the cause of a good
deal of fun. For this a Silver Cup was presented by Sir J. Arnold to A. H. Hamilton,
who had shown great pluck, and was declared the winner of the Prize.

The Prize for the Walking Race was adjudged to J. Grey, who did himself great honour.
It was a handsome Aneroid Barometer, kindly presented by the Rev. W. Dobson. The
Winner's Prize, for the Junior Department, was given by the Rev. T. M. Whittard, but
the confusion did not allow us to ascertain the name of the successful competitor.
In POLE-VAULTING there was some very good sport. The result was declared to be in
favour of Manning, who jumped 8 ft. 5 in., and also in favour of Thomas, for boys under 15.
The day's proceedings were most satisfactory, and the managers must regard themselves
as fully repaid for their exertions by the fortunate results of all the races. We believe no
accident occurred to any of the competitors. We hope the example of the Cheltenham
College will be imitated by other Colleges and Public Schools (we allude to the estab-
ishment of a LADIES' PRIZE), for we are confident that it is only necessary to drop a
hint to the ladies connected with the several metropolitan Schools and their friends, and
we shall soon see a LADIES' PRIZE offered by the ladies of the several Schools of the
metropolis.

At the close of the Sports, the Principal, the REV. DR. BARRY, made a most interesting
speech, in which he expatiated on the great advantages to be derived by the youth of
England from the practice of Athletic Sports. He was much pleased to see the great
progress they were making throughout the country, and that they were now introduced
into nearly all the Public Schools of England. There was no danger of their introuching
on the sphere belonging to higher attainments, as they were mostly conducted under the
vigilant eye of the School authorities, who well know how to conduct them in such a
manner as to make them duly subordinate to the more important part of mental training.
They ought not to be discouraged, but by judicious guidance and encouragement they
would become an important part of education at all our Public Schools. (Cheers.)
DIOCESAN SCHOOL, COWLEY, OXFORD.—ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Secretary—G. Rowland and E. Hobbs.  

The Athletic Sports for 1866 of the above well-known School took place in the noble cricket field of the establishment on the 26th of April, and were contested in the presence of a respectable company, under considerable disadvantage, arising from the excessive heat of the weather; but what difficulties will not the pluck of the hardy boys of our Public Schools enable them to overcome? But how is it possible for the flat races to be run under a broiling sun? Would it not be better to appoint such sports to take place at a cooler season? In what a state of exhaustion must the competitors be, after the extraordinary exertions they must put forth? For the heat necessarily prolongs the almost unnatural tension to which their limbs are subject during the race. However, as the motto of our British youths is "Nil Desperandum," they went to work with a will, nothing daunted, bearing manfully the scorching heat of the day.

The results will be shown in the following account, communicated by an eye-witness of the Sports:

Three Hundred Yards Race, open to all.—Nine started. 1, Geo. R. Rowland, who won easily in 40 secs.; 2, Isaac Gibbs; 3, Geo. Palmer.

Three Hundred Yards Race, open to all under 14 years of age.—Twelve started. First Heat—1, W. Summerfield; 2, J. Gibbs; time, 47 secs. Second Heat—1, H. M’Innes; 2, J. T. Taylor; time, 46 secs. Final Heat—1, H. M’Innes; 2, W. Summerfield; 3, J. T. Taylor; time, 45 secs.


Long Jump, open to all under 14 years of age.—1, C. Horwood; 2, H. M’Innes; 3, E. Hobbs; length of jump, 14 ft. 2 in.

Long Jump, open to all.—1, G. K. Rowland; 2, B. G. Wilmer; 3, E. Higgs; length of jump, 18 ft. 6 in.

Mile Race, open to all.—Eight started. 1, W. Horwood; 2, J. Alford; 3, G. K. Rowland (handicapped at 300 yards); time, 6 min. 56 secs.

Mile Race, open to all under 14 years of age.—Nine started. 1, C. Horwood; 2, T. Blane; 3, T. Horwood; time, 6 min. 40 secs.

Throwing the Cricket Ball, open to all.—1, E. Higgs, 82 yards; 2, C. Horwood, 78 yards; 3, G. K. Rowland, 76 yards.

Hurdle Race (200 yards), open to all.—Six started. 1, G. K. Rowland; 2, E. Higgs; 3, B. G. Wilmer; time, 25 secs.

Hurdle Race (100 yards), open to all under 14 years of age.—Twelve started. First Heat—1, Taylor; 2, Quick. Second Heat—1, C. Horwood; 2, E. Hobbs. Final Heat—1, R. A. Quick; 2, J. T. Taylor; 3, E. Hobbs; time, 14 secs.

Half Mile Race, open to all under 14 years of age.—Eight started. 1, J. T. Taylor; 2, E. Jonas; W. Alford; time, 3 min.

Half Mile Race, for juniors.—Nine started. 1, H. M. Rowland; 2, H. Tilbury; time, 3 min. 16 secs.

High Jump, open to all.—1, G. Rowland; 2, E. Higgs; 3, B. Wilmer. Rowland jumped 4 ft. 9 in., but from his winning so many Prizes, the Prize was given to E. Higgs.
who jumped 4 ft. 8 in. B. G. Wilmer had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, which prevented him from being second.

One Hundred Yards Race, for juniors. 1, J. Tompkins; 2, H. Mason; time, 15 secs.
Consolation Race (300 yards), open to all who had not gained a Prize.—Thirty started.
Third Heat—1, G. Henderson; 2, T. Goode. Final Heat—1, J. Gibbs; 2, G. Waddell;
3, G. Henderson; time, 43 secs.

