THE

BOY'S YEARLY BOOK.

1867.
"Many pleasant afternoons have we spent by the river at Chelsea fishing, and there we made a friend—an old pensioner."
THE

BOY'S YEARLY BOOK

FOR

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN.

Illustrated
WITH TWENTY-THREE FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS,
FROM DESIGNS BY
R. HUTTULA, M. W. RIDLEY, Etc.

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SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER I.

In which I introduce myself to the reader; tell when I was born, who my father was; also about my mother and Methodists; and our shop and the people who came to it, including Mrs. Moggbridge and Aunt Maria.

I AM Shot. I mean, that I am called Shot. Not that Shot is the name my godfathers and my godmothers gave to me. They called me Joseph, and my other name is Carter: Joseph Carter, that is my full name; but I came to be called Shot when I served in Gibraltar. James Darrell was called Shell for the same reason that I was called Shot; at least, not for the same reason, but for a reason very similar. We two, Darrell and I, were employed during the siege to look out for the enemy's fire. We used to shout out what was coming, so that the men in the batteries might be ready. Darrell knew shell better than I did; I knew shot better than Darrell, so they called me Shot, and they called him Shell. That was how we came by our names. There were two other boys on the rock that bore the same names as we did: we were not those boys. The name of one of those boys was Thomas Richmond, and the name of the other was John Brand. I am Joseph Carter, and not Thomas Richmond; and Darrell is James Darrell, and not John Brand. I want to make this quite clear.

Now, before I tell you about the siege and the daring things we did there, I must say something about myself, and something about Darrell. I know I am not clever at
writing the account at all, and I wish Darrell
would do it instead of me, but I cannot per-
suade him to try, so I must do the best I
can myself, and I hope you will excuse all
blunders.

I was born on the 2nd of November, in the
year 1767. His Royal Highness the Duke
of Kent was born on the same day.

My father was a bookseller, and kept a
shop near Fleet Market. Our sign was the
Crozier and the Crown.

There were three of us in family—that is,
father and mother, and me.

Two brothers of mine had died before I
was born; and little Nanny, that was my
sister, born two years after me, died when
she was three years old. She was taken
bad one Good Friday morning while she was
eating a cross-bun. I never see a cross-bun
now but what I think of Nanny. She died in
three days, and all her toys were put away
in a drawer by themselves, and so were her
clothes, and mother cried a good deal, and
was very kind to me; I cried too when I saw
Nanny in her coffin and was lifted up to kiss
her: she was as cold as a stone!

I had never seen death before, though I
have seen it in all sorts of forms since.

Nanny died in 1773. I know there was
great talk at that time about a large toad
which was said to have been found alive in a
solid coal, under ground in Lathom coal-
works. I could not understand it at all then,
and I do not understand it at all now. I
remember sitting on Uncle Price’s knee,
and hearing him discourse about it, and
saying: “Uncle, perhaps it ain’t true.” I
offer the same suggestion now.

Uncle Price was a stout man of middle
height, with a bald head and a red face; he
was a seafaring man—not exactly a sailor,
but what is called a purser on board one of
his Majesty’s ships. It seemed to me that
he always had plenty of money, which we
had not, and sometimes I used to wish—
when I saw my mother very low in spirits—
that we were pursers instead of booksellers,
so that we might have plenty of money,
like Uncle Price.

I remember hearing Uncle Price tell father
that the people over in America were re-
belling against the king.

“If I am right sorry to hear it,” said my
father.

“It won’t last long,” said Uncle Price; “the ‘reg’lers’”—he meant the regular sol-
diery, you know—“will soon put an end to it.
Why, sir, the rascals have made a teapot of
Boston harbour.”

I could not understand at all how they
had managed to do it. I knew what our
tea pot was like; the China teapot that
only made its appearance on state occasions,
and the black teapot that stood stewing
upon the hob; but how people could make
Boston harbour into a teapot—not that I had
a very distinct idea what Boston harbour was
—was more than I could comprehend. Of
course, you know what uncle meant, and how
the people of Boston, disguised as Mohock
Indians, had boarded three ships loaded with
taxed tea, and thrown their contents into
the harbour.

A little later, though how much later I
cannot exactly tell, I recollect a dreadful
storm of thunder and lightning. I was
sleeping with our servant, Jane, and woke up
in a great fright. Mother came running
into the room, weeping and wringing her
hands. She had been used in her early days
to listen to Whitfield and Wesley, and
always thought the end of the world was
coming. The storm made her think the last
day had certainly arrived, and praying and
crying, she walked up and down the pas-
sage with me in her arms in a dreadful state
of terror. I was in a great fright too, and
screamed lustily, and our servant, Jane, fol-
lowed suit, so with the lot of us father had
more than enough to do. The lightning
was very vivid, and the thunder sounded
like the explosion of an artillery train just
over our heads; but I do not know that any
serious damage was done, except to St. Peter’s
church, Cornhill, which was rather knocked
about, and attracted a little crowd to look
at it for days afterwards.

Little things of this sort will fix themselves
in the memory. Just as Nanny’s death is
better remembered by me, now at the dis-
tance of very many years, so do I re-
member this storm better than any other
storm—I suppose because it was the first I
remember.

I told you mother had been used to hear
the field-preachers, Whitfield and Wesley,
when she was young. I know she once told
me she heard Whitfield preach to an im-
mensely large crowd at twelve o’clock at
night on Tower Hill; no light but that of a
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

low lanterns, and he proclaiming the end of the world, while people shrieked and prayed, and sang hymns, in a wonderful state of excitement. It was just after the great earthquake which swallowed Lisbon, and there was an idea afloat that London would be swallowed up next. Now my mother's indiction to the Methodists was a sore trial to father. He called our shop the Crown and Crozier, and he was an out-and-out Church-and-King man, and hated the Methodists as a negro hates work. But he loved mother too well to interfere with her, and she loved him too well to anger him much about it. Generally she would go with him on Sundays to St. Bride's or St. Dunstan's, but sometimes she would go to a chapel up Fetter Lane. Father would not go, and it made him very sad to sit at home by himself or go to church without her. Father and mother were married at St. Dunstan's; Uncle Price gave mother away; so it always seemed, so father said, when they went to their old church, as if they were re-married.

As I grew older I learnt to read. I do not know for certain how I picked up my letters, though I have a dim recollection of a horn-book. It seems to me as if I learnt to read all at once, and then the wonders of our shop opened out before me.

I was always reading. I read Mr. Defoe's book about the sailor who was cast away on a desert island and lived all alone by himself for ever so long. I read a book by an Irish clergyman, which told of a wonderful traveller who fell among a nation of giants; and a nation of dwarfs; and a nation where the country flew about in the air; and a nation where the people were horses, and men were served just as horses are served here. I read a lot of fables by a Mr. Gay (I do not know whether that was his own name, or whether it was given him because he was so droll); and I read a book that my mother recommended to me, all about a man with a load on his back running away from a city that was going to be destroyed, and getting into a deal of trouble afterwards, but by-and-by losing his load and reaching a country where everything was beautiful and delicious, and where he was happy for ever and ever more. I tried to read a poetry book by a Mr. Milton, but it did not amuse me, and I soon laid it by and took up Raselas, Prince of Abyssinia—a wonderful book written by the great Doctor Johnson.

I saw Dr. Johnson a good many times marching up Fleet Street, and carefully putting his feet in the middle of each flag-stone. I have seen him, with his hands behind his back, and talking to himself, going up and down a shady walk near Gough Square. I have seen him sometimes in our shop, and trembled lest he should see me as I hid behind the counter. I knew father was rather afraid of him too, and was always remarkably polite. There was a gentleman, a friend of the Doctor, who sometimes looked in upon us, and of whom I was not the least bit afraid. He had a rich sounding name—Goldsmith—and he always seemed in good humour. He has come into our parlour and drank punch with father, and sung me a comical song, about "a little old woman tossed up in a blanket, thirty times as high as the moon." Father took me to the play once. It was one of the Royal Theatres—I forget which—and there I saw the famous David Garrick. He was a little man, in a black suit and a bob wig, and I did not like him at all. I liked the man who snuffed the candles a great deal better. I think the people did too, for they laughed and clapped when he came on, but nobody laughed at Garrick. They all sat still, and some of them began crying. Of course, I was very young, and knew nothing about play-houses then. I do not know much about them now—so I may be wrong.

We led a very quiet life at the Crown and Crozier. Very few people came to see us, except Uncle Price; and I should say, on the average, he was away at sea ten months in the year. Father sometimes went and smoked a pipe at the "Mitre," and sometimes he spent an evening with a friend of his in the Fleet Prison—quite a noble-looking gentleman, only shabby—who had been in gaol for seven-and-twenty years. Sometimes a friend would look in upon father, and mother would send out for a dish of oysters; and, on great occasions, a bottle of wine. But such feast-days were rare, for trade was bad with us, and we had very little money to spend.

Wistfully often have I seen father looking over at the gloomy wall of the Fleet, and at the prisoners who took their turns at the grating, and cried to passers by: "Remem-
SHOT AND SHELL.

ber the poor debtors!” I know now what father was thinking. He was thinking that one day he should be in the Fleet himself.

Mother had only two friends who came to see her. One was her married sister, Aunt Maria, who lived in great style near Bedford Square, and the other old Mrs. Moggeridge, a friend of mother’s mother, an elderly lady with a black down on her upper lip, like a moustache. She was a strict Methodist, and had not the least doubt in her mind that the world would come to an end to-morrow week, or to-morrow fortnight at the latest. She expressed herself in the strangest language, and sighed so deeply that you would really have thought something was the matter with her. She was the gatherer of all the gossip about friends and acquaintances; not a birth, not a marriage, not a death could take place without her being the bearer of the earliest intelligence.

“Ah, me! Mrs. Carter, what do you think now? I shall never see an end of the folly. Rasper — you recollect Rasper — crimson waistcoat and a cast in his eye; quite the gentleman! Well, he has proposed to Betty Twist, and the minx has accepted him.”

“What! Twist, the baker’s daughter?”

“Yes, madam; Twist, the baker’s daughter. Such an offer; of course, she jumped at him! But that’s not all, ma’am. Poor dear Mr. Dolland has gone at last: laid his head down like a lamb, and went off like an infant.”

“Dear, dear, me!”

“Yes, ma’am, there ain’t many Dollands in the world, and we can ill spare them. What a gift he had! What a gushing flow! mighty instrument in the waking up of the slumberers.”

“Dear, dear, me!”

“Well you may say so, ma’am. I say the same myself. I said it many a time to your poor dear mother — now at rest. Dear, dear, me, I say, what are we at the best! Poor feeble creatures, scarcely knowing our right hand from our left, and yet how thoughtless!”

Mrs. Moggeridge so bemoaned the condition of society generally, was so cast down by the depravity which she saw around her, that she could not apparently cheer up even under the exhilarating influences of toasted cheese and ale. The longer she remained, the more depressed she became, and left my mother in a sad state of melancholy for three days at the least, during which period mother sang funeral hymns to herself in an undertone.

My Aunt Maria’s visits were far more rare than those of Mrs. Moggeridge. She sent word when she was coming, and the whole house had to be renovated; floors scrubbed, windows cleaned, carpets beat, wainscoting washed, new blinds put up, everything scrupulously dusted, best china got out, and Jane, our maid’s sister, called in to help wait. Aunt Maria came in a chair, and when the chairmen set down the chair before our door, and father rushed out to assist aunt to alight, they pulled their jaseys off, and mopped their steaming foreheads. For my aunt was no light load; tall and very stout, and dressed in the very height of fashion.

“Lad a mercy! how awkward you are.”

This was almost sure to be her first greeting to my father. “Now, how slow the creature is! Well, and how is Ellen?”

Ellen—that was my mother — was ready to answer for herself, that she was very well indeed; never better.

“Well, child — why, you are white as a sheet; and your cheeks—why, they look—gadzooks! — like the horn of a parish lantern.”

Inducted into our parlour, she would survey it through her glass, and detect every little sign of poverty in a moment. “Darned carpet, eh? Ah, me! that sister of mine should sit on a mended carpet. Poor Ellen! No new mirror yet, eh? Why, that has been cracked these three years, on my sacred word.”

She required a large amount of attention throughout her visit. She complained of everything. The capon was sure to be tough; the ham over salt, or not salt enough; the beer flat, and the wine sour. She was too hot; she was too cold; every window should be closed in sunshine and a southerly wind, and every casement should be open in a drizzly day with the wind due east.

She always gave me a guinea, but her opinion of me was that I was short and ugly, and she shocked my feelings dreadfully one day by quizzing me through her glass, and suddenly exclaiming: “My precious Ellen! the boy’s bandy.” Bandy!
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

Not straighter legs were to be found in the whole ward of Farrington Without. She was also of opinion that I was backward in my education—she was very backward in hers! and that I ought to be sent to school. I was sent to school at nine years old, and father thought that was early enough, so I do not see what business it was of hers; but she always would put her finger into other people’s pies! “Not at school yet!” she would say, holding up her mittened hands in surprise, and bringing them down again with a little scream, as if the exertion was too much for her. “Why my poor brother [I knew he died of water on the brain at eleven years old] was whipped into his hic, lo, lo, before he was five—for shame!”

“I can read, aunt.”

“Read! What has that to do with it?”

I was hushed by my mother’s voice, and set silently—I will not say patiently—while my aunt dilated on the advantage of boys being early schooled. “The knocking about they get,” she said, “makes men of them.”

CHAPTER II.

In which I make the acquaintance of the Duchess, also of James Darrell, and the green baize turns to laurel, only not for me. Darrell and I are the best of friends, and go fishing together at Chelsea, where we fish up an old pensioner, minus a leg, who tells us all about Dittingen, and being out in the Forty-five. Should not I like to smell powder?

Probably with the view of making a man of me I was sent to school at last.

Everybody was then talking about the trial of the Duchess of Kingston. I am not quite sure what she had done, but I rather think she had married two husbands instead of one.

What makes me remember the circumstance is that my schoolmaster’s name was Kingston—a queer old fellow, with corded snails, and a scratch wig; and the big boys called him “Duchess”—out of school, of course.

Well, the “Duchess,” to call him by the name the boys gave him, kept school in one of the turnings out of Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.

I suppose the Duchess was clever. Father had mentioned to Dr. Johnson that he was going to put me to school, and the Doctor, without his opinion being formally requested, had said: “Send the boy to Kingston’s.”

So I was sent to Kingston’s.

Forty boys, ranging from the age of six to sixteen, stood in awe of the Duchess.

He had a shrill voice, which favoured the idea of his title, but he had also an intolerably heavy hand. I do not think Aunt Maria could have found fault with him on this score.

He set the lessons, and if they were ill-learned he punished—this was his plan. He used to scold a good deal, and emphasize with his cane on the top of his desk, or on the shoulders of a culprit. I suppose it was the school he had been schooled in; perhaps it is the best sort of school. I do not know, but I rather think it is not.

Now, amongst the forty boys at Kingston’s, there was only one I really liked: only one that I made a friend of, and his name, as very likely you guess already, was James Darrell.

James Darrell was two years my senior. He was taller than me, and candidly, I own it, better looking. Besides, he was and is cleverer; he will not have it, but I say he is, because I know he is; and I will say it whether he likes it or not. He was an orphan, and lived with a married brother, a painter and glazier, who did not behave too well to him, I can tell you. Not that Darrell ever grumbled; he had far too much pluck in him for that; but these things, you know, ooze out.

Darrell was a regular dare-all. He was not afraid of anything. I do not think he knew what fear was. As to being afraid of the Duchess, he was no more afraid of him than he was of his magpie—a horrid bird in a wicker cage. One of the things that made me take to Darrell was what I am going to relate now. Of course, I had known him before, and we had had many a jolly game together, but I did not know the stuff that was in him till then.

There was a green-baize curtain across the schoolroom, partly to shut out the air, and partly to form two rooms, if need be, so that the youngsters might be looked after by another lad, while the Duchess attended to the elder pupils. This curtain was moved by rings on an iron rod. One day, in the dinner-hour—I mean from twelve to one o’clock—some of us got playing. Nobody touched the curtain but that little brute...
Stubbins; he pulled at it, tore it, and brought it down.

There was a great outcry when we saw what was done, and we were all very sure there would be a deal of bother with the Duchess. As to little Stubbins, he howled, and accused first one and then another of having pushed him so that he could not help it. He rushed off, however, when the Duchess came, and, with his face all smirched, hid away in a dark corner.

The Duchess saw the damage in a minute, and was in a great rage. He seemed to shriek as he demanded to know who had done that.

*That was the green-baize curtain, all torn, and bedraggled in the middle of the floor.*

"Who has done *that*?" shrieked the Duchess. "Show me the boy that has dared, and I'll thrash him within an inch of his life!"

The Duchess was evidently in a rage, and nobody spoke.

"Speak one of you, and tell me who has done it!"

We could hear Stubbins breathing hard in the corner, but still nobody spoke.

"Don't think to escape in this way!" shrieked the Duchess. "Sooner than the boy who has done this shall get off, I'll flog every boy in the school."

He unbuttoned the large cuffs of his pace-coloured coat, and rolled them back as if he meant business.

Mind you, the threat was no idle one. I believe the Duchess would have carried it into execution, and woe for the boy who came last on the list. Sometimes a whole class of us would make up our minds to be wrong in our lessons, out of fun. It made the Duchess so pugnaciously cross. First boy blunders. "Hold out your hand!" Thwack! "Go to the other end of the class." Second boy blunders. "Hold out your hand!" Thwack! "Go to the other end of the class."

Boy three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—all the same—thwack! thwack! thwack! until at the end we were as we were—boy number one, first culprit, having been gradually promoted by the delinquency of his fellows. We all very well knew what the Duchess was equal to, and therefore when he shrieked out that he would flog the lot, we smelt mischief.

For my own part, I never felt more inclined to "peach" than I did then. I could not help thinking it would be an act of common justice to say, "Stubbins did it," but I waited to see what Darrell would do.

Darrell did nothing; nothing till the Duchess, almost foaming with rage, took down a heavy pliant cane—he had quite a large assortment of canes behind him—and seizing hold of young Parselle [we always called him little Parcel], prepared to deal with him as if he was the offender.

Little "Parcel" was a chubby boy—not a bit of bony angle all about him; but he did not flinch. Who was the culprit; would he tell? No! Then—

"Stop, Mr. Kingston," said Darrell, stepping forward, "I can't allow Parselle to suffer in my room; I am the offender. The curtain was pulled down by mere accident; still, if you say it deserves punishment, I must take it."

Now Darrell was quite a pet boy with the Duchess. The Duchess had been heard to say of him: "The boy has parts; I and the rod will make a scholar of him." They did their best between them, I think, to make him a dunce; but, bless you all! the schoolmasters, from Aristotle downwards, armed with all the birch that ever grew in Windsor or in Fontainbleau, could not have duned Darrell! When he stood forward the Duchess looked aghast.

"You, Darrell? there must be some mistake."

I could hear little Stubbins breathing harder in the corner.

"No, Mr. Kingston, there is no mistake."

The Duchess hesitated for a moment, and then took him by the collar, and brought down his stick with a sounding thwack. I could not stand it; I was lifted beyond myself by the noble conduct of Darrell. I was resolved to follow it. I stood forward.

"Please, sir, Darrell did not do it; it was me."

Old Kingston said his hand, and glared at me in a frenzy.

"Is this true, Darrell?"

"No, sir; he never touched the curtain: it is only to save me."

"You stop a bit," said the Duchess, looking at me in a truly ferocious manner; "stop a bit, you sir, till I have time to attend to you."

When he had finished with Darrell—and
I can tell you he gave him his full measure—he turned to me. I thought I was going to have my allowance of sugar—we always called it sugar, because it came out of the case—but I was mistaken. He simply lectured me on the wickedness of telling falsehoods, sentenced me to learn all the first part of the fifth chapter of Acts, and stood me up on a form for the rest of the afternoon, with a tongue of crimson cloth hung round my neck, and labelled "Lies."

How Stubbins could bear it, I do not know; but he was a thorough little beast, and could bear anything but a licking. He took care not to come to school again. Next day he shammed ill, and then he persuaded his mother, I think, to let him go to another school.

Darrell and I walked home together that afternoon; he came round my way.

"I wonder you could do it, Darrell."

"Do what?"

"Why, take the place of that rascal, Stubbins."

"Come, come," he said, with a laugh; "don't dishonour me: I took the place of the whole school—rather a dignified position, I think."

"It is not very dignified to be licked for a car."

"There you go wrong again," said he; "the fact is, you are jealous. I tried to do something big, and I won; you tried to do the same, and were caught out."

We talked the matter over very good-humouredly; and Darrell owned that he should like to have seen Stubbins twisting under the Duchess's particular tickler; but that, of course, nobody could have reached upon him—quite as bad, he said, as though Stubbins had been the best boy in the school.

"But was it right," I said, "to tell such a boisterer?"

"My son, it was not," he said, with quite a patriarchal air; "but I could not see any way to avoid it. I knew what I should get, and I put it down to the right account: thus, 'received a thrashing'—not for pulling down the Duchess's trumpery baize, but—'for telling a crammer.'"

After this little incident, Darrell and I got on very friendly terms. He came to see me, and we read books together, and father lent him books, and often we went and spent our half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays up the river a fishing.

Our plan was this. We used to trundle off from school at twelve o'clock, get our tackle, and set out for Chelsea. We used to buy some buns at the old original bun-house, and then go down to the water-side and fish.

Many, many pleasant afternoons have I spent by the river at Chelsea. Darrell and I—nobody else—nothing to care for, nobody to look after us; there we sat in the hot, glowing weather, dipping our lines into the silvery stream, sometimes catching something, sometimes catching nothing, but always in good humour with ourselves and with each other.

I said we were all alone; but we were not always all alone. We made a friend at Chelsea, and both of us liked him very much indeed. He was not a boy—at least, if you call him a boy, he was rather an old boy; sixty-five years old at the least. Darrell said as old as Methuselah; but that is nonsense, you know; for that elderly gentleman nearly topped a thousand. Not to make a short story long about him—I mean our friend, not the patriarch—he was an old soldier, a Chelsea pensioner, and lived in that beautiful asylum for our veteran defenders, which was established, I think, by King Charles the Second, at the suggestion of his pretty favourite, Nell Gwynne.

I do not know what was the right name of our Chelsea friend. We called him Timbertoes, on account of his wooden leg; and he was so good-humoured himself that, if he had heard us, he would not have been the least bit angry. He used to come stamping along with his crutch-stick when he saw us fishing, and would stop with us by the hour together.

The stories he could tell ought to have been put in a book. He had seen a deal of service, and his father had served before him under the great 'Marlbrook.' Our friend had taken part in the battle of Dettingen, and was always ready with the story. He would tell us how the English were hemmed in; how Noailles was closely watching all their movements; how he had thrown bridges over the Maine at Solingenstadt, and had despatched his nephew, the Duke of Grammont, to secure the defile of Dettingen; he had raised strong batteries, too, all along the course which the English must take by the
SHOT AND SHELL.

Maine, so as to expose them to a galling fire. Then would he tell how bravely King George the Second carried himself; how he was a true soldier every inch; and how, not he, nor one of his men, lost an atom of heart when they found themselves caught in the toils. How they were to escape being cut to pieces, they could not tell; but they would rather die than surrender. The French, over-confident, as they always are, bumbled; and the English took advantage of their mistake. De Grammont, in the absence of Nailleres, began the attack, not knowing either the strength or the position of the English. This movement silenced their own batteries; for their troops had to pass in the line of fire. Just as the fight began, the king's horse took fright, and nearly ran away with him into the French lines; but being stopped in time, his Majesty dismounted, and placed himself at the head of the infantry. "Ah, lads!" said our friend; "ah, lads! you should have seen him; you should have seen him, as he stood there, flourishing his sword like this——" Up goes the crutch-stick, and shouting, "Now, boys; now for the honour of England! Fire, and behave bravely, and the French will soon run!"

If King George the Second looked on that occasion anything like the narrator of the incident, his appearance must have been comical in the extreme.

The bravery of the English at Dettingen cannot be too highly praised; and it was pleasant, very pleasant, to hear the old fellow tell the story.

Then he had been on service in the Forty-five, when Prince Charlie came over, and tried to win back the crown his grandfather forfeited. He had fought at Culloden, and I never heard him speak but in terms of respect of his Highland foes. He had always some new story to tell—without we liked an old story better; and many and many are the pleasant hours that Darrell and I passed in his company.

"Darrell," said I one day, "Old Timbertoes almost makes me wish I were a soldier."

"Ambition for a wooden leg?" said Darrell.

"No; some soldiers keep their proper complement of limbs, you know; but I should like to smell powder—shouldn't you?"

"Well—perhaps!"

You see Darrell was always a little bit cautious, and quite right too, and it did not always meet my humour. I was one of those who want to do everything right off; who say, this "must be," and "I know I shall like," and finding out afterwards that you don't like it a bit.

"Perhaps!" said I. "Why, I am sure you would like it of all things."

"I am not sure of it," he said.

"Ain't it better," said I, "than puzzling over musty-fusty books, or smelling boiled oil and turpentine."

That was a slap at his brother's trade, the trade I supposed he was going to follow.

"Can't say that I am positively clear about it; I suppose smelling powder means killing, or being killed?"

"Well, of course it does!"

"Well then, perhaps, I have the fancy for being killed, and no desire to send lead or steel—uninvited—to lodge in other people's bodies?"

"Don't believe you," said I, "I know you would be every inch a soldier."

"Being a soldier," said he, "taking it once for granted that I was a soldier, then every inch would no doubt be government property, and the little eagle or vulture would be a little eagle or vulture to the tips of his claws."

"Ah," said I, "you're running; but I can't hear old Timbertoes tell of what he has seen without wishing I could see something of it myself."

Two or three times after this we renewed our talk about soldiering. We got a whole holiday, and spent it in the park, where there was a sort of review. It was really grand—never saw anything like it before. Did not I envy the little chaps with the drums and fife? did not I pick out one fellow in particular as a boy that had the making of a hero in him? I did admire him. He was a boy with a little squabby turn-up; my nose was not a turn-up, but I tried to make it so, and used to be always pushing it up with my fingers; and did not I wish I could by any chance make it like his?

I can't say Darrell seemed to enjoy the soldiering half so much as I did: he made fun of it; but I know his heart was in it as well as mine.
IF I DON'T FORGET.

A RHYME FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

I. I begin with promises,
Promises to pay;
And meet the liabilities
Of every coming day.
I promise to rise early,
And, whether fine or wet,
To take my constitutional,
That is— if I don't forget!

II. I'll always earn my breakfast,
Before I take a bite,
And never say I've 'eard 'it,
Unless I know I'm right;
I'll enjoy the satisfaction
Of fairly having met
My self-imposed injunction,
That is— if I don't forget!

III. Then I'll steady set to business,
And like a Briton work;
No duty will I seek to shun,
And no hard labour shirk.
I may have been an idler,
And be industrious yet;
And that is what I mean to be,
That is— if I don't forget!

IV. The "Constable," 'tis very true,
I may have over-run;
Just for a little want of thought,
Until the trick was done;
But now I'll stick to ready cash,
And never run in debt,
But pay at once in specie,
That is— if I don't forget!

V. I may have had some doubtful friends,
That were not quite the "cheese,"
I mean to cut them every one—
You'll hear no more of these;
Quite tired out and weary,
I'll give up all the set,
And turn out quite respectable,
That is— if I don't forget!

VI. No more impartiality
Shall any friendship sway;
At duty's call, with one and all
I'll deal the self-same way:
The "any one" who wrong has done
Shall never be my pet,
But henceforth shall a stranger be,
That is— if I don't forget!

VII. I'll deal no more with games of chance
(Or call a man "old hoss");
I'll never go the best in three,
Nor yet the pleasanter toss;
I'll never hazard e'en a guess,
And never, never bet
My money on the bob-tail'd mare,
That is— if I don't forget!

VIII. I'll learn to value little things,
Nor charge of ar'rise fear;
"A pin a-day," I know they say,
"Is worth a groat a-year."
So I'll look out for little things,
And welcome to my nest
The littlest, littlest, littlest fish,
That is— if I don't forget!

IX. I'll never listen to a word
Of scandalising doubt;
When people hint at this or that,
I know what they're about.
Unless the proof be very clear,
And quite as black as jet,
I'll speak in love and charity,
That is— if I don't forget!

X. And on the very topmost line
Of promises to pay,—
A promise that I needs must keep,
Whatever folks may say,—
I place this promise foremost,
That while my means will let
Me buy the MONTHLY MAGAZINE
(Only Twopence !), I NEVER SHALL
Forget!
SALADIN THE SARACEN.

THE Crusades furnish some of the most brilliant episodes in history. Palestine, the scene of all the principal events recorded in the Scriptures, the land of promise to the ancient patriarch, a land won from the pagan by a host led by God's inspired men, a land trodden of angels, martyrs, saints—wherein the Holy One had especially shown forth his power and great glory; where a kingdom had been set up, and had attained under the wisest of the wise a world-wide reputation; a kingdom that had been shattered and broken and brought to nought; a kingdom that was but the fore-shadowing of a mightier and more enduring kingdom where He should rule who was scorned, derided, buffetted, spit upon, crucified, dead, and buried—and wield with an almighty hand a sceptre of universal sway for ever and for ever. This Palestine, emphatically called the Holy Land, was trodden down by the feet of the infidel. Of the Temple not one stone remained on another; Jerusalem, "the joy of the whole earth," was defiled by the presence of the unbelievers; neither Jew nor Christian, to both of whom the sacred sites of Canaan were alike precious, dare venture near. Exposed to robbery, insult, violence, even death, many did dare, and the news of what they suffered for their zeal woke up the slumbering energies of Christendom, and the kings of the earth took counsel that they might win at the sword's point the City of the Lord and the sepulchre of the Lord's anointed. The soldiers of Europe were in strong earnest.

"Up they sprang upon the wing
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day
Waved round the coast, up-call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the realm of Nile,
So numberless were they • • • •
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving. With them rose
A forest huge of spears; with throbbing helms
Appeard, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depths immeasurable."

Dauntless they crossed the blue waters, and, says one of their historians, "At Emmaus they were met by a deputation of the Christians from Bethlehem praying for immediate aid against the oppression of the infidels." The very name of Bethlehem, the birth-place of the Saviour, was music to their ears, and many of them wept with joy to think they were approaching a spot so hallowed. Albert of Aix informs us that their hearts were so touched that sleep was banished from the camp, and instead of waiting till the morning's dawn to recommence their march, they set out shortly after midnight, full of hope and enthusiasm.

The name of the Crusades is given to all the expeditions which were sent out from Europe to recover the possession of Palestine from the Saracens.

The first Crusade perished without rendering any signal service. Those who conducted it fell out by the way, roused the indignation of the people through whose lands they passed, and ended miserably.

The second, under a German ecclesiastic, shared the same fate.

The third, composed of more than 20,000 persons of all ages, ranks, and conditions, executed deadly vengeance on the Jews and found their own graves before they reached Palestine.

At length, however, a large and powerful army reached the sacred climax of the enterprise and laid siege to Jerusalem. It was taken by storm, after five weeks' siege, July 5, 1099. All within the city who were not Christians were massacred. Godfrey of Bouillon was elected Duke of Jerusalem; but D'Ambert, a legate, assumed the title of king. Years passed on, and divisions among the Christians in Palestine threatened more danger to their cause than they had to fear from the arms of the Saracens. The loss, both in life and treasure, to attain the little they held, had been enormous; but that little was in imminent peril; the decaying power of the Christians in Asia called for fresh assistance from Christians in Europe.

It was a critical period. As yet, the mailed warriors of Europe had found no
formidable foe in the lightly-clad, lightly-armed Saracen. But the Saracens with whom Lion-heart of England and Philip of France were called on to contest, were unlike their predecessors. They were led by a great man, swayd by a mighty genius; their Soldan, wise in the council and brave in the field, was no ordinary man—Saladin the Saracen was no common enemy.

Behold this Saladin as described by our great novelist, Sir Walter Scott:—

“Nor was it long when, in the centre of his body-guard, surrounded by his domestic officers, and those hideous negroes who guard the Eastern harem, and whose misshapen forms were rendered still more frightful by the richness of their apparel, came the Soldan, with the look and manners of one whose brow Nature had written, ‘This is a king!’ In his snow-white turban, vest, and wide Eastern trousers, wearing a sack of scarlet silk, without any other ornament, Saladin might have seemed the plainest dressed man in his own guard. But close inspection discerned in his turban that inestimable gem which was called by the poets the Sea of Light; the diamond on which his signet was engraved, and which he wore in a ring, was probably worth all the jewels in the English crown; and a sapphire which terminated the hilt of his canijar was of not much inferior value. It should be added that, to protect him from the dust, which in the vicinity of the Dead Sea resembles the finest ashes, or perhaps out of Oriental pride, the Soldan wore a sort of veil attached to his turban, which partly obscured the view of his noble features. He rode a milk-white Arabian, which bore him as if conscious and proud of his noble burden.”

Saladin came of a brave people. He was the son of Job or Ayoub, a Curd, an inhabitant of the hilly country beyond the Tigris. A people hardly, strong, savage, impatient of the yoke, addicted to rapine, and tenacious of the government of their native chiefs, were these Curdis; a pastoral people, by some identified with the Carduchians of the Greeks. Poverty and ambition prompted them ofttime to embrace the profession of arms, in the capacity of mercenary soldiers. They loved fighting; and inclination as well as necessity led them to the choice of a military life.

The youthful Saladin served in the army of Noureddin, Soldan of Damascus, and gave proof of consummate skill and unflinching valour. By Noureddin he was rapidly promoted. While still a mere boy, his military character was established by the defence of Alexandria; and it is for this that Saladin consented to receive from a Christian general the honour of Christian knighthood. Those who saw him could not fail to admire him; his heroic courage, unsparing generosity, and his nobility of character, made him alike the friend of friend and foe; and the confidence shown in the high favour which Noureddin bestowed on him by promoting him to the office of Grand Vizier was fully endorsed by the people.