STONEYGATE SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS, LEICESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Judge—J. D. Harris, jun., Esq.
Starter—G. C. Franklin, Esq.

The Athletic Sports of this School passed off with great elan on the afternoon of Saturday, May 12. They were held in the large playground adjoining the School, and were witnessed with much interest by a large number of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled as spectators. Many old pupils were present. The weather was fine, though the ground was damp from the rain which had recently fallen.

The best contested race was the Half-mile Race, for boys under 13. It was eventually won by King, who was hardly pressed by Kirby, who made a splendid second.

A feat worthy of special notice was performed in the Cricket Ball Throwing, when Clegg, the winner, threw the ball more than 90 yards.

At the close of the Sports, the Prizes (some of which were costly ones) were distributed to the successful competitors as under:

One Hundred Yards Flat Race.—1, C. Clegg; 2, Everard.
Throwing Cricket Ball.—1, C. Clegg; 2, C. Watson.
One Hundred Yards Flat Race, for all under 16.—1, T. Everard; 2, G. Ackroyd.
Putting the Stone.—1, J. Ackroyd; 2, C. Watson.
High Jump.—1, C. Clegg; 2, C. Toller.
One Mile Flat Race.—1, S. Williams; 2, J. Ackroyd.
Quarter of a Mile Steeplechase.—1, S. Williams; 2, C. Watson.
Long Jump.—1, T. Everard; 2, C. Watson.
Quarter of a Mile Steeplechase, for all under 12.—1, E. Williams; 2, A. Wale.
Half a mile Flat Race, for all under 13.—1, King; 2, H. Kirby.
Throwing the Hammer.—1, C. Clegg; 2, C. Watson.
Half-mile Steeplechase.—1, S. Williams; 2, C. Watson.
Consolation Stakes (300 yards).—1, O. Dunn; 2, F. Sheen.

An additional Handicap was won by Jackson; and a Mile Race for Visitors by Mr. A. Gittins.

[We have much pleasure in inserting the above interesting account of STONEYGATE School Athletic Sports, and we offer our congratulations on the successful result of the day's proceedings, which reflect great honour on both managers and competitors.]

We only do our young friends bare justice when we say that their Sports will bear a comparison with any that have taken place at any of the Public Schools of the Metropolis. Having attended many of them, we believe we are correct in stating that at none of them has it occurred that one competitor obtained six Prizes, and another competitor five Prizes, on one day. Bravo, Watson! Well done, Clegg!—Editor.]
CHARTERHOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

President—Rev. Dr. Haig Brown.

Clerks of the Course.

Committee.
W. W. Cooper. R. W. Macal.


The Athletic Sports of this ancient foundation took place on May 3rd, and were attended by a very large number of visitors and spectators. The Carthusians fully vindicate their claim to be second to none of the Public Schools, in the way they contended for the various Prizes, and for the success that followed their manly struggles for pre-eminence.

The competitors were divided into three classes, the first class including all above 16 years of age; the second, all between 16 and 13; the third, all under 13. The following events took place:

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—First class: Muir Mackenzie, 89 yds. 5 in.; E. A. Douglas. Second class: W. Wallace, 82 yds.; H. E. Wilmot.


Long Race (1 mile; ½ mile for third class).—First class: M. Mackenzie, time, 5 min. 4 secs.; O. S. Walford; J. A. Foote. Second class: C. E. Nepean, time, 5 min. 19 secs.; E. Wood. Third class: E. R. Courtenay; F. Synge.

Short Hurdle Race (120 yards).—W. W. Cooper; C. P. Scott.

Putting the Stone, open to all.—M. Mackenzie, 26 ft. 6 in.; T. P. Abraham, 26 ft. 5 in.

Half Mile Handicap, open to all over 15 years of age.—E. Wood; W. Wallace; P. Middleton (tie).

High Jump with the Pole.—First class: C. P. Scott; M. Muir Mackenzie. Second class: R. Dunn, C. E. Nepean.


Sack Race (99 entries).—G. G. Maclean, C. C. Boyle.

Old Carthusians' Race (100 yards).—R. E. Webster, L. Ogden; Mr. Webster giving the rest five yards start.

FRESH-WATER FISH.

BY PISCATOR.

PART III.

The Eel (Muraena) of four varieties, according to many classifiers, viz.: the silver eel, the greenish eel, the black flat-headed eel, and the red-faced eel. This fish is so much afraid of cold, that it buries itself completely, not feeding all the winter. It seems to take short periodical “trips” towards the sea at certain times of the year. It abounds in muddy still water, in weeds, and under roots, stumps of trees, banks, stones, and black mud, where it lies in wait, with its head only protruding, in search for food. The snake-like contour of the eel is too well known to need description. It may be taken by angling with rod and line, night lines, snigling, bobbing, and trimmer fishing. When angling with a rod, use a strong rod and line, hook No. 8 (gut not needed), and it should be well ledged for the bait to drag the bottom. Upon receiving a bite, let the float swim a little while under water before striking, or you will miss your fish. The best baits are good large worms, strips of lean beef, or small fish. Night lines also may be baited with fish (such as the loach or gudgeon), frogs, or large lobworms. In fact, however, the eel is almost omnivorous. Sir John Hawkins relates that he missed several young ducks, and upon draining a canal adjoining his grounds, several large eels were taken, in the stomachs of which were found the heads and other portions of the missing birds. It has long been a question whether eels are oviparous or viviparous, but many people long ago believed they sprang from very ridiculous means. Aristotle said they were bred from mud; Pliny imagined the young ones came from their skins rubbed off against the sides of the river; Helmont believed they sprang from May dew. Many authors asserted that they were bred from the dead bodies of animals, and some even said that horsehair thrown into the river would produce eels. All these notions are, however, exploded now. Izaac Walton inclines to the belief that they are viviparous, but the most experienced men of the day have settled that they are oviparous, and such I believe them to be.

The flesh of the eel is delicate and nourishing, and it is, in spite of its unprepossessing shape, an excellent and delicious fish.

The Lamprey, which was the original Muraena of the Romans, is a fish resembling the eel, of a black colour, no gills, but a number of holes on each side of the throat to supply the want. They are rarely, I may say never, caught by the angler, but may be taken in fish-baskets made for the purpose. They abound in the river Severn, near Worcester, and are reckoned excellent meat; indeed, it is well known that one of our Kings, viz., Henry I., lost his life by injudiciously partaking of too great a quantity of this delicious fish. They are in season in April. The ancient Romans, according to Pliny and other writers, made pets of tamed lampreys.

The Charr and Gudgeon are two singular fish, being so scarce as hardly to merit a place on our list. The charr is found in Westmoreland and in a few Welsh lakes, and the gudgeon in the river Dee, in Cheshire, and in one or two lakes in Wales.

The Flounder, though properly a salt-water fish, is sometimes found in our rivers that are connected with the sea. Some years ago there were many to be taken in the river Severn, as high up as Shrewsbury. It lies in gentle currents, with gravelly bottoms, and bites rather shyly. It may be taken all day from May to the middle of August, and should be baited for with worms or gentles, with a float, and allowing the hook to drag.

The Carp (Cyprinus Carpio) is a crafty and cunning fish, and is styled the “Water-fox” with more reason than the roach is called the “Water-sheep.” It is leathermouthed, having neither teeth nor tongue; has large broad yellowish scales, and wattles from its mouth. The head is the best part for the table. Its average length is from 16 to 16 inches in English fish, but many foreign carp attain a great size. It inhibits lakes, ponds, and quiet deep parts of rivers, especially in holes near floodgates and beds of weeds; spawns in May, June, and July, and is at its best in March and April.

The best baits for carp are red-worms and maggots; they will also take grains, green
peas, cherries, wasp-grubs, caterpillars, and prepared salmon-roe. A capital paste for the summer can be made of white bread and clarified honey, well and cleanly mixed. The tackle required is a reel, long taper rod, fine strong line, and quill float. When fishing with worms, use No. 5 or 6 hook; with maggots, No. 8 or 9; with wasp-grubs, No. 7; and with paste, No. 9.

A groundbait of mixed grains, chopped worms, bran, or bread, bran, and oatmeal, will be found useful. When fishing, keep away from the water's edge as much as possible, strike when the float disappears altogether, and play the fish cautiously. The carp will live a long while in wet moss after being caught; and many writers assert that it attains a venerable age when left in its native element, Buffon stating that he has seen fish 150 years old, though I am inclined to think that the great naturalist has made a slight error. Isaac Walton says he was told by a friend that many carp are destroyed and eaten by frogs—a question for the curious! Never attempt to angle for this fish in a boat, as they are so shy they will not approach it. Early in the morning and late in the evening is the best time, but it will bite all day if gentle showers of rain fall.

A small species of carp called Crusians is found in many pools, and they bite so eagerly at either worm or maggot that I have taken a hundred in an evening.

The handsome Gold and Silver Fish, which were originally brought from China, belong also to the carp tribe.

The Tench (Tinca Tinca) is a fish of a greenish black colour, with large fins, scales small, smooth and slaty, something like the eel; eyes of a golden colour with a red circle round; tail square and not forked, as in most fish; and small barbs protruding from the sides of the mouth. It is accounted excellent eating, and is properly a pool fish, so that its favoured haunts are in ponds, with mud or clay for the bottom. It is sometimes to be found in rivers, when it frequents all the carp haunts, especially among weeds in muddy places. It bites all the summer months, especially on dark warm murky days, and during mild showers of rain, and takes readily well-scoured redworms and maggots. It will also bite at codbait, marshworms, flagworms, and paste. The same paste as I told you for carp will do very well for tench, and they may sometimes be taken with a paste made of bread, and a little tar mixed with it. Use fine gut line, No. 8 or 9 hook, and small cork float in rivers, but quill in pools. Tench spawn in May and June, and the time for angling for them is the same as for carp. If the water is muddy, fish about two inches from the bottom; if otherwise—that is, where it is gravelly or sandy—let the bait touch the ground. As this fish does not swallow the bait quickly, but sucks at it first, allow it plenty of time, by letting it take the float down and then rise with it, to let it lie flat on the surface before you strike. Isaac Walton, who was sadly too credulous of the superstitions of his time, asserts that there are two stones in the head of this fish that possess marvellous curative powers, and quotes Rondeletius to the effect that a great cure was wrought by merely placing a tench against a sick man's feet. He also thinks that this fish cures any other that may be ill, and says the pike will not eat it, out of gratitude. It is true that the voracious destroyer will not devour the tench, and though I cannot account for it, I am afraid gratitude has very little to do with it.

The Grayling (Salmo Thymallus) is one of the most beautiful of fresh-water fish, and when in season is of a grey purplish colour with black spots. It also smells of the herb thyme and cucumber when freshly taken from the water. It haunts clear rapid rivers, with gravelly and sandy bottoms, and has a very tender mouth, which easily gives way if too harshly played. Its average length is from 10 to 15 inches. When bottom-fishing, use a light rod, cork float, fine hook and running tackle, and bait with maggots, white grubs, marsh and dewworms or caddis. A very killing method is sinking and drawing with an imitation grasshopper or caddis.