Perhaps, had Noureddin known how popular a favourite was his new vizier, he would have despatched him in haste on a mission to Paradise. But he suspected nothing. Saladin was the youngest and the least of the emirs, so little confident in his own ability that, on receiving his promotion, he instantly sent for his father Ayoub, and acted, or appeared to act, under that old man’s counsel. The Curds, proud of the honours given to their boy hero, became the most humble of Noureddin’s slaves; and when the divan murmured against the young man, whose genius was so superior to their own, Ayoub silenced them by loudly protesting that, on the command of the Sultan, he himself would lead his son in chains to the foot of the throne. In private the language of Ayoub is said to have been different. “We are above fear and obedience,” said he, “and Noureddin shall not extort the tribute of a sugar-cane.”

On the death of Noureddin, his son, a minor of eleven years, reigned in his stead, under the advice and counsel of the emirs. Over them all Saladin rose triumphant. He became chief ruler—only ruler—the Soldan; not by engaging in any odious or doubtful conflict, but by the force of his own character and the will of the people. Egypt, and Egypt only, was at the first under the rule of Saladin; but gradually he extended his dominions. He despoiled the Christians of Jerusalem, and the Atabeks of Damascus, Aleppo, and Diarbekir; Mecca and Medina acknowledged him for their temporal protector; and at the hour of his death his empire was spread from the African Tripoli to the Tigris, and from the Indian Ocean to the
mountains of Armenia. No Asiatic monarch filled so large a space in the eyes of Europe as the antagonist of Cœur de Lion.

Both in faith and practice Saladin was a rigid Mussulman; he ever deplored that the defence of religion had not allowed him to accomplish the pilgrimage to Mecca; but at the stated hour, five times each day, the Seldan devoutly prayed with his brethren; the involuntary omission of fasting was scrupulously repaid, and his perusal of the Koran on horseback, between the approaching armies, may be quoted as a proof, however ostentations, of piety and courage. The justice of his divan was accessible to the meanest of his subjects against himself and his ministers. While the descendants of the most distinguished heroes held his stirrup and smoothed his garments, he was affable and patient with the meanest of his servants. So boundless was his liberality that he distributed twelve thousand horses at the siege of Acre! and at the time of his death, no more than forty-seven drachmas of silver and one piece of gold coin were found in the treasury. Although war prevailed during nearly the whole of his reign, tribute was diminished, and wealthy citizens enjoyed without fear or danger the fruits of their industry. Egypt, Syria, and Arabia were adorned by the royal foundations of hospitals, colleges, and mosques, and Cairo was fortified by a wall and citadel. All his works were consecrated to public use; he indulged himself neither in garden, nor palace, nor private luxury.

Tennyson sings of the Good Haroun Ablaschid in terms that could not be applied to Saladin:—

> With dazed vision unawares
> From the long alley’s latticed shade
> Emerged, I came upon the Great Pavilion of the Caliphat,
> Right to the carved cedar doors
> Fling inward over spangled floors,
> Broad based flights of marble stairs,
> Ran up with golden balustrade,
> After the fashion of the time,
> And humour of the Golden Prime
> Of Good Haroun Ablaschid.

> The four square windows all aight,
> As with the quintessence of flame,
> A million tapers flaring bright
> From twisted silvers, look’d to shame

> The hollow vaulted dark, and stream’d

Upon the mooned domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seem’d
Hundreds of Crescents in the roof
Of night new risen, that marvellous time,
To celebrate the Golden Prime
Of Good Haroun Ablaschid.

Nothing of this splendour could apply to him whose genuine virtues commanded the esteem of Christian chivalry—whose friendship was gloried in by the German Emperor, and whose conquest of Jerusalem diffused his fame throughout the Western, as well as the Eastern world.

It was against the mighty Saladin that Cœur de Lion set forth in alliance with Philip of France. Their forces were united to have amounted to one hundred thousand men. King Richard's fleet also made a gallant display as it sailed from Dartmouth, with a great show of banners and painted shields. Special regulations were drawn up for the government of those on board.

These regulations were, that if any one killed a man on board, he was to be tied to the corpse and cast into the sea; if any one were convicted of having drawn his dagger or knife to wound another, he was to lose his hand; if any one struck another with his hand without effusion of blood, he was to be ducked thrice over head and ears in the sea; if any one gave his companion opprobrious language, he was for every offence to pay him so many ounces of silver; and if a man stole anything, his head was to be tarred and feathered, and the first land the ship made he was to be set on shore.

In crossing the Bay of Biscay the ships encountered a storm which scattered them in all directions. One of them which belonged to London suffered more than the rest, and was well-nigh foundering; but, according to the superstitious chronicler, there were a hundred pious men on board, who cried aloud to St. Thomas of Canterbury; and Becket not only came himself with crozier and pall, but also brought with him Edmund, the Saxon king, saint and martyr, and St. Nicholas, the Protector of distressed seamen, and told the crew that God and our lady had instructed him and his beatified companions to watch King Richard's fleet and see it safe.

A Cistercian monk about this time,
deeply versed in the interpretation of prophecy, declared that the Apocalypse plainly showed that Saladin was one of the heads of the beast; he foretold the year in which Jerusalem should fall, was most exact in every particular—and in every particular was contradicted by the event.

On the 8th of June, 1190, King Richard and his host arrived in the roadstead of Acre. The affairs of the Crusaders were in a deplorable condition. They had prosecuted the siege of Acre for nearly two years—Acre being held by the Saracens—and they were not only still outside the walls, but were actually pressed and hemmed in and almost besieged themselves by Saladin, who occupied Mount Carmel and all the neighbouring heights with an immense army. The loss of human life had been fearful. The sword and the plague had swept away six archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and five hundred barons, together with 150,000 of the “meaner sort.” Bohadin, the secretary of Saladin, speaks of the ringed mail of the English knights as an excellent protection from the arrows of their foes, which, he declares, stuck upon them without injury to the wearer. “I have seen,” says he, “not one or two, but nearly ten sticking upon a soldier.” Bohadin himself, however, could scarcely complain of the havoc made by the arrows and lances of the Saracens at Acre. The defenders of the city fought with a determined bravery, those without harassed and plagued the besiegers; the besiegers were themselves at variance with each other. The French tried to take the town by assault without any assistance from the English; the English, wishing to have all the honour to themselves, repeated the like experiment, and with the like ill-success. King Richard himself worked like a common soldier at the heavy battering engines, and when sick still caused himself to be carried to the entrenchments on a mattress. By his exertions Saladin was defeated in his efforts to relieve the besieged by throwing in supplies, and at length the brave Mussulman garrison offered to capitulate.

After some negotiation, it was finally stipulated that the city should be surrendered to the Crusaders, and that the Saracens, as a ransom for their lives, should restore the wood of the Holy Cross, set at liberty 1,500 Christian captives, and pay 200,000 pieces of gold. To ensure the performance of these conditions, some thousands of Saracens were detained as hostages. On the 12th of June, 1191, the Crusaders entered Acre, and Saladin, evacuating all his positions, retired into the interior.

Scarcely had the Crusaders entered Acre, ere Philip of France expressed his determination to return to Europe. The cause he alleged was the bad state of his health; but the true one appears to have been a dispute with Richard, as to whether Guy of Lusignan or Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, should be recognised as King of Jerusalem. Whatever the cause, Philip returned, leaving 10,000 of his followers, to be immediately commanded by the Duke of Burgundy, who, however, was bound to recognise the authority of the English monarch. The absence of Philip saved him from direct participation in an atrocious deed which stains the brightest fame of King Richard. Forty days was the term fixed for the fulfilment of the articles of capitulation. Saladin, unwilling—perhaps unable—to fulfil the conditions, sent constant messages and handsome presents to Lion-Heart, who, rejecting all overtures, and insisting on the original terms, without delay murdered all the hostages in cold blood, to the number of 5,000. An old writer represents the angels of Heaven as assisting at this frightful slaughter, and crying aloud to Richard, “Kill! kill! spare them not!” The atrocities of the Crusaders did not end with the death of these victims; the soldiers cut open the bodies of the Saracens, to look for precious stones and pieces of gold, which they fancied they had swallowed for concealment. Only a few emirs and Mahommedans of high rank were saved from the carnage, in the hope, not only of receiving valuable ransom, but of obtaining the wood of the true Cross!

The fate of three unfortunate emirs was, if possible, more horrible than that of the garrison. When Saladin sent magnificent presents, by ambassadors of the highest distinction, Richard, if we may credit the writers of old English ballads, pretended to receive them courteously, invited them to dinner, and then had every one of his prisoners decapitated, and their heads boiled, and served up as a repast!

We are told that while Richard was warring in the Holy Land, he was seized with an
agae. The most expert physicians in the camp were unable to effect the cure of the king’s disease; but when Nature, more potent than the doctors, rallied her strength, and threw off the sickness, the first symptom of recovery was a violent longing for pork. But swine’s flesh was nowhere to be obtained in a country where the inhabitants hated the swine with a Jewish hatred. At length, one of the king’s stewards hit upon the expedient of killing a fat young Saracen, and serving up his flesh as pork. The king ate greedily, and did not ascertain, till he demanded the boar’s head for his supper, what had been the real nature of his meal. The discovery caused him to laugh heartily, and to swear that he and his troops should never die of famine while Saracen flesh was so good and plentiful.

In the Early English Metrical Romances, there are several allusions to the imputed cannibalism of the king. It seems to have arisen from the wild habits of a multitude of men who accompanied the Crusaders, made it a profession to be without money, walked barefoot, carried no arms, lived chiefly upon roots and herbs, and presented a spectacle both disgusting and pitiable. There was a report that the Saracens who fell in battle were actually eaten by these men; and thus the Crusaders generally, and King Richard himself in particular, were accused of cannibalism.

Strange as it may appear, after the long duration of hostilities, and all the horrors that had been committed, the people of the two armies, during the negotiations—as, indeed, during several preceding ones—lived in friendly intercourse, mingling in the tournaments and other amusements; and through the whole of the war, Saladin and Richard emulated each other as much in courtesy as in military exploits. Presents were frequently exchanged: when the King of England was sick, Saladin sent him the incomparable plums of Damascus, with peaches, pears, and other fruits; and during the heats of summer, he regularly forwarded to the Crusaders’ camp the inestimable luxury of snow, gathered from the lofty mountains in the interior.

As the Crusaders advanced upon Jerusalem, they were harassed by Saladin, who infested their march every day, and encamped near them every night. In a general action near Azolin, the Ashdod of the Bible, the English king was victorious; but Saladin laid waste the country, and dismantled the towns he could not garrison or defend. At Jaffa—the Joppa of Scripture—the Crusaders rested, avowedly with the intent of restoring the fortifications; and there, for a time, they abandoned themselves to luxurious ease.

Saladin, whom no exertions could weary, and no defeat dismay, rapidly made head against his enemy.

Some historians have asserted that, during this time, Richard was one day on the point of being taken prisoner by a horde of Saracens, when William Despreaux, to elude and mislead the Sultan’s army, assumed the character of his majesty, and suffered himself to be taken prisoner and conducted to Saladin as the English monarch. The Soldan was so highly pleased with this instance of his fidelity and attachment to his master, that, when the particulars were explained, he instantly gave him his liberty.

Soon after this, friendly negotiations were opened—negotiations artfully contrived by Saladin, and skillfully conducted by his brother, Sephadin, who came and went between the two armies, and, spite of his turban, ingratiated himself with Richard. The negotiations ended without any result, and the Crusaders rapidly pushed on towards Jerusalem; but they found the roads impassable, the rain incessant, and the plain of Sharon swept by loose light cavalry, who, without making any attack on the main body of the army, caused great distress by keeping the whole force constantly on the alert, by night as well as by day.

Falling back upon Ascalon the Crusaders found that famous town utterly dismantled by Saladin. Richard determined to restore it, and to connect the whole coast from Ascalon to Acre, by a chain of well-fortified posts; below Acre he rebuilt the walls of Gaala. But no real advance was made in the matter of the Crusade. The “infidel” still held possession of Jerusalem, a city he loved as well as over it was loved by Jew or Christian.

Saladin gaining heart from the dissensions among the Christians, condensed his forces in the hope of striking a decisive blow. He was as resolved—nay, far more resolved—to hold “El Gootz” the “blessed
city," than was King Richard to win it. It became a question of negotiation. Richard is said to have suggested a consolidation of Christian and Mahomedan interests, but, with a due respect for his noble foe, Saladin was averse to any such form of reconciliation. At length, however, a truce was agreed upon for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours. Ascalon was to be dismantled; Jaffa and Tyre were to be left to the peaceful possession of the Christians; Pilgrims were to be tolerated in entering Jerusalem—Jerusalem, they had so fondly hoped to enter as conquerors; and for the rest, the noble Richard was content to trust in the good faith of his brave enemy, Saladin—and Saladin never abused the trust.

"Noble King of England," he said, "we now part, never to meet again. That your league is dissolved no more to be reunited, and that your native forces are far too few to enable you to prosecute your enterprise, is as well known to me as to yourself. I may not yield you up that Jerusalem which you so much desire to hold. It is to us, as to you, a Holy City. But whatever other terms Richard demands of Saladin shall be as willingly yielded as yonder fountain yields its waters. Ay, and the same should be as frankly afforded by Saladin, if Richard stood in the desert with but two archers in his train."

Doubtless, it was with some sort of shame that the Crusaders retired.

Must we then sheathe our still victorious swords? Turn back our forward feet which ever trode O'er foeman's neck the onward path to glory; Unclasp the mail which with a solemn vow In God's own house we hung upon our shoulders; That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise Which village nurses make to still their children And after think no more of?

But, whatever opinion the Crusaders might entertain of themselves, they were held in honourable respect by Saladin.

The Bishop of Salisbury, who subsequently led a long train of Pilgrims to Jerusalem, was admitted to a private audience with the Soldan.

"What say your people of your king and of me?" asked Saladin. "My king," replied the Bishop, "is acknowledged as one surpassing all others in valorous deeds and generous gifts; but your fame stands high: were you but converted from your unbelief, there would not in the world be two such princes as Lion-heart and Saladin."

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**AUTUMN'S GLORY FADETH.**

List! your trees are weeping,
Hark! that soft, soft sighs,
Gently o'er us creeping,
On the breeze on high.

Autumn is departing,
All her joys are o'er;
All her bowers are fading,
Now to bloom no more.

Forest leaves are yellow,
One by one they fall;
And the sweet flow'rs wither
At the winter's call.

As the silver dewdrop
Dries at break of day,
As the rainbow cloudlet
Smiles and melts away:

So hath Summer left us,
So hath Autumn gone;
So must earthly pleasures
Perish—every one.

ROBERT PRINGLE.
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.

A STORY OF SELF-HELP.

IN FIFTEEN PARTS.

PART I.

THE BLUEBOTTLES AT HOME.

GEOFFREY BLUEBOTTLE and Marian his wife were young tradespeople many, many, oh! I cannot say how many, years ago. They lived in a country town where everybody had a good appetite, so, as they kept a provision store, there was plenty to do and profit for the doors. In a word, they were most prosperous. Geoffrey was by nature inclined to be generous, and always most obliging. Not so his better half; she was too fond of money, and not a little proud: so that, when serving a customer, she often acted as though conferring a great favour. Still as Mistress Bluebottle was punctual, cleanly, and just in her weights and measures, people here with her failings, and bought her goods. Many men would not have got on so well with Marian as Geoffrey did. He was a peace-loving fellow, who used to say that: “what could not be cured must be endured.” Thus his wife gradually assumed the mastery, until at length he became almost a cipher in the sum of every-day life. The termagant had her redeeming qualities, was a good woman to work, and though she had lots to do, kept no servants. “Let us labour, save, and grow rich,” was her motto; “and when we have money enough, take a fine house, become genteel, and never do anything anymore.” Her husband would remark that he liked work very well, but could not see that people ought to go tearing on like that; and he liked money very well, but didn’t think that folk should be always scraping every penny together, denying themselves any little comfort now, because they looked to getting all the comforts in a lump some fine day. “Ha! ha! ha!” he would laugh, “why a poor lab’rer might just as well go without food six days in the week to have a capon and sauce on Sunday.”

When our young couple had been married just four years, a son was born. Both were delighted with their good fortune; Marian at once fixed upon a name, and he was without opposition, odd though it may appear, called Dandy. She had heard that word applied some time before to one whom she considered a very, very fine gentleman, and thought it sounded uncommonly grand. Two years elapsed and another son made his appearance. Geoffrey wished to have this boy christened after himself. Nothing of the kind: tyrannical wife insisted that it was a mother’s prerogative to give names to the opposite sex, and that, while common Geoffrey would suit very well just now, she hoped the time would come when they should be ashamed of it. Furthermore, she was prepared with a name both grand and uncommon; one, indeed, which had been borne by a foreign nobleman. It was no other than Count Dawdler de Bossi. Geoffrey reminded her that that was the man who ran off without paying his bill while they were employed at the Crown Hotel, and that several articles, the property of the shop, were missing at the same time. She replied tartly that she never did believe one word of it, as he was always elegantly dressed, and had plenty of lovely chains and rings, was very liberal to the servants, and used the most beautiful scent. The nurse gave it as her opinion that no clergyman would christen a child such a name. Dawdler they might, but Count de Bossi was a “foreigner’s” title, to take which she believed was equal to “ighb” treason. The nurse was an authority, and so Mistress Bluebottle modified a little, and Geoffrey yielded a bit, and finally it was determined to call the child Dawdler.

Two more years passed away, when lo! another boy arrived. An odd, tiny creature he looked.

“Well,” said the father, “I suppose I may give this tit of a thing a name. We may never have another chance. Let’s call him Geoffrey.”

“Well do nothing of the kind,” replied Marian, “you’ve no taste, it’s coarse and common; besides, a big-sounding name like yours would be a mockery. Why don’t you call him Goliah at once! You said he was a Tit just now, and Tit fits him better than Geoffrey; besides, none of our neighbours have a child bearing that name, and so Tit we’ll baptise him. Now say no more, or you’ll send me into a fit.”

This threat did the business, for whenever Mrs. B. had fits, she (as is often the way with people labouring under mental affections) always fell upon those nearest and dearest to her, and pummelled them most unmercifully. Geoffrey therefore gave way at once. Tit proved a fincher to the family, for not another little Bluebottle was ever added thereto.

As time went on, Marian grew still more anxious after money, and though she did not deny herself and children the common necessaries of life, yet she was very prone to provide hard fare, and paid little attention to their training. Much that she lacked, however, her husband possessed, so the youngsters were not allowed to go entirely wild and uncares for. Our Bluebottles had by this saved several hundreds of pounds; but Marian still felt she was a long way off being a lady, even in her sense of the term, yet
she did not despair of the thing being accomplished in the course of years.

One evening as the store-keeper masculine was out for a stroll through the fields, suddenly he came upon a knot of boys who were amusing themselves by cutting off the tails of a number of lizards which they had collected together. Hating cruelty, he strode into their midst, and demanded what they meant by such conduct. Seeing that he carried a cane, and knowing what they deserved, without making any reply, they tossed the poor maimed creatures into a ditch hard by, and ran away. The last urchin dropped a lizard at Geoffrey's feet. Finding it uninjured, he placed it carefully on the grass in a place of security. Scarcely had he done so, when to his very great surprise the thing began to grow. From being no longer than his finger it shot to half the length of his arm, and throwing off its outer covering as a man would his great coat, a beautiful little woman stood before him. His hair rose on end.

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

"Don't be frightened," said the doll, "I'm a fairy. You have done me a great kindness in the hour of my need, and I will reward you for it."

He tried to speak, but so wonder-stricken was he that, although his lips moved, not a single word came from them.

"Yes," repeated the fairy, "you have been good to me and you shall be rewarded for it."

"I must be dreaming," were the first words Geoffrey uttered.

"No you are not," said the little woman, "so sit down and I'll tell you how I came to be caught in a lizard's skin; for I can see you are wondering at my sudden change of character. You must know that I and my lord were close attendants upon Oberon and Titania at the fairy court. One fine moonlight night as we were for pastime in Lady Dryad's presence near the clumps of old oaks known to mortals as the "Three Graces," my lord was guilty of a great offence, in fact of high treason. I am sorry to say that, not content with dew nectar that night, he had indulged in two blue-bell cupfuls of the highest grade. Oberon, I believe led to the mishap. He was appointed by our king, who had run a thistle spike into his big toe, to take the queen's hand in a dance. For some time all went well. My lord tripped more gaily and lightly than I had ever seen him. He was grace itself. When the measure was over her majesty thanked and praised him warmly. The next instant was a fatal one, for, forgetting that it was the queen and not myself who stood before him, he turned to Oberon and caught her round the waist, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. Shouts of alarm and indignation from those present called my attention. I looked up, my poor lord was on his knees craving pardon. Oberon was on the point of changing him for ever into some horrible thing, when I threw myself at his feet, and besought mercy. My mistress, Titania, also interceded, on my account. At length the king, relaxing his angry looks a trifle, spoke thus:--

"Go, take upon thyself the form of man. Suffer as he suffers, live as he lives, feel as he feels, hunger as he hungers, thirst as he thirsts, but never return to our court again under pain of a far more terrible sentence."

Thereat my lord, changing into a human dwarf, was hunted from the royal presence, while I was withheld from speaking even one parling word. My grief for my banished partner was so great, that at last the queen in pity interceded for me so well, that Oberon granted a free pardon; but it was upon one hard condition. This—that whoever shall be the bearer of the forgiveness must not be told where to find the offences, but go in search of him, and if unsuccessful for four times seven years, the grant of pardon to be rescinded. "The world of mortals is a large place," thought I, "and to look for any single creature therein an almost hopeless task, and one which would soon tire any ordinary messenger. I will go myself if possible." Leave obtained, I made my way hither, wandered among the abodes of men, disguised sometimes as a bird, sometimes as a beast, sometimes even as a reptile. Long have I searched, but in vain, yet I will never give up until I rescue my dear lord, or am recalled to fairy land.

"Oh, excellent wife!" sighed Geoffrey.

"It was while sleeping in the guise of a lizard that I was overtaken by the lads from whom you saved me. Once in the hands of mortals my power to change form ceases, so that I was helpless, and should have been cut to pieces but for your timely aid. Now, then, in return, I will give you the choice of one out of three wishes, and that which you fix on shall be granted you. Choose then from Health, Wealth, and Wisdom." Geoffrey fell in a fit, and wished his wife present. "Might I first go home and consult Mrs. Bluebottle?" he asked.

"It were better for you to decide at once, I think," was the reply. Again he mused. "Health is the greatest blessing upon earth, but I don't believe that would suit Marian. She'd be sure to want Wealth. Wisdom, our pastor says, is more to be prized than fine gold; but I'm sure there would be an awful noise in the house if I settled upon that. No, I'll go home and ask my wife." "Very well; as the clock commences striking twelve to-night, wish. Wish the same wish with every stroke, and when the twelfth is told you will have your desire." A sudden rustle among the grass behind caused the store-keeper to turn. When he looked round again the fairy was gone.

Mrs. Bluebottle, you may be sure, was astonished at her husband's story of the fairy, and at first seemed to think him a little mad. As he continued to assure her of its truth she at last believed, and decided at
part II

the bluebottles turn gentlefolk.

"now marian, my dear," said geoffrey, when they had put their wealth in a place of security, "how are you going to live for the future?"

"as a lady of course," was the response. "i mean to do nothing at all, all the rest of my life. i've worked quite enough in my time, and so have you, so you shall be a gentleman and do nothing either!"

"but, my dear, do you not think—"

"i'll have no bar, geoffrey, save wince-butts. you know nothing ruffles my temper like your butting; so don't do it." the good man said no more. he knew it would only provoke a quarrel if he attempted to argue; hence, as was his custom, he gave way; they shut up the store, took a fine house in the country, and commenced playing at gentleman.

mistrress bluebottle, in her new character, carried things with a very high hand, and a very high head too, for she insisted on turning her eyes upon the ground: the consequence was, she often got a rap on the shin or a thump on the toe, which might have been avoided. servants disliked her for her pride, and milliners and dressmakers went whole rivers of tears over the unnecessary alterations which she gave them to do. geoffrey, too, by degrees fell a great deal into his wife's habits, and although not a bad master at heart, yet he got to play the petty tyrant pretty well at last; and when from idleness and high living his stomach was out of order, scowled on the poor, whipped his stable-boys, and kicked his footman with as much ability as if he had served a long apprenticeship to the business. marian looked pleased when the eye-witness of such conduct, and declared that he indeed acted like a real gentleman; let people see who he was, and kept menials in their proper place. when alone geoffrey was always gentle in his manner to everybody, and those about him used to whisper that he was afraid of his wife, and but for her would be a very different man.

time who waits for nobody, gentle or simple, served the bluebottles in the regular way, went on his course, as they went upon theirs. the excitement which resulted from the sudden possession of so much wealth gradually subsided, and those who had, at all events, been pretty comfortable while eating the bread of labour, were now while eating the bread of idleness altogether miserable. the children, better looked after in an educational sense, but still very ill-trained, were allowed to have a great deal too much their own way. madam in scramble hall was not half the woman she had been behind the counter, and geoffrey as a gentleman confessed to himself that he felt a degraded creature. more than once he had made an effort to do something, but marian would not allow it, and had hidden him to remember, if not for his own sake, for hers and the children's, that he was a gentleman. up to this they had lived much to themselves, but their days had now become so dull, and time hung so heavily upon their hands, that they determined to see what relief frequent company would bring. henceforward scramble hall was the scene of one
A STORY OF SELF-HELP.

round of parties, banquets, and balls. By and by, Madam learned from some of their guests that people of their wealth and liberality ought to possess a title. From this moment, poor Geoffrey, who began to be troubled with an enlargement of the liver, and to exhibit a large bright spot or two on his most prominent feature, knew no peace day or night. She babbled of titles awake and asleep, until at length the poor fellow became so harassed that he was fain to send off an agent to a foreign land, where such things were to be picked up for some consideration of cash, to purchase one for himself and heirs male for ever. After an hour’s absence the emissary returned with a day-sealed and signed document, informing Geoffrey Bluebottle that he was now something more than a simple suitor; that he was in fact a real count; at the same time he was made aware that by the expenditure of a few more hundreds it was possible he might presently become the Knight of some Flocc or other. Count and Countess Bluebottle gave parties worse than ever. The people who thronged their rooms found but little pleasure in the society of either, and often secretly ridiculed their ignorance and attempts to ape their betters. Of course, rich people like the Bluebottles were not without their flatterers. But for all that, scarcely a soul ever spoke well of them behind their backs. This sort of life continued until Dandy was seventeen years old. Among the more frequent visitors at Scramble Hall were several needy adventurers, and some of these persuaded Geoffrey to engage from time to time in gambling transactions, by which he mostly lost heavy sums. At last, while he was in his cups one evening, some of these wicked men drew him into signing certain papers, which, when his sober senses returned, he found left him a ruined man. A few hours before the unfortunate event occurred, as Geoffrey was sitting in his easy chair and quite alone, his liver being very bad at the time, suddenly a pale-faced, anxious-looking, little man, indeed quite a dwarf, stood before him. "Who are you? What do you want?" and "How dare you break in upon me like this?" were questions all spoken in a breath. The stranger slightly smiled as he replied, "Who I am, I may not tell; what I want, neither you need nor it is for you to know." Geoffrey replied, "Then I must force myself in here, because I knew that by no other means should I get to speak with the master of this house." This coolness made Geoffrey very angry; so, without further parley, he caught up a footstool, and flung it with all his might at the speaker’s head. The dwarf ducked, and it went crash into a most costly mirror. The noise brought in the Countess, followed by Dandy, Dawdler, and Tit, and several of the attendants. "Who did it?" exclaimed the count. "I did it," roared the count, "through that.—" He looked round, but the stranger was nowhere to be seen. "Through what?" screamed his better half, picking up the stool, and sending it at him with all her might. Strange, but Geoffrey acted just as the dwarf had done, ducked his head as he saw it coming, and so smash went another fine glass, which reached from the floor to the ceiling. The countess was like a tigress. Her rage knew no bounds. She valued these mirrors beyond any others in the whole house. Without another word she flew upon her husband, and began beating him right and left with her clenched fists. "I’ll teach you to act like a gentleman," cried she, "I’ll show you the way"—thump—"I will"—bang—"a gentleman"—thump, bang. In vain he tried to escape. In vain little Tit besought his mother to leave off; on she kept until she had fairly thumped both herself and husband out of breath. After a storm came a calm. As she ceased, you might almost have heard a feather fall. At that moment a pale, grimacing face appeared at the doorway. It was the intruder’s. "That’s he," bawled Geoffrey. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the other, as he bounded down the stairs, pursued by mistress, master, and man. "After him!" cried one; "Stop thief!" another. All was uproar and confusion. "They’ll—catch him, if—if he doesn’t get away!" drawled Dawdler. Dandy looked leisurely from the window, and sighed, "I only wish it were proper to run." Tit had joined the pursuit to see what came of it. All proved vain; for, after leading the household with several newly-arrived guests a most tantalizing chase up and down, and in and out the grounds for full half-an-hour, the little plague suddenly jumped on the top of a hedge, gave a parling "ha! ha!" and disappeared the other side. Thereupon the countess went into one of her fits, and was not restored until they were almost in the act of running pins down the quicks of her nails. Her coming to was very strong; for her left hand caught the eye of a zealous friend, who had just arrived with some burning rag to thrust under her nose, such a blow that he toppled over, set fire to his own whiskers, and burned one entire side to a cinder. Her right foot also caught another very officious old gentleman, who was recommending a cold bath, such a kick in the stomach as to bring on a violent attack of gout, which confined him to his house for three months after. About half-an-hour after the adventure just described, as Tit was rambling through some meadows at the back of the Hall, who should he come upon, fast asleep under a haystack, but the stranger! "Hallo!" said Tit; "I have you." The little man sprang up, and tried to break away. "Do that again," said his captor, "and I’ll call for help, and then those will come it would not be good for you to see." "No, fair spoken, boy, I am your prisoner." "Well, then, you’ve nothing to fear from me," continued Tit; "though small myself, yet I’m bigger and stronger than you, and as
I never take advantage of any one, much more anybody less than I am, I shall let you go." He released the offender. "Now, then, tell me why you came to our house and created such confusion?" In a few words, the dwarf explained all that had passed between himself and the count. "And are you really poor?" asked the boy, when he had ended.

"Indeed, I am. I have tasted no food for many hours, and am without money."

"Here, then," returned Tit, "I pray you take this crown to help you on your way."

"I do not think that I ought to accept money from one so young. You will most likely be sorry when I have gone, and wish you had your coin in your pouch again."

"Not I. I have a good lot of money given me by one and another of my father's friends; and I am allowed to do whatever I like with it. I often give a great to the aged and needy when I meet them by myself, and somehow I always feel happier afterwards; so, if you please, accept my crown, haste to the tavern, not a mile up yonder road, and get meat and drink."

"My good master," said the poor man, his eye brightening with emotion, "I will accept your money, and may you never know the want of it. When I broke in upon the count to-day I had something to tell him which would more than have repaid any alms he could have bestowed upon me."

"Tell, oh, tell me!" besought Tit; "if it be for his good."

"You have been kind to me, and I will do as you request. Haste, then, to your father, and let him know that there are men at his table who seek his ruin this very night. Farewell!"

The excited lad, with a hasty "farewell! farewell!" flew off home. When he arrived there, he found the guests assembled in great force. He tried to get to speak with the count, for which his mother gave him a box on the ear, and ordered one of the servants to put him into the cellar for his bad manners.

"I want to save you from ruin, father!" shouted he.

"Why, what a dreadful child!" exclaimed her ladyship. "There's language for you! Away with him!"

Thereat the poor fellow was dragged off, and locked in the place where fuel was stored, and told he should remain there until he knew better how to behave himself.

PART III.

A TREMENDOUS SMASH.

Two months to a day from the incidents last described, Scramble Hall is the scene of another feast, the feast of creditors. The count is a ruined man, and all his property is being sold off. Mr. Auctioneer, mounted upon a large table in the largest room of the house, is knocking down one thing after another, in apparently the most reckless manner—cattle, furniture, and plate. Some of the count's most intimate acquaintances are among the crowd, eagerly looking after bargains.

"Who'd have thought it would have come to this?" says one who has been a very constant visitor at the hall. "Fine folk to give themselves airs and get titles."

"You're right," replies another; "I thought they were going it a little too fast. It struck me it would not last for ever."

"Why, I thowt you wer among, his par-tikler friends!" exclaims an old farmer, who has just had a cart-horse knocked down to him for £25.

"Not I," cry both in the same breath; "and," continues one, "I only visited him for the sake of appearances. He was a man nobody could make a friend of; and the dinners he gave were sorry affairs. Precious bad wine. Many a stomach-sake I've put up with through his confounded table."

"Ah!" murmurs the old man; "pros-"perity is a cheating mirror, which reflects only smiling faces; but adversity is an honest, old-fashioned looking-glass, which shows men in their true guise. Good day to ye, gentlemen!"

The sale concluded, the house was locked up, and Count and Countess, Dandy, Dawdler, and Tit turned off to seek a home where they might.

"Count," said the old farmer, when most of the people had departed, "I hope you want be angry wi' me; but, if so be as a better place ain't been offered you, I've room enow and to spare at the old farm-house, and shall be right glad to find ye a home till ye can see what is best to be done."

"Thank you," returned Geoffrey, hardly daring to look the speaker in the face, for he remembered that over this man he had more than once played the tyrant, and was therefore unprepared for this act of kindness.

"Thank you, sir," said Tit, turning his full, earnest, grey eyes up into the farmer's face.

"It's a great drop in the world," murmured Dandy to himself.

"Well, anything is— is— a— better than nothing," thought Dawdler.

"We have not yet received any invitations from our friends, the gentry of the neighbour-hood," remarked the countess, feeling for the gold spectacles which one of the servants had purloined that very afternoon and sold to a Jew hawker. "No doubt, each thinks we are engaged to the other. We shall have invitations pouring in upon us to-morrow."

"Silence, wife," cried the ruined man—a tear was in his eye; "we are completely deserted by those we thought to be our friends. Farmer, I accept your generous offer."
A CHEER FOR THE LABOURER.

PART IV.
LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

Soon after the farmer had taken the Bluebottles into his house, my lady began to fume, fret, and find fault, and give herself airs; so, at Geoffrey’s request, they removed into one of the good old fellow’s cottages, he lending them sufficient furniture for their common need. The count and his family, it will be seen, found Poverty a very ungraciously acquaintance, and many unpleasant truths were now forced upon their notice. In the first place, they discovered what a valuable thing friendship was; and, in the next, the folly of pride, no matter what your station.