When fly-fishing, they take small dark dun flies in winter; in autumn, ant-flies, brown and furnace hackles, soldier-palmer, and cock-y-bondhu. There are many other flies used at different times for this fish, but they would take up too much space for a slight sketch as this purports to be.

The grayling spawns in the end of March and beginning of April, and is at its best from September to Christmas.

You should have finer gut and a smaller fly for this fish than for the trout, and be more ready to strike. Have a firm yet tender hand, for the grayling rarely struggles when hooked. It never exceeds three pounds in weight. Another name for this fish is the "amber," which some writers think originated in the grayling gliding along like a shadow or ghost (umbris).
TO THE SCHOOLBOYS OF ENGLAND.

LESSONS.

My dear Boys,

Lessons! Ah, these terrible lessons! They come, don't they, from morning to night? Caesar—Ovid—Grammar—Xenophon—Verbs—Prosody, what can be the use of them? You don't care about the retreat of the 10,000! Caesar's fortifications are nothing to you! You don't much care what Penelope has to say to Ulysses. Grammar is of no interest. You can't think why you should learn dead languages! "Away with lessons—I'll none of them."

And so this lack of interest makes you idle, and tired, and weary of books; and in lesson-time you are thinking of play; and when you can, without being seen, you read a story-book instead. When the master is out of the room, you begin laughing and talking. You don't care how you stand in class; and as you don't think you are clever enough to be at the top, you would quite as soon be at the bottom. The shame of being caned has long since gone by, and the pain you are manly enough to bear without flinching.

You are not altogether comfortable, I know. You don't look forward to the holidays as you would do if you were able to carry home with you a good report, and perhaps a prize. You are not quite happy when you go home, for your father will be angry with you, and your mother disheartened. It is altogether a sad picture. You are getting on in years now. You ought to be three forms higher than you are. You must soon leave school, and all your father's hopes for you that you might distinguish yourself at college are crushed. You must find some other employment than that first intended for you. Go into a merchant's office perhaps—where, by-the-bye, if you are still idle, and have no particular interest, you will still be a merchant's clerk at the end of life.

I could paint you a worse picture than this, for it is a picture I have often had sent to me to paint and brush up, and make to look somewhat bright. But it is a picture, do what I would with it, that will never be worth hanging up in a tradesman's best parlour.

A picture of a lad fifteen or sixteen years of age, who had been at school eight years, and had cost his father in that time £80 × 8 = £640 for his schooling and feeding. Pocket-money, and clothes, and books, and travelling expenses, and holidays at home and cricket-subscriptions, &c., might possibly have come to £30 × 8 = £240 more—£640 + £240 = £880 in sheer money gone for nothing!

The time that he has wasted we can't value. Oh! how can we value the early years of a lad's life, when he should have ploughed his land, and cleared the soil, and rooted up worthless weeds, and sowed his seed, and raked and rolled the ground, and weeded it again, and kept the birds off—the time up to when he is about nineteen years of age, and should be just thinking of the seed bearing a little fruit?—oh, dear! all this time is gone! What can be done? Who can value such a loss as this? Why when the lad is older, and if he could, and if he had the money, he would gladly give £1,000 for each year lost, and to get with it all the helps and teaching that he had thrown away. Such a lad has come to me, and he knew no Greek and no Latin and no French and no history and no geography and hardly any arithmetic! And he knew nothing, and I could teach him nothing, and he "never will know nothing," and what will his life be? Who could varnish such a picture as this? Not I, though I might have learned of the best masters.
TO THE SCHOOLBOYS OF ENGLAND.

But to such boys as these the Letters of mine in the Boy's Friend will be of no use, for they never read anything; and if they do, they don't profit; so I would rather, my dear boys, address myself to you who are about eleven or twelve years old, who are wasting your time very terribly, partly because you think it of no consequence, partly because you don't think at all. I will address myself to you because at your age there is still much hope, if you can be aroused to see how sad a life yours will be.

Let me put the case in a somewhat different light to that in which you have generally looked at it.

1. You do not feel an interest in your work. More is the pity! But won't anything make you take an interest in it? Come, boys, you are not honest; will that do? Your father pays so much a year for you to learn, and to eat and drink. You eat and drink, but you don't learn. Your father pays for you, but you give him nothing in return. For, every £100 that he pays for your schooling, he might have lent, and got £5 in the bargain, and when he wanted the £100 back again, to buy a new carriage or horses, he might have had it. You have thrown it away, for he might have kept you at home for a mere nothing in comparison. This is not honest, is it? It is something very like cheating, if it is not actually so.

2. You are not kind. Your father and mother have been ever indulgent to you. They have hardly ever spoken a harsh word. They give you plenty of pocket-money when you go back to school. You can get more when you ask for it. They pay for you to play cricket and rackets, and other games. They get a pony for you when you are home for the holidays. You are very unkind if you will do nothing for them. They only want you to be industrious; they only want you to learn this Prosody, this Caesar, this Xenophon. Then what a pity it is you don't take an interest in it! How unkind it is that you don't try to take an interest in it. They only wish you to be fitting yourself for after-life. You are doing nothing, and fitting yourself for nothing.

3. I say again that you are foolish. You must be at school nine months out of the twelve. You must be in school five or six hours every day; why will you not work during that time? Why will you be looking about and doing nothing? Why will you always feel listless and indifferent? Why, from early morning to the end of evening school preparation, will you persist in doing nothing? It must be terribly hard work for you to sit hour after hour doing nothing! No marvel that school-time is long and tedious to you. If you would only take an interest in the retreat of the 10,000, &c., you would soon find that school-time passed twice as quickly. If you would only look out your words in the dictionary, you would find the greatest pleasure in answering the questions at class. If you were only near the top of the class, you would find no interest so great as trying to keep there.