Countess Marian Bluebottle pretended to be ignorant of these things; so did Dandy, so did Dawdlor; but they were fully aware of them, nevertheless. All the fine folk, whom in the hour of prosperity they had feasted, now averred their heads, and would not see them, or, worse, looked at them as though they had never beheld them before, and passed without speaking a word. Many over whom they had held a tight hand in days gone by, rejoiced aloud at their misfortunes; but there were some few noble souls who, like the old farmer, forgot bygones, and were really sorry to see those who had been so well cared for thus much reduced. Geoffrey came, in a great measure, to his senses, and secretly grieved over his past life, promising himself that should fortune ever smile upon him again, he would behave in a much more considerate manner to his humble fellow man, and be a great deal more careful of whom he made a friend. Poor fellow, his misfortunes were greater than he could bear. Care and grief gnawed at his heart; his health gave way. Day after day he sat in the chimney corner, now lifting his hands in a slow murmur of “how sad, how sad,” and then shaking his head with another sigh of “Gone! past! gone, for ever gone!”

As his health grew weaker, his nature grew tenderer. He became gentle as a little child, and the most trifling acts of kindness seemed to awaken his warmest gratitude.

“I have only just begun to live,” said he one day to the old farmer, when they were by themselves. “My life has been a mistake. Money and lands are not everything. True love and real friendship are not to be bought with cash, or won by display of this world’s goods. Care for others will gain affection, and is a divine command which I fear I have too much neglected. Oh, how I long to do something or somebody good! Alas! alas! why am I so powerless?” The farmer strove to comfort him with hope that health and fortune would soon return again.

“No, no,” cried he, “four years of grief, anxiety, and poverty have done their work. You are kind, very kind; I cannot say how kind, but all is over with me; nothing now remains but, by real penitence, to atone, as much as possible, for past errors. I have warned and counselled my unfortunate sons to take heed from my example, and earnestly pray that they may do so.”

A few days after the farmer’s visit, DEATH passed at the count’s humble abode. The door was barred, but he passed in nevertheless. The sick man saw him not, but he knew him present. They were alone together, still he felt no fear. The sun that had risen that morning in rain and mist was setting in a clear, unclouded sky, beautiful as when it first passed over Paradise. Down, down it sank, beautiful and still more beautiful. The count smiled, clasped his hands upon his breast, and whispered, “To rest, to rest.” Down, down it sank, lower and lower still, but heightening in glory all the world about. Those sad, worn features seemed to catch a saint-like grace; those sunken eyes to beam with a celestial fire, as, looking heavenward, the sick man sighed, “To God and rest.” The sun had set.

“Father!” said little Tit, “I have brought you your evening drink.” No reply. “Father!”—he stooped and kissed his cheek—Dead!!!

A CHEER FOR THE LABOURER.

Hurrah for the men who work!
Whatever may be their trade;
Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,
And they who use the spade!
Who earn their daily bread
By the sweat of an honest brow;
Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,
And they who reap and plough!

Hurrah for the sturdy arm!
Hurrah for the steady will!
Hurrah for the worker’s strength!
Hurrah for the worker’s skill!
Hurrah for the noble workers!
Hurrah for the young and old!
The men of worth all over the earth—
Hurrah for the workers bold!

J. RICHARDSON.
THE ODD BOY ON FOPS.

There are some men who are said to be too handsome for anything. Often have I looked about me for the handsome men, and never, never have I found them yet. Whether I have been brought up in a part of the country where handsome men are never raised; whether Adonis makes a point of shunning all my friends and acquaintances, sure I can't tell; but this I very well know, that the handsome man — except in pictures, and they were not photographs—I have never seen! Of course, I don't mean to be personal—but I don't mean you. Once, a worthy gentleman (!), discoursing to a company of ladies on the congenial topic of the plainness of an absent friend, remarked, "I never saw an uglier woman in my life—present company always excepted!" To you, dear Editor, I breathe the same sentiment.

If I have never seen Apollo, I have seen those who tried to make up for want of personal attractions by the charms of art. It is the cant of the cynics, and always has been, to pitch into the women about elaborate toilette, and an over-attention to dress:—

Name not the belles, since modern times can show
That ape of female foppery called a beau.

I hate beaux! I know the girls don't, but I do; they think too much of their hair to have anything in their brains, and are in debt to their tailors—irrespective of their little "accounts" with those Eartorial sufferers;—that if the women did but know it, would but think of it, they would, as a last civility, present them with a dressing-case and valedictory address, and forthwith get up a lottery as to who should have the Odd Boy!

Don't they say that it takes nine tailors to make a man?—Patience, good friend Snippet, sit easily on thy shop-board! Wish not thy needle were a sword! Eye not so savagely those iron geoese that are waiting to be cooked—there is no offence to you; 'tis but the humour of the cync. A man, mark you, who depends on tailors, who salamis to the fashion-book, and swears by the pattern-card: this is the man—and it takes nine tailors to make him presentable. Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Your craft, suspected Snippet, is not in danger while such men live; the sly jest is at their expense, not yours; never be angry about it, but laugh with me, and I'll settle for those check trousers, honour bright, as soon as ever my relieving officer comes down with some ready!

"A tailor make a man?" Such is the query which is put into the mouth of one of the characters in King Lear, written, as you are doubtless aware, by the immortal "Shake-cum-spear." A tailor make a man?—yes, why not? How many men are by their tailors made?—how many tailors by the men un-made? The same author, in the same play, makes a king out of his mind, and out in the rain, refer to the tailors, and the exigencies to which a man may be reduced who has no tailor, "Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body the extremity of the skies. . . . Unaccommodated man is no more but a poor, bare, forked animal." The old gentleman is evidently deranged—non compos, but there is method in his madness: he pays homage—if nothing else—to his tailor.

But, mind you, a man is not a tailor's block. It is a good thing with your aid, most revered of habit makers, to dress and to undress. I can imagine some of the lower animals (I am not sure that they are lower, but we'll call 'em so)—I can imagine the shudder with which they watch, for the first time, a human being undress—see him tear off his skin, and throw it recklessly over the back of a chair! Granted that it is a grand thing to case and uncase—to be black as a crow now; black and white as a magpie then; prismatic as a peacock another time—granted that it is a privilege to be recognised as the grand nation gentes togatae:—still I protest against that frightful form of idolatry, Snip-worship—the paganism of fashionable tailordom.

There used to be a joke, when large hats were worn, about "Here comes a hat with a man under it!" Might we not say "Here comes a suit of clothes with a swell in it?" A swell that at his tailor's bidding puts himself into pantaloons so tight that it takes half-an-hour to effect an entrance, or in
bowling bags, so baggy that you are reminded of the gentleman who sings "Hot Codlings!" and commits at Christmas time stodgy acts of petty larceny; a swell that will wear a check so small (his tailor would be glad of any check likely to be met) that it would look too little for a small doll; or with a figure so large, so "loud," I mean, that it takes two men to show the pattern; a swell who would cripple himself with tight boots, or put his feet into beetle-crushers literally big enough to walk about in; who squeezes in, and pads out, and, taking more pains with his collars than he ever did with his scholarship, succeeds in looking like a tailor's show-block, when he thinks he looks like a man!

Togg'd out to the nines, you meet these swells at evening parties, in the Opera stalls, in the "reserved" seats anywhere and everywhere. They come to dinner late, and indulge in a little lisp or drawl; they don't seem to have the brains of a coxcomber, but they are got up regardless of expense, and are scented like Rimmel's Almanack. They can't sing, they can't dance—properly; they can't talk, they can't eat their dinners—comfortably; it's no use telling them that—

A pennyworth of purl
Puts your hair in curl,

If you feel yourself queer in the morning.

I don't think they ever tasted purl—it's low.
I think they would be insulted if anybody alluded to the copper coinage. As to putting their hair in curl, that is done either with papers—I should just like to catch a swell en papillote!—or else by the iron of an Occidental barber. What use are they?—not the iron, but the swells. Does anybody care for 'em? The ragamuffin, heels-over-head boys in the streets; the scruptious girls (with sense in them)—at that ha'porth of liveliness, a grand ball—know these swells, and what they are worth, well enough; and not all the tailors' toggery, from Bond Street to Aldgate Pump, would make them believe in these dummies.

Wear moustaches if you like; curl your hair if you like; let all your garments be superfine, and the last thing out; lounge in the bow window at the club; come late to the playhouse, late to dinner; drive—no, I mean tool your drag; do everything a fop can do with propriety; back it up with lots of tin; and, I tell you—nobody will believe in you! In some comic rhymes, a clerical

fop—for there are Church fops as well as others—is made to say—

It is true that the wicked make
Of our Pygmalions, as we go by;
And one Gownsman in Trinity Court
Went so far as to call me a Guy.

A Guy! exactly so; that is precisely what a fop always looks like—just the caricature of a man.

Our ancient British forefathers were not the wild savages we are often led to suppose they were. They wore trousers. On this very account the Romans mocked at them, and called them "breeched barbarians." As soon as ever the Romans got the upper hand here, what did the empty-headed British fops do but discard their comfortable inexpressibles, and adopt the Roman tunic! It was just like the fops of all ages—they will be in what they choose to call the fashion, whether it is comfortable or the reverse, elegant or the opposite. The tailor says, "Cesar Augustus wears it." Hurrah!—tattoo me all over—pour boiling pitch upon my shaved head, and stick feathers in it—if that's the fashion!

They say old Heligolabalus—I mean His late Majesty George the Fourth—used to spend hours watching Beau Brummell dress. It was right royal employment to be sure. Imagine "our gracious sovereign the King," watching with bated breath the putting of the snow-white, nicelly-folded cravat around the neck of the yet unfinished gentleman—to tie it was an impulse of inspiration; if the first effort were unsuccessful, it was useless to attempt any re-arrangement. "Give me another cravat!" Brummell's valet was one day seen coming down stairs with a large heap of tumbled neckcloths in his arms. He was asked what they were. "Oh! these," said he, very gravely, "are our failures." George the Magnificent watching the process is an edifying picture. I once watched a man dress; it took him nearly two hours: it was a frightful ordeal. The instruments that lay upon his toilet-table—scissors little, scissors less than little, scrapers, tapers, brushes of at least a dozen different kinds, combs to correspond, soaps and scents, and perfumed oils! Such washings, rinsings, combings, brushings, pluckings, scrapings, anointings—all spent upon a head as hollow and as wooden as an empty cupboard. How long did it take to ensure? how long to consider whether this,
that, or the other waistcoat was the vest to wear! how long to arrange and re-arrange the chain and studs!—Two hours in all, and I understand he was making haste, and had done it in a hurry! He said he must do it, when I remonstrated—said it was expected of him. "Who expects it?" said I. "Society," he said; "Beau Monde." "Beau Muddle," says I; "it must cost a jolly lot."

This so much getting up to please the town Must take a precious deal of coming down.

"If you have to put your legs," he said, "under other fellows' mahogany, you must look like other fellows; all fellows do it—not tired, I hope." "Well, rather hungry; may I ring the bell for a pennorth of beeswax and a tuppenny buster?" He was as savage as a short-tailed bull in fly-time. Did it do him any good?—not a bit of it; it is no use lathering a donkey's gills—you can't make a clean shave of him.

Think of that Brummel with his cravat on—he daren't turn his head for fear of disarranging it; so, sitting at table, and unable to recognise those who are sitting beside him, he has to consult his man: "John, who is at my right?" "The Marquis of Mudpuddle, sir." "And at my left?" "The Duke of Ditchwater." Nice, wasn't it?

Reading books about costume lately—Herald Planche, Garter King of Burlesque, his book; and Fairholt, graceful and learned, his book—and kindred volumes, preceding both,—I was met at every turn by fops. Norman fops, now shaving the back of their heads as well as their faces, and now letting hair and beard vie with the length and inconvenience of their garments; and actually dozing while the priests thundred at them as "filthy goats." I find the Plantaginet boys spending immense sums on their long and uncomfortable robes, and satirists quizzing the tailors in rich humour and poor Latin. I find the fops wearing parti-coloured dresses, one half red, and the other half blue, suggesting the idea of having been half-roasted.

I find that, in the days of York and Lancaster, the tailors were subject to fine and imprisonment, if they dared to supply the fops with any cut or colour forbidden by Act of Parliament. Imagine the House of Commons resolving itself, now-a-days, into committees on the question of fops' folly, and gravely going through a third reading of an Act to amend the "outrageous attire of the youth of this realm!" Fops! fops! fops! everywhere, with obsequious Snippets leading them into temptation. The thing that is the thing that was, but it is not any the better on that account. The fops who strutted in the Court of Queen Anne, brave in slashed doublets, slashed hose, rich cloaks, and jewelled caps, had something in them; the be-wigged and be-powdered fops, with buckram skirts and clouded canes, lace ruffles and comfit boxes, who lounged in the Court of Queen Anne, were no more to be ridiculed for their finery than are those who live under Victoria; out upon finery, says I—it is very stupid, very weak, very expensive, and very vulgar. Queen Bell's fops—Queen Anne's fops were gentlemen; but—well, look at our fops—tell me what you think of them!

Do I mean by all this that a man should be a sloven? that genius dwells behind an unwashed face? that a great brain is thatched by unkempt hair? that a great man must necessarily taboo a decent steetpen driver? No!—very far from that. Says my Lord Chesterfield, in his letters to his son:—"Take care always that your clothes are well made, and fit you; for otherwise they will give you an awkward air. When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards, and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all." Says old Polonius to his son:—

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy, For the apparel oft proclaims the man. Chesterfield and Polonius for ever!

You will observe that I am not going in for the sloven, any more than I am for the fop. I don't believe, with Toffeles-Breughel, that man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together, and held up by clothes; and that society is founded upon cloth. I am neither your advocate, nor yours; you won't catch me saying—

Je suis oiseau—voles mes ailes;
Je suis souris—virent les chats!

I hate alike the sloven and the fop; there is affectation in both, and affectation is that which is most foreign to the nature (oh my! stick up for Number One) of yours very devotedly, The Odd Boy.
"The hungry tiger sprang upon the man, who made an attempt to receive it on the spear, but he was borne to the ground by the weight of the animal."
WILLIAM MANLEY;
or,
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.
By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER I.
THE GRAHAMS.

The light of my memory does not extend far enough into the darkness of the past to give me much knowledge of a mother; for she died when I was but little more than six years of age.

At the time of my mother's death, I (her only child) was taken into the family of the landlord of the house in which she had apartments.

About two years after her death, a stranger called at the house where I was living, and immediately everything was in a great confusion. My face was hurriedly washed, an old jacket was taken off my back, and a clean one put on. I was then taken into a parlour, and introduced to my father, whom I had not seen for several months before my mother's death. He was the master of a merchant-vessel sailing from London, and had been absent on a long voyage.

Catching me in his arms, he exclaimed:
"Yes, this is my son, the child of my poor lost Mary."

As he held me up, gazing on my features, tears rolled from his large blue eyes, and glistened on his sun-browned cheeks like drops of dew on an autumn leaf.

Young as I then was, the opinion was formed that my father was a kind-hearted man, although his complexion was rather brown, and the tone of his voice harsh and rough.

For a few days I was not troubled with school or its lessons, but was more agreeably amused with new clothes, toys, and pocket-money.

I had a glorious holiday: one that will ever be remembered, and one that made me the envy of all my childish acquaintances. A few weeks passed, and my father again went to sea, leaving me in the same house where he had found me on the return from his last voyage.

Before going, he gave me much good advice, and promised that, as soon as I could learn nothing more on shore, he would take me to the school of the world by letting me go with him to foreign lands.

My home did not seem so much like home after his departure as it had done before; for I could now fully realize that I had but one relative—a father, who was far away, and would long remain so.

The family in which I resided consisted of four persons besides myself: Mr. Frederick Graham, his wife, and two children—a little boy and girl, both of whom were my juniors.

Mrs. Graham was the most kind and gentle woman I have ever seen; and I do not think she could possibly have spoken an unpleasant word. She was very unlike her husband. He was a clerk in some bank in the City, and was getting a good salary. This, however, did not prevent him from being very niggardly in the way he required the business of housekeeping to be managed. He never wore a pleasant face in his own home, and was ever finding fault about something; not to me, but to his meek and quiet companion. He was an unfortunate creature, who would rave like a madman for an hour, if he could fancy that an unnecessary expense of one penny had been incurred in the purchase of anything required in the house. He was a fool, whose only idea of domestic happiness consisted in exercising the unmanly power of domineering over a weak and timid woman.

I have seen him get out of a cab at the door with a smiling face, have a joke with the cabby, pay more than the fare, and tell him to go and have something to drink; then enter the house with a frowning face, and scold his wife for having incurred the expense of twopence ha'penny for celery.

He was an ingenious creature—one who was never at a loss for some cause of complaint. Every article of food with him was
either burnt up or was raw, and the blame was always laid to Mrs. Graham. I have seen him examine a joint of meat, done to a turn, for two or three minutes, hesitating as to whether he should pronounce it to be underdone or a cinder.

I believe that he was fond of drink, for he often used to come home a little queer; but in one respect he never lost self-command. He could always enter the house in an unpleasant fault-finding mood.

Sometimes he would come home at one o'clock in the morning, and then make a noise, because his wife had not kept dinner waiting for him.

Another night he would reach home at ten o'clock, and make a row because she had kept the dinner waiting till his return.

"Do you think, madam," he would exclaim, "that I can support a household under such a system of outrageous extravagance as this! Fire and gas burning all night! You should have known that I had dined out, or I should have been home long ago!"

"Frederick, what shall I get for dinner to-day?" Mrs. Graham would sometimes ask, as her husband was about to start for the City in the morning.

"How many times must I tell you never to ask me that question!" he would exclaim in an angry tone. "What is the use of a wife who does not understand her own business? You'll want me to stay at home, and cook the dinner for you, next."

I believed that Mr. Graham was, when out of his own house, a pleasant sociable companion in any society in which he might be placed. He had a fertile imagination and some wit. He had also a good command of language.

All this I could learn from the manner in which he was ever upbraiding the poor inoffensive woman who had the misfortune to be his wife.

The servant-girl told me she had heard that her master was the most jolly companion that ever drank a glass in the parlour of a public-house; that he would keep every one in a roar of laughter; and that he would entertain a whole room full of people for hours with wit and drink unlimited.

This was very different from the way he acted at home.

He was a fool, or he would have known that home was the place where he should have been pleasant in disposition and liberal in spending his money, and that any ill-humour that might arise in his soul should be expended amongst those who were willing to assist him on the road to ruin, by aiding him in squandering money.

His wife, poor thing! was another fool. She actually thought that her husband loved her, and seemed unwilling to believe that he was ever unkind.

I was young then, and had no more sense than to think that a man having the least respect or affection for a woman should prefer her society to anything or any one found in a public-house.

I did not like to hear people too extravagant in the use of kind words, as many bad and disagreeable people are; and yet I did not think there was much kindness in a man whose whole study seemed to be in making his own home as unpleasant to all in it as possible. If an organ-grinder in the evening made a disturbance in the street, as those industrious people sometimes will, the fault was always laid on Mrs. Graham; and she, poor woman, I believed, actually thought that she was in some way to blame for her husband having been annoyed, although she might not exactly understand in what manner.

If two or more cats made night hideous by a concert on the tiles, poor Mrs. Graham was upbraided for the nuisance, if there was the least chance of her being able to help it.

In place of asking the unreasonable brute, in a mild and pleasant manner, to explain in what way she was to blame for the disturbance that had annoyed him, the foolish woman would entreat to be forgiven, and would promise that the offence should not be again committed, if she could possibly prevent it.

Some people in this world are strange. Many undoubtedly thought Mr. Graham a very intelligent man. His services in a bank commanded a good salary. He had a good deal of general information. His conversation when not at home was, if I have been informed correctly, instructive and amusing; and yet, with all this, he was a fool; and so is ever man who systematically tries to
drive happiness from his home, and seeks for it elsewhere.

Mrs. Graham was a very weak woman, feeble in body, in many ways feeble in mind, and only in the determination to do her duty to her family and others was she strong.

For several months after the introduction of the Graham family to the reader, I could either see or fancy that she daily became more thin and pale; that her voice was, if possible, more mild and gentle; and that the words she spoke to all were more kind. Time passed, and she was unable to leave her room.

The greater became her indisposition, the more she seemed to be neglected by her husband. I do not know that he continued using to her harsh and upbraiding language, for after she was unable to leave her room, I was not present when he was with her; but during her illness he was generally out until two or three o'clock in the morning, and from the expression of his features when I did see him, I could not believe that he was inclined to speak a pleasant word to any one in the house.

About a month after being confined to her room, Mrs. Graham died. I believe that she had been a long time dying—much longer than any of us had supposed, for she was not willing to die, and had long exhibited more spirit in opposing the hand of death than she had against the cruelty of her husband.

She had often talked to her children and me about a place called Heaven—a happy place where good people go when they die. I believe her spirit went to that place, there to find the rest she had failed in finding here. I never knew her equal, for it is not in human nature for many to be so meek, unselfish, and angelic as poor Mrs. Graham.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. GRAHAM NO. II.

Six months after the death of his wife, Mr. Graham married again. Betty, our servant, said that he should have waited a year; but I suppose that her master was in some things independent of the opinions of others.

Having a family, he probably saw the necessity of also having a housekeeper, and was sensible enough to know that the person occupying that situation in his family should be a wife.

Mrs. Graham No. 2 was, in her own opinion, a lady possessing a large amount of condescension, with a disposition too amiable for contending successfully with the selfish creature inhabiting the world on which she had, through some mistake of nature, been thrown.

Before her marriage, she had condescended to occupy the situation as maid to Lady L—; but this was merely to “oblige the lady”—nothing more.

Lady L— wanted her society for a few months; and she, acting under the influence of that wish to please others that ever had been the curse of her existence, could not refuse obliging her.

Mrs. Graham had condescended to marry her husband, not for the reason that she wanted a husband and a home—oh no! certainly not!—but because Mr. Graham had said that he could not live without her, and she could not be so cruel as to refuse saving him.

This condescension, or willingness to oblige, added to much pity for his motherless children, had caused her to sacrifice the remaining part of her valuable existence to the welfare of others.

The reader may wonder how I, when so young, became possessed of any knowledge of the motives under which she had acted.

The explanation is very simple. It was from the fact that I was young, and, therefore, allowed to listen to confidential conversations that I had frequent opportunities of hearing Mrs. Graham explain to her acquaintances the causes that had placed her in the unfortunate position she was now occupying.

Mrs. Graham would not sacrifice herself to the welfare and wishes of others for nothing. She would have jewels, gay and expensive dresses, and would be taken to theatres and other places of amusement; but these indulgences she had a peculiar way of obtaining. She condescended to accept them.

She would accuse Mr. Graham of being avaricious, stingy, neglectful, and ungrateful; but this would be done in very bitter and lady-like language.

Before they had been married four months,
I heard Mrs. Graham say to her husband at the breakfast-table: "I have sacrificed liberty, health, and happiness for you and yours, and see the ungrateful way in which I am treated. Ah! little did I think, a few months ago, that such misery awaited me."

"My dear Caroline," said Mr. Graham, in a tone expressing real alarm, "what have I done to offend you? What is it you wish? I'm sure I do all in my power to please you, or am willing to do so."

"Yes, how kind you are with words, and yet you would keep me penned up in this house, at work, like a horse in a mill; from year to year. Now, there is the Odd Fellows' Ball coming off next Wednesday night; and the Harrisons, Browns, and all our acquaintances have been talking about it for a week, and all are going; yet you have never said one word about it."

Mrs. Graham went to the ball, and was accompanied by her husband, but she only condescended to go to please him. In fact, I believe he had to bribe her to go with him, by giving her a new silk dress and a bonnet.

A great change took place in Mr. Graham after his second marriage. He was no longer out late at night, unless accompanied by his wife. He made no more complaints about extravagance in the management of his household, and his voice was always mild.

I believe he would have been cheerful and witty, had Mrs. Graham allowed him to be so.

One morning, at the breakfast-table, he ventured gently to rebuke his daughter for some impropriety of behaviour.

"Mr. Graham," said his better half, "I will not have that girl spoken to in that harsh and cruel manner, in the presence of the servant and the whole family. I notice all the children do that is wrong, but I take a proper opportunity and method of teaching them better."

Before the day was over, I saw her box the girl's ears for a much less offence than that rebuked by Mr. Graham; and as she did so, I heard the words, "There! you young hussy, take that! and if you say one word to your father about it, you'll get ten times as much."

Mr. Graham was completely conquered.

The extravagance and domineering disposition of his wife made his life one of profound wretchedness; yet he was not deserving of the least pity. He made himself miserable with a wife with whom he should have been happy, and he was now suffering the torture he had long inflicted upon another.

A man who would bully, worry, and ill-treat a mild and affectionate woman, was just the one who could be domineered over by a cold-souled, selfish creature, only worthy of an existence in solitary confinement.

Mr. Graham was a fool; and folly, like crime, brings its own punishment.

I could not conscientiously accuse Mrs. Graham of ill-using me; but I was not satisfied with a home of which she was the mistres.s.

I did not wish her condescension in tolerating me in the house, nor to have her think that I, like Mr. Graham and his two children, was incurring a debt of gratitude for her services.

The next time my father returned from sea, I strongly urged him to take me on his next voyage.

This he, of course, refused to do, very justly urging, as a reason for his refusal, that I was too young.

"But, father," said I, "you have promised that when I can learn no more on land, that you will take me with you; and I don't think there is much more for me to learn."

This remark, which I made in perfect sincerity, settled the business, and London was to be my home awhile longer. My father would not even promise to take me from Mrs. Graham, and place me in another home. This was probably for the reason that I could not make any complaints against her which he thought worthy of notice.

My father again went to sea, leaving me in the care of the Grahams. This time he left on a short voyage, as he was only going to Jamaica and back, and would not be absent longer than four months.

I was determined, if there was anything more to be learned at the school I attended, to attain some knowledge of it, so that my father could no longer object to taking me with him.
CHAPTER III.

A NEW HOME.

It was not without some satisfaction that I noticed the appearance of Mr. Graham was daily becoming more like that of a man of many woes.

One day I heard him hint to his wife that they were living beyond his income, and that some reform was absolutely necessary.

He spoke in a serious, business-like tone—one that would naturally lead the hearer to believe that he had at last resolved to assume and maintain the position of the head of the family.

Under ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Graham would have had something to say about ingratitude, self-sacrifice, and the misfortune of marrying a man who was not able to support a family. Had she done so on that occasion, Mr. Graham might have become himself again, but from the tone in which he had spoken, his artful wife saw that she must change her method of treating him.

After remaining for a moment silent, she began to sob—gently at first, then more strongly, and then violently.

Her hands were thrown wildly about, and she sank upon the floor, apparently in horrible agony of mind and body. It was evident that she ever kept in reserve an hysterio fit or two for occasional use, as circumstances required.

I do not think that Mr. Graham dared to say anything about economy or reform after that.

The unhappy man and wife were not the least backward in talking over family affairs when I was within hearing; and one evening I heard Mrs. Graham say: "Don't you think Mr. Graham, that I have quite trouble enough with our own children, without being bothered with those of other people?"

"Perhaps so, my dear," he answered; "but then you must remember that Captain Manley pays us liberally for the support of his boy. I hope that Willie does not give you much trouble, for the money we receive for keeping him is more than enough to pay the rent of the house. Furthermore, as I have before told you, the boy is the grandson of—"

Here Mr. Graham turned his eyes towards me, and seeing that I was apparently listening, instead of reading my book, he finished the sentence in a tone so low that I did not hear it.

The words of Mr. Graham afforded me a subject for much meditation. I understood from them that I had a grandfather living.

Who and where was he?

Why had not my father placed me in the care of relatives, instead of leaving me with the Grahams?

Why had he never mentioned to me that I had other relatives; and why had Mr. Graham been afraid that I should learn the name of a grandparent from him?

These were questions I could not answer, and I resolved to have a talk with my father on the subject the next time we met.

At the end of four months my father returned from Jamaica, and on the second time he visited me at Mr. Graham's he took me down to the docks to see his ship.

It was the first time I had ever been aboard a vessel, and, although much interested in all that was to be seen, I was somewhat disappointed at learning that the home where my father resided nearly all the time was in many ways so different from what I had imagined.

The cargo was then being taken out of the vessel, and everything was in confusion. Casks of molasses, sugar, and rum were lying about, and the whole scene to me had rather an unpleasant appearance.

This opinion I freely expressed.

"This is nothing," said my father. "You should see the vessel in a storm, when everything is in more confusion than at present—when the ship is rushing through the water, sometimes on one side and then on the other, sometimes on its head and then on its heels."

I did not think at the time that these words were said for the purpose of cooling my childish fancy for going to sea; nevertheless, I replied: "I don't mind that, and although the ship is a dirty place, and smells of rum and tobacco, I had rather live on it than stay with Mrs. Graham."

"Indeed," exclaimed my father; "do you really dislike her as much as that?"

"Yes; I had rather live anywhere than with her."

"Then I must find another home for you. Children should never live where they are unhappy."
"Then let me go to sea with you, father." My father made no reply to this request, and from his silence I formed a strong hope that my wish would be gratified. He was considering my proposal.

When on our way to Mr. Graham's, in Brompton, I asked my father if I had any grandparents.

"Why do you ask?" he inquired, turning his eyes sharply upon me.

"Because most other boys of my age have grandparents," I replied; "and I wish to know if I have any."

For a minute my father was silent, and then said:

"My mother died when I was about your age, Willie; and I lost my father three or four years before you were born. He died at sea. He was the captain of a ship, and I was first mate. After a severe illness of about three weeks, his sufferings ended, and I saw him sink into the 'sailor's grave.' I have no relatives, Willie, and we are alone in the world."

"But did not my mother have a father and mother?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," he answered. "I never heard of any one yet but what had parents some time."

"But where are they now?"

"You have a grandfather living, my boy, but he will never be as a relative to you; and the less you know about him the better."

"Why? Is he a bad man?"

"No, not in the opinion of the majority of those who are acquainted with him; but he is no friend of mine or yours. I believe that he would not have given your mother one penny to have saved her from dying of starvation. Never let me hear you speak of him again; he is nothing to us, and never will be. Let this subject be forgotten."

Knowing that my father would tell me no more, I refrained from questioning him any further, but there still remained in my mind a strong curiosity to know something of my living grandparent.

Four weeks after my visit to the docks, I bade the Grahams good-bye, and was again taken aboard of a ship. A little bunk had been made for me in my father's cabin, and I was to be taken a long voyage to sea. With the hope that one voyage would satisfy my childish desire for suffering hardships, and make me willing to pursue my studies on shore in a more contented manner, my father had determined to take me with him on a voyage to Java.

When at sea, my new home, the ship, was a wonderful place to me. It seemed a little world inhabited by strange people, and rolling wildly through an unbounded sea—lost to earth, and wandering aimless in some unknown watery wilderness of creation.

CHAPTER IV.

A JAVAN AMUSEMENT.

By the time we reached Batavia I had made a friend of every man on the ship, acquired much seamen's lore, and had learned to run about aloft like a monkey.

Batavia being the first foreign port I had visited, my recollection of its peculiarities is more distinct than of most places seen many years later.

Batavia lies hid from the sea in the far part of a beautiful bay, dotted with many islands.

On landing and visiting the city with my father, I fancied from the appearance of everything my eyes beheld, that we had certainly left one world far away, and had reached another.

A majority of the people I saw were Malays, Chinese, and native Javans. The houses, trees, and everything were strange. It was a new world—one of many beauties, but filled with insects that so far as our knowledge at present extends, man can very well do without.

A merchant with whom my father was acquainted, was going to make a journey into the interior of the island, and as he was intending to be absent but ten days, my father was easily persuaded to accompany him, the ship's agents not being ready to freight the vessel.

Batavia at that time was more than usually unhealthy, and principally for that reason I was allowed to accompany him on the journey.

I knew nothing of rural scenery, and on this journey was incapable of comparing the country through which we travelled with other lands; but as we passed the many plantations of coffee, sugar, and pepper, bordered or separated by trees beautiful in form and colour, I could easily fancy the
new world I had reached a paradise worthy of being the abode of something better than man.

Our journey was performed on horses, and as the roads were good, and we only travelled early in the day and in the evening, it was not an unpleasant one.

On reaching a few miles from Batavia we lost nearly all traces of what is supposed to be "European civilization," and the people we saw were no longer a crowd of Chinese, Malays, European sailors, Moors, and Arabs, but were nearly all of them native Javans, living under their own laws, and governed by their own rulers.

In their possessions in the East, the Dutch do not try to make the natives think, act, and dress like themselves.

They are satisfied with making money by commerce, and do not trouble themselves about the government, manners, and customs of the people.

On the third day we reached the end of our journey—a city with a jaw-breaking name, about eighty miles from Batavia.

At the time this journey was made, I was too young to gather any useful information concerning the people or the country we visited, yet many of the scenes I beheld are more plainly impressed upon memory than those more worthy of remembrance that have since transpired.

In this city I saw an exhibition got up by the governor of the place for the amusement of the people.

It was a combat between a buffalo and a tiger—an exhibition which, next to a cock-fight, is the favourite amusement of Javans.

Following a large crowd of gaily-dressed people, we reached the alun alun, or common, on the south side of the city, where the entertainment was to be given.

The two animals were in a large bamboo cage about twenty feet square, and were separated from each other by a partition also made of bamboo. This partition was so formed that it could be drawn up from the top of the cage.

Soon after our arrival upon the common we saw a great excitement amongst the crowd, and were informed that the governor was approaching.

This important personage reached the scene on foot, yet in great state, accompanied by several attendants. Over his head two men carried a large umbrella of three tiers of coloured silk.

He was conducted with a favourite wife to an elevated seat under a canopy of silk, decorated with large bunches of odoriferous flowers.

Soon after being seated, the governor gave orders for the entertainment to commence, and the partition separating the two animals in the cage was drawn up.

The tiger, like most of those in Java, was not a large one, but like all tigers, wherever found, it had the appearance of being a fierce and formidable adversary for anything to encounter.

When the partition was drawn up, giving the tiger a view of its adversary, it crouched down in a corner of the cage, and drew its feet under its belly in preparation for a spring.

The buffalo, which was a male, was not large, but was wild and fierce, and had but the day before been brought down from its native hills.

It had been raging and struggling violently in the cage, but when the partition was drawn up, and its large wildly rolling eyes beheld the tiger, they became fixed in their gaze, and his whole form was for a moment immovable.