You would never feel so proud of anything as you would of an approving look or a pat on the shoulder from your master. What a foolish bargain you are making! You don't feel comfortable when you are called up to class. You are in a terrible —— (you boys can supply the word) when you are put on in a lesson at which you have never looked. You do not like the caning, though you are so brave over it. Your impositions out of school are very hard and unpleasant. Why, my dear boy, if you would only work hard, or tolerably hard, how happy you would be! You would get all your play-time to yourself; now you hardly ever know what it is to be without an imposition. You are not showing much wisdom, surely!

4. Ah! and you are not a brave boy, though you don't flinch over the caning. There is a far more valuable courage than being able to bear bodily pain. Your courage—even
if courage be not a wrong word for it altogether—is nothing more than what a donkey shows when he is belaboured, and yet won’t go on after all. But it is a fine manly quality to have what we call “moral courage”—to do what is unpleasant to be done because you ought to do it. It is a fine manly quality not to mind being laughed at—to be called a fag, and give only a shrug of the shoulders, and answer, “I am sent to school to work, and I have plenty of playtime besides. My father does not pay for me to do nothing.” Such conduct as this shows real courage—what will lead you afterwards to offer yourself for the “forlorn hope”—such courage which you admire so much in Eustace de S. Pierre, of Calais renown—such courage as Stephen and all the martyrs showed at the hour of death—such courage as poor Archbishop Cranmer failed in for a short time—such courage as would enable you to be brave in the most perilous times, as Captain Martin in the steamship London—such courage and bravery as bring tears to your eyes when you read of it well told in a story-book—such courage as will make you afterwards a noble, brave man—a noble, upright Christian.

5. Another thing you forget, my dear boys. Industry brings its own reward, and brings it, too, very quickly. The smile of your master; the approval of your conscience; the inward satisfaction you feel; the comfortableness up at class over a lesson that you have well prepared; the being head of your class; the being called up on Prize-day to get a book; the delight of going home with such a thing in your possession—these are pleasures which idle boys never know.

Try them, my good fellows, and tell me what you think of them. Why you would, I know, have given a shilling yesterday to have learned that lesson or looked out that word. At the top of the class you would be able to look down on the boy near the bottom who always laughs at you for being a fag. You would give up your next holiday if you could only be called into the Doctor’s library, and be told that he had much hope in you, and that he was pleased with your improvement. You would give—ah! what wouldn’t you give—to be called up for a prize? Who has got the laugh on his side when you travel back to your desk with all your friends looking at you and cheering? Who would not rather get into the train for his homeward journey when he is at the top of the class than when he is at the bottom—or when he has got a prize in his trunk than when he knows that an unsatisfactory report will reach his father at breakfast-time a few days hence?

Dear me! what will the Editor say to this long letter? I can’t think. “Please, sir, I won’t do it again.” “Ah, mind you don’t.” How much more I could say! but very likely you think that you have had jaw enough for one time. Let me tell you, I am not always long-winded. This is just the length of my sermons on a Sunday within three minutes. Ah! I wish I could have preached it to you, or something like it, in your school chapel, upon the text, “Whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might.” No, I will only say more, How I love industrious boys! How I would help them in their work if they would but let me! Boys—I have a treat for you in my next letter; I will give you a real lesson (shall it be a grammar one?), and it is a lesson that you will like too, if you will only spend half an hour over it. Goodbye, boys. Don’t work your eyes out over your books; don’t wear the leaves of your dictionary out by turning over the pages; but do something, if it be only one lesson a day, till I write next.

Your affectionate friend,

A Private Tutor.
BOYS' OWN PRIZES.

To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

22, CABLE STREET, WELLCLOSE SQUARE.

W. A. Tanner offers the following Cryptograph for solution to the readers of that excellent publication, the Boy's Friend. He will award an interesting volume for the best solution, especially taking penmanship into consideration. If a large number of correct solutions are received, W. A. Tanner will probably give a second, and even a third Prize. The winner to write to the Editor, acknowledging the receipt of Prize. Each competitor to state his age on his last birthday.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

17 2 13 23 4 10 17 4 16 12 17 24, 15 9, 7 17 9 12, 20 15 4, 2 9 9 10, 11 16 23 23
11 17 23 23 9 7, 42 9, 6 16 10 6 4 12 9, 11
4 10, 14 15 9, 16 2 17 18 9 10 12 1 23, 13
4 4 7, 20 16 1, 2 9 18 9 10, 20 10 4 14 9,
2 4 10, 3 16 17 23 14, 2 4 10, 14 1 16 13
16 14, 2 4 10, 14 17 23 23 7, 2 4 10, 12
4 16 13 15 14, 14 15 9, 25 1 10 14, 2 4 10, 17
2, 14 15 9, 12 9 2 1 14 9, 12 14 4 4 7, 3
16 14, 23 17 18 7, 11 4 10, 9 1 12 9, 23
16 22 15 10 17 4 16 12, 2 4 10, 9 9 9 9, 17
2 18 17 14 9 7, 20 4 10 14 15, 15 1 12, 1
11 11 23 16 9 2 9, 14 4, 12 16 1 10 9, 5
4 2 14 9 2 14, 17 2, 18 12 17 14 24, 14 4,
12, 6 9 27, 15 17 12, 7 1 24, 12 7, 6 1 12
12, 1 14, 23 9 2 13 14 15, 20 9 23 23, 7
10 9 13 12 9 7, 20 9 23 23, 11 9, 1 20 1
24, 1 23 23, 1 2 12 20 9 10 12, 25 16 12
14, 6 4 2 14 1 17 2, 14 20 9, 6 4 12 14 1,
15 9, 12 14 1 25 6 12.