The animal seemed to understand that an emergency had arisen, demanding all his force to meet, and it gazed intently at the crouching tiger as though it was concentrating the powers of its mind on a solution of what was to be done to avert the impending danger.

This apparent indecision did not last long, for the buffalo bent its head to the earth, projecting its horns towards its enemy, and stood waiting for an attack.

The assembled spectators were anxiously waiting to see the tiger launch itself upon the buffalo, but it remained nearly motionless, with its eyes fixed upon the buffalo, with a gaze that seemed thrown from two burning lenses.

The crowd seemed in an agony of impatience and expectation.

The buffalo must be stimulated to exertion. Preparations had been made for this, and a vessel of boiling water was thrown on its back.

With a roar expressing rage and agony, it rushed towards the tiger, which did not
WORDS OF CHINESE WISDOM.

A man must never talk about
What passes his own home within;
And for a woman 'tis a sin
To speak of what takes place without.

To pardon crimes is a most foul offence;
But still more foul to punish innocence:

Even though the tree should near the temple grow,
The blasting hurricane will lay it low.
The poet's and historian's pen
Drags from their graves distinguish'd men.

Wisdom's descendant is a virtuous name,
While the folly leaves no heritage but shame.

He'd build a palace if he could,
Yet has no stones, nor bricks, nor wood!

Larks and little birds may listen
To a soft and gentle song—
Would you fascinate the eagle,
Loud must be your strains and long.

'Tis sad the world's superfluous waste to see,
While millions starve in want and misery.

As the peach tree's crimson blossoms
'Midst the verdant foliage bloom;
So the virtuous bride embosoms
Love and harmony at home.

If every man would see
To his own reformation,
How very easily
You might reform a nation.

Give me the most inglorious peace
Rather than all the spoils of war
Victory's most glorious trophy is
A fierce fire blazing, blasting far,
What men call laurels are but blood;
And conquerors for their triumphs should have only funeral honours—sighs
Should be their victor-songs, and tears;
And 'midst encircling sepulchres
Their pyramids of fame should rise.
EGYPT IN BLOOMSBURY.

WE invite our readers to take us a glance at some of the remains of antiquity—fragments of the life of great nations long since passed away—which are enshrined in our public museums. In these, more especially in the National Collection in Bloomsbury, we may observe, in the course of a leisurely stroll, an epitome of the history of the world, with all that man has accomplished during several thousand years. We may trace the course of civilization and refine-ment, with the footmarks of the footsteps of the old history, can throw its light, down to the present day; and almost witness the workings of the human mind in its varied attempts to realize the Useful and the Beautiful.

We must not forget the subject of our first observation, the remains of that most ancient nation which once flourished on the banks of the Nile; and in the world, in the history and manners of its people. Before doing so, let us briefly draw a sketch of the country in its physical features, and an outline of what is known concerning its history.

Imagine a valley, about 500 miles in extent, hemmed in on either side by mountains and almost impassable desert. Through this valley—nowhere more than ten miles in width, and in some places only six—runs a broad river, shimmering in the ardent sunlight like a stream of silver. This river is annually subject to an immense increase in volume, when it overflows its banks, and for months the adjacent land on either side is laid under water. The mud left behind when the stream retires, forms the only fertile soil of the country; but it is amazingly rich, and yields abundant crops, with no more effort on the part of the dwellers by the banks, than to scatter his seed, and a few weeks after to gather in his harvest.

Rain is unknown in this country, so favoured by its river. The climate is generally mild and dry, but in summer the heat is intense. The winds blow regularly from the different quarters, according to the seasons of the year. In the spring, they are laden with the dust of the African deserts—so fine and so small that the people of the country say it will enter an egg by the pores of its shell.

The country abounds with animal and vegetable life. The hippopotamus and the crocodile inhabit the river; the jackal, the hyena, the gibbon, and numerous other quadrupeds, frequent its banks. Birds in great variety stalk by the stream, or hover in the air; serpents and innumerable lizards trail along the ground. The trees of the land are the palm, the acacia, and the tamarisk; its plants, the graceful papyrus and the beautiful lotus, or water-lily, with many others.

At an age so early that no record exists respecting it, the valley of the Nile became dotted with towns and villages by the reclaiming of marsh land from the stream. Five thousand years ago, according to some of the most distinguished chronologists, Menes, a great king of the country, founded Memphis, the capital of Central Egypt. Afterwards arose the kingdom of Upper Egypt, the chief city of which was Thebes. Lower Egypt consisted of the delta of the Nile, and the country immediately adjoining. All these divisions were eventually united under one powerful monarch.

The country early possessed a high degree of civilization and culture. Its rulers found occupation for their people, and the opportunity of gratifying their own ambition, in the construction of magnificent temples and monuments, mostly formed of the sandstone and granite abounding in the neighbouring mountains. At the time when Abraham visited Egypt, nearly 2,000 years B.C., he probably gazed on those pyramids at Ghizeh, which still form a wonder of the world.

Twenty-six different dynasties of kings reigned in Egypt before it passed under the Persian rule. After the Persians, a Greek race of kings, the Ptolemies, exercised the sovereignty; then the country became a province of the Roman Empire. The monuments and remains of Egypt are thus divided into four classes—the Ancient Egyptian, and the Ptolemy, the Graeco, and the Romano-Egyptian.

The collection of Egyptian monuments and relics, in the British Museum, ranges over all these periods, and, in point of antiquity, extends from about 2,000 years before the Christian era, to the invasion of Egypt by the Mohammedans, A.D. 640. The most important portion of the collection was obtained on the capitulation of Alexandria, when the spoils of the French troops were delivered up to the English forces. Many of the valuable discoveries of the celebrated explorer, Belzoni, were afterwards added, together with numerous acquisitions by private persons.

In our tour of inspection of this gallery of antiquities, we will, for convenience, follow the order in which they are arranged in the building, commencing with the sculpture on the ground floor. The Egyptian monuments are collected together in the rooms furthest from the entrance to the Museum, and we therefore pass through the Roman, Graeco, and Assyrian antiquities to reach them.

The first apartment for Egyptian sculpture is called the Southern Gallery, and
contains the most recent of the antiquities, belonging to the Roman and Greco-Egyptian periods. The monuments of the Roman dominion are ranged in the first recess on each side. In the second we find those of the Greek period. With regard to all the divisions, all we can attempt to do is to point out the most interesting and characteristic objects. We must pass by very many of interest, but of less importance.

We therefore proceed at once to notice the celebrated Rosetta Stone, which is placed in the centre of the room. This is a rude block of black basalt, the surface covered with an inscription, repeated in three different characters. Of all single Egyptian monuments hitherto discovered, it is scarcely too much to say that this possesses the greatest interest and importance. It is by means of this stone that a clue was obtained to the meaning of the hieroglyphics, or picture-writing, of the ancient Egyptians, which covers their monuments and temples, and forms the only authentic history of the people, written by themselves on stone. The inscription cut on the stone is given, in the upper portion, in this hieroglyphic character; next, in a character termed the enochial, and used by the Egyptians of later times for ordinary purposes; the third or lower division of the inscription is in Greek. The stone was discovered by the French near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile, and on being brought to England, formed an object of careful examination by learned men.

In ancient countries, where different languages were spoken, it was a common practice to repeat public announcements in each of the writings current among the people; and hence it was probable that the three inscriptions bore precisely the same narration. A careful comparison of the three by our countryman, Dr. Young, enabled him to interpret the meaning of many of the hieroglyphs, by the aid of the Greek, which, of course, was readily understood. The stone purported to have been erected by order of the high priests of Memphis, in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, who reigned nearly 200 years B.C.

The clue obtained by Dr. Young was followed up by M. Champollion and others, and has led to the ability to decipher very much of the hieroglyphic character, and, therefore, to read many of the monumental records. A great deal, however, has yet to be learnt before they can be read with sufficient ease and certainty to clear up, even in part, the mystery and obscurity which surround the history of the nation.

In the next compartment we find some handsome sarcophagi, or outer coffins of stone, in which the mummies of distinguished persons were placed. One of these, found at Alexandria, was for some time thought to be that of Alexander the Great, but afterwards proved to be that of a king named Nectanebo I., who reigned about B.C. 380. Farther on we see the black granite sarcophagus of Hapimen, a royal scriba. This is covered with names and symbolic figures. For some time it was used as a cistern by the Turks at Cairo, and called "The Lovers' Fountain."

In the next recess are monuments of the 22nd dynasty of kings, among whom was the Shishak of Scripture, who plundered Jerusalem. The name of this monarch occurs on two figures, near at hand, of the goddess Pasht, identical with the Greek Diana. The goddess is represented as a lion-headed female figure.

In the centre of the compartment is a large scarabaeus, or beetle sculptured in stone, used by the old Egyptians as the symbol of the creative power. The beetle was one of the favourite emblems among the Egyptians, who believed that everything possessing life was to be regarded with reverence, as imbued with the spirit of one or other of the numerous deities the people worshipped. Every god was thought to have its favourite plant or animal. Thus the ibis, the beetle, the cat, the dog, &c., all had their appointed place in the religion of the people. Among vegetables, the onion was held in particular regard. Its various circles, one within the other, were supposed to represent the planetary system, and it was called On-ion, from the name, On, given to the sun.

Passing into the Central Saloon, we are among the monuments of one of the most interesting periods in Egyptian history—the age of Ramesses II., called by the Greeks Sesostris. This monarch brought the Egyptian nation to the height of its power and magnificence. He was a king of the eighteenth dynasty, one of his predecessors in that dynasty being Thothmes III., the Pharaoh under whom the exodus of the Israelites is believed to have taken place. On the left of the saloon will be observed a huge bust in granite, brought from Thebes by Belzoni, which is very much admired as a splendid specimen of Egyptian sculpture. It is sometimes called the head of the young Memnon—a name applied more particularly to the conqueror, Ramesses II., whom it is believed to represent. In this saloon is placed a colossal fison of red granite, from one of six gigantic statues which, in the time of Herodotus, stood before a temple at Memphis. This fison measures round the wrist 80 inches, and across the fingers, 23 feet. It will give us an idea of the enormous proportions of many of the statues and monuments of ancient Egypt.

In the Northern Gallery we must not omit to notice another colossal head brought by Belzoni from Karnak. This is the head of Thothmes III., supposed, as we have said, to have been the Pharaoh, who "hardened his heart" against the Israelites, and was afterwards overwhelmed with his hosts in the Red Sea. Two or three other memorials of the same monarch are also near at hand. In a recess on one side of this gallery is a sculpture of great interest, called "the tablet of Abydos," a city of Upper Egypt,
where it was found in the remains of an ancient temple. It was erected by King Benneses II, in honour of, and as an offering to, his predecessors. The names of fifty-two of these are recorded in as many rectangular spaces in the tablet; and the great aid thus given in determining a portion of the Egyptian chronology renders the memorial one of the highest value. Some excellent specimens of Egyptian painting, representing various scenes in the ordinary life of the people, are also contained in this gallery.

In the vestibule adjoining are placed various monuments of the first twelve dynasties of Egypt. The most interesting of these are the fourth and the twelfth. In the former the great pyramids were erected as tombs of the kings; and in the latter, the various incidents recorded in the Biblical history of Joseph are believed to have taken place. The Pharaoh whose dreams Joseph interpreted is conjectured to have been King Osireneses I. A mutilated statue dedicated by this monarch is among the contents of the vestibule.

We now reach the staircase leading to the Egyptian Rooms in the upper portion of the Museum. On this staircase are placed several papyrus rolls or manuscript written on slices of the papyrus plant, which grows in profusion on the banks of the Nile. The process of manufacture of the papyrus, which was a monopoly in the hands of the government, was very simple. Strips of the inner rind of the plant were glued and firmly pressed together; after drying they afforded an excellent and durable material for the receipt of inscriptions, which were mostly in the hieroglyphic character. Other portions of the papyrus plant were used for making baskets, mats, and even canvas. The "ark of bulrushes," in which Moses was found, is believed to have been formed of the papyrus.

Ascending the staircase, we reach an anteroom where are placed bas-reliefs from temples at Thebes and Karnak. They mostly relate to victories of the kings whose names are inscribed below the sculptures. We leave these to enter the First Egyptian Room, where we collected a large number of the minor antiquities brought to light by our countrymen at various times.

The first cases in this room are devoted to the exhibition of figures of the deities worshipped in Egypt. Most of these have been found in tombs; some of the smaller were attached to mummies of the dead. Among them we notice particularly the graceful figure of Amen-ra, or Jupiter, who was worshipped at Thebes; of Osiris and his wife Isis, worshipped throughout Egypt; and of Thoth, or Mercury, the reputed inventor of writing. The latter figure has the head of an ibis. In most of the representations of the Egyptian gods, the head of the animal which was held to be sacred to the god was placed on the shoulders of the figure. Many carvings of sacred animals—the bull, the jackal, cat, &c.—will be seen in the cases, executed in wood, bronze, or porcelain.

Cases 12 and 13 contain figures of kings and officials, some of them beautifully executed. A statuette of bronze, inlaid in silver, will be particularly noticed for its fine workmanship. In the next cases are various articles of household furniture in actual use three or four thousand years ago! The peculiar dryness of the climate of the country has enabled many articles of delicate texture to reach us in unimpaired condition. One of the most singular of these is an Egyptian wig, of the kind worn out of doors by persons of rank, and which afforded protection against the intense heat of the sun. Observe, too, the wooden head-rests, which served as pillows when the modern bag of goose-feathers was unknown. These are simply crescent-shaped pieces of wood, fixed upon upright stands. The head rested in the crescent, as the body of the sleeper was extended on a mat upon the floor.

We next come to some articles of the toilet, in Cases 20 and 21. Among them are ointment-pots, some of which, when discovered, still bore the scent of the perfumes they once contained. Others were used by Egyptian ladies as vases for the dye with which they deepened the colour of their eyelids and eyebrows. Here, too, are mirrors of bronze or other metal—now much tarnished, but once reflecting the features, perhaps, of the most beauteous of Egypt's daughters. Combs and hairpins, shoes and sandals, are also among the objects in these cases.

In the next cases are a number of Egyptian vases, some of them of very elegant design and superior workmanship. Two or three specimens of a grotesque kind will be found in Cases 28 and 29, which show that the Egyptian artist was not insensible to the comic. A collection of agricultural implements succeeds—the hoe and sickle, and, close by, the wooden steps of a ladder.

From the pursuits of peace we pass to those of war, and notice the daggers, spear and arrow heads, in Cases 36 and 37. Compared with modern bayonets and revolvers—to say nothing of Armstrong guns—these weapons do not appear to be of a very formidable character, but no doubt they were found sufficiently effective in their time. We pause next to notice the writing implements, ink-pots, &c., with the tools of bronze, and the musical instruments—cymbals, Thobes; of Osiris and his wife Isis, worshipped throughout Egypt; and of Thoth, or Mercury, the reputed inventor of writing. The latter figure has the head of an ibis. In most of the representations of the Egyptian gods, the head of the animal which was held to be sacred to the god was placed on the shoulders of the figure. Many carvings of sacred animals—the bull, the jackal, cat, &c.—will be seen on the shelves at Thebes, where they are two ducks, ready trusted. These were found in a private tomb at Thebes, where they are
supposed to have lain undisturbed for at least 2,000 years. Altogether, there is sufficient food on these shelves to furnish an antiquarian party with a moderate meal, if the consent of the Museum authorities could be obtained for the purpose, for their own feelings of reverence would allow them to enjoy it. With regard to the grain, at least, there is reason to suppose that its qualities are unimpaired. The experiment has been tried of planting wheat obtained from an Egyptian mummy, and with the greatest success, a very fine crop being the result.

We now turn to the mummies and their coffins, most of which are placed in cases in the centre of the room. The scrupulous care for the dead, which was shown in the singular practice of embalming and in the ornament lavished upon the mummy—cloths and coffins, took its rise in the firm belief of the Egyptians in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. The hieroglyphs on the coffins mostly served to identify the dead, and set forth their titles and offices. It was not an uncommon practice in Egypt for the mummies of private individuals to be kept in the houses of their descendants. Sometimes the outer case, or coffin, was painted in likeness of the deceased; instances of which may be observed in some of the mummy-cases in this room. Most of these remains, however, have come from royal tombs and temples, and represent the higher achievements of the Egyptians in the art of embalming.

The embalming process, as we are informed by Herodotus, was of three different kinds, according to the rank of the deceased person, and the means of the surviving friends. When a dead body was taken to the embalmers, the friends were shown models of the most expensive, and also of the inferior modes of embalming; and they chose that most suited to their wants. In the most perfect specimens of their art, they first extracted the brain through the nostrils, and then the intestines through an opening cut in the left side. These were washed with wine and covered with aromatics, and the body was filled with a powder of myrrh and other perfumes. After being sewn up, the body was covered for seventy days with natron (a kind of soda). It was then washed, wrapped in bandages of linen dipped in gum, and returned to the relatives, who placed it in a case made to resemble the human figure. In the second method of embalming, no part of the body was removed, but there was introduced into it an unguent made of cedar, and it was then covered with natron for the same time, as in the former method. On the last day, the liquor before introduced was withdrawn, bringing away with it the intestines, &c. The natron having eaten away the flesh, the skin and bones alone remained, and in this state it was returned. There was a still cheaper method adopted for embalming the bodies of the poor.

There are upwards of thirty complete mummies in the British Museum. One of the most highly ornamented is that in Case 67, of Kabb-ti, a priestess of Ammon. The head has a gilded mask of the face; wooden models of the arms and hands are attached to the breasts; rings and bracelets adorn the fingers, and beside the coffin are trays containing the tresses the priestess once wore. In Case 69 is a very fine mummy of a priest of Ammon. On the soles of his sandals Asiatic captives are represented. The manner in which the bodies were bound is best observed in the mummy of another priestess, in Case 76, in which the whole form is perfectly seen. Many of the mummies are imperfect; in some the toes or arms are seen to have dropped away.

In gazing at the mummies exhibited in the Museum—the remains of men, women, and children in whose veins the warm life-blood once beat as ardently as at the present moment in our own—we almost feel that sericology has been committed, in tearing them from their quiet resting-places in the East, and placing them here as spectacles for the sight-seer. Were the object, indeed, only to expose them to the gaze of vulgar curiosity, the act would be inexcusable; but higher purposes are served, in the promotion of history and learning, and the familiarity of modern nations with the customs of the most ancient. As we look once more on these cases, we call to mind Horace Smith's address to the mummy:

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!) In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago, When the Memnonium was in all its glory, And time had not begun to overthrow Those temples, palaces, and piles suspendous, Of which the very ruins are tremendous!"

"Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat, Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass; Has dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat, Or dipp'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass; Or held, by Solomon's own invitation, A torch at the great Temple's dedication."

"If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed, The nature of thy private life unfold; A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast, And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled; Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face? What was thy name and station, age, and race?"

"Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead! Imperishable type of eraniscence! Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed, And standest undecayed within our presence, Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morn- ing."

"Why should this worthless segment endure, If its undying grace be lost for ever? Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure In living virtue, that, when both must sever, Although corruption may our frame assume, The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!"
SPIDERS.

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., &c.


I AM a spider—a member of the class Arachnida (you remember Arachne's web, and you have seen mine); the scorpion and the mite are my first cousins, and the insects are my close acquaintances. You thought I was an insect myself! You were wrong, sir. The old naturalists must have misled you. The moderns give me a distinct place, because I dispense with antennæ, and have no neck; because I breathe by gills situated under my body, instead of spiracles in the sides; because I have eight legs instead of six, and eight fixed eyes. The general form of my body, you will observe, distinguishes me, at the first glance, from an insect, while a part of us all, the cephalothorax, (which may love avert!) would bring out further differences. Unlike the insect, I am destitute of wings, though I have such means of locomotion at command that I am sometimes credited with those appendages. All my legs are fixed to the cephalothorax, or head and breast part of my body. They are nearly always terminated by two hooks, and are generally of considerable length. They easily break, it is true; but in place of going into hospital, and adopting the clumsy expedient of wood or cork, I grow a new one from the old stump, as any crab or lobster would do.

I have said that the number of my eyes is eight, and generally speaking this is true, but some of our family have six but six; but even with eight eyes you must not imagine I am a little Argus for power and quickness of vision, since an individual's many eyes may sometimes serve him like the hare's many friends, or like the many servants by whom you are often worse waited on than by few. I shall not distinctly say whether this is the case with myself. Dr. Evans has told you that the bee, with all its eyes, runs its head against its hive, as if totally blind, and perhaps you may catch me knocking my head against a wall, if you keep a constant look out. Of this you may be sure, however, that the gift of sight, as well as of every other sense conferred upon me, is adequate to the exigencies of my nature and position.

You will understand that in answering your questions I am sponsor for the family, and that everything I say is not true of myself individually. How many of us are there in the family? Several hundreds, sir; each possessing his own character and manners. Walkenaer divided us into five groups, and called each a family; he examined our mandibles and eyes, and finding them to correspond remarkably with our respective modes of life, he called us Hunters, Wanderers, Prowlers, Sedentaries, and Swimmers.

At the head of the hunting tribe is an individual named Mygale—a perfect Nimrod—concerning whom I should like to tell you an anecdote. A word or two, however, by way of prolegomenon. Mygale, when in a state of repose, occupies a circular space of six or seven inches in diameter; his legs apart, he is at least two inches long, and I question whether his expanded fan would occupy more than that of a square foot of ground. Sir Emerson Tennant says that one taken in the store-room of the rest-house at Gampola, nearly covered with its legs an ordinary-sized breakfast plate. Mygale lives in tropical and warmer temperate climates, and as you are not likely to see him in England, I will tell you something of his doings in Ceylon and in the Amazonian forests. Mr. Edgar L. Layard saw him fighting a cockroach in the madina of a temple at Alittana, between Anarnjapoona and Dambool. When about a yard apart, the knights discerned each other, and stood still (which you may remember, is what occurred in the case of Hector and Achilles). Mygale had his legs slightly bent, and his body raised. Cockroach was confronting him, and directing his antennæ with a restless undulation towards its enemy. Mygale, by stealthy movements, approached to within a few inches, and paused, both parties eying each other intently. Then suddenly a rush, a scuffle, and both fell to the ground, when the blatta's wings closed, Mygale seized it under the throat with his claws, and dragged it into a corner, when the action of his jaws was distinctly audible. Next morning Mr. Layard found that the soft parts of the body had been eaten, nothing but the head, thorax, and eilyna remaining. That Mygale hunts far and wide in search of his prey; and feeds on millipedes, blatta, and crickets, is well known. A lady near Colombo testifies that on one occasion she saw him seize and devour a little house-lizard. Concealing himself beneath leaves, he surprises insect pedestrians, and, climbing the branches of trees, he devours the young of the humming-bird.

A hundred and fifty years ago, Madame Morian, a zoological artist, figured a Mygale in the act of devouring a humming-bird. Mr. Mac Leay questioned the accuracy of the lady's statement, on the ground that Mygale makes no net, but lives in recesses to which no humming-bird could resort. Some years later he saw a large spider, at Sydney, sucking the juices of a bird which it had caught.
in the meshes of its geometrical net. Still, he believed in the bird-watching propensities of Mygale, and, with regard to the Sydney spider (Epeira diadema), considered the instance accidental and exceptional—so exceptional that no other person had ever witnessed the fact. I dare say that will remind you of the Irishman who pleaded for acquittal because for every witness who saw him do the wrong, he could bring fifty men who didn’t. However, you will now be obliged to give Nimrod his due; Mr. Bates has brought you positive evidence from the Amazonas. In 1849, at Cameta, in Brazil, he was attracted by a curious movement of the large, greyish-brown Mygale on the trunk of a vast tree. It was close beneath a deep crevice, or chink, in the tree, across which this species weaves a dense web, at one end open for exit and entrance. In the present instance, the lower part of the web was broken, and two small finches were entangled in its folds. The finch was about the size of a sparrow in Europe, and he judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other was under Mygale’s body, not quite dead, and was covered in parts by saliva. Mr. Mygale did not pin the prey on vertebrae animals, how could he live? Has he not a right to his life, even at the expense of other lives? Have you never subsisted on mutton and beef, sir?

The Wanderers generally remain at rest, with the legs spread out upon the leaves or stems of plants; running, however, with great rapidity in pursuit of their prey when it comes within their reach. As the Abbé de la Flouche makes the Prior say they run and leap, and as they are not stockied with thread enough either to entangle their prey when they want it, or to fetter the wings of the flies who inconvenience them, nature has fixed in both their fore-paws two tufts of feathers, with which they stop the fluttering and agitation of their adversaries’ wings.

The Prowlers make their nests under stones, in holes of walls, the hollows of leaves, and similar situations, throwing out silken lines for the entanglement of their prey. They are very much like the Wanderers in their habits, though the differences of structure justify a separate classification. Others of the tribe spread their threads about the places in which they prowl; for hunger is with us, as with you, the mother of many inventions. Out of these last, an individual named Clotho, who resides a good deal in Egypt and the south of Europe, makes a curious habituation for its young. This is a kind of limpet-shaped cocoon, of which the circumference has seven or eight fathom, the points of these testoons being alone fixed to the stone by means of threads, whilst the edges are left free. You will remember that Latreille dignifies these ingenious relatives of mine with the name of mason-spiders. You will have read, in Darwin’s “Zoönomi,” one of these who digs a hole in the earth obliquely downwards, about three inches in length and one in diameter. This cavity she lines with a tough thick web, which, when taken out, resembles a leather purse; but what is most curious, this house has a door with hinges, like the operculum of some sea-shells, and herself and family who tenant this nest, open and shut the door whenever they pass and re-pass. That’s all very well about shutting the door, but spring doors don’t put you to any trouble, and my impression is that the nest Mr. Darwin saw had a spring-door like that of a pair of spiders kept by Mr. Wm. Mollo, of Blackheath. The nest in this instance is formed of very hard clay, and is a tube six or seven inches in length, and about one inch in diameter, lined with a uniform tapestry of silken web, of an orange-white colour, with a texture intermediate between India paper and very fine glove leather. But the most wonderful part of this nest is its entrance. A circular door, about the size of a crown-piece, slightly concave on the outside, and convex within, is formed of mere silk, but not a dozen layers of the same web which lines the interior, closely laid upon one another, and shaped so that the inner layers are the broadest, the outer being gradually less in diameter, except towards the hinge, which is about an inch long; and in consequence of all the layers being united there, and prolonged into a tube, it becomes the thickest and strongest part of the structure. The plasticity of the materials gives to this hinge the remarkable peculiarity of acting like a spring, and shutting the door of the nest spontaneously. It is, besides, made to fit so accurately to the aperture, which is composed of similar concentric layers of web, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the joining by the most careful inspection. To gratify curiosity, the door has been opened and shut hundreds of times without in the least destroying the power of the spring.

Rossi ascertained (you will excuse me reminding you of what certain of your own naturalists have said)—he ascertained, I say, that a Mygale in Corsica lived in one of these nests with a numerous posterior. He destroyed the door to observe whether a new one would be made. A new one was made, but fixed immovable without a hinge, Mrs. Mygale no doubt fortifying herself in this manner till she thought she might reopen it without danger.

You wish to know to what tribe I, individually, belong, seeing that I take the liberty of building in the corner of your study? I am of sedentary habits, not fond of hunting, wandering, prowling, nor swimming: my tribe are called the Sedentaries. My brother in the garden has a larder and softer abdomen, a prettily painted body, and makes his web on a different principle; but he is my own brother notwithstanding—a true Sedentary. You would like to hear more about my brother? No doubt of it! You are prejudiced against me, and if I came near enough would put your foot upon me. Is there a man among your fal-
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how free from prejudice? I question it.

Even the author of the "Episodes," whose praises are sung to dazzle me,
speaks of me as "the dark, loathsome, in-
door spider." You would do well to re-
member what St. Basil said—St. Basil, one of
the Fathers of your Church: "If you speak
crude, a great, or a bee (he might have
added, of a spider), your conversation will
be a sort of demonstration of His power
whose hand formed them, for the wisdom of
the workman is commonly perceived in that
which is of little size. He who has stretched
eut the heavens, and dug up the bottom of
the sea, is also he who has pierced a passage
through the sting of the bee for the ejection
of its poison." Ah! say you, it is that
poison-gland in your mandibles which makes
man his own and some humbug reveal of
your number inflicting wounds followed by
death or by a complaint termed Tarantism,
which can only be cured by the aid of music
and dancing. Allow me to say that while
we all possess this gift, I am acquainted,
and while certain of our number are
sensible to the charms of music, the idea
of our bite causing death must have originated
in your imagination. You were not imag-
ing anything of the kind! I am glad to
hear it. Let me, then, for your amusement,
call the Abbé de la Pluche's countess, who
shall tell us what was believed in her day,
promising only that the charge was not
against me, after all, but against a brother
of mine (of the Hunter family), who lives
near Tarentum, in Italy, and has taken the
name of Tarentula, from his estate. This
animal, says the countess, very much resem-
bles the house-spider, the bite of it,
especially in hot countries, produces very
fatal and astonishing effects. The poison is
not immediately perceptible, because its
quantity is too inconsiderable; but then it
ferments and occasions very frightful dis-
orders five or six months afterwards. The
person who has been bitten does nothing
but laugh and dance, is all agitation, and
assumes a gaity full of extravagance, or
else is seized with a black and dismal mel-
ancholy. At the return of that period of
the summer season when the bite was given,
the madness is renewed, and the disem-
pered party constantly talks over the same
inconsistencies, fancies himself a king, or a
shepherd, or whatever you please, and has
no regular train of reasoning. These un-
happy symptoms are sometimes repeated
many years successively, and at last end in
death. Those who have been in Italy,
about Naples, tell us this odd malady is
cured by a malady still odder; for, accord-
ing to them, nothing but music, and espe-
cially an agreeable and sprightly instru-
ment, as a violin for instance, can give
relief; for which reason they are never
without such in this country. The musi-
cian endeavors to find out a tone that may
seem to carry the temper of the patient
and the disposition of the patient. He
repeats his attempt, and if he touches a
note which makes an impression on the
distempered person, the cure is infallible.
The patient immediately becomes free,
and always rises and falls according to the
modulation of the air. In this manner he
continues till he has heated himself into
a sweat, which drains off the venom that
torments him, and at last gives him effectual
relief.

Perhaps a better name for the Swimmers
would be Water-Spiders; they all live en-
tirely upon or beneath the water, but some
of them are divers rather than anything
else. Who has not seen, or is not curious,
to behold that “lion” of the Polytechnic,
the diving-bell? Those who, for lack of
opportunity, are among the latter, may see
a diving-bell in miniature by repairing to
the brink of some running stream or to the
edge of an old ditch (provided it be not stagnant) in the
neighbourhood of London or elsewhere. My
diving sister constructs her abode on
philosophic principles. It consists of a
subaqueous yet dry apartment, in which
she lives like a mermaid or sea-nymph, she resides in
comfort. Loose threads attached in various
directions to the leaves of aquatic plants
form the framework of her chamber. Over
these she spreads a transparent elastic var-
nish, like liquid glass, which issues from the
middle of her spinners; next she spreads
over her belly a pellicle of the same mate-
rial, and ascends to the surface to inhale
and carry down a supply of atmospheric
fluid. Head downwards, and with her body,
all but the spinneret, still submerged, my
sister, by a process which your wise heads
have not yet precisely ascertained, intro-
duces a bubble of air beneath the pellicle
which surrounds her. Clothed with this
aerial mantle, which to the spectator seems
formed of resplendent quicksilver, she then
plunges to the bottom, and with as much
dexterity as a chemist uses in transferring
gas, introduces her bubble of air beneath
the roof prepared for its reception. This
manoeuvre is ten or twelve times repeated,
and when she has transported sufficient air
to expand her apartment to its intended
extent, she possesses an aerial edifice, an
enchanted palace, where, unmoved by
storms, she devours her prey at ease.

I admit that some of our people are canni-
bals, but so are some men, as you would
have been made aware had you attended
the ethnological section of the British Associa-
tion meeting at Birmingham. But my diving
sister is not so guilty as some others among
us. Clerck found one male and ten females,
which he put into a glass filled with water,
where they lived together very quietly for
eight days, beginning in the middle of May.
He put some duck-weed into the glass to
afford them shelter, and the females began
to stretch diagonal threads in a confused
manner from it to the sides of the glass
about half-way down. Each of the females
afterwards fixed a close bag to the edge of
the glass, from which the water was ex-
pelled by the air from the spinneret, and
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thus a cell was formed capable of containing the whole animal. On the 7th July several young ones swam out from one of the bags. All this time the old ones had nothing to eat, and yet they never attacked one another as other spiders would have been apt to do.

The Rev. R. Sheppard could tell you (for he has often noticed it) that in the fen ditches of Norfolk there is a very large spider which actually forms a raft for the purpose of obtaining its prey with more facility. Keeping its station upon a ball of weeds about three inches in diameter, probably held together by slight silken cords, it is wafted along the surface of the water upon this floating island, which it quits the moment it sees a drowning insect—not, as you may conceive, for the sake of applying to it the process of the Human Society, but of hastening its exit by a more speedy engine of destruction. The booty thus seized it devours at leisure upon its raft, under which it retires when alarmed by any disturbance.

My web is a woven texture, similar to fine gauze. Having selected some corner for its site, and come to a determination as to its extent, I press my spinners against one of the walls, and thus glue to it one end of my thread. I then walk along the wall to the opposite side, and there in like manner fasten the other end. This thread, which is to form the outer margin or selvage of my web, and therefore requires strength, I triple or quadruple by a repetition of the process just described; and from it I draw other threads in various directions, the interstices of which I fill up by running from one to the other, and connecting them by new threads until the whole has assumed the gauze-like texture which you see.

My sister in the garden is a geometrician, and having run her threads from plant to shrub, and shrub to plant, according as local circumstances favour, inscribes a circle in the triangle or square thus obtained. Across the circle she throws two transverse diameters, and then runs out some twenty radii, like the spokes of a wheel. Next she proceeds to the centre, quickly turns herself round, and pulls each thread with her feet to ascertain its strength, breaking any one that seems defective, and replacing it by another. Afterwards she lays on concentric circles, gluing them to the radii, and when all is prepared lays away the centre and stations herself in the opening, or retires under a neighbouring leaf, till the vibrations of a strong line of communication tell her that a fly is caught.

But as there are 300 sorts of spiders, you may guess there are more than two sorts of webs. Our friends in the Bermudas are said to spin webs between trees seven and eight fathoms distant, and of strength enough to enmesh a bird as large as a thrush. Sir G. Staunton also says that in Java webs are met with of so strong a texture as to require a sharp cutting instrument to make way through them. A spider in Ceylon spins a moderate sized web hung vertically between two strong lines, stretched one above the other athwart the pathways. Some of the threads thus carried horizontally from tree to tree, at a considerable height from the ground, are so strong as to cause a painful check across the face when moving quickly against them; and in riding, a man has had his hat lifted off his head by one of these cords.

Aristotle fancied that the materials we made use of for the construction of our webs were nothing but wool stripped from our own bodies; but that was in the days before the microscope, and when men didn’t even use to advantage the two eyes they are blessed with. Our spinning apparatus is rather complicated; but I will endeavour to describe them studied with regular rows of minute bristle-like points, about a thousand to each, making in all from five to six thousand. The tubes aforesaid are our spinnerets, the 6,000 points are our spinnerules, which are also minute tubes connected with the internal reservoirs. Each spinnerule emits a thread, and the 6,000 threads, being dried by their passage through the air for a short distance, are then united into one rope, according to the practice of your own manufacturers. Leeuwenhoeck, in one of his microscopical observations on a young spider, not bigger than a grain of sand, upon enumerating the threadlets in one of its threads, calculated that it would require four millions of them to be as thick as a hair of his beard.

My own web will serve me, with occasional repairs, for a very considerable time; but my sister in the garden renew her not, or at least the concentric circles of it, every twenty-four hours. My silken cords are all of one sort, and the fine meshes of my web serve to entangle the flies; my sister elaborates her circles of a viscid material, and catches flies with her jaws previously to making use of her jaws, hence the necessity of frequent renewal of her toils. I am teaching you to rely on Kirby and Spence. If I tell you that J. Remie, A.M., has not been able to verify this distinction, it may perhaps lead you to examine it for yourself. I could spin out this part of my remarks to a greater length, but will only add that a cousin of mine, in Mexico, forms a web composed of red, yellow, and black threads, interwoven with astonishing skill.

You will remember that Mr. White, of Selborne, informs the Hon. Davies Barrington that he once saw a shower of cobwebs falling, without interruption, from nine in the morning till the close of the day. They fall in flakes or rags, twinkling like stars in their descent, and extending over a surface of
many miles. Now, with the exception of aerolites, what comes down must previously have gone up. I am surprised that Dr. Hooke, though he lived in the seventeenth century, should have surmised, on microscopic scrutiny of these webs, “looking most like a flake of worsted ready to be spun,” that “it was not unlikely that those great white clouds that appear all the summer time may be of the same substance. Mr. Blackwall, a gentleman who has favoured us with a very great deal of attention, observed the ascent of an amazing quantity of webs, of irregular, complicated structure, resembling ravelled silk of the finest quality and clearest white. They were formed at the earth’s surface, and being brought into contact by the mechanical action of gentle airs, adhered together, till, by continual additions, they were accumulated into large flakes and masses. The animals which produced it—cousins of mine—swarmed in countless myriads and rushed on traversing the air. Climbing blades of grass, stubble, rails, gates, &c., they straightened their limbs, as you might stand on tip-toe, and then elevating their abdomens, emitted some of the glutinous secretion necessary for the formation of lines.

There has been a long dispute amongst you as to whether we can shoot out our lines, or whether in every case a current of air favours us. A spider allighted on Mr. White’s book, and running to the top of the page, shot out a line and took his departure, though it was in the parlour where no air was stirring, and he did not assist it with his breath. At least, he thought he did not; but I think the following experiment by Mr. Blackwall should settle the case to your mind, unless you choose to try experiments yourself. Mr. B. placed a bell-glass over his spiders, and in that situation they remained seventeen days, evidently unable to produce a single line by which they could quit the branch they occupied without encountering the water at its base; though, on the removal of the glass, they regained their liberty with as much celerity as in the instances before mentioned.

I need not describe at length my own particular method of securing prey; but there are one or two curiosities of stratagem practised by members of the family that I should like to mention. My geometrical sistor, when a small fly becomes her captive, despatches it on the spot; but when the prey is larger, and makes vigorous resistance, she wheels round, involves him in a number of threads, entangles, latters, and keeps him suspended in the air, till she can afford leisure to take him indoors. Evelyn, whose account you may take for what it is worth, tells of a hunting spider at Rome, which, by crying a dy and darting forwards, distance, would not make directly to her, but crawl under the rail, till, being arrived at the antipodes, it would steal up, seldom missing its aim. But if it chanced to want anything of being perfectly opposite, it would at first peep, immediately slide down again, till, taking better notice, it would come the next time exactly upon the fly’s back. I might have mentioned, too, that my sister, “whose favourite science is the mathematical,” when she finds she has netted a bee, or a fly more than a match for her, assists the enemy to evacuate the place.

When old age creeps upon us, and the gum of our reservoirs, and the sponges of our feet, are dried up, having no stated ams-houses to retire to, we seek out our younger sisters, and acquaint them with our necessities and intentions. The juniors, out of respect to old age, or apprehension of the pincers, resign their homes to us, and spin new ones for themselves in other situations. I have made mention of our cannibal propensities, and as I have now added a tale of burglary, you will be thinking we are destitute of the finer feelings altogether. You would change your opinion could you witness our persistent guardianship of our young. Never did miser cling to his treasure with more tenacious solicitude than some of my sisters to their bags of eggs. Bonnet threw one of our number into the cavern of a large ant-lion, a ferocious insect, which conceals itself at the bottom of a conical hole constructed in the sand for the purpose of catching victims. My sister was running away, when the monster managed to seize her bag of eggs. She strove valiantly, but in vain; she might at any moment have escaped by relinquishing her bag, but she chose rather to be dragged down with it, and buried alive under the sand, and never would she have seen the light again, had not Bonnet come to the rescue.

I think we also deserve some credit for patience, both in constructing and renewing our webs, and in waiting for our prey to fall into our toils. For myself, being incapable of pursuing my prey, I am a good deal dependent on chance, and even my sister in the garden, in the midst of a well-peopled district, frequently sustains a protracted abstinence.

You still think of destroying me? Do you believe the Bible, sir, and the traditions of the Jews? Is it not related that David only escaped slaughter in the cave of Adullam because the Great Father of all had sent a spider which wove a web across the entrance so quickly, that Saul thought it useless to investigate further a spot bearing such evident proofs of the absence of any human beings? Have you any faith in Fitzroy, or in M. Q. D’Isjonval? Does not the latter say that we may be depended on as barometers? Art any longer inclined to kill me, sir? I think I see signs of relenting. You would like to hear me again on this matter! Very good, sir; but when you have a convenient season, let me advise you to read Kirby and Spence, Rennie, White, Tennent, Bates, De la Pluche, the "Episodes," &c.; they will plead for me.
I DON'T suppose there ever was much a beastly hole as Botcher's. It was an awfully low school for a man in my father's position to send a fellow to. My father was a captain in the army, a position you don't attain every day, mind you; and although he was not exactly what you might call rich, for there were six of us boys, besides the girls, who don't count, still I think he might have done better than sending me to Doctor Botcher's Collegiate Institute, where all the fellows were tradesmen's sons except me and Porkington, whose father was a gentleman of independent property, living at Boulogne; and jolly shafted we were, I can tell you, through the superior social position of our respective governors. As if we could help it!

Botcher's was at Margate, and his terms were thirty pounds a year, if he could get 'em; and if not, why, twenty-five would do. He had even been known to go down as low as twenty to "fill a vacancy" (as if we weren't all there to fill vacancies!) but I can tell you that not a fellow among us (and there were forty Botcher-boys, as we were rudely called) spoke a word to the twenty-pounder who had got in cheap on such a false pretense, for a month after he came. But he turned out to be rather a good sort of fellow, after all; and, notwithstanding that his father was a pawnbroker, he was such a trump at cricket and foot-ball, that we accepted his proficiency in those respects as a kind of apology for consenting to be received on reduced terms.

It was, as I before remarked, a beastly hole, even at the back of the town, among the slums; with a long, narrow, gravelly playground, with a mast and a cross yard and ropes, which was the only consolation the place afforded me. The advertisement said that the "premises commanded a magnificent sea-view." And so they did, only as you had to climb on to the top of an out-house in order to catch a glimpse of it, and as climbing on to the top of that outhouse was twelve strokes with the cane and fifty lines to learn, the sea-view was seldom enjoyed by the fellows—young gentlemen, the advertisement called 'em—at Botcher's. The meals were disgusting, and the amount of fat you were required to swallow in the course of a year would have turned the stomach of a Greenland whaler. There was one repulsive preparation of cold boiled pork in vinegar which I would not have placed before my bitterest foe.

There was a disgustingly mercantile tone about everything that the fellows at Botcher's did. They used to buy cocoa-nuts for fourpence, and retail them in small pieces at a penny a piece, clearing fourpence on each nut, to say nothing of the milk which they used to drink themselves for luck. Then they sold ginger-beer powder at a usurious profit, to say nothing of the toffee that they used to make and dispose of on fabulous terms to each other. But, there, they were born upon a counter, so to speak, and cradled in a pair of scales. What else could you expect from them?

Of course, neither Porkington nor I had anything to do with these dirty transactions, except as customers. Porkington and I were awfully great friends then, although we've quarreled since. We used to hate each other at first, for when Porkington first came to Botcher's he was the only gentleman there; and although he was popular (for he was absurdly proud), still he continued to exact a kind of deference from some of the tuition-hunters with which Botcher's swarmed. Well, before Porkington had been three months in power, I came, and, in a sort of way, may be said to have dethroned him; for you see that, do all he could, he couldn't make his father out to be more than a mere county gentleman of large landed fortune, living abroad for his pleasure; whereas my father's name appeared as a captain in Harri's Army-list every half-year, together with his achievements, which were of no mean order, I can tell you. So I was more thought of than Porkington at first, but eventually we both became unpopular, for they and we hadn't any associations in common. As Porkington said, it was just as it is when an influential landed proprietor meets his humble tenantry at the annual dinner—the tenantry can't enjoy themselves because they feel the chilling presence of a person so very greatly their superior in social position. And I used to compare it to an officer sitting down to dinner with a lot of privates, who would naturally feel restrained and awkward in the presence of their captain. But I am bound to say that the awkward diffidence to which we attributed their dislike to us didn't prevent them from licking us whenever they could find an excuse, which was often.

Under these painful circumstances it was only natural that Porkington and I should make common cause, and so it was that we became great friends. We used to retire every evening to the mast, and, climbing up the stays, used to sit on the cross-trees, and imagine we were midshipmen mast-headed. We usually brought up with us six or eight magnificent carrots, of which we were both passionately fond, and which we used to steal from the kitchen-garden; and as we munched our carrots we used to talk over our future prospects. Porkington and I had made up our minds as to the professions we were going to follow. He was going to be a member of Parliament, and I a colonel. And we both agreed that the most effective step
we could take towards commencing life in those honourable capacities was to run away from Botcher's without delay. We hadn't stood the place any longer, and that is the fact. No boy of spirit and good birth could have stood it. I won't go into all the petty annoyances which prompted us to run away. It was quite enough that I had to sleep with a snoring stationer, and that Porkington's father had been disrespectfully alluded to by old Botcher before the whole school, to determine us to leave the place forthwith. So one night, when everybody was asleep, we let ourselves out of the window by a rope which we had previously procured, and we ran away.

It was a bleak December night, but we didn't mind that. We were so excited at the power of escape that it might have been the middle of a day in July for anything the atmosphere affected us. We ran as hard as we could in the direction of the two windmills on the Ramsgate-road; and when we got to St. Peter's we halted to take counsel.

"Now," said Porkington, "the first thing to do is to take stock."

This was a low expression which he had picked up at Botcher's.

"All right," said I. "You empty your pockets, and I'll empty mine."

And so we did, turning out the contents on to a tombstone in St. Peter's churchyard. They were as follows:

1, a ball of string; 2, fourpence-half-penny; 3, some cobbler's wax; 4, some chewed india-rubber, which popped when you squeezed it; 5, sevenpence; 6, two slices of very thick bread and butter; 7, three slices of cold mutton; 8, a knife; 9, half a cocoa-nut; 10, two marbles, or mireys; 11, a lemon; 12, about three pounds of cake; 13, four cat's-head apples; 14, a penny tart; and 15, a dark lantern.

You see I put them all together, because we had determined to share everything. We contrived in the daytime to exchange such articles as we possessed which we didn't think would be likely to help us much on our journey through life, such as a hoop and a paper kite, for food of some kind or other. It was in this way that we came to be possessed of the three pounds of cake, of the fourpence-half-penny, and of the sevenpence. Besides the articles I have mentioned, each had in a bundle a goodish suit of clothes, three shirts, three pairs of stockings, three nightgowns, and some collars. For we made our start on a Saturday night, when all the clean clothes for the ensuing week were laid out on our beds, together with our Sunday suits, and we took them all with us.

"Now," said I, "where shall we go?"

And as this question and the answer to it showed pretty plainly the difference in our two dispositions, I gave it in full.

"I vote we go as railway guards, or as stoker and driver, and invest our earnings in a building society," said Porkington.

"And I vote for smuggling," said I.

You see that although the independence of Porkington's spirit was not altogether quenched by the associations at Botcher's, still it was a good deal damped; and the injurious influence of the mercantile element that prevailed in that establishment had told upon him considerably. I, on the other hand, born of a father who was accustomed to command, had lost none of the fire that I had inherited from him, and could not for one moment brook the indignity of working in a suit of fustian and train-oil for a guinea and a half a week. In a smuggler's life I saw a life of independence, spiced with sufficient danger to give it such a zest as would make it palatable to a warrior's son.

We argued the point until St. Peter's clock struck four, without giving in one inch on either side. I had quite determined to part company with Porkington, and join a smuggling-band in a cave in the cliffs between Margate and Ramsgate, when Porkington broke down any resolves with one awkward suggestion.

"And don't you suppose that you'd be seen by some of the Botcher-boys and recognized, and if old Botcher found out your cave, don't you suppose he'd be in like a jiffey, and collar you and lug you out, and take you home and hoist you on Pokor's back, and let into you like-blazes before exploding you? Rather!"

I am bound to admit that this awful contingency had never occurred to me. Botcher was an awfully strong chap, and we used to bet among ourselves that Botcher could lick Candleby, of Cliff House Academy, or any other schoolmaster in Margate, into splinters. We should like to see the coast-guard that could have taken Botcher if Botcher had been a smuggler instead of a schoolmaster, and we should like to see the smuggler that could have taken Botcher if Botcher had been a coast-guard. Not that he was a big man, for he was rather small than otherwise, and had bow-legs and drank, but still there was a sort of moral influence about Botcher which was irresistible.

So without going in for Porkington's contemplated line of business, I gave up the smuggling, and he and I determined to stride off across country without delay. We avoided Margate and Ramsgate, and tried to steer as near midway between the two as possible. When day broke, at about half-past seven, we were a long way from both towns in a flat open country with pollards and a great deal of water. At ten we breakfasted on a piece of the cocoa-nut and a cat's-head apple, which proved to be a refreshing and invigorating meal. After a copious draught from the iron bowl of a wayside pump, into which we squeezed some lemon juice, we started on our journey, passing several small villages, the names of which I do not know. The inhabitants appeared to be of an unusually curious disposition, for they stared rudedly at us, and one man, who said he was a constable, wanted to know where we were going. He was evi-
of-war in the harbour, and a collir was a degradation we couldn’t stoop to. We talked over several plans, but could hit upon nothing satisfactory. For Porkington was so absurdly impracticable in all his ideas. I am afraid that Porkington and I had begun to hate each other very much. We were no end of friends when we started, and had what we imagined to be a vast store of provisions in our possession; but now that matters were coming to a crisis, we were not in such high spirits, and when two fellows of position are reduced to four pence half-penny between them, they are apt to look upon that sum in a selfish light.

We walked about the harbour and read all the bills about able seamen and smart young men for the marines. Porkington was for the marines, but as the son of a man who had commanded a great many marines in his time, I couldn’t hear of that. As our eyes wandered over the different bills, they fell upon the play-bill of the Theatre Royal, Dover, which told us that that evening the performances would be for the benefit of Mr. Ronald de Montechristo, who would appear in the “Dog of Montargis; or, the Forest of Bondy.” After which, a comic song by the Inimitable Cox; to conclude with a favourite afterpiece.

This was the very thing for us. A respectable professional career which might end in luxury and fame was at once open to us. An actor is a gentleman, and an actor’s life is a whirl of gaiety. Besides, we should come to know all kind of curious people, and as a pantomime was advertised for Christmas, who knows but that we might become on intimate terms with a clown, and see a harlequin in a hat and trousers! So (after a night in a barn) we walked up to the stage door of the Dover Theatre.

I don’t know whether the manager of the Dover Theatre was a fair specimen of other theatrical managers, but I should think not, for he was coarse in his behaviour, and gave a good deal more than a manager, who also acted, would be likely to do. He was very gruff indeed with us, but he ended by engaging us for the run of the pantomime, at five shillings a week apiece (which made ten shillings for the two), and in the meantime we were to attend rehearsals, and do anything we might be required to do at night, for which we were to be paid sixpence a night each as often as we were wanted.

The pantomime rehearsals did not begin until a week before Christmas, so we had our mornings to ourselves, and we devoted them principally to selling our clothes. Sometimes we were wanted to go on the stage at night, as pages or young noblemen, and then we got sixpence a piece for our trouble. Sometimes Porkington, who wrote a beautiful commercial hand, earned a shilling by helping the prompter in copying the parts, and now and then I went to the harbour and getting ourselves entered as A. B. on board the first man-of-war whose lines we happened to like. But there was no man.
PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

I can't say that we altogether enjoyed our life, for we were usually so jolly hungry. However, the pantomine rehearsals were rather funny. We were demons in the first scene, milkmaids in the second, courtiers in the third, piemen in the fourth, hairdressers in the fifth, street-boys in the sixth, and persons with beards who wanted to be shaved in the seventh scene. The people about the theatre were very kind to us as a rule, but I was disappointed with the clown when I came to know him privately, for he had a way of kicking us when we made mistakes in the "business" which damped the affectionate admiration with which we were prepared to greet him. Besides, when you see a clown painting himself, and watch the separate processes night after night, you feel that the mystery of his existence is, to a certain extent, solved.

The pantomime was not very successful, and everybody was very ill-tempered. The officers of the garrison used to patronize the theatre a good deal; and I think that a great many of them loved Miss Fitzclarence, the colombine. I did, and so did Porkington. Indeed, I don't see how a fellow could help it.

One evening (it was about a fortnight after Christmas), as Porkington was standing at the wing dressed for the demon of malice, he called to me to look at a queer old card (as he expressed it) who was sitting with some officers in uniform in a private box. He attracted my attention by describing the "queer old card," as possessing the largest and the reddest nose he had ever seen. I hastened to the wing (with my head in my hand) to look at this singular old gentleman, and I was pained to recognize in him my well-meaning but over-economical papa—father! He recognized me in a moment!

I don't know how I got through the rest of the evening. My father retained his seat throughout the piece, watching me narrowly whenever I had to come on the stage. I really felt for him. He had a great notion of keeping the family escutcheon (which I always looked upon as a piece of plate) untarnished, and I naturally felt that my appearance in the assumed character of a pieman was calculated to dim its lustre considerably. I have no recollection of anything else that took place that night except that I was constantly being awakened for a moment or two from a kind of stoup by a kick from the brutal clown. At the end of the performance Porkington and I skulked about the theatre, afraid to venture into the street, until we were turned out by the fireman into the grasp of my infuriated governor.

I have just had an awful thrashing from him. I am confined in a room at the top of the house, and I am fed on bread and water. I am to have another thrashing this evening with a rattan cane, and to-morrow I am to go back to Botcher's. My infuriated governor has ordered a red and yellow suit, which I am to wear on every occasion at school (except when I go to church), in order that if I attempt to run away again, my appearance may attract attention.

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PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

To look at the sun without injury, provide a wineglass filled with plain water, and look through it. A little black ink added to the water will make the image of the sun appear as white as snow.

Whisper along the bare wall of an apartment, and you will be heard much further than in the middle of the room; for the trough or angle between the wall and the floor forms two sides of a square pipe, which conveys the sound.

Roll up a large card into a tube a quarter of an inch in diameter, and make the joint tight by a little sealing-wax. Then cut a disc of card two inches in diameter, and make a hole through its centre exactly big enough to admit the tube. By means of sealing-wax fix the card disc on to the top of the tube, so as to form a flange, taking care not to allow the tube projecting over the surface of the disc. Cut another card disc of the same diameter, and lay it on the former, holding the tube quite upright with the disc uppermost. Blow gently through the tube, and the loose disc will be blown off the flange. Replace it and blow it with great vehemence. The disc will not then be blown off, but will remain close to the flange, vibrating strongly. The loose disc may then be placed on the table, and the tube, with the flange downwards, held very near it. On blowing violently the loose disc will spring up towards the flange and vibrate as before.

If a bottle made of strong cast iron, very thick (about the third of an inch), be filled carefully with water, so as to exclude all air, and then screwed down tight, it will burst on freezing. The freezing may be accomplished by putting the bottle into a mixture of ice and salt.

Take a tin flask and fill it with steam. Condense the steam by pouring cold water on the outside. The vessel will immediately collapse.

Place two egg-cups side by side, and place in one of them an egg boiled quite hard. Blow strongly, sending the blast down between the egg and its cup, and the egg will rise up and fall into the cup adjacent.
OUR SPHINX.

1.—ENIGMA.

** English rhymed solutions are requested.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Maisonette</th>
<th>Contre gente</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Propre et nette</td>
<td>Innocente</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qu'on veut voir</td>
<td>Qui jamais</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>En lieu noir</td>
<td>N'en peut plus,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Macassonage</td>
<td>Mon asile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Du portage</td>
<td>Inutile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Est parfais</td>
<td>En saisons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinque fait</td>
<td>Des glaçons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avec terre</td>
<td>Est sans hôte;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Et sans pierre</td>
<td>Mais sans faute,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Je contiens</td>
<td>Le printemps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Je soutiens</td>
<td>Est un temps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La famille</td>
<td>Qu'on l'habite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Qui habille</td>
<td>Au plus vite;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quelquefois</td>
<td>Il devient</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Un matelas</td>
<td>Un soutien</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me renverse</td>
<td>Fort utile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Puis exerce</td>
<td>Au fragile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Si rigueur</td>
<td>Barillet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quel malheur</td>
<td>Gentillet</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2.

In spring I am seen
With my new suit of green,
In summer I'm covered all over;
In autumn my clothes
Go where the wind blows,
And in winter I've none to cover.

3.

Beneath my robes of pink
A little sword I wear
And woe betide the one who tries
To steal me from my lair;
And he who tries to steal me
Doth just punishment receive,
And for his own foolishness
He afterwards doth grieve.

A. P. JOHNSTONE MCLEAN

4.

We make a man,
We make a boy;
We make a woe,
We make a joy;
We make a hat,
But not a cat;
We make a dog,
But not a cat;
We make a man,
But not a cat;
We make a lady,
But not a lass;
Come, find us out
Now, if you please,
And tell us your names
You can with ease.

TOM CAWKEES.

5.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

1, 3—3, 4, 3—5, 6, 6—7, 9, 3—8, 2, 10, 2, 7—5, 10—
3—11, 5, 9, 2—3, 1—3, 4, 3—15, 4, 7, 9, 3—5, 10—
5—14, 9, 3—5, 1—3, 3, 4, 3—15, 4, 8, 10—
7, 9, 3—5, 10—4, 10, 4, 10, 5.

W. G. FOLLETT.

6.—A DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

x p o w n s i v l x m p d b
f u s f o p q m l a c d a o z w
m n f e x b y c f e d s t n v x
y w w y o a l j u n a l i f s l d
o v v c k f h e b j e k w x y z
t w r h g q v d e f f w g h o m w
s f h r c e w l f w a e c j f w
x v f b k t w z h i w j k l n
n t t p j e b g n x g u s y w
t w e i r y m o y d n t s g w d
e o l f p z e o a y b b b
o o n d q a c p r f c i e v o x
g a c l r b b q g e v w w x n

HARFORD E. SIMPSON.

7.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I consist of eleven letters.
My 3, 11, 6, 9, 4 is a piece of poetry.
My 1, 7, 9, 11 is a fruit.
My 5, 8, 3, 10, 4, 5 is employed at an inn.
My 8, 10, 2, 3, 11 is a spice.
My 8, 10, 7, 3, 4 is deprived of freedom.
My 6, 7, 3, 11 is a den.
My 8, 9, 7, 3, 4 are weapons.
My 6, 7, 5, 6, 2, 6 is the name of a star.
My 10, 4, 8, 9, 11, 5 is a written epistle.
My 6, 10, 2, 8, 4, 9 is a small private room.
My 8, 11, 6, 5, 4, 10 is a thing unknown.
My whole will repay a visit.

G. H. NOVWOOD.

8.—ARITHMOREM.

1. 500 and roan (a river mentioned in Scripture).
2. 101 and On se (a river in South America).
3. 95 and W see $ (a Prussian astronomer and mathematician, died 1067).
4. 56 and Ven (an Earl of Warwick, called the “king-maker”).
5. 156 and E (an English general, died 1774).
6. 1500 and oh pen (an English patriot, born 1004).
7. 1 and nob U are (a city in Italy).
8. 252 and rol (an Italian astronomer, died 1071).
9. 500 and sun star (a Russian seaport).
10. 1051 and ah ara (the highest mountains in the globe).
11. 1 and res (a river in Bavaria).
12. 60 and o pet An (a Greek seaport).
13. 50 and thou (an Irish county).
The initials of the foregoing words read downwards, and the finals upwards, will give the names of two of England’s “Brave Defenders.”

H. B. McDermot.

9.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

In the banqueting-hall of an old castle a king is综nawing with some of his nobles; wine flows freely; the massive goblet passes around; some of the courtiers are amusing the king with stories of their ancestors, when their narratives are suddenly brought to a close by the entrance of a wild-looking person, who forces himself towards the king. A scuffle ensues, in which the monarch is stabbed.
10.—REBUS.
1. A fruit.
2. A card.
3. A proposition.
4. Powdered tobacco.
5. An epistle.
6. A German river.
7. A tree.

The initials, if read downwards, will name a town in Scotland, and the finals, if read the same way, the county in which it is situated.

F. A. Bolton.

II.—THE DISHONEST JEWELLER.

A lady sent a diamond cross to a jeweller to be repaired. To provide against any of her diamonds being stolen, she had the precaution to count the number of diamonds, which she did in the following manner:

found the cross contained in 6,000 diamonds, from a to b, nine diamonds; from a to c, from a to d, she also counted nine. When the cross was returned, she found the number of diamonds counted precisely the same, yet two diamonds had been purloined. How was this managed?

12.—PUZZLE.

There is a hole in the barn floor just two feet in width and twelve in length. How can it be entirely covered with a board three feet wide and eight feet long, by cutting the board only in two?

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

How to obtain skeleton leaves.—I presume that the subscriber who asked this question fully understands what the leaf is. If he does not, I shall be most happy at another time to inform him. To produce skeleton leaves, the parenchyma of the leaf must be decomposed or destroyed, so as to leave the framework free from any other matter. The most general way of proceeding is to macerate the leaves in cold water for some days, mashing them gently to split them under the surface. This process does not answer when the texture of the leaf is hard. Sometimes a little sulphuric acid is added to the water, but this destroys the texture of the frame, rendering it so rotten that it will often fail to pieces. The only advantage of this process is, that it procures skeleton leaves quickly. Solutions of caustic potash and chloride of lime produce better specimens than the last process, but still render the leaves brittle. Undoubtedly the best manner of proceeding is this.—Procure the youngest leaves you can, and steep them in urine (or if preferred, in water with a little solution of chloride of lime added). The pith contained in this, together with other acids, has a peculiar effect on the parenchyma, producing such a purity, whiteness and tenacity of strength which specimens prepared in any other way never possess. Solutions referred to above will do for a substitute if preferred. After allowing the leaves to macerate for some time until the fleshy matter is entirely dissolved, carefully remove them into a vessel of perfectly clear water, and wash well. Then lay the skeleton between folds of thick blotting-paper, and press them. Then place before the fire, or in the sun, care being taken to scratch out the fibre which was not to let them adhere together. If you wish to mount them on paper, a thin varnish must be used, such as spirit varnish or light copal, which is much more preferable than any kind of gum or paste. They are very seldom mounted, as they are much more pleasing casually placed on a tray or under a glass shade. They should be protected from the air, as they last much longer than when exposed. Fruit and flowers may also be skeletonized, for they require only the same manipulation as leaves, only a longer time in the preparation.

John Alex. French.

The South Sea Bubble.—King George I., in a speech at the opening of the session of 1712, having recommended the Commons to turn their attention to the lessening of the national debt, a certain Sir John Blunt, formerly a scrivener, waited upon Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the purpose of propounding a plan by which the desired result might be obtained. The proposal was made in the name of the South Sea Company, which had for its founder the famous Harley, Earl of Oxford, and of which Sir John Blunt was chairman. He was submitted to a searching examination by Mr. Aislabie, but whose scruples he successfully overcame; and the result was that the project was at last adopted. "The pretence for the scheme," says Hume, "was to discharge the national debt by reducing all the funds into one. The Bank of England and South Sea Company outbid each other: the South Sea Company altered their original plan, and offered such high terms, that the Bank's propositions were rejected; and a bill was brought into the House of Commons, formed on the plan presented by the South Sea Company." It was opposed in the House of Lords by Lords North and Grey, Earl Cowper, and the Dukes of Wharton, Buckingham, &c., who pointed out the pernicious effects likely to accrue from the adoption of the scheme; on the other hand, the Earl of Sunderland laboured long and successfully to prove its benefits, for the bill was passed without a division, and received the royal assent. On the passing of the bill it was found that the South Sea stock did not rise according to the expectation of the directors; and Blunt circulated a report that Gibraltar and Port Mahon would be exchanged for some places in Peru, "by which means the English trade to the South Sea would be protected and enlarged." This rumour, industriously circulated by the emissaries of Blunt, spread and acted like a contagion. "In five days the directors opened their books for a subscription of £1,000,000, at the rate of £500 for every £100 capital. Persons crowded to the house in such a manner that the first subscription exceeded £2,000,000 of original stock: in a few days this stock advanced to £540, and the subscriptions were sold for double the price of the first payment." Promises of higher dividends raised the stock to £1,000, and Britain became for once a stock-jobbing nation. Clergymen and sailors, lords and servant-girls, statesmen and traders, were jumbled together in endless confusion in Exchange Alley; business was altogether neglected; new companies became the rage; and dukes and princes descended from their aristocratic positions to take their places among directors of infamous swindlers. This inflation prevailed until the 8th of November, when at last the bubble broke—the stock began to fall—the sellers visibly increased—stock again sunk to £150 —eminent goldsmiths, ruined by the affair, and unable to defer payment, absconded. The tide continued its course, carrying with it thousands of ruined families. The ministers now exerted their influence with the Bank of England, which consented to subscribe to the stock of the South Sea Company £3,500,000, which was to be repaid on Lady-day and Michaelmas of the next year. This caused such a run upon the Bank, that the money was paid away faster than subscriptions came in, and the Bank renounced the agreement.
Amber is a kind of gum or resin, found most plentifully in the Baltic, on the coast of Prussia. The physical qualities of this substance have recommended it in fumigation to remove delusions, and in powder as an alternative, absorbent, sweetener, astringent, &c. Being susceptible of a fine polish, it is cut into necklaces, bracelets, stems for tobacco-pipes, &c. &c. It is highly endowed with the property of electricity.

HENRY PLUMMER.

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

What is an interrogatum?
What is a ship’s husband?
What is the meaning of the word metachronism?
Why is the common noun placed in the east part of the church?
Why are archbishops, bishops, and deans styled respectively, Most Reverend, Right Reverend, and Very Reverend?

W. G. FOLLETT.

What is a rural dean?
In what part of London is the University situated?
What is the best book on the English language?
When were cards introduced into England?
What is a slum?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. MARSHALL. Article referred to has not been received.—G. FRED. I. Yes. 2. Apply at Statham’s, in the Strand. 3. The price of binding the Boy’s Monthly is 1s. 6d. 4. Yes.—F. B. C. Declined with thanks.

* The address of Mr. Isaac Pitman, inventor of the system of shorthand called Phonography, is The Phonetic Institute, Bath, and not Manchester. The name of the firm which you put as David Sack & Son, Glasgow, is not Sack, but Jack. The third is the “Singer’s Journal.” It is not published bound in five numbers, but in eighteen, price 2s.

A correspondent writes;

DEAR SIR,—I have read the letters of your two correspondents about the numeral 9. One of them says:—“Another peculiarity of this same figure is, that if you multiply it by any number, the figures that compose the product, when added together, make 9, or a composite of 9. Thus, 3 x 9 = 27; 2 + 7 = 9.” Now on this fact is founded the following amusement:—Tell any person to name any number he pleases, and that you will tell what number he is to add to it to make the whole divisible by 9, without leaving a remainder. Suppose he says 74543, you then say in your mind, 7+4+4+5+4+3+3=24; then, 9 into 24=2, and 6 remains; then, as 5 from 9 leaves 4, tell your friend to add 4 to 74543, and then it will be divisible by 9. Thus:

74543
+ 4
—
74547
(283)
9
72
—
25
—
19
—
74
27
19
27

Try it with any number, it is always the same.

I believe it is very little known that all the properties of the numeral 9 are also possessed by the numeral 3; thus, 3 x 4 = 12, 3 + 1 = 4, 3 x 15 = 45, 4 + 5 = 0, or 3 times 3.

ALFRED L. WADDEN.
"My aunt took as her right the chair of state, Uncle Price sat opposite, mother sat on a low chair, and I stood by mother."
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER III.

In which our creditors become very troublesome, and father takes to Drelincourt and death. Aunt Maria gives her opinion, and father disappears. The brokers are put in, and mother is very much put out. I pay a visit to an elderly Venus, and make the acquaintance of a juvenile Jupiter.

I THINK I told you before that we were not particularly well off at our shop; I mean by that, in point of fact, that we were badly off. As I got older I learned all this, and it often gave me a sad heart. People used to come and say to father in a rude sort of a way, "Well, Mr. Carter, what have you for me to-day?"