CYPHER.

My whole a word of 6 letters, and a European capital. My 3 4 5 6 a troublesome companion. My 1 6 3 2 a very sweet fruit. My 4 2 3 1 6 ditto. My 1 3 4 6 a servant. My 2 3 4 6 is what we should never be in. My 6 3 2 a useful organ. My 2 5 6 a garden plant. My 1 6 3 2 a kind of pulse. My 6 2 3 a period of time.

To the Readers of the Boy's Friend.

16, LOWER THAMES STREET, LONDON, E.C.
May 13, 1866.

Following the praiseworthy example set by several of his fellow-subscribers, John Elworthy offers a Prize of one of Statham's Half-Quinea Chemical Cabinets for the best solution to the following Arithmetical Question. Solutions to be sent to the above address on or before the 15th of June.

A steamer starts from Dover at 10 A.M. and proceeds to Calais (a distance of twenty-one miles), at the rate of ten miles an hour. Another steamer starts from Calais at 10:30 A.M., and proceeds to Dover at the rate of eleven miles an hour. When will they meet, and at what distance from either place?

An acknowledgment of receipt of Prize must be sent by the successful competitor to the Editor of the Boy's Friend.
To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

(Extract.)

Dear Sir,—I cannot allow half a dozen numbers of the Boy's Friend to be published without congratulating its Editor and managers on its great success.

Although a boy myself, I have generally looked on Boys' Magazines simply as bundles of printed rubbish, but the Boy's Friend belongs to a higher class of periodicals; it admits of no such anathema, but calls forth admiration and affection from all its readers.

I have noticed a marked improvement in the Cryptograph and Charade Department. I hope you will not think I say so because several of my Enigmas are in it. No; I say so because from long experience I have found that they are difficult to solve.

I agree with you when you say that the 'Boy's Prizes' will be an attractive feature in the Magazine. I have felt so, and acting on the feeling, have competed for some of the Prizes.

I shall hope to give a Prize myself some day.

Every one must feel your great liberality in offering such handsome Prizes, and I am not exempt from the feeling. But I must not encroach longer on your valuable time; but wishing you the success you merit,

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

To the Editor of the Boy's Friend.

ST. SAVIOUR'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

May 15, 1866.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the Prize kindly offered by Mr. Frederick Harcourt for the translation of the passage of "Virgil," which appeared in the March number of your Magazine.

It is a very handsome volume, and shows great generosity on the part of the donor, and fully repays me for all the pains I took to obtain the Prize.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours obediently,

W. H. Ruston.

---

TWELVE TRANPOSITIONS OF THE NAMES OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Skated in a Glen.
Don't whip me, Themis.
Seek a herd, Arab.
Lady Colon.
Jane's priest rants.
Nab the red 'un.
Wind it Love.
O live in a leaf.
Let that crest reel.
I own no hat there.
Corse, evil Tory.
That Bear.

ARTHUR J. KENT.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

DrFrnd,—Wlyntlstnsrm nphthwllcm spdy.

™nbyrsrvi, 

GR.

QUESTIONS.

A secretary to the Admiralty in the seventeenth century, to whom we are all more or less indebted for a certain amount of amusement and information. He was a tolerably honest public officer in a corrupt age, and has left behind him one of the most edifying "exhibitions of garrulous egotism that the world has seen." What was his name?

H. KNOCKER.

---

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

Add five to five and you leave ten.
Take five from five and then let five remain.
Show that 500 is the eighth part of 1,000, and that four is the half of five.
Arrange the figures 9 to 1 inclusive in such order that when added together they make 100.

S. C. R.

---

A certain number consists of three digits, the sum of whose squares = 62. The square of the middle digit is equal to the sum of the other two. If 495 be subtracted from the number, the digits will be reversed.

---

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of ten letters.

My 6 5 1 is a useful article.
My 8 9 4 is an article of food.
My 3 2 10 is an edge.
My 7 2 4 is a spirit.

ORPHEUS.
A NUMBERED CHARADE.

My whole, a word of twelve letters, is the name of the great council of the Saxons. My 1 2 6 9 refreshes the inward man. My 8 5 10 is a jewel. My 1 7 8 is a man of 1 2 4. My 4 2 10 5 flies. My 5 10 7 6 7 3 5 is to flow out. My 8 6 11 10 11 6 is a figure defined in the second book of Euclid. My 10 11 12 2 11 6 is a movement. My 7 6 5 10 11 6 9 is the wind flower. My 4 5 6 7 6 3 is one who rents an estate. My 2 3 5 10 is a clause. My 8 11 7 12 is an horned animal. My 7 8 7 3 5 is a precious stone. My 10 2 6 6 11 1 is a little fish. 

H. C.

NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am of 36 letters, and my whole is the name of a well-known book. 
1. My 4 17 20 11 14 21 26 is a flower.  
2. My 8 14 10 22 is an animal.  
3. My 1 24 6 20 is also an animal.  
4. My 12 16 25 is a foreign fruit.  
5. My 7 9 11 is a biblical character.  
6. My 25 16 8 is a bush.  
7. My 1 5 13 20 means to think.  
8. My 18 26 10 20 23 8 is a species of vegetable.  
9. My 15 24 2 6 is an animal.  
10. My 19 9 6 26 we live in.

E. H. Dunn.

CHARADE.