And father, with a white face and his hand shaking a little, would say, "I am really very sorry, but that bill I relied on being settled has not been paid yet: so I must beg—"

"Beg! Yes, that what's your sort are always at—anything sooner than work." I heard a fellow say this to father one day, and if I had been big enough I would have kicked him through Fleet Market and dipped his brazen face in the horse-trough.

Always the way. "Called for that little account." "Can you look in again by"—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, any day of this week. Call in again! Yes, they were all pretty sure to do that; and when they did call, of course it was the old story over again. How can people pay if they have not the money to pay with? I agree with Shell. Shell says, if you have not the money to pay say so flat. But you see, father was always living in hope that things would take a turn—and they did not. As soon as ever he got a little money together he paid it over to one or other of his creditors, and it nearly always happened that as soon as he had done so, the creditor who had got his money went and told the rest, and in they came wanting theirs.

I have seen father sitting or standing by the hour together with his eyes at a long range. He was thinking what he should do, how he should creep or crawl along, so as to keep things together; and the more he thought about it the more muddled I think he became. His clothes grew shabbier, and Filby, the tailor in Water Lane, not only would not supply any more, but threatened to send father over the way; I mean, to the Fleet Prison. So father went on in his shabby clothes, and seldom went to church, or indeed stirred out of doors on Sundays. He used to sit in the shop most of the day and read a book about Death, by Mr. Drelincourt. I never read that book through myself, at least not the deadly part of it; but I did read about a ghost, and highly approved of it. Veal was the name of the ghost. Mrs. Veal—dead calf, you know—and I thought it capital.

As for poor mother, she grew very pale and sad, and was grimly comforted by Mrs. Mogridge with the assurance that her trouble would soon be over, that she was not long for this world, and the like; she was also sharply scolded by Aunt Maria. "Gad-zooth," my aunt would say, "what was madame taking on for—tied to a log! Sooner than stay with such a—— man, I would go and get whipped in Bridewell." It did not appear to me at the time, and it does not now, that the adoption of my aunt's advice would have contributed to my mother's comfort. All it drove her to was tears.

"Oh, Maria, you really don't know how good he is; he really does his best."

"Bad's the best."

"No man works harder if there be work to do; he is always trying."

"What's the use of trying if he does not succeed? But there, it's no use talking to a dolt. Boy! take your fist out of your pocket, and don't wriggle." The observation was addressed to me.

"Please Aunt Maria——"

"Hold your tongue, sir."

I looked at mother.

"Go away, child; go away."
So I went into the shop, expecting to find father, but he was not there. I supposed he was talking to a neighbour and would be in again in a few minutes. There was Drelincourt just as he had left it, and there, on a file close by, were three new bills!

I stopped looking about me perhaps for half an hour or more, wondering what could keep father. At the end of that time mother looked out into the shop and said, “Where’s father?” “Don’t know, mother,” said I, “he ain’t been here since I came in.” “Ain’t been here?” said my aunt, also looking out into the shop, “and this is the boy that is to be something one day. This is the boy that is to go to college. Mercy! he would talk better English if he had been schooled by the parish. Ain’t, indeed!”

Mother looked very foolish, but she was too anxious to talk grammar with Aunt Maria, and only said to me, “Where can your father be?”

Before I could answer, Aunt Maria put her oar in again.

“Where can he be? Guzzling at the tavern, most likely; leaves an insolent brat to look after the shop while he talks politics over small beer; or perhaps my gentleman drinks his claret.”

“I am sure, Maria, he does nothing of the kind. More likely doing porter’s work, and carrying home a parcel of books, poor fellow.”

“Mercy me! no offence, my lady; but if he does not appear shortly I must really go away without the exquisite delight of being put in my chair by him.”

“He cannot be long.”

“Cannot be?”

“Run out and see for father.”

“Yes, and mind you look in at the tavern first, boy.”

I cast an angry glance at my aunt and ran out; and, certainly, I did look in at the tavern first: I knew he went there sometimes.

The landlord was standing at the door, and I tried to pass him, so as to get a look in at the parlour, but he stopped me.

“What do you want?”

“I was looking for father, please, sir.”

“Please me, or not please me, father is not here,” he said: “and when you find him you may tell him this from me, with the Black Bull’s compliments, that when a man has run up a score that he cannot pay, it is not quite proper that he should take his ready money elsewhere. There—that’s all the Black Bull has to say to you.”

I ran over to the door of the Fleet and asked the gaoler if he had seen father. No, he had seen nothing of him. I tried several other places, even ran up to the Mitre, but all to no purpose: so I came back slowly, hoping almost against hope that father would be in by the time that I reached home. No—he had not come. But there was the tailor from Water Lane making a row with mother. I should like to have ironed him all over with a hot goose!

Well, you know, father could not be found; he did not come back that night, and nothing at all could be learned about him. We went to the Round House; we went to the hospitals; but it was all no use: nothing was heard of him; nobody had heard of him, and I thought I should cry my eyes out and break my heart. What made it worst of all to me was people talking as if father had run away—as if he could do it. All the creditors who came said it plainly:

“Oh—gone away and not to be heard of, eh? Drowned, perhaps—oh, yes, no doubt; but this trick won’t serve his turn. I’ll have my rights while there is a stick left.”

I really think Aunt Maria was the worst of the lot. She was coming down to our place pretty frequently, tumbling up in her chair, getting out with a little scream, and leaving her chairmen puffing and blowing like a couple of porpoises, and swamping their sweaty foreheads with their jazios off.

“Nothing heard of him yet, eh. No—and nothing ever will. Where’s young lazybones”—that was me—“skulking as usual. Now, look here, you sir. Your father’s a runaway, and your mother’s a bankrupt. What have you to say to that?”

“I am sure my father is not a runaway, Aunt Maria.”

“Sirrah!”

She raised her mitten hand as if to strike me. I did not shrink, but she did not give me a blow. She only curled her lips at me, and said, “Beggar brat,” which was worse than a blow to me.

When it was found that father really could not be found, our creditors became very, very troublesome indeed. Aunt Maria scolded us,
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

but did nothing; and mother, getting thinner every day, did not know what to do. We expected Uncle Price in the course of a few days, and he was her reliance.

"When Uncle Price comes, Maria——?"
"He'll never come."
"Oh, Maria, I'm sure he will."
"Tum, ti, ti; tum, ti, ti; tum, tum, tum."

This was my Aunt's pleasant way of saying she did not believe it.

One day mother was packing up a few books in the shop, when in came two men. The first was a decentish sort of person, in a grey suit, with a red waistcoat; but the other was a regular soundrel to look at, just the sort of fellow that would do to ride with you to Tyburn.

The decent-looking man put his hand on mother, and said—
"Your pardon, madam. I have called for the rent."
"If you please," said my mother, trembling like a leaf—"if you please, my husband is not home now, could you call again?"
"No—I'm a broker; and if the money is not paid I must make a levy on your goods."
"Oh, sir, this is cruel."
"I am sorry for it."
"You can give me a few days."
"Not a day."
"This is not right."
"I am only following my instructions. I must make an inventory of your property and leave this party—Chopps—in possession."

Chopps, with his hands very deep in the pockets of his coat, grinned, and looked round at the books in a bewildered sort of way, that showed plainly enough he knew nothing about them.

"French—that's my name, ma'am. I am a sworn appraiser. Now, I must make an inventory—which room shall I go into first?"

Mother fell a crying.
"There, there," said he. "Don't take on. It will all come right in time, no doubt of that—all right in time."

"Oh, eternity!" said mother.

So Mr. French, followed by Chopps, walked into our parlour; and there French produced a book and an inkhorn, and a quill, and a little box of sand, with a pepper-caster top to it, and set to work. When he had got all down that was in the parlour, he went upstairs, and into every room, and in three of the rooms, I can tell you, he was not long, for there was nothing in them. Then he came back to the shop and said to mother:—

"This is what I don't understand, quite. We must be careful of the stock; and it will cost some time to know what books you have——"

Mother interrupted him.

"We have a catalogue," she said, "and here it is. All the books that are not here are ticked off."

"Thank you. I am really sorry about this business, and I hope your friends will see you fairly through it. My man Chopps must stay here; he is in possession."

Mother made a curtsey to Chopps. I should like to have punched his head.

"Very, very sorry," said French, "but business is business. Very, very sorry. With best of wishes. I must now withdraw. Chopps is by no means an unpleasant party (By George, he looks it!), and will do nothing to make himself disagreeable. Good day, good day; this is my card, 'French, undertaker and sworn appraiser, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street.'"

Mother went into the parlour and had a good cry. I went in and did what I could to comfort her. Chopps made his appearance also. Said I to him,—

"Now, we don't want you here."
"Don't expect you do," said he, "nobody never does."

He sat down by the fire, and mother dried her eyes and looked up.

"Is it necessary that you should sit with us?" she said.

"It is not positive necessary; least ways if I have anywhere else to sit; but I am free to come and go all over the premises."

"Yes, but it will be better if you sit generally in the kitchen."

I was rather amazed at mother plucking up so, but I felt proud of her. Chopps pulled a look of dirty straw-colour hair, said he meant no offence, and that "he hoped as none was took," accepted the tip mother offered him, and under my escort withdrew to the kitchen.

When I came back somebody was in the shop. It was the Irish gentleman that I mentioned before of the name of Goldsmith, and he was talking with mother.

"No, sir," said she, "I can find nothing of the sort in our books."
"What an indiscreet tradesman your partner must be. Ten guineas due to you, ten as good guineas as ever were born, and no account in your books. I am a poor hand at figures myself, but I could keep shop better than you."

Mother smiled.

"At all events, the account," she said, "is not against you, doctor. You stand clear in our books."

"But I am not clear. I tell you I owe you ten golden guineas. You must take them and give me a receipt. Oh, but I'm your true man of business."

"But what were the books, doctor?"

"Let me see. There was—no, there was not—there was—well, never mind, for the names; say 'To books delivered to Oliver Goldsmith, ten guineas,' and put your regal here to it. There, well done!"

So mother took the money with many thanks, and the doctor was going away, when he saw me, called to me, chatted pleasantly enough for a few minutes, led me out into the market, and, with tears in his eyes, bid me be a man for my mother's sake!

Then off he went, picking his way through the market, a dear good soul; but in his gay garments and his long sword, looking for all the world like a butterfly impaled with a needle.

Choppa made himself tolerably comfortable, and, in his way, was sociable. He stopped with us three days, and then we got rid of him.

When mother found that she was likely to have everything taken from her, she wrote a note to Aunt Maria, and on the morning after Choppa had been "put in," I was sent with the note up to my aunt's house.

It was a bright morning, but too bright to suit my fancy, and I walked, as more in accordance with my feelings, on the shady side of the way. Here and there I saw the little bills we had caused to be printed, setting forth how father was lost, and now and then I tried to fancy that he would come back to us and set all things square. It was a dreary walk, but I reached my aunt's house at length, and pulled at the bell. The bell made such a terrible noise that I was dreadfully frightened, and my terror was not much abated at the portentous appearance of the man who opened the door. He was a wonderfully big man, and all ablaze with gold and scarlet. What did I want? I mentioned distinctly that I wanted to see my aunt. He glared at me in a terrible way and called out as loud as ever he could call, "Jupiter." In answer to this summons a boy came flying down the broad staircase, a boy deserving a whole paragraph of description.

Jupiter was short and very stout and as black as a coal. His eyes glowed like fire, and his double row of teeth were as white as milk, but looked about as formidable as those of a shark. He had a broad grin on his face, and seemed in a state of chronic perspiration. His dress was a white tunic reaching almost to the knee, and richly braided with red braid; under the tunic a pair of short crimson breeches just covering the knee; he had black leather boots, but no stockings, so that his black calves were quite exposed. The object of this I soon found out; he was my aunt's page, recently engaged, and my aunt was in the habit of teaching him his duty by applying her silver-mounted switch to those calves of his whenever he misbehaved. Many a time have I laughed when my aunt was in her tantrum to see little Jove dodging the whip, and making the most ludicrous grimaces behind his mistress's back. I forgot to say that Jupiter wore a turban of white muslin, and that the turban was so large that he looked like a mushroom.

"Jupiter," said Red and Gold, "this letter to your mistress."

"Yes, sire."

Jupiter was about to take it in his hands when Red and Gold, stamping on the stones, directed him to bring a waiter. Off flew Jupiter, coming back directly with a silver tray. The letter being duly deposited in this conveyance, was taken off, and I waited in the hall. I suppose ten minutes elapsed before Black Jove returned: when he came he brought with him a message to the effect that I was to follow him to his lady's chamber.

My aunt was in bed. It was a splendid bed, and a splendid bedstead, with feathers on the top of each post, and curtains and counterpanes all trimmed with lace. The room was gorgeous; I had never seen such a place in my whole life. In bed sat my aunt with a cup of chocolate in her hand, and a frown on her painted face.
Jupiter left me alone with her, her maid having retired before I came in.  
"And so, young sir," said my aunt, "you have the brokers in at last."  
"Yes, aunt."  
"And your mother expects me to get them out again."  
"Yes, aunt."  
"Is an advantage to be rich, is it not?"  
"Yes, aunt."  
"Confound thee, child!—listen to me. If I do take out the brokers, I shall insist upon a thorough change. No more shop-keeping for me."  

Of course I said nothing.  
"Illness has been your father's ruin. You are very like your father."  
"Uncle Price says so."  
"Simpleton—how dare you mention the man here, tainting the room with bilge water!"  
"I did not mean, aunt."  
"Did not mean—but there, what's the use of talking to a scapegrace? Tell your mother, from me, I shall look in this morning; tell her I am shocked at your father, and ashamed of her. There, pick up my handkerchief, and put down this cup."  
I followed her instructions.  
"What time is it now?—look at the repeater."  
"Half-past eleven, aunt."  
"Good luck, so early!"  
"Early, aunt!"  
"Yes, lazybones, early for quality. There, go tell your mother I will see to things, and bid her be thankful. Go."  

I returned, making my best bow, and found Jupiter in the lobby without his turban, standing on his head and beating his heels together as if they were cymbals.

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CHAPTER IV.

In which Uncle Price drinks grog, and Aunt Maria displays her goodness. How my mother cries a good deal, and yields to my Aunt, and how I went to go soldiering, and am not permitted; and also how we are sold off, and go off, and take up our abode in fashionable quarters.

When I got home I found that Uncle Price had unexpectedly arrived; there he was with mother, and the brokers were out. He shook both my hands at once, and was very hearty; would make me take a good swig of his rum-and-water, and I don't believe you could have matched his rum-and-water anywhere in the city of London. He was a wonderful hand at it, knew to a grain how much sugar, and to a squeeze how much lemon went to the glass; and the rum—no nonsense about his rum—it was "take away your breath," and no mistake!

"My poor shipmates," said he to me, "this business of yours has given me quite a turn; but for that grog," and he glanced affectionately at his glass, "but for a drink of that grog, boy, made pretty stiff, I should have piped my eye."

"Uncle," said I, "it is so jolly to see you; I have got rid of them?"

"Them—you mean the land sharks,—yes, I have. Do you know anything of the law, my dear?" This to mother.

"No, no;" said mother, crying a good deal, "I know nothing of anything."

"Because if you did, I was about to ask how much it would cost to kick that broker and his mate till one was tired. I should like to do it, and would not mind a pound or two."

"You must not think of it," said mother, "the men were only doing their duty."

"It was lubbers' duty;" said Uncle Price, "and they ought to be put on monkey's allowance—more kicks than ha'pence, boy, eh!"

I enjoyed the joke.  
"But now about your Aunt Maria;" said mother, "what did she say?"

I told her.  
She cried a good deal; and uncle made himself some more rum-and-water, and it was not three-water grog.

You see, everything was at sixes and sevens with us. There was no regular dinner; we got a snack how we could. I went to work on some bread and butter, and mother had a cup of tea. Uncle stuck to what he was taking; and in the midst of it there was a pother in the market, and a chair was jostled up to our door with my aunt inside it.

Uncle Price helped her out.  
"Lud," said she, "who expected you?"

"Don't know, ma'am," said he, with a short bow. "Anywheres, I'm here. His Majesty's ship Worrier—God save the king," —and he felt to take his hat off, but found he
had not it on—" was paid off on Thursday. I am ashore for a cruise."

My aunt appeared in tolerably good humour; and when she came in she took, as her right, the chair of State, and Uncle Price sat opposite. Mother sat on a low chair, and I stood by mother.

"Now," said Aunt Maria, "the sooner we get to business the better—first about these men."

"The land-sharks, ma'am," Uncle Price responded, "have been paid off; and are seen no more in these waters."

"The brokers are out?"

"Yes, Maria; Uncle Price has kindly paid the sum, and relieved us from that burden."

"Mr. Price," said aunt, in her more patronising way, "you have done precisely as I intended to do. That business, then, we may consider disposed of."

The business Uncle Price agreed was so far disposed of; he only wished he could dispose of the brokers effectually.

"Law is law," said Aunt Maria, tapping the ground with her foot to give emphasis to what she was saying. "Let us never fail at the law. People who run into debt must pay or go to prison. Why do people run into debt? Because they have no ready money. Why have they no ready money? Because they have spent it. Why have they spent it? Because they are improvident. Improvidence is the curse of the country—swEEP away their goods, I say, and shut them up in gaol—that's my plan!"

"Sorry to disagree with you, ma'am," said Uncle Price, "but I don't like the plan, and don't believe it does a mors of good. Look at those poor starvelings over the way—there they sit at their iron; rate like hungry cubs in a wild-beast show, crying, 'Remember the poor debtors.' Do you think, ma'am, they are learning to be industrious and provident? I don't. Better let them out and make them work!"

My aunt waved her hand majestically for silence, and remarked that this was not to the point; her time was precious; she had to attend Lady Abigail's draw, and could not spare an hour. What she wanted to know was what my mother meant to do.

Mother! You might as well have asked the youngest babe in Coram's Foundling what it meant to do; and Aunt Maria knew it.

"What I propose," said Aunt Maria, "is that we should sell off all we have—stock, furniture, everything; and compound with the creditors."

"Do what, ma'am?" asked uncle.

"Compound with the creditors."

"What is that, ma'am?"

"You a man of business and not know. Why, pay them one, two, or any number of shillings instead of a pound."

"But this is not square and above-board."

"There, there—you know nothing of it. I shall send my man of business to settle it."

"Must it be so, Maria?"

"Of course. This being arranged," my aunt continued, "the next point is, what is to become of you! I have thought of that, and resolved you shall reside with me."

"Maria—do you mean this?"

"Positively."

Uncle Price got up and made her a bow:

"This," said he, "is really handsome."

"Lastly, we must consider what's to be done with Jack-a-napes."

"With whom, ma'am?"

"Your nephew, sir."

"Yes, that's good. Well, what has the boy to say?"

"Very little to the purpose, no doubt," said my aunt; "but whatever he may have to say had better remain unsaid. I suppose he has learned his catechism, and knows his duty to all that are put in authority over him."

"Quite right," said uncle.

"I hope he does," said mother.

"Now, what I propose to do with him," said my aunt, "is to have him properly educated."

" сказал uncle—" Has he not been schooled long enough?"

"Schooled and educated," said my aunt, "are two mighty different things, sir. He has, I own, some good points about him, and may be made a gentleman of, if he behaves."

"Joseph, do you hear that?" from my mother.

"Joe, there's a chance for you," from my uncle.

"If you please, aunt, I want to be a soldier."

"A what?" shrieked my aunt.

"A soldier."

"The boy might say worse," said my uncle; and mother set to crying with all her might, wringing her hands in a dreadful way.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

"Worse!" shrieked my aunt again. "O Lord! O Lord! You're all fools together."

"Well," said my uncle, willing to compromise matters if he could—"Well, anyhow, the boy is not big enough, nor old enough, for a soldier yet—all in due time; that is but common sense, Joe."

Seeing the commotion I had occasioned, I said no more, but waited till my aunt, by the aid of her smelling-bottle, her fan, and a glass of water, with "just the taste of rum in it," was prepared to go on with her arrangements.

"What I shall make of the boy I will not say—if he behaves; if not——" and my aunt folded her fan and shook it at me.

From all this we saw exactly what we had to do. Everything was to be sold off, and the creditors satisfied as far as possible, then mother and I were to go and live with aunt.

This arrangement was carried. On the very next day aunt's business man came down to see to things. He was a dapper little man, with eagle eyes, and an aquiline nose to correspond; a sharp, brisk-spoken man, always busy, but never in a bustle, and seeming to know and see and understand everything at a glance. By his advice, and aunt's invitation, mother went up to aunt's house that afternoon, and such things were sent after as she cared more to keep. There was a picture of father's; there was father's pipe; there was a stuffed dog of father's; there was an owl he had shot; there was a christening cup belonging to me, and there was a little picture of me when I was a baby, and there was a picture of my dead sister, with a lock of her hair done up like the Prince of Wales's feathers; there were some other few trinkets besides our clothes, and they were all sent on to aunt's.

The settlement of affairs occupied several days, nearly three weeks, I think; but the creditors, expecting to get nothing, were mostly glad to get what they could. So it was all finally wound up.

All sorts of speculations were abroad about father. Some said he had run away; others said he had been killed; and some few—and I had a dreadful misgiving about it myself—declared their opinion that he had committed suicide.

Suicide! it made me feel cold to think of it. I had heard how they buried suicides, without bell or hook, and at dead of night, where three cross roads met. I used to dream sometimes that father had been found hanging somewhere, and that he was a suicide, and was to be put, without Christian rites, into unhallowed earth. I dreamed that I saw them dig the grave at the end of Fleet Street; it was a cross road, the market here, the street leading to Pitt's Bridge there, Ludgate Hill here, and Fleet Street there. It was a dark rainy night, and there were only a few people gathered, and they looked not like men but demons in the red glare of the torches. Then they brought dear father's body along in a tumbril, and shot it out, just as it was, into the pit, and then I rushed on to the mound the earth had made, and wanted to jump into the grave; and then they dragged me away and threw the earth upon him, and I kept crying out, "He is not dead; I know he is not dead."

And then they took a sharp stake and hammered it down with heavy mallets so as to pin him in his grave; and then there was a great cry for help, a smothered cry, but I knew it was father's voice, and they would not open the grave again, but danced upon it; and Jupiter stood on his head and played the cymbals with his heels.

This dream troubled me a good deal; I do not know why, I could not get it out of my mind.

"Uncle, do you think father is really dead?" I said to Uncle Price.

"Well, lad, if so be as he is not dead, why for should he keep aloof?"

"Perhaps he is ill somewhere?"

"Then somebody would let us know."

"I don't believe he would have killed himself: he was too good, too brave; he would never have run away in that sense, ever to leave mother to fight it out alone."

"And I don't believe it either. My opinion is, he has been robbed and murdered, and that one of these days it will all come out."

I cannot say this was my own impression. I did not like to think of father as a suicide, but I could not help it.

Many a time I talked it over with Shell. I knew he was secretly of my own opinion, but he would not say so. He took uncle's view of the question. In fact, quite an intimacy sprang up between Shell and uncle. Uncle took to Shell and Shell took to uncle. Shell had left the "Duchess's," so had I,
and was helping his brother in the oil and colour way. He did not like it a bit; I could see that, though he would not grumble.

On the last day of the sale we had been going, going, going all day, and were well nigh gone. Shell came to shake hands.

"Well, old boy," said he, "I suppose we shan't see much more of one another."

"Why not?"

"You are going into quality quarters, and I shall be just where I am."

"Nonsense, James."

"Fact, you are going up; and when you look down on me I shall look precious small."

"When you look up to me I shall look as small."

He laughed.

"Well, there is something in that; if you can drop us a line sometimes, do. If you are ever coming this way, and are not afraid of the paint-brush, look in."

"I will, and you?"

"Well, I cannot promise to look in except your aunt sends for me as decorative painter, but I'll write."

"On your honour?"

"No, on a sheet of paper."

"Good bye, Darrell."

"Good bye, old boy; God bless you."

When I was saying good bye to uncle, preparatory to starting for my "quality quarters," uncle produced a brown paper parcel, and said, —

"My lad, I think you would like to have this book, so I bought it in."

It was the book father had been reading so often lately, "Dreinlinecourt on Death."

I gave uncle dozens of thanks; it was so thoughtful of him and so kind; but there, he was always kind and thoughtful.

When I reached my aunt's house, who should open the door to me but Jupiter. There was a malicious grin on his black face as he said:

"My lady a-waiting for you, sire; will you facilitate her by visiting her boudoir?"

ONWARD.

Through the battle-field of life,
Mid the tempest, mid the strife,
Hardly press'd by many a foe,
Onward, onward, I must go.

Onward, yet why should I fear
While I have my armour here?
Onward, and why should I yield
While I hold my trusty shield.

"Truth" 's the weapon in my hand,
I'll surrender it to none!
With it now I'll take my stand
Fighting till the victory's won.

And the shield which I must bear,
"Perseverance" is its name,
'Tis a noble thing to wear
Made of metal bright and rare,
Proved by Time's all-searching flame.

Onward, soldiers! onward! come
Gird your mighty armour on,
Onward, warriors, now with me
Free yourselves from slavery.
Foes are many, foes are strong,
And the fight is dark and long;
"Selfishness" is in the field,
Onward! now, to make him yield.
Ignorance is roaming free,
Onward! let the tyrant see
That he now must captive be.
Infidelity is here,
Force the coward from his place,
Onward! make him fly for fear,
Yield not to a foe so base.

Grandly let our banner wave,
Freedom giving to the slave,
Proudly let it sweep the air,
Let its golden motto glow,
Gather round it—Onward! bear;
Bend not to the fiercest foe.

George H. Quelch.
THE BASTILLE.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive;
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.

The Bastille was one of the most famous, or, perhaps, we should say, most infamous, prisons in Paris. The very name carried terror with it, when its dark towers frowned upon the city, and even when every vestige of it was swept away, the name was still retained as the synonym of all that is painful and despotic in association with prison life.

Five hundred years ago, when the French and English were playing the old game of war, the inhabitants of Paris determined to repair the fortifications of their city, and appointed one Stephen Marcel, a provost and merchant, to undertake the task. He obtained great popularity by the erection of a strong fortress at the eastern extremity of the city, but unhappily, in an attempt to favour the pretensions of one whom the citizens despised, he was knocked on the head, and butchered at the foot of his own Bastille. To have anything to do with this building seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, for Hugh Aubriot, who added to the construction, fell under the displeasure of his master, the king, and was the first offender confined within the Bastille. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the building assumed its permanent aspect. Charles VI. added four towers, and gave it a parallelogram form. Its walls were nine feet thick; it boasted eight towers, each a hundred feet high, four looking on the city, and four on the suburb of St. Antoine. It was surrounded by a ditch one hundred and twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Each particular tower derived its name, either from some historical event, or from the most distinguished prisoners it had at any time contained. The unfortunate Count de St. Pol, who was imprisoned within the fortress previous to his execution, gave the name to the Tour de la Comté. Sully, in the days of the good Henry, deposited vast treasures in one tower of the stronghold, and it was henceforth called the Tower of the Treasure. The Tower of Liberty would seem to be a mockery and a jest; the Tower of the Corner was so called, on account of its position; and the Tower de la Basinière, from a prisoner of that name.

So, with its strong walls, and wide most, and eight towers, the Bastille became a military defence, and a state prison, at an early period of French history—the scene of constant suffering and injustice, never heard of beyond the prison walls. The prelate D'Harcourt was confined in a massive cage, and pined away fifteen years; there

the innocent Armagnac was shut up in a close dungeon till he lost the consciousness of his unhappiness in solitude. There the Duke de Nemours lingered, and heard no news but that he was to die, and saw not the light till they led him forth to execution, and in their wanton cruelty placed his young sons below the scaffold, that their father's blood might fall upon them. There, hunted from their homes and made prisoners for their creed, the Huguenots were lodged, and suffered cruelly from the caprices of their gaolers. In the days of Henry IV., the Bastille was well nigh empty. Sully was the governor of the fortress, and his natural clemency, together with the humanity of the king, stayed for the time a repetition of those enormities which had given the castle so terrible a renown.

The government of the Bastille was vested in a governor, a lieutenant of the king, a major, an assistant-major, a surgeon, and a matron. The garrison was composed of one hundred men, commanded by two captains, a lieutenant, and sergeants.

The lieutenant-general of police was the delegate of the minister of the department of the Bastille, and he had under him an officer known as the commissary of the Bastille.

On arriving at the Bastille every prisoner was searched, and an inventory made of all that he possessed. The search was conducted by four functionaries attired in uniform and wearing swords. They were careful to remove all papers from the prisoner, and also to take from him any sharp instrument, knife, scissors, or even book, lest he should escape by electing to die rather than rot in gaol.

After the search, which was usually conducted with much pleasantry to the jailer, the unhappy object of it was conducted to his cell. The cells had walls twelve feet in thickness on the outer side, and were lighted by a small opening strongly defended by iron bars. The cells known as the ombillets were fully nineteen feet below the fosse, and there the prisoners never saw the light of day, but were literally buried alive.

Prisoners confined in the ordinary cells were provided with a flock bed, and just common necessary furniture. Their allowance of food was a pound of bread daily, a bottle of small wine, a dish of tasteless soup, a small quantity of inferior meat; and on fast days a pat of bad butter, or a little measure of nauseous oil. Money, which is said to answer all things generally, enabled
the prisoners who were fortunate to possess it an improved bill of fare.

The allowance for the charges of prisoners was regulated by their rank, and it was more than rumoured that the governor realized a considerable profit.

The allowance was,—
For a prince of the blood, 50 livres a day.
For a marshal of France — 36 "  "
For a lieutenant-general — 24 "  "
For a councillor of parliament — 15 "  "
For a petty judge, priest, or banker — 10 "  "
For a thriving trader — 5 "  "
For an advocate — 5 "  "
For a small trader — 3 "  "
For a member of the lower class, 2 livres, 10 sous, a day.

Prisoners who had no servants of their own, and could not afford to hire one, were compelled to light their own fires and make their own beds. They dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped at six in the afternoon. At the commencement of their imprisonment they were allowed neither paper nor ink, nor were they allowed the use of books. They were neither allowed to attend chapel nor to have any exercise in the open air. A prisoner, on application, might in some instances be privileged to write to his friends. In all these instances the letters were examined by the police previous to their being forwarded, and the answers were to be addressed, not to the prisoner, but to the major of the Bastille, who communicated the response to the prisoner, or withheld it at his discretion.

After being detained some time in gaol prisoners were permitted to attend chapel and to take exercise in the prison-yard; they were also, under certain restrictions, allowed to receive visitors. The visit took place in the presence of the officials, and no allusions were permitted as to the reason of the prisoner’s detention, nor as to the probable length of his confinement.

The “promenade,” as it was called, where the prisoners were allowed to walk, was a court, sixteen feet by ten, surrounded by walls a hundred feet high. There the prisoner was allowed occasionally to walk for a few minutes; it could at any time be interdicted by order of the governor. Occasionally a few of the prisoners were allowed, as an extraordinary favour, to walk in the court-yard together, but this was a special privilege granted only in very rare cases. Occasionally also a few privileged prisoners were permitted to walk upon the leads of the gaol, or the battlements of the towers; but it was ascertained that some of them contrived to telegraph to the outside world, and such promenades were henceforth strictly forbidden.

The severity of the surveillance exercised over the prisoners was something marvelous. It seemed as if their very secret thoughts were known. If, indeed, they managed so far as to elude the vigilance of the officials, and were subsequently detected, the extra precautions immediately adopted more than counterbalanced any advantage that might have been gained. A prisoner having enticed a pigeon to his gratings, and having attached a letter under its wings addressed to a friend in Paris, occasioned a massacre of all the pigeons in the neighbourhood of the Bastille. The letter-carrier was detected, and the punishment on the poor birds—to say nothing of the prisoners—was swift and sure.

The tyrannical mode of capture adopted made the Bastille the most crowded of prisons, because there were lodged all those private offenders against whom no direct charge was really made. They were there because they had been denounced by some one who suspected, or professed to suspect them, of some evil design. The warrant for their arrest was a lettre de cachet. These letters were easily obtained and issued during the reign of Louis XV. no less than 150,000 or 200,000 were annually issued. Sometimes a letter would be sent, commanding the person to whom it was addressed to constitute himself a prisoner. When Louis the “well-beloved” was offended with the Prince of Monaco, he wrote, “My cousin,—As I am by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to inform you of my intention, which is, that as soon as you receive it you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastille, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.” Generally, however, the officers of justice were sent to the dwelling of the intended prisoner, commonly in the night, and while all Paris slept, hurried him away to his new lodgings. Thus the idle loiterer, who had been leisurely sauntering through the busy streets, looking at a procession on its way to a shrine, or attending a meeting of students, or joining the crowd gathered to witness an execution before the Palais de Justice, or listening to a charlatan on the Carrefour, with his love-salves and cosmetics,—the loiterer who suspected no harm, and mounted up his dark staircase when the day was over, and lay down to sleep thinking no evil, might suddenly find himself awakened by no gentle hand, aroused by no soft voice, and discover that “our most puissant lord the king” had signed his committal, and that he was henceforth to lodge in the Bastille. People were suddenly missed, nobody knew where; they marvelously disappeared, nobody knew how; were arrested, nobody knew why; and imprisoned in the Bastille, but nobody knew where.

In those old days when the Bastille was built, there was nearly as much below the earth as above it. There were cathedrals under cathedrals, palaces beneath palaces, and prisons below prisons. Beneath all the old edifices there were galleries shooting under the earth, labyrinthian penetrations not
THE BASTILLE.

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easily discoverable. At the Bastille these subterranean passages were prisons. A French writer says:—"Dante could not have found anything more suitable for his description of hell. In these horrible places the poor wretches, condemned to death, were confined; and when once a miserable creature was there buried, farewell to life, air, light, the gibeot or the stake. Sometimes they were left to rot in these dungeons, and human justice called this 'forgetting.' Between man and him the condemned felt above his head a vast accumulation of stones and gagers; the whole prison, the massive Bastille, was nothing more than an enormous complicated lock, shutting him out from the living world."

There was a torture-chamber in the Bastille, called the Chamber of the Question. It was dark and gloomy, and had to be lighted with lamps in the very middle of the day. It was circular in form, and on the ground-floor of one of the towers. There was a furnace built in the massive wall, the fire cages, like a wild beast, by iron bars. In the middle of the room was a leather mattress, on which hung a thong with a buckle fastened to a brass ring. Every species of instruments of torture were gathered in that horrible apartment where the soul was moved not thence but to the officiated. The rough torture of the boot and the thumb-screw, the wheel and the pulley, were rarely resorted to in the latter days of the Bastille. Imprisonment then—close, hard, sharp, hopeless imprisonment—en charges frivolous, or no charge at all, was the chief punishment inflicted; but under the crafty Louis XI., and the ninth Charles, the tormenters had their pickers in the fire almost daily.

People of all ranks and all conditions, accused of all possible and impossible crimes, were confined within the gloomy walls of the Bastille. There for many years was imprisoned the mysterious being known as The Man with the Iron Mask; there the Marshal Bessompiere was imprisoned twelve long years; there Maitre de Lacy translated the greater part of the Bible; there lingered the victims of Richelieu's pitiless policy; there for sixty-one years Dussault remained a captive, his letter disregarded, though that epistle seemed written with his heart's blood. "Ah, if you could but hear," wrote he, "the lamentations and groans which you extort from me, you would quickly set me at liberty. In the name of the eternal God, who will judge you as well as me, I implore you, my lord, to take pity on my sufferings and bewail them; and if you wish that he should show mercy to you, order my chains to be broken before your death-hour comes!" There, too, was imprisoned the alchemist, Dubois, whose vain pretensions and inability to realise them brought down the vengeance of the earth; there he writhed under the torture, because he could not turn leaden bullets to gold, and from thence he was led to the scaffold. The unfortunate Fouquet tasted the reverse of fortune; there the Chevalier de Rohan suffered for high treason; and if you plaited the imaginary crime of sorcery by a long detention, and M. de Montespan was left to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," simply for differing from the king in the choice of a tutor for the Dauphin; and there M. Bural the councillor served a long captivity for defending a treasurer prosecuted by government. Sometimes, indeed, people who well deserved it wore "the stone doublet." There St. Croix was imprisoned, became acquainted with Exil, and learned from him the art of poisoning; and there, too, when the report of the poisoners had filled all Paris, was lodged the beautiful Madame de Brinvilleurs, and thence she was carried forth to execution. Years afterwards La Voison and forty accomplices were thrown into the Bastille on a charge of poisoning, and their leader was burnt to death on the Grève. Terrible were the doings during the time of Louis XV., and although less abuses existed in the beginning of the reign of his successor, yet when the revolution broke out the first efforts of the people were directed against the Bastille. The 14th of July, 1789, saw its destruction. Eighty invalids, or pensioners, and about thirty Swiss soldiers, garrisoned the place; it was gallantly defended; but the people were at last victorious, and the fortress was taken, those who defended it massacred, and with it passed away the power and influence of the old régime.
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.
A STORY OF SELF-HELP.
IN FIFTEEN PARTS.

PART V.
DANDY GOES TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE.

SHELON after the count’s body was laid to
rest in the old-fashioned many-graved churchyard, his widow summoned her children around her, at the advice of the farmer, to consult with them as to what they were to do in the future. A trifle of money which she had possessed in her own right, at the time of their break up, was nearly gone, and the kids were old enough to do something for a living. Dandy thought that, as he was heir to his father’s title, nothing in the way of exertion was to be expected from him. The dignity of the family must be supported. Dawdling, when called upon, declared he should not mind earning money if he could get some employment where he would not be expected to do too much, and where the hours were short. He never could hurry: it always put him into such a fluster. He had heard of government situations which he thought would suit him; places where you always had somebody under you to do the work. That was the sort of thing, that could not degrade a gentleman. Dandy brightened up at Dawdling’s suggestion. “Ah,” said he, “why should I not mind being made a governor of some place, and you know, as I have a title, I should think that the government would be glad to get hold of me. I’ll—yes, I will—I’ll go and offer myself. I’ll be off-morrow.”

When their friend heard of Dandy’s proposed journey to the capital in search of a governorship, he smiled, and said he really wished he might get it.

The next morning everybody was astir early. The kind-hearted farmer had saddled his old one-eyed mare, Meg, and brought her to the cottage-door without ever being asked. “Theeere,” said he, “younger, she’ll save your feet, and time too. Be careful of her, a better creature ye never throw leg across. And now here’s a small purse to help ye on your way, and a pair o’ pistols to defend it afeen autopads or high-waymen. A little brushin’ wi’ the world’ll do ye no harm my young friend, so, good day, goo and prosper.”

“Thank ye,” said Dandy, “good day.” And as the farmer disappeared, “’Pon my life, Dawdling, he’s not such a bad sort of creature. By my word I was almost ready to shake hands with him. Glad I didn’t. S’death, it would have been a drop-down though. Yes, I’m glad I didn’t.”

“Well, my dear,” remarked the dowager, I think you might have shaken hands with the farmer, nobody was looking, and he really has been very kind.”

“That’s all very, very good,” interposed Dawdling, “but I dare say we shall be able to pay him back again some day.”

“For shame, brother,” exclaimed little Thib, “how ungrateful of you.”

“Silence, young jackanapes,” shouted Dandy, “or I’ll lay my whip upon your back.”

“Yes, silence!” cried the countess, “a child like you should be seen and not heard.” Thus rebuked, Thib said no more; and Dandy, after embracing his mother and Dawdling, put Meg in motion and started off at a brisk trot in the direction of the capital.

The day our fortune-seeker had chosen was as fair as ever dawned. Summer that had strengthened and thickened the spring-foilage had sprinkled the hedgerows with innumerable wild flowers. The foxglove hung its dappled bells by pleasant banks; the dragon’s-mouth, from sandy cliff and hill-sides, flaunted a world of golden blossom; the spreading malows opened to the sun, and the honeysuckle went rambling and scrambling through the tangled quickset to dance her trumpet-blooms to every passing wind. The tall green corn waved on through many a valley. Pleasant streams ever and again came chattering and tumbling down their zigzag stony courses, or happily meandered through more even ways, fringed with long feathery grasses, and shaded by shrub and tree, deepening and broadening like true-loving natures; freshening and quickening, like noble souls, whatever came within their reach and influence. On and on journeyed Count Dandy Bluebottle, just twenty-one years old, through lane, over common, up hill and down dingle, until at length the sun began to sink and the shadows of evening to descend.

“Where shall I sleep to-night?” he suddenly asked himself. “’Inns seem to be very scarce in these parts. I’ve not passed one these two hours, and those I have seen are not fit quarters for a gentleman. Gad, but this journey is not exactly the thing. Night will soon be down upon me. Oh, my! Suppose I don’t come upon another hostel. I’ll turn back and put up at the last one I saw. Wo-o-o-o, Meg.” Here he tried to turn the horse’s head, but she was obstinate. He gave her a cut and stuck his spurs deep into her flanks, but all to no purpose. The mare had often travelled that road before, and knew very well that she was not more than an hour’s easy trot from a comfortable stable, whereas she had rested many a night.
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.

when business had taken her master that way. Dandy grew very angry, whipped and spurred, and spurred and whipped, again and again. Meg was not used to this sort of treatment, and, what was more, seemed very much disposed to resent it. She shook her head, threw back her ears, and began to prance and kick. The more she capered, the more her rider lashed into her. At last, making a bound and flinging up her heels, she tossed the young count into a dirty ditch which skirted the road, and made off at full gallop.

Though neither cut nor bruised by his tumble, yet was Dandy in a sad plight when he dragged himself up the bank, and on to the road again. His face, coat, and boots, were of one colour. He paused, as if endeavoring to remember who and where he was, when suddenly the sound of Meg's hoofs, rattling down the road, called him to his senses, and off he ran in pursuit.

PART VI.

DANDY MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.

Count Dandy Bluebottle, the aristocratic, for a long time kept up a most undignified chase after Meg, but the farther he ran the farther he got behind, so at last when he could no longer hear the sound of her hoofs he gave up the pursuit, and sat himself down in a most rueful mood. "Oh, dear, whatever shall I do?" he sighed. "Oh, how I wish I had never left home. The sun has gone down, presently it will be dark. Suppose robbers should be lurking in these parts—my pistols have departed with the mare—why I shall be quite at their mercy. Oh, woe is me, I was to be here a mother."

And then surveying his front, "Here's a nice state for a gentleman." He rose up. "I can't go on like this; I might meet somebody. Another thing, I could not enter an inn with all this mud." He crossed to where a little brook ran, walked in and commenced cleaning himself. Having got the worst off his clothes, he washed his face and hands, and came out again. "That's better; I'll go on until I reach some cottage, homestead, or inn, and then endeavor to get a meal and a night's rest."

Well, he walked on for full an hour, but no signs of human habitation. At length he arrived upon the border of a wide-spreading moor. What to do now he really did not know. The road he had been following, and which had long since dwindled into a mere footpath, died complete, out among the grass and heather. Night by this had fairly set in, and the moon gave but little light, for big black clouds were moving slowly across the sky. In vain he scanned around for some sign of a track, but none could he discover. He was ready to weep with vexation and alarm. He sat down. The darkness seemed to increase. Whatever would become of him? Suddenly to his joy and astonishment a light appeared a long way a-head. In an instant it went out again. Poor Dandy's heart thumped heavily against his side. Should he ever see it more? With fixed gaze, motionless as a statue, he stood watching for its reappearance. All at once the chasing rays were again visible. He moved hastily forward. It kept burning steadily in one place. Oh, if it only led him to the lowliest cottage in the land, he should not care. Anything for security. He pressed on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit for full twenty minutes, but the light seemed scarcely a bit nearer. The moon was entirely lost behind the clouds. Suddenly the wind came rushing like an invisible giant-spirit hurrying on a mission of desolation and death. Swift and hard into the young count's face torrents of rain came pelting. He was drenched to the skin in an instant. Where were his costume and pride now? Oh, he felt very humble. He was not only humble; he was not only ready to shake the hand of a farmer, if such haply were to cross his way, but the humblest peasant that ever led a herd. The moon increased in difficulty, and although the light kept burning, yet he feared every moment lest it should go out again. Crashing through the heather and coarse grass, now knee deep in bog, now falling forward from stumbling against some unseen knoll or decayed true stump, our traveller kept on, rarely taking his eyes off the object which beckoned him forward. It was so long time ere he seemed to gain much ground, but his energy met with its reward at last, and when to his unbounded delight he began to discern the vague outline of a building, he scarcely knew how to contain himself. In another minute or two he passed before a low thatched place, half shed, half cottage. The window from whose rains the had been seen seemed little bigger than the lid of a salt-box. The habitation itself appeared more like a huge dog-kennel than anything else. Its eaves were not above five feet from the ground, and had not the roof been secured by huge stones, which hung on either side from strong rope braces, it is more than likely that the hurricane then sweeping over the country would have boldly snatched it off and bowled it away as a plaything for the next mile or so.

Stepping to the door Dandy gave a timid tap. No answer. Tap again, a little louder; no reply. Tap-a-tap again, louder still.

"Come in," cried the voice of a man. Our youthful, hopeful Bluebottle touched the latch and the door opened. The room before him was clean and comfortable, though its articles of furniture were of a rude kind. A curiously-fashioned lamp, the base and stem of which were carved with tugs and gnomes deporting themselves in the wildest possible manner, burned on the board, and a trifle of fire flickered on the hearth. Before
the table, taking his supper of porridge out of a wooden trencher with a wooden spoon, sat a sturdy little man. He was a very odd-looking little fellow indeed. His hair was a trifle grey, but his eye, black as a sloe, shone with a roguish twinkle. His clothing was coarse, and looked very home-made. As Dandy entered the little man looked up.

"Will you give me a night's lodging, if you please, for I have lost my way?"

"Ay, surely, surely, was the reply.

"I am much obliged to you," continued Dandy, "and shall be but too glad to pay you for your hospitality."

"Say that again," returned the other sharply, "and out you go on to the moor. There's a great deal too much buying and selling in this world; too much calculating profit and loss. Too much 'if I do this, what shall I pocket by it?' You're benighted; you're hungry; you look it. You're tired; you know you are. You want, then, home, food, and rest, all of which you are welcome to for nothing. There's nothing put on some dry ones, and then sit down and eat." With a single "Thank you," Dandy began to do the dwarf's bidding. Off came his wet things one after another.

"There," said his host, as he handed him a pair of breeches, "You'll find them a trifle short, but they're big enough round. I'm as stout as you are." Dandy put his legs in, but the breeches reached only half-way down to his knees. "Here's a jerkin." Dandy put it on, and somehow fastened its front, but the cuffs of the sleeves hardly touched his elbow. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the little fellow, "you do look a fine gentleman." Count Bluebottle bit his lip, but said nothing.

"There's your supper," continued the master of the house, filling another trencher with porridge and placing a spoon beside it. His guest wanted no second invitation. He was thoroughly hungry, and so he enjoyed the fare, coarse though it was. He helped his supper faster than any good deal faster than his neighbour, and had emptied his trencher before you could count fifty.

"More?" asked his host.

"If you please," was the ready response. The donor's eyes sparkled brighter than ever as he ladled out a fresh supply. That disappeared almost as quickly.

"More!" again inquired the dwarf. The same answer as before procured another jorum.

"More?" again asked the generous pigmy with a chuckle, before Dandy had well cleared his vessel.

"Not any more, thank you."

"You have had all that you require in the way of food, eh?"

"Yes."

"Then now tell me what brought you hither? for guests with me are of rare occurrence."

"Dear me," exclaimed Dandy, with a start, "Why don't you go and live where there are more houses?"

The little man looked grave—shook his head. "Before you begin," said he, "I'll just get some work." He left the room, but instantly returned with a half-finished clog in his hand, sat down, and commenced turning it into shape with a clamp knife.

"You may go on," said he.

"Oh my!" said Count Bluebottle, "do you make your own clogs?"

"I do," was the response, "but go on.

Dandy at once began relating the story of his day's ride, the loss of Meg, and his final journey upon the moor; carefully concealing, however, his real position and the purpose of his journey by a few falsehoods.

By the time he had ended his story the little man had finished his clog.

"Wait a minute," said he, "while I get some more work," and out he hurried, and back he came with a leathern jerkin in an unfinished condition, and commenced stitching away with the utmost vigour.

"What, do you know how to make your own clothes?" inquired the looker-on.

"I do," replied the eccentric, twisting his tongue out at the corner of his mouth as he twisted a knot into the end of his thread.

"Begin your story again; I always like to hear a good story more than once."

Dandy was vexed. He did not approve of going through his narrative a second time; but fearing lest the dwarf should be angered by a refusal, he thought it better to comply.

"Stop a bit," said the former, after the story had gone on awhile, "I must get more work. I've finished this."

Out of the room he jumped; back he came again, and taking his stool commenced knitting a hose. Dandy proceeded. By-and-by he felt that he was not stating his narration exactly as before, and tried by a trick to get out of the difficulty. Suddenly stopping short he put on a great look of admiration. "Now, really, you are clever," he said, with uplifted hands, "why, you make your own hose too."

"Yes," was the return. "I make my own everything."

"How clever!"

"Never mind about that; what I make is rough enough, but always strong; and one clog pairs pretty well with its fellow, so does one hose. I wish I could say as much for your stories." A flush arose upon Dandy's cheek. He felt that he had been found out. He did not know what to say, so he discreetly held his tongue.

"You've talked quite enough for once," continued the offended man; "and are wise in leaving off. Follow me and I'll show you where you may sleep."

They arose together. "Here," leading the way into another room, "there is a mattress, and there a coverlet. Good night."

He withdrew, closed the door, and left Count Dandy in the dark.
PART VII.
THE COUNT IS SHOWN THE DOOR.

Dandy was more than ever convinced, as the door closed upon him, that the cotter had taken offence at his want of candour. He felt annoyed, not because he had lowered himself, but for the reason that he had been found out. It was a long while ere he could get to sleep, and when he did, dreams of a most troubous kind destroyed his repose. In the morning he was awakened by the dwarf coming into his room.

"Get up," said he; "breakfast waits, and your clothes are well dried, clean, and ready for your use."

Having washed and dressed, Dandy speedily appeared at the table. The simple dish he had eaten so heartily the previous night was before him in abundance. His host looked grave—perhaps a little sad. He had a word passed during the meal, and it was finished Count Bluebottle arose to take his departure. Somehow or other a great deal of his old pride had come back to him with the daylight, and he already began to despise his benefactor.

"I am obliged," said he, "to you my good man, for your lodging and food. You may not be aware, but you have been entertaining a born gentleman, and—putting a crown upon the table—" take that as a reward for your trouble." The dwarf's eyes flashed fire as he swept the coin clean out of doors. Dandy followed it at a bound. He had sense enough to know that, in spite of his boast, he was acting like anything rather than a gentleman, and he feared lest the hand that had sent the coin flying should assist his departure.

"I am glad to see you out of my house," cried the dwarf. "My old pride was tided while you were my guest. It is loosened now. You are an ungrateful lad. When you sought shelter here last night I thought you manly and honest. I detected you in a falsehood, and saw that you were both mean and proud. You are going to seek your fortune, and a ragged one you'll find. Had you proved to be what I took you for I would have shown you the way to grow honourably rich. The crown you so insultingly offered me to me you had better pick up again, for you will soon need it."

This said, he went in, leaving Count Bluebottle to himself.

The first impulse of the young man was to do the right thing—knock at the door and beg pardon; but his wicked pride again asserted itself and stifled all desire to do justice, so he turned upon his heel and began to make across the moor. Travelling here by day he found much easier than by night, because he could see to pick his way. Still he wished himself astride old Meg again, and inwardly regretted her loss. In an hour he was clear of the moor and upon the hard road. Presently he met a man, inquired his way, and was pointed to a footpath through some fields. Following the direction, in another hour he once more stood upon the high road to the capital, and in front of a quiet comfortable little inn. As he passed, a clattering of hoofs from the stable-yard was followed by the appearance of a half-dozen pack-horses, one of which he saw in an instant to be Meg. With a mighty swagger he walked up to the man who held her bridle, and thus addressed him:

"I want that mare—she belongs to me."
"How long's that been meether?" returned the other.
"Ask no questions, clown, or I'll whip you into a jelly."
"That un's a game o' two, meether?" laughed the follower. "Why your mare belongs to farmer Lubin, and I'm gwoin to take her home. She came here last night without ever a rider. Praps you know somethin' about the old mare I hope there's bin no fool play." Dandy did not at all like the packmaster's earnest look, nor the hint that he suspected the former had met dishonest usage at his hands, and so he dropped his arrogant manner at once, and explained how and why the farmer had lent him the mare, and as he told the simple truth, was believed, and allowed to mount and proceed on his journey.

PART VIII.
DANDY REACHES THE CAPITAL.

The young count took care to behave better to Meg for the future; he also put by his pride for the time being; and, after a four days' journey, during which nothing particular occurred, arrived safely at the capital. Taking up his abode at a fine hotel, he soon began to let people know who he was, lived like a prince, and hired a carriage to ride about in. At the end of the week, having seen the great sights of the city, he called upon the prime minister. As he appeared in such state, after some little delay Dandy was admitted to an interview. The minister was neither a big nor handsome man, as he had expected. He was old, and had no hair on the top of his head. His table was covered with bundles of papers, and several volumes lay open as if lately referred to. He was writing when Dandy entered, but instantly laid down his quill, arose, and bowed. The visitor was not impressed by the Minister of State, and almost took a seat before he was invited.

"Your business, my lord?" asked the old gentleman, glancing at his repeater which lay on the table.
"Well—well, you see; you see by my card that I'm—I'm a—Count Bluebottle; mind, count. Now, you see I—I don't like being idle, and so I thought perhaps, my lord, you could give me the governorship of some place that's healthy, and—and not far off; and, you know, for which I shall be well paid."
"The minister smiled, as he replied, "I have nothing of the kind vacant at present, but an opportunity—"

"Oh, very well—very well," interrupted Dandy, jumping up. "I see; I see. You'll have to go through the form—refer, and so on. All right, it'll be done. I'll call again in a day or two. Good morning, my lord—good morning. I see."

He did call again in a day or two. The minister was engaged. He called again in another day or two. The minister still busy. This would not do. He must get another interview somehow, and press him to settle the appointment, as well as ask for salary in advance. All his ready cash had long since been expended. He was living upon credit, and the people at the hotel began to grow inattentive. He had been compelled to kick two waiters and a chambermaid down stairs that very morning for disobedience. Yes; he must get his governorship soon, or he could not tell what would become of him. The next morning he was at the minister's in good time. Still engaged. He would stop until he was disengaged. The footmen looked blank and told him he'd better not. He replied that they had better mind their own business, as he carried a cane. Down he sat in the hall. People came and went, doors were opened and shut, but all his inquiries met with one answer, "Engaged." At last he grew very angry, and taking advantage of being alone for a minute, slip took stairs and made for the premier's chamber. With scarcely a tap at the door, he pushed in and surprised that functionary in the act of making a cat jump over the poker.

"What mean you, sir?" was the angry interrogation.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; but I wanted to see you so very particularly, my lord."

"Quite enough," returned the offended man. He touched a bell and a servant appeared. "Show this gentleman out.""

"Who, me?" exclaimed the astonished young Bluebottle.

"You, sir."

"But—"

"Out—out." And Dandy felt himself lifted from the floor, borne to the landing, and hurried down stairs in the way he was so prone to inflict upon offending waiters and disrespectful chambermaids. On arriving at the bottom, the footman, to whom he had given the slip, were ready to receive him, and in a twinkling he was tumbled neck and crop into the muddy street. As he arose a mob of men and boys closed round and began to order and jestle him. While vainly endeavouring to escape, a couple of very rough-looking fellows armed with thick sticks, broke through the group, seized him by the collar, pushed him into a sedan chair, and away he was carried amid the hearty huzzas of the tug-rag and bob-tail there assembled. When sufficiently recovered from his fright, the astonished Dandy, putting out his head, asked one of the men who walked beside him whither he was being taken.

"Only to the lock-up," he replied.

"What for?"

"A small debt of £40—that's all."

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**PART IX.**

**DANDY GOES IN SEARCH OF HIS BROTHER.**

Dandy had been gone quite two months on his fortune-seekimg expedition, but no news had reached home of his success. The countess and Tit grew uneasy. Dandy was more confident, and said that he had no doubt but his brother had got a good appointment, and had been hurried off to it before he had had time to communicate with them. The farmer was again consulted. He was of opinion that Dandy had better go in search of his brother, as a little experience in the world would do him no harm, and he might also learn what had become of Meg, who, he urged for the hundredth time, was worth his weight in gold. Dandy long stood out for a further delay of a week or two, but the farmer insisted, and so he was packed off the morrow-morning with a well-lined pocket, and a not badly lined money-pouch, good old Lubin again furnishing the means.

Bluebottle the second little liked walking, but there was no help for it. Of course, he did not hurry; indeed, his speed was so mean, and his rests so many, that when night came he was no more than fifteen miles from home. An inn being at hand, he resolved to make his quarters. Next day, after taking a hearty breakfast at an hour when common folk had earned their dinners, he recommenced his pilgrimage. His pace improved a trifle, and his rests were farther between, thus by sun-down he had well nigh covered another fifteen miles. As he drew near a little village, which he had first caught sight of some three-quarters of an hour before, sounds of merriment became audible. Pipe and tabour, uniting with joyous voices, spoke in a most exhilarating manner to the fatigued traveller. A little nearer, and flags and streamers became visible, and the sound less musical. It must be a fair the folk are holding, thought he. The surprise was right. On getting into the village he discovered shows and booths; stalls for the sale of merchandise and edibles; actors and tumblers; jugglers and fortune-tellers; country lads and lasses; strong men and buxom housewives; aged bowdowed grandmothers and tottering granddames; with all the other curious elements common to such gatherings in that day. With some difficulty he forced his way through the mob of idlers and pleasure-seekers to the inn. Collecting together all the forces which ignorance and arrogance had made him the master of, with a lofty patronising air, he lounged into the parlour, where a number of yeomen were assembled. He replied to
their gazes with a consequential cock of the
nose, and sat himself down.

"Boy, ring that bell," said he to a lad of
some nineteen years, apparently the son
of one of those present.

"Wut did ye say, sir?"
"Ring—that—bell."
"Ye been't noo meether o' mine, so I
shan't tak orders, but if ye'll ast propperly
and say, if ye please, I'll do't."

Shouts of applause greeted the boy's
rebuke, and so incensed was Sir Dawdler at
everybody that, without deigning another
word, he carried himself out of the room.

Hiding to the bar, where Boniface was busy
with numerous customers, he complained of
the rude people assembled in the parlour.

Our knight of the spigot, a jolly-faced,
porty, red-haired man of fifty, assumed a
most grave air, and assured him that his old
woman should punish their rudeness by
giving every man of them short measure for
the rest of his natural life.

"Wuts the matter?" exclaimed the
landlady bustling forward. She was taller
than her husband, and as thin as he was fat;
so thin, indeed, that all sorts of nicknames
were from time to time levelled at her, and
she was known to most of the country
side as "The Rasher of Wind." This
epithet was supposed to apply as much to
her character for keenness, as her general
appearance. Though she had a most wonderful eye
to business, I speak advisedly; the other had
been blown out, when a child, by her brother
Tom, who maliciously got her to peep up the
barrel of a twopenny cannon to see how it
went off.

"Nothin', wife; nothin' amiss. The
gent'man's been a bit put out by some on
your friends."

"Friends, that's right; if the people one
lives by bayn't our friends, I should like to
know where are."

"I am going to lodge here to-night," said
Dawdler.

"Are ye, indeed, and how d'ye know
that?"

"Well, I wish to do so if you have room."

"Ay, ay, that's a better way o' puttin'
it," continued the lady. "We're badly off
for room, it bein' feer time, but we'll e'en do
our best. I'll send the maid to show where
you may sleep."

"I shall, of course, have a room to my-
self?" asked our hero.

"That ye'll not, for the reason that we're
over full already. You'll have a bed to your-
self, and that's more nor many have just
now."

"Well; but I am a gentleman."

"Sir," interrupted the Rasher, "an' I did
not see in ye signs of the greatest respect-
ability, you'd not get a night's rest under
this roof—most likely to the exclusion of
regular customers. But there, I've little
time to waste, see your bed, and if you like
my accommodation say so; if not ye must
just go elsewhere."

This off-hand treatment, softened a trifle,
it was true, by the compliment to young
Bluebottle's appearance, was anything but
what he approved, but for his own sake
he was compelled to swallow it.

The landlady bustled off, and Nancy,
the maid, a young person of about sixty-two or
three, with a voice like a man, instantly
appeared, to shew the guest to his room.

Three flights of stairs led to an attic, so low
of ceiling as to compel Dawdler, though
barely of middle stature, to move about
with a perpetual bow. Two bedsteads by
great skill had been squeezed in, but the one
nearest the wall, as the roof shelved down,
brought its occupant's nose so close to the
ceiling, that the least elevation of the head
must of necessity lead to an abrasion. The
bedstead had been sawn short to fit its
niche, and its little stumps of posts, at the
slightest provocation, set up such a scratch-
ing against the plaster as invariably brought
down a most unpleasant supply of grit upon
the sleeper. This Dawdler eventually found
to his cost.

As he entered, an odd-looking little man,
not taller than many a boy of nine, bustled
past him and ran down stairs. "Well, you're
a strange fellow;" said he, "why you're as
thick as you're long. Who's that?"

"Oh," said Nancy, "I don't know his
name, but we call him the Wild Man o' the
Moor. He lives many miles from here, among
the wastes. And we never see him on'y at feer
times. And then he comes to sell merchandise o' one sort or t'other, which folk say he makes all on himself, wi'
his own hands."

"He's a strange creature, I don't like the
look of him; surely, you could find me some
better companion, if I must have one."

"Oh, an' ye've nothin' to fear from un.
Though they dew call him wild, and some
so far as to say he's a wizard, yet I've al-
ways found him very honest and civil, and
more nor once I've seen him give his help an'
ad to those who wanted. Ye'll take the bed
nearest the wall."

Dandy expressed his astonishment at not
being allowed his choice.

"Nay, first come, first waited on," said
Nancy. "The wild man hath pitched o' the
best bed, so you ha' noo choice." With this
she retired.

Having washed and combed, and put on
as bright an appearance as his scanty ward-
robe would permit, the scion of a noble line
wound his way down stairs again.

After taking of some refreshment Dawd-
ler wandered out into the fair, but being
very tired he was soon glad enough to return
again. Wishing to mingle as little as possible
in the society of the offensive parlour
customers he betook himself to his chamber.
No sooner there than the thought struck him
that it would not be a bad idea to get into
the better bed of the two, and leave the
dwarf no alternative but to grind his nose
against the lath and plaster from the other,
which, as has been stated, was run in under
the shelving roof. Nancy had assured him

of the tameness of the wild man's nature, and therefore, most likely, when he found his bed occupied he would quietly pocket the afront. Acting upon this notion our hero was soon upon his humble couch. The banging of gongs, the beating of drums, the strumming of pipes, the wailing of fiddles, the roaring, shouting, and laughing of the motley crowd out and about; the clatter, thumping, talking, bawling of the roysterers within, all swelling into one wild discord, came surging up to his chamber. In spite of this he was quite master of the situation; the din without seemed soon to melt into a mere lullaby, and in less than ten minutes he was soundly asleep.

It was several hours ere the little man returned. The only light was that which the moon afforded, but it being at the full there was sufficient to show him the real state of affairs.

"Ah!" muttered the dwarf, "foolish lad; been taking too much to drink, and got into my bed by mistake. I suppose. I've a great mind to make use of the other. No, I won't; I'll rouse him. He's done wrong, and therefore ought not to get off too easy. Hi! hi! Stranger, hi! you're in my bed."

No answer was made by word or sign to this appeal.

"I say, stranger," giving him a shake, "do you know you're in my bed?" Still no reply.

"Hi! hi! hi!" a great deal louder, and accompanied by more and more severe shaking.

"I say, you're in my bed; do you hear you're in my bed."

By this Master Bluebottle was wide awake enough, but determined not to appear so, and to this summons he also remained mute. The little man continued his efforts. "Dear me, how soundly he sleeps. He must have drunk a great deal. I'll wake him though.

The lad was so much amused with the success of his cheat, that he could not help smiling. That was a fatal act. The other detected it in an instant, but pretended not to have done so. "My goodness! what a shocking thing it would be if we were to take the complaint." Dawdler picked up his ears. "I'm all right, because I've had it; but to think that a fine lad like this should be unconsciously sleeping in a bed whose last occupant died only the day before yesterday of the small-pox."

"Eh! eh! what did you say?" explained the knave, springing out on to the floor, and thumping his head against the ceiling.

"Ha! ha! chuckled the dwarf. "Why, what's amiss? You've had some hurried dream, sure?"

"N—n—n; what did you say about the man who died of small-pox? Did he sleep on this very bed?"

The dwarf, with a steady gaze, regarded him, but answered never a word. A weird grin sat on his face, his long grizzled locks broke wildly about his shoulders. These things, combined with his dispropor-
tionate body, gave him in the pale moonlight a most unearthly appearance. The offender's mind became filled with a vague fear, his knees knocked together, his teeth chattered, and once more he besought to know if his companion really spoke the truth.

"First answer me a question or two," said the man of the moor. "What made you take that bed when you knew it was mine?"

"I—I—I—"

"The truth never made a man hesitate like that; you are trying to invent some lie."

This surmise was not far wrong, and Dawdler felt so thoroughly at the mercy of his interrogator that he dared not attempt further dissemblance. "I took it," said he, "because I did not like the position of the other."

"Was that fair?"

"No."

"Are you not ashamed of your meanness?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Enough. Now, I'll answer your question. The previous occupant to yourself of that bed did only two days back of small-pox."

"O—O—oh!" groaned the youth; do you think that I have taken the disease?"

"It's not impossible."

"Oh dear, oh dear."

"If you frighten yourself you are sure to have it."

Bluebottle felt the perspiration pour down his face like a shower of rain. "I'll, I'll go to the other bed. You, you may take your own. I know I did wrong. I confess it, and am very sorry."

"I'm glad to hear you are sorry, because such mean conduct in one so young speaks badly for his future. Men never become thoroughly wicked all at once. Selfishness is the stepping-stone to crime, and he only can hope to be happy who is fair in his dealings with other, no matter what their position. Now, let me relieve your mind. The man who last slept in this bed now lies dead, as I stated, of small-pox, but—" and here the speaker made a dead pause.

"Yes, yes, yes, go on, go on, but—""

"But it is three months this very night since he slept here, so I'm told by Nancy. He was hired on a neighbouring farm, but arriving a day before he was expected his master was compelled to get him lodgement at this inn. I therefore don't think you have much to fear."

"Why did you give me all this fright then?" asked Dawdler, drawing a hearty breath.

"Because I caught you dissembling. I saw you were playing me a trick, and I framed the simple truth in a form which I thought might startle you. There now, lie down again, go to sleep, and from to-morrow act a nobler part."

"I think I'd sooner take the other bed," exclaimed the only partially reassured lad.
"Well, as you like," returned his companion, rolling himself into the vacated one like a ball.

Dawdler thought that his own position might be improved somewhat by pulling his pallet out a little, but found to his disappointment that it was a fixture; thus he was fain to creep in and make the best of it. It was very inconvenient, terribly suffocating, and the least movement towards the wall side brought his nose into most unpleasant proximity to the ceiling. Scarcely had he taken up his new position, than he found himself tormented by what appeared to be innumerable crumbs of bread. It seemed as though he were lying upon a week's sweepings of a baker's counter. Putting down his hand, it soon returned filled with particles of mortar which the friction of the bed-posts had brought down. Getting carefully out he pulled the top things off, and having covered his couch with the amascoon stole stealthily back again, taking great care to jar the posts as little as possible. This answered very well, and he was just upon the point of falling to sleep, when he became impressed that a dampness was stealing over him. His mother had cautioned him before leaving home against ill-aired linen, telling how her own uncle had suffered a life long martyrdom of rheumatism, through only sleeping one night in a damp bed. Instantly he attempted to sit up, but caught his head such a full of little sense he possessed was knocked out of it for several minutes. At length he was once more upon the floor. Terribly enraged, he had half the mind to rouse the dwarf, but after a little consideration resolved upon dressing himself and lying upon the boards. Acting upon the idea he speedily fell into a sleep, from which he did not awake till the morrow's fair had commenced with all its whirrillg of noise and bustle. Mine host and his wife rejoiced great regret at the sorrowful absence of poor Dawdler, gave of his plentiful rations, and assured him of their intention to destroy the offending bedstead and ceiling forthwith; at the same moment they urged, that it was usual to consider all things fair at fair time. A hearty breakfast of ale, ham, and eggs, sweet brown bread and fresh butter restored our hero's temper pretty much. Having paid his bill, which was by no means extortionate, he strapped his wallet on his back and took his departure.