Upon my whole the Storm King rode along, 
And reached the borders of fair Thessaly, 
Perched on Olympus, famed in poets' song, 
With glaring eyes that flashed most hideously, 
He bade my second rise, and scour the earth. 
Obedient to his 'heat, with howling mirth, 
They scatter o'er the quarters of the sky, 
And, with my first, lift mortal's works on high; 
And then descending to the fitful sea, 
They cast frail vessels high upon the shore, 
Throughout the universe roam fair and free: 
The sickle—with awe-inspiring roar. 
I marked Æolus as crect he stood, 
While from the clouds poured down the watery flood; 
Beneath each arm a sable tissue stretched 
Unto his thighs to waft the god on high. 
More horrid form sure Pluto had not fetched 
From the infernal realms to human eye. 
Anon his pennons clashed—the thunder burst 
Vivid lightning round his head, my first

Illuminate the scene; the dark abyss 
Looks darker whilst around the lightnings 
Hiss. 
The borrowed bolts Æolus hurls around, 
And imitates the Thunderer's awful sound. 
His rage once spent, he gathers in the fires, 
Lent by great Jove to soothe his fierce desires. 
Obeying his commands, my second come 
To waft the Storm god to his dismal home, 
O'erhung with rain clouds where my second, 
Bound 
In durance vile, makes hills and rocks re-sound 
Their ineffectual means, Æolus flew, 
Borne by my whole, vanished in ether blue. 

ALBERT A. ROBERTS.

CHARADES.

Curses and blessings from my first proceed, 
As very oft in history we read. 
The reeling set, with half-closed eyes, 
In vain t' effect my second tries. 
Without my whole you'll clearly note 
A good charade is seldom wrote. 

My first and second are the lot 
Of each delighted guest, 
When every sorrow is forgot, 
At Spencer's social feast; 
But both united form a word 
Which, when those hours are past, 
We grieve to find, how'se'er deferr'd, 
We must pronounce at last. 

A WELLINGTONIAN.

CHARADE.

The initials of the following will give the name of a celebrated Greek poet:— 

A town in Turkey. 
A town in England. 
A river in the south of Europe. 
A river in South America. 
A state in New Mexico. 
A river in Asia. 
A town in the United States. 
A town in Ireland. 
A river in Ireland. 

H. KNOCKER.

A GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The initials give the name of a large river of Western Africa:—

1. A large Asiatic river. 
2. A large chain of mountains (south of Siberia). 
3. A large island of the Balearic group. 
4. A town of Cornwall. 
5. One of the Ionian islands. 
6. A river of South America.

H. C.
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

I.

The initials will give the surname of a celebrated head master of one of the Public Schools of England:—

1. A town in Devonshire, long represented in Parliament by the late Viscount Palmerston.
3. A county of Ireland.
4. A county of Scotland.
5. A town in Yorkshire.
6. A River in Scotland.

II.

The initials will give the name of a celebrated living poet:—

1. A county of Wales.
2. A county of Scotland.
5. A province of Spain.
6. A state in America, N.
7. A city in China.
8. A town in Hanover.

III.

The initials will give the name of a celebrated Public School:—

1. A city in Germany.
3. A watering-place in Kent.
4. A river of Germany.
5. A lake in Canada.
6. A city in Poland.

IV.

The initials will name a celebrated watering-place in Sussex:—

1. A town in Devonshire.
5. A town in Indiana, U. S.
6. A town in Tennesse, U. S.
7. A town in Lincolnshire.

W. SOULSBY.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

The initials name a town in Berkshire:—

1. An English county.
2. An Indian river.
3. A French town.
4. A country in Europe.
5. A French river.
6. A town in the south of Russia.
7. A large European river.

A WELLINGTONIAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The initials form the name of a town in the north of Essex:—

1. A large town in Yorkshire.
5. A large town in Kent.
6. A lighthouse.
7. A county of Scotland.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES, ETC.

The initials and finals of the following will respectively name two of the most important cities in the British Empire:—

1. A county of Ireland.
2. A town of Italy, the birthplace of a celebrated painter.
3. A province of Norway.
5. A town on the Upper Indus.

The initials and finals of the following will respectively name two of the most important towns in Hindustan:—

2. A river in Switzerland.
3. A town in Denmark.
5. A town in Turkey.
10. A town in the United States of America.
11. A town in South America.

The initials and finals of the following will respectively name two of the principal seaports in Scotland:—

1. A town in Austria.
3. A town in India.
5. A town in Denmark.
7. A town in Belgium.
8. A town in Switzerland.

The initials of the following will respectively name two of the principal islands in the Archipelago:—

5. A town in Africa.

C. M. F. C.
WAVERLEY CHARADE.

"Beware! beware!" cried the Bodash Glas,
"Beware of my first to-morrow,
Your corpse may lie on the blood-stained grass,
Of my whole—that scene of horror."
"Grey spectre, avant!" cried Ian Vohr,
Who strove to hide his bitter fear.
The spirit obeyed, and said no more,
But sank and left him in its rear.
The Highland chieftain went on his way
To join his brave and hardy clan;
He passed through my second seeming gay—
At heart he was a different man.
On my second shone the winter’s moon,
My second calm and peaceful lay;
My first will rage on, my second soon,
Before it sees another day.
See the dark patches on yonder moor,
Moving slowly but surely down;
List to the shout of Vich Ian Vohr,
Charging to win a warrior’s crown.
Sad fate! the chieftain is surrounded,
Useless is it further to go,
To fly is vain, my second’s bounded
By a victorious crew for.
Round him lie the gory corpses
Of his devoted loyal clan;
Round him press victorious forces,
M’Ivor yields, a doomed man.
Upon my second shines the moon,
My first has now passed o’er,
It is my whole—God grant that it
May never be so more.
Albert A. Roberts.