Before leaving the village he thought there could be no harm in looking through the fair. There was plenty to be seen for nothing. Here was a booth in which tragically stalked in all the dignity of socks, and buskin, and spangles, accoutered with swords and breastplates of solid metal, and breastplates of solid pasteboard. The scowling, ringleted, mustached man armed to the teeth, flaunting his nodding plume in the face of day, had murdered the fresh coloured youth besides him fifteen times in as many hours yesterday, to the horror and admiration of crowded houses. To-day a change of performance would lead to the fair youth in question coming off victor in as many deadly struggles at a terrible precipice of three feet, over which the mustached ruffian and a cataract of two horse pails of water would descend every representation. The next exhibition contained a giant, a dwarf, and a wild Indian. A little farther was to be seen a tight-rope dancer, juggler, learned pig, and a fire eater. On, and on, and on, fresh food for wonder and amusement every step.

The mainy arts, consisting of boxing, single-stick, and quarter-staff were represented at one spot; the highly elevating pastimes of dog-fighting and bear-baiting at another.

The more Dawdler lingered among these scenes, the less inclination he felt to leave, and thus an hour or two were away. In the course of his rambles he came upon a cock-pit, and speedily interested himself in the brutal sport. Mingle among the lookers on he began to utter aloud his opinions upon the merits of the birds, and presently was drawn into making a bet of a guinea. The contest having gone on for twenty minutes or more, the cock upon which Dawdler had betted struck his spur into the brains of his antagonist, and hobbled dead at his feet. A great deal of shouting and hurrahing followed, in which the victor cock joined with as hearty a cry as his exhausted powers would permit. On looking around to demand his guinea, our young friend discovered that the man with whom he had wagered was making off.

"Hi! hi!" he shouted. "I want a guinea of you," and attempted to follow, but a couple of burly fellows threw themselves in his way, and he was knocked down. In an instant a hand was upon his throat, and another on his pocket, and he was just upon the point of losing all the money he possessed in the world, when his comrade of the previous night sprang forward and laid about him with his oak cudgel so manfully, that the ruffians fell back, and our Bluebeard was enabled to scramble to his feet. The repulsed rascals waited not to parley, but either putting his best foot foremost made off. Dawdler was annoyed to find that it was the dwarf who had been his deliverer. He disliked him for last night's affair; however, he put on as good a face as he could, and offered to reward his bravery with a mug of ale. "No, thank you," was the reply. "I saw that you were in peril, and I only acted as one man should to another. How did the affair come about?"

"It does not matter how it occurred," was the lofty reply, "I thank you for your good services, and you can have a mug of ale if you choose."

"Methinks you'd have been badly off just now but for my assistance. Go your own ways, fine sir, and a pretty pass you'll reach."

The offended youth waited no further admonition, but turned upon his heel and making from the fair took to the road once again.
THE ODD BOY ON "THE TIMES" SUPPLEMENT.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know how it is with you when you dine at a chop-house.—But there, perhaps you never do dine at a chop-house, very likely you only lunch off a few oysters at Thingamy's, or a basin of ox-tail at Whatdoyecall'em's, and go home to a big spread in the evening! But suppose you do dine at a chop-house, or suppose you know a fellow who sometimes dines at a chop-house, or suppose, in fact, you know anything about it.—Ah, there we are again, for of course you know something about everything! Well, then, you know it is a very difficult thing to get at the paper! I suffer dreadfully in this respect, and have been up to all sorts of dodges to do the other fellows who stick to the Times, fly on the Telegraph, worship the Morning Star, and take their full lade of Punch regularly every Wednesday. I have gone early—like an early bird—and have found that an earlier bird had picked up the paper; I have gone late, and found a late visitor there before me just in possession of the daily. I want to read the leaders, I want to revel in the reviews, I want to luxurate in theatrical notices, I want to whet my appetite on a plummy murder, I want the full particulars of a bouncing burglary, I want to be gratified with a garotte outrage, I want to know all about the irreparable loss which the country has sustained in the lamented decease of the late Mr. Touchandgo, and I want to know what the country has to expect from the dawning abilities of the aspiring Mr. Goandtouch. Who has committed suicide? Who seeks for a divorce? Who wins the Derby? or how stand the odds? did any of the royal family drive yesterday afternoon, or shoot yesterday morning? what was the cause of the late railway accident? how stand the Funds? is the latest intelligence from abroad everywhere satisfactory? Has I. Smith, of Tottelbury, any connexion with the firm of J. Smith, of Tottlethim, yesterday announced as bankrupt? is coffee reviving, or does indigo look blue? I want to know the news—the news from all the four quarters—north, east, west, south. News! news! Do I get it?—No. "The paper after the next gentleman" is a farce! I wait, I speak to the waiter—I am, alas for me, my own waiter—all the press pressed into service. Give me a solitaire board, that will beguile the time.—Have not got one. Give me a pack of cards, and I'll "beggar my neighbour" with a dummy.—No cards. What resource have I? In desperation I seize upon the Supplement of the Times, and find my wants supplied.

Here is more than relaxation—here, as from a mountain-top, I view a land of promise. What want have I that somebody or other is not ready to meet? Whatever be my age or social status, whatever be my difficulties, here is the remedy—there! Greedy newsmonger, stick to the body of the paper, I have its true spirit,—revel in your accidents, burglaries, casualties, debates, earthquakes, fevers, German Confederations, or Hellenic ruptures; run all through the alphabet of journalistic intelligence—I am content—I have the Supplement—my wants are all supplied. Is it not related of somebody—say anybody—that he said he never liked to dine with ladies, because they always took the wings of the fowl? and is it not related of somebody else that he said he was so used to this disadvantage that he really liked the legs best? Just so—exactly, precisely my opinion: I have come to like the Supplement wonderfully.

Firstly, you see, I know who is born:—
"On the 21st instant at Tuddbury Hall, Nomansland, the lady of Frederick Ashford Stuckup, Esq., of a son who survived five minutes." There is a pleasing variety in these interesting entries, you are not shut up to simple masculine and feminine, but it is sometimes a girl and sometimes a daughter—sometimes a son and sometimes a boy! Secondly, there are the marriages. I feel a gentle tremor as I read them, the orange-blossoms tremble with the excitement of the wearer; I see the people sniggering in the church as the bridal procession approaches; I snap crackers with them at the wedding breakfast, and take, perhaps, a little too much champagne before I rise to
make a speech. "On the 23rd instant, at the parish church, Stuckinthemud, Gloucestershire, by the Rev. Surplice Cassock, M.A., Rector of Muddlesborough, and the Rev. Jonas Jollyboy, B.A., Curate of Tallyho, assisted by the Rev. Stolidface Simplican, M.A., Rector of Stuckithemud, Gloucestershire, Walter John Ebenezer Price Smith, Esq., second son of the late Alfred John Ebenezer Price Smith, Esq., of the Priory, Notts, and Lower Shadwell, to Margaret Lydia Sophonisba, only daughter of F. Topsawer, Esq., of Westbourne Terrace, and Duncimore, Will, brother-in-law of Captain Collaws, of the Goorkha light infantry. No cards." If you can't make a romance out of it, I can! Thirdly, there are the deaths. Vanitas Vanitatvm. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. We brought nothing into this world, and we carry nothing out. "Brother" or "sister," we herewith commit his (her) body to the earth! Of the earth, earthy—where should you put the earthly child to sleep, but in its earthly mother's bosom? "On the 9th of June, at Julundhur, Punjaub, deeply regretted by those who are left to lament his loss, Sertimus, seventh son of Colonel Tezer,—regiment, aged one day and three hours. Friends at a distance will kindly accept this notice."

Then, fourthly, there is the famous second column, which I will not attempt to scale at present, leaving the distracted initials to return to their friends, and the last puppy and Chinchilli muff to be returned to their owners. Let me proceed fifthly—and most particularly—to the supply of my wants.

I am a baby, and I want a nurse, and have an objection to what you call being "brought up by hand." Well, here is A. Z., with good references, extremely healthy, and with an abundance of the exact article I require. I have an inclination for foreign parts, and here is Z. A. ready to take me for the month, and with no objection to travel. But I'll tell you what I want more particularly, and that is, a little farinaceous food. Well, here it is—sold at all chemists, patent medicine vendors, tea dealers, and Italian warehousemen, in packets at 1s. and 2s. each; and I'll tell you what I don't require, but what I am pretty sure to get—and that's a little "daffy!" Of course I cannot appear in public unclothed, but baby-linen people have immense assortments at my disposal. Take me from the mouth! bless you, they would take me from the minute! I am a boy, and require education. Here is a preparatory school near town, offering unusual advantages; and here is a school for little boys, with home, care, and every domestic comfort, under the superintendence of Miss Snap. And here is the widow of an evangelical clergyman ready to give me the advantages of a sound education, while enjoying the care and watchfulness of a mother. Here, for £25 per annum and no extras, I may revel in all the arts and sciences, twelve acres of ground, diet of the best and unlimited in quantity. And here parents who have been disappointed in the improvement of their sons are invited to send them to Whackem House, with a cricket-field and highest references; and here, by applying to "Omega," I may get an introduction to a school where a few boys are received, "to increase number and fill up vacancies"—only think of that!—and felicitate myself with French and German "by a native," considerate treatment, unlimited diet, a separate bed, and a "play-ground unsurpassed." Or here, in a spacious house, delightfully situate, I may get, for moderate terms, a classical and mathematical education, together with moral and intellectual improvement, maternal watchfulness, and special regard to religious training. Here, under an M.A., Cambridge, I may get Greek, Latin, Mathematics, French, German, Drawing, Singing, Fencing, and all the elements of a sound English education, with "accommodation the most comfortable and complete," for £30 a year—no extras. But if I address "Beta," he'll throw in Spanish, and take me £5 less, and then "the meals are of a superior description." If I do not care to remain in England, I can be accommodated in France or Germany, and get instruction intended as a preparation for the universities, the civil, military, or naval services. If I do not want any holidays, here is a school where there are no vacations. If I object to the chance of being whipped, here is a school that makes special reference to "no corporeal punishment." If I do not care to mix with ordinary schoolboys, here is a senior wrangler, vicar of a rural parish, willing to educate me with his own sons, and treat me as one of the family. If
I do not fancy leaving home, here is a tutor who has taken high university honours, willing to instruct me in the _veneranda domus_. If I am an unmanageable boy, here is a married clergyman willing, nay anxious, to make me perfectly tractable and gentlemanly in one year, all by the help of a peculiarly persuasive, high, moral, and religious training, elevating me—withstanding my peculiar temper and disposition, that my parents and guardians have failed to understand—to the level of others.

And now, supposing me decently educated and wanting to go into the army, or the navy, or the civil service, and dreadfully certain that I shall get plucked at examination, B.A., M.A., D.C.L., L.L.D., R.N., &c. &c., are ready to coach me, cram me, and get me through.

But it may happen that I am careless as to any of the services. I go in for music—well, here's an organist wanted, also a pianoforte tuner. I go in for literature—well, here's a shorthand writer (_verbatim_) wanted, also a sub-editor on a provincial paper. I go in for trade—well, here's a snug thing in the public line, doing so many "butts" a week; and here is an old-established drapery business; and here is a capital butcher's shop to be let, with goodwill and an adjoining slaughter-house; and here is an optician's, with an air-tight mahogany plate-glass window and mahogany counter, likewise the goodwill and other fixtures.

But maybe I go in for books. Booksellers are all ready to supply me, and are out-shouting each other at the height of their printed voices. Here's "Buffon's Journey from Bath to Bagdad," 2 vols., post 8vo., £2. 2s. "This is the gem of the season; it resembles Tennant's 'Ceylon,' but more profound, graphic as 'Cornhill to Cairo,' only lighter."—(No authority given for this opinion). If I don't care for profound literature, here, in a shilling volume, are two thousand ways of cooking potatoes, with an essay on lobster salad. And here, if I don't care to spend a shilling, I may get my _mode mecum_ of fashionable society, turning me out a Brummel for sixpence, or "seventpence per post." If literature has no attraction for me, and for this very good reason that I am a gentleman of intertemperate habits, young or old, my want is supplied by the kindly overture of a respectable practitioner, with a large garden, no young children, and "amusements." He will take me in for a moderate charge, but rather rudely I think, though it's plainly meant as a satisfaction, he presses upon me that his house is "not licensed." But, far from this being the case, I am a young man of a serious turn of mind, I want to get a living in the Church, and I have the money to buy it with; well, here is an advowson, present Incumbent 82, in a rural district, the cure bringing in £500 a year. Here is something in the same line, but in a smaller way put forth by a clerical agent, who, to my unsophisticated intelligence offers the offensive remark that he "also prepares _terriers_."

But maybe I live on my means, and I only want a house to live in. Here we are again, with everything to suit me. Here is a gentlemanly residence having large dining and drawing-rooms, library, study, bath-room, and capital entrance-hall, out-offices, good garden, and carriage sweep. And here is a substantial villa, detached, "near the church;" and here, "six miles from the Marble Arch," which is rather an indefinite direction, is a well-built family residence of handsome elevation, "with portico" and stabling. And here, if I want to be Arcadian, is a charming cottage residence with pretty garden and paddock, in all seven acres, delightfully situate in a rural spot in a notably healthy neighbourhood; capital stabling, admirable coach-house, good water, and "three cows if required." I may take a house "furnished in a tasteful manner," taking the furniture at a valuation, or I may furnish for myself. If I adopt the latter course, my wants are easily supplied. Here are dining-tables, sideboards, long sets of chairs in mahogany and pollard oak, bookcases, library tables, walnut drawing-room suites in rich silk, mahogany, birch, and walnut bedroom furniture, and luxurious lounges, easy chairs, _en suite_, splendid cabinets, handsome centre and occasional tables, and whatnots. Here is second-hand furniture calling to me to buy it at half its value; here are "500 easy chairs, all new," to choose from; here I am implored to send for an illustrated catalogue, and mark the prices. Here I am solicited to look at carpet-patterns of original and exclusive design—Turkey, Axminster, Aubusson, and Anglo-Persian—which, notwithstanding the late advance in prices,
THE ODD BOY ON "THE TIMES" SUPPLEMENT.

still continue to be sold at the old charges! Here is the Kamptulicon elastic floor-cloth begging to be trodden upon; here is the patent cork carpeting laying itself at my feet; here are looking-glasses, and gliding and carving, and window cornices, all greatly reduced prices, all wanting to be bought. Here are pianos—grands, semi-grands, chique grands, cottages, semi-cottages, tricked, full compass—by Breadwood, Erard, Collard, Cadby, Allison, Nutting, Wornum, Ostman, Chappell, Moore, Cramer—to be sold, or lent on hire from ten shillings a month, upwards, at the expiration of three years the instrument becoming the property of the hirer.

Here is light to throw upon all my wants—petroleum, wax, spermaceti, composition candles; petroleum, kerosine, paraffine lamps; cola oil and gas chandeliers, glass lustres and hall lanterns, of the very newest design. And coals, it being winter time, to keep me warm—the Wombwell Main International Prize Coal, the best Silkstones, the incomparable Richmond Wallsend (slates picked out), also Cobbler's and Derby's (not equal to them)—here they come, best screened, worked by machinery from the deck of the ship; here they are brought up direct by railway; here they are by screw steamer and railway—Lambton, Wallsend, Silkstone Main, Double Diamonds, Black Slate—net cash.

I am invited by a score of outfitters to try their wares; the tailor solicits my attention; the bootmaker kisses my feet; the hatter lays his hand upon my head; the watchmaker and the jeweller are alike persistent in offering me the latest fashions at the lowest price, and, knowing that I am shortly going to be married, a trader suggests that before my wedding-day I should send him twenty-one shillings, or post-office order (payable at chief office), with size of finger, and by return I shall receive a guinea gold wedding-ring and hall-marked keeper, in a morocco case.

As to servants, here they are at my command—cooks and housekeeping combined; cooks without the housekeeping; a good cook that understands soups and jellies; a cook who wants a kitchen-maid; a cook who insists upon a man-servant; a house-maid who won't come without you keep a footman; a general servant who requires another to assist her; a butler, single-handed, who does not object to town or country; a butler who will act as valet, and is five feet ten in height; a butler who wants a footman, but would try with a page; a footman where another is kept; a footman where no other is kept; a young man who is content to serve under a footman.

Here is a coachman who will take me, married or single—as he distinctly states—he can drive one or a pair. Here is another who would be quite an acquisition if I wanted to see a little life—'he knows town well!' And here is a man will look after the garden and make himself generally useful.

As to horses and carriages, there is no lack of either. I have my choice between "the handsomest brown gelding in London," and a strawberry roan, "well known in Warwickshire." Here is a black chestnut mare, and here is a pair of handsome well-bred dark brown cobs. Here is a Stanhope phaeton and double brougham, and here is a Croydon basket carriage and a sociable landau: and here—but there, there are horses and carriages galore!

But carriages and horses, servants and houses, might have no charm for me. All the theatres, and concert-rooms, and entertainments, might put forth their attractions in vain; even the pulpit orators—who advertise their Sunday exhibitions along with Chang, and Anderson, and Stodare—even their treacle strings, or brimstone vehemence, might be unpalatable. I might be ill.

My teeth are queer—I often have a frightful twinge in my favourite double. Why need I suffer? Here's a cure which gives instant and permanent relief, destroys the nerve without pain, forms the stopping and saves the tooth, all for threepence ha'penny.

Well, but the fact is, I have not any teeth—

What matter, what matter,
I may bite and sleep!

Mr. Wrencher, surgeon dentist, has not removed from Grinder Place! He'll fix me, in a few hours, with a set, at the nominal charge of 2s. per tooth, without pain or removal of stumps. (See previous advertisement—he has not removed his own stumps.) And here's Mouthfull will not only give me a good tooth, but a coraline gum; and if
this does not suit me, here is Professor Fang—all open and above-board—will fit me up with India-rubber, unequaled for durability, all sharp edges being avoided, perfectly painless, supporting any remaining teeth, protecting tender gums, and supplied at half the usual charges!

But corns may be my trouble. Well, here is a "practical chiropodist," who will make me comfortable at 5s. a foot; and if I think that too much, Mrs. Dash will attend me at my own residence, and do both feet for a crown.

I feel weak at the knees—what then? here’s an elastic stocking. Alas! I have not any legs at all—here are artificial limbs that ran off with a prize medal, and are warranted for durability and lightness. As for weakness, why not try the famous sea salt—better than Neptune’s original; or why not mount a voltaic flexible belt, and a pair of chest-expanding braces, and, added to these outward applications, a regular course of compound antimonial pills, agreeably diversified by peepsine wine? My cough is bad, but need be bad no longer; be it cold, influenza, chronic bronchitis, or incipient consumption, the American cherry pectoral will do the trick, and the light brown cod-liver oil will kindly come to its assistance. My hands are neither white nor soft, but Florinum or sweet opponax will make them as beautiful as a lady’s. I am deaf; but what of that? the “sound magnifier” will make me hear better than ever. Everything is curable—I may be happy yet. Here is the Methuselah pill—a drug in the market, but above Parr. The statement of the vendor is, that it will not only secure longevity, but make life agreeable: I swallow it!

And if—well, and if—the medicine fails, and I must go to the old shades—if the troublesome boatman won’t shove off without me—then, even then, my wants shall be all supplied. I am advertised that I may be buried, with porters, feathers, velvet hangings, coffin, including lead, hearse with four horses, two coaches (pair), for £30; or that if I want to cut it very fine indeed, I may have my scale of charges, “including coffin, all undertaking expenses, and a private grave,” for £17. 4s., or, if I am very “screwy,” £25. 5s.

These monetary allusions lead me to remember that my wants are only to be supplied by the expenditure of money. My tailor advertises to “gentlemen who don’t run bills;” my coal-merchant alludes to “net cash.” I question whether my undertaker would care to deposit my body free of charge. Money—we must have money—and supposing one has not any, how is that want to be supplied? Easily. Beg!—the mendicity officers pull you up. Steal!—the police officers are down upon you—but Borrow! Your wants, foreseen by Benevolence, are fairly met. Here is a Mutual Loan Fund Association—no inquiry or office fees, and strict secrecy observed. Here is another chance, where loans are granted from £10 to £500, in full, immediately, on personal security. Here is another, where money is lent to the married or the single, in town or country, to meet emergencies, to go into business, &c. Here’s another, where tradesmen, clerks, and mechanics requiring ready money—as some of them may—may obtain the same immediately. Here you may have it at 5 per cent. discount; here you may get it “with or without security.”

And here is “a gentleman,” so anxious to lend, that he fancies people may think he is in joke, or has matriculated at Hanwell, and consequently, as a guarantee of sanity and good faith, adds, “This advertisement is genuine.”

So in these advertising columns, which it is my fate to peruse, I find all my wants supplied—everything to be had for money, and money to be had for the asking.

I lay down the supplement, I glance triumphantly at the gentleman who is still admiring the offer leader, or revelling in the details of an execution. Read on, insensate man; more of the world is seen in this supplement than you can learn from the news of the day—there its outward life—here its inward motive—there the dial-plate—here the curious machinery. I know my fellow-creatures better by this sheet than you can do by yours. “Paper, sir?” I scorn the offer. “No, sir; I have read the supplement, and am satisfied!”

Yours truly,

THE ODD BOY.
"When about one hundred yards from the burning ship we waited for the other boat, which was soon alongside of us."
CHAPTER V.

A FIRE AT SEA.

We were five weeks at Batavia before the lading of the ship was completed, and then sailed for England.

On our return we had six passengers. One was a Hollander, named Van Dusen, a man who had been dismissed from the Civil Service of the Colonial Government, and, in his haste to leave Java, was taking the first ship to get away. Another of the passengers was an Englishwoman, the wife of a merchant, who wished to return to England for the purpose of educating her children—two daughters and a boy.

The sixth passenger was an old maid—sister of the merchant's wife. She had accompanied her brother-in-law and his family to Ceylon, with the hope of catching a husband amongst some of the civil or military officers of the East India Company, and, having failed in her purpose, she was returning to England in dark despair over the hopeless desire of changing her name.

Her features ever wore a disagreeable expression, and whenever she tried to smile, which was not often, they gave the impression that she had a strong dislike to the taste of vinegar, and had just, in mistake, taken a little of it instead of port, of which she was very fond.

The merchant's wife, Mrs. Vale, had, previous to our departure from Batavia, incurred my displeasure in a very simple and unconscious manner. She had tried to convince my father of the great benefit to be derived by having her as a passenger, as her children would be companions for his "child" during the voyage.

With the belief that I had been highly educated in London, and knowing that I had made the passage from that port to Java, that I could run up the ratlines like a rat, could box the compass, and, if angry, kick the binnacle to "Davy's locker," I was highly displeased at being called a child, and for some time I treated her and her children as creatures unworthy of my notice.

Before we had been a week at sea, we had no occasion to wonder why Mynheer Van Dusen had been dismissed from his situation.

His love and ability for burning tobacco was so great that he seemed to have much difficulty in relinquishing his pipe for the necessary time to sleep and eat.

The Dutch East India Company had probably not created the office of "Tobacco-Burner General," and as Van Dusen was not fit for anything else, his services in the Colonies were not required.

When we had been about two weeks at sea, and were nearly across the Indian Ocean on our way around the Cape of Good Hope, there was one night an alarm that filled the souls of all on board with terror.

Mynheer Van Dusen came running out of his cabin with his night-dress in a blaze, and by the time others turned out his room was seen illumined with sheets of fire. Smoking below the main deck, of course, had been strictly prohibited, but the Dutchman had awoke in the night, and had been unable to resist the temptation of taking a whiff or two for the purpose of soothing his fancies for another nap. His want of discretion and carelessness had resulted in creating a fire.

I believe that no man could have done better under the same circumstances than my father.

Memory, aided by the judgment gained by time, tells me now that his orders were given with wisdom and decision.

Before the crew, acting under his orders, could do much, or, in fact, anything towards extinguishing the fire, the two lady passengers and the children had to be placed on deck.

The old maid, Miss Watson, as though
determined on having the ship destroyed if possible, rushed screaming from her room into the saloon, and fell on the floor.

Two men were required to take her up the hatchway, and this had to be done when some of the crew were waiting to pass down buckets of water into the cabin.

The light furniture, paintings, and other things in the saloon of a ship, make it the most easily devoured by fire of any other part of it, and all efforts to subdue the flames were unsuccessful.

The head of the vessel had been thrown into the wind's eye, and while some of the men, under the command of my father, were vainly trying to extinguish the fire, others, acting under the orders of the first officer, were getting out some provisions, and preparing the boats for deserting the vessel.

The flames soon began to burst up from below, and the longboat was launched over the side.

The two ladies and the children were rudely put over into it, and the first officer ordered me to follow them.

Being unwilling to leave my father, I refused; but the parent, whom I did not wish to desert in the hour of danger, over-hearing my refusal, turned towards me and in a sharp, harsh tone commanded me to go into the boat.

I instantly obeyed.

The longboat was in the command of the first officer, who ordered its crew to push off.

When about one hundred yards from the burning ship we waited for the others, and soon, by the light of the flames, saw the men descending the side by the fore chains into the boat.

They were soon alongside of us, and I was assured of my father's safety by hearing him exclaim to the first mate, "We must keep in company, Mr. Thompson. Keep the lead and steer west by south. Your compass is to be depended upon."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Thompson.

"I suppose we steer for Port Natal?"

"Yes; that is the best place for us to make. There is an island nearer, but we should be no better off on it than in the boats."

A small sail was then set on each boat, and the chief officer strove to encourage us with the hope of reaching land in four days.

Mynheer Van Dusen was in the longboat with us, and suffering much agony from the injuries he had received by his burning night-dress, which some of the sailors had torn off his back after he reached the deck. His agony did not cause him to forget his favourite or principal occupation.

"Pless mine sool," he exclaimed, before we had got a mile away from the burning ship.

"I've been forgotten mine bipe. I must have one bipe or die. Will some goot man lend me one bipe for a few weeks?"

"Curse you and your pipe," exclaimed the mate. "I believe that you have been the cause of our being burnt out."

"Mine goot friend," said the Dutchman, "I be dying all over of fire, and must have one bipe."

Mynheer Van Dusen must have been suffering severely from the scorching he had received, but no one had any pity for him; and, I believe, for the purpose of adding a little fuel to his agony, one of the sailors struck a match and lighted a pipe.

This to the inveterate smoker was torture from which, I believe, he suffered more than from the effect of wearing the suit of flames with which he had lately been dressed.

The night passed and the day came without our having a sight of the sun. One vast cloud seemed stationary over the earth, and from it a heavy mist was falling. During the greater part of the day the breeze was light, and there was not much difficulty in keeping the two boats in company.

Several times during the day they were side by side, and the men were conversing with each other.

I was in hopes that my father would change places with Mr. Thompson, but he did not—for what reason I do not know.

As the sun went down the breeze gained strength, and gradually increased in power until the boats were labouring through a heavy sea.

In a rough sea the longboat was not easily managed with oars, and as Mr. Thompson kept the sail set to steady it, we moved along our course at a speed that was very gratifying to all but me.

We were leaving the other boat far in our wake, and I took the liberty of expressing to the mate some concern at losing sight of my father.

"It is all right, my lad," said Mr. Thomp-
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

CHAPTER VI.

A WHALER.

I was awakened by a loud shout, and, springing to my feet, I saw through the gloom of night a large ship close upon us.

"Hear-to and throw us a line," called Mr. Thompson.

Some answer was shouted in return, but the roaring of the wind and the fluttering of our sail, which was now unbraced, prevented us from understanding what was said.

The ship passed by us.

"Mine got help us," exclaimed Van Dusen. "She have gone; and I shall get no bipe."

"Give 'em time," said Mr. Thompson. "They heard us, and will come about."

For a few moments the ship was lost to our view, and then we heard a shout to the leeward.

The mate was right. We had not been deserted. In less than half an hour we were under the lee of the vessel, which was lying-to.

"Send up the women and children first," said Mr. Thompson; and a bowline at the end of a line was placed over Miss Watson, who was hauled up. Mrs. Vale would not leave the boat until her children had been sent aboard, and each was taken up in the arms of a sailor seated in the bight of a line. She was then drawn up in the same manner her sister had been, and I followed without any other assistance than the rope.

During the time this work was being done, the men in the boat had the greatest difficulty in preventing it from being swamped or "stove" by being knocked against the vessel.

After I reached the deck, Van Dusen was drawn up.

He was wearing but one article of dress—a coat lent him by Mr. Thompson—but apparently unconscious of any want of clothing. His first words on reaching the deck were, "Will some good man give me a bipe?"

The mate was the last man to leave the boat, and before he got over the bulwarks it was swamped by the rolling of the ship.

Mrs. Vale, her sister and the children, were conducted to the captain's cabin, and, much to my disgust, a pressing invitation was given me to accompany them.

After Mr. Thompson had made an explanation, which all belonging to the ship were anxious to hear, he asked for some information in return, and learnt that we were on the whale-ship Sarah Price, Captain Forbes, of New Bedford, and bound for the Pacific.

"Curse the luck!" exclaimed Thompson, "I wish we had remained in the boat. We might have reached somewhere then, and now we are going nowhere but the place I wish."

"No, dank the Lord, the boat ish dead," said Van Dusen, "Dish is the best."

Thompson turned towards the Dutchman and saw him seated on the deck smoking a short black pipe, which he had procured from one of the sailors. "Captain Forbes," said the enraged mate, turning to the skipper of the whaler, "don't let that man go below the main deck or he'll set fire to the ship; I'm quite sure our misfortune is owing to him. Put him in the pen with the pigs, or some place on the deck where he cannot set fire to the ship."

Orders were then given by the first mate of the vessel we had boarded to put the ship on her course, and this aroused Mr. Thompson to a recollection of his duty.

"Avast!" he exclaimed, "Capt. Forbes, will you please keep the ship lying-to for a while? Our captain with eight men were in our wake. Will you try to pick them up?"

"Certainly," answered Captain Forbes, "but we had better put the ship about and keep it well into the wind. We are making leeway fast."

During the remainder of the night the ship was "hove-to," and every half-hour a gun was fired, but we could neither hear nor see anything of the other boat.

The sun arose clear and bright, but from the main cross-tree I could see nothing but the blue sky and the rolling sea.

I had lost my father.
The gale had subsided, and Captain Forbes gave orders to set sail and continue his course.

I was on my way to the Pacific Ocean. Many weeks must pass before I could reach any port where a passage might be readily obtained to England.

I had left my only parent on the wild sea in a small open boat in a gale.

The sailors that once formed a part of the crew of my father's ship soon made themselves at home on the whaler, and Mynheer Van Dusen, with an unlimited supply of tobacco, seemed happy and wholly indifferent to the future.

Mrs. Vale, her sister, and the children, were made as comfortable as possible, and our home on the Sarah Price seemed a happy one to all but me.

Captain Forbes was in no haste to reach any particular place, and therefore incurred no risk of losing spars by loading them with canvas.

He was in search of the monsters of the deep, and as they were to be met anywhere in the open sea, he appeared ever at home.

Mr. Thompson, Mynheer Van Dusen, and I were allowed hammocks in the sail-maker's room.

The former professed to have much anxiety on account of the Dutchman being allowed to sleep 'tween decks, and urged Captain Forbes to appoint two men for the duty of keeping a watch by turns of the smoker with a bucket of water.

Ten days after we had been picked up by the Sarah Price, there was a cry from the mast-head of "There she blows!"

All hands were instantly on deck and gazing in the direction indicated by the lookout.

For a few minutes nothing was to be seen. The whale had dived below. Presently it rose, and not more than two hundred yards from the vessel to the leeward. As it lifted its huge head out of the sea two columns of water were thrown into the air.

"A right whale!" exclaimed Captain Forbes. "Back the main-yard. Mr. Anson, man your boat."

For a moment the deck was a scene of much excitement, but the tumult was tame compared with the excitement of the sea surrounding the whale.

Its flukes were lashing the waves into a whirling foam tinged with blood. Its huge body, turning rapidly about, made the surrounding sea appear to be dancing and boiling over a burning world.

"It's being attacked by a 'killer,'" exclaimed Captain Forbes. "We've something to help us. A vast there with the boat."

Again the whale dived below, but only for a minute or two. It was in the agonies of death, and could not remain long under water.

Its merciless foe allowed it no quiet in death, and presently the monster's form was seen slowly inclining to one side as the excitement of the sea subsided.

"Now is your time, boys! Push off," exclaimed the captain.

The boat soon reached the whale, and the "killer" was driven from its prey before it could secure any portion of the tongue, the only part of the whale it consumes.

The whale was towed under the lee side of the vessel, and the bight of a cable was placed around its body to secure it. The work of hoisting the blubber aboard then commenced, and for three days we were delayed on our voyage, enduring all that is disagreeable attending the work of 'boiling out."

After this, much to the regret of Captain Forbes and his crew, we met no further delay, and seven weeks after boarding the Sarah Price, she entered the port of Hobart Town, Tasmania.

We had been treated very kindly aboard the whaler, yet all with the exception of Mynheer Van Dusen seemed quite happy on leaving it. I believe that he would have been contented anywhere if allowed pipes and tobacco.

CHAPTER VII.
TO SYDNEY.

From the appearance of a majority of the people seen in the streets of Hobart Town, we might easily fancy that the place was the home of all that was evil, and of nothing that was good; yet there were kind-hearted and hospitable people there.

All who had belonged to the ill-fated ship my father had commanded were furnished with homes and clothing. A ship that had
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lately arrived at the colony with convicts was
about to return to London, and Mrs. Vale
engaged a passage aboard of it for herself,
Miss Watson, and the children. I could
gone with them, but preferred to ac-
cept an invitation from Mr. Thompson to go
with him to Sydney, New South Wales.

At that port he had hopes of obtaining a
better situation aboard of a ship than that of
an able seaman—that being the best
“billet” he could get in any vessel about to
leave Hobart Town. “I know, my lad,”
said he, “that you are anxious to learn
something of the fate of your father. So
am I. Remain