MYTHOLOGICAL REBUS.

The initials read downwards, name a
famous wrestler, who strangled a lion, lifted
a mad bull, and stopped a coach in full
career; but was at length killed in attempt-
ing to bear a rock.
One of the Nereides whom sailors invoked
in storms.
A god of the Egyptians, son of Osiris and
Iris.
Evil spirits, which plagued those who injured
them while living.
Transposition of the name of a king of
Boeotia.
Son of Jupiter and Electra, and founder of
Troy.
The goddess of revenge.
Minister of Somnus, and god of dreams.
A priest of Bacchus.
A god of the woods and forests.
W. A. T.

ENIGMA.

To five and five add forty-five
The first of letters add,
You’ll find a thing that killed a king,
And drove a wise man mad.

Full oft from my first you my second receive,
And not a shade of disgrace is incurred.
Should my first get my whole, you’ll scarcely
believe,
It would stamp you at once a gaol-bird! 

Correspondence.

[No replies will be sent to letters unless a Stamped Envelope is enclosed.]

Harold Mortlake.—The bite of the common
English snake is not venomous. It has a long
slender tail, very gradually coming to a fine point,
and a roundish head. The adder or viper may be
known by its flattish head and blunt short tail. A
wineglass of ammonia and water taken internally
every hour, and ammonia rubbed on the wound,
or the wound bathed with a strong solution, is the
best cure. The bite seldom proves fatal, except
to young children or unhealthy weak people.

A Boy of Fourteen.—We can send you the
ballads for thirty-six stamps, and two for postage.
P. J. L.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. I.
Strand.

F. J. Hemley.—We fear that your suggestion,
which is a very good one, would occupy more space
than we can spare in our magazine.

T. C. L.—1. The first Bishop of Rome (or Pope,
which was the common appellation of all bishops)
was Linus, A.D. 66, in the reign of the Emperor
Vitellius. In 1073, Gregory VII. claimed the
exclusive title of Pope. 2. The first king of Portu-
gal was Alfonso, who assumed the regal dignity in
1137, after a brilliant victory over the Moors.
Portugal became a mere province of Spain under
Philip II., for sixty years, till in 1640 it became
a separate kingdom.

J. H. Bulleivant.—We applaud the suggestion
of opening a subscription for a "Boy’s FRIEND
LIFEBOAT," and wish we were in a position to
take up so desirable a project; but at present we
must defer its consideration. You have not sent
the enigma.

James Davies (Oldham) wishes us to state that
the number of competitive papers he has received
has been so large, that he must defer the an-
nouncement of the Award till the July number.

J. W. M.—A very good suggestion. There are
no covers left for 1865.
W. M.—If you apply to Mr. Bell, the Model Dockyard, 31, Fleet Street, London, he will give you all particulars.

H. Knocker.—Apply to Mr. Statham, 111 C. I Strand, London.

Charles Passmore.—If the translations are of a high order of composition, we could probably find room for them in the Boy's Friend.

Dan Morris.—Your suggestions shall have due consideration.

Blue Bill is an intelligent collector of ancient and foreign monies, and wishes us to ask our readers if they can direct his attention to a Queen Anne's farthing, for the purchase of which he is prepared to treat.

A. G. Williams.—There are two publications on the subject of telegraphy, one at 1s. 6d. and one at 2s. We will send either the one or the other, if you will send the necessary stamps, and three for the postage.

E. H. M.—The information you require can only be obtained satisfactorily at a bird fancier's.

John Simpson.—We are quite unable to answer your questions. You must apply direct to the company.

A Wellingtonian has sent us a "Letter to a Lady" as a puzzle. Having mutilated a part of it, we shall be glad to receive another copy.

Theatricus.—We have not seen the letter in print, nor do we think the drama is published.

A. M. Ellis.—Your suggestion is valuable, and we are as anxious as you are to arrive at the point you mention.

W. G. B.—To answer all your questions would require more space than we can afford. For one particular we refer you to the graphic accounts of the Athletic Sports at our Public Schools contained in our present number.

X. Y. Q.—1. French Bibles and Testaments can be forwarded from 2s. to 5s., and higher, according to the binding. We can send you one at any price you wish. 2. You must apply to a shipbroker for information about a passage to Natal.

---

EDITORIAL.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

We refer with great satisfaction to the full accounts we are able to give of the Athletic Sports held at several of the Public Schools—some of them furnished by those who took an active part in the Sports, and others by special reporters, who attended as representatives of the Boy's Friend. Although our reports are so ample, we hoped to have received some others, which from some cause have not reached us. Our columns will always be open to any authentic accounts from any Public School, for we know that nothing is read with more interest by our readers. While Head Masters attend to the more important part of education, the mental training of their pupils, we will use our most strenuous exertions to promote and extend the practice of these manly and exhilarating Sports. At a future time we may possibly have the pleasure of offering a Boy's Friend Prize, for those who most distinguish themselves on such occasions.

---

POETICAL VERSION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

As we have not yet received any paper of sufficient merit for which we can award the Prize that was offered, we will extend the time for receiving them until the end of June.

---

ESSAY ON THE INTELLIGENCE OF BRUTES.

As one or two of our competitors have mooted a new point in connexion with this subject, viz., "whether brutes possess memory, or whether what we call by that name is anything more than a recurrence of perception, through the medium of their outward sense of hearing, smell, sight, taste, or touch," we propose to afford them an opportunity of duly considering this ingenious theory, before we make the Award. Those who have sent their papers may make an addition to them, as we will defer the time for receiving them until the middle of June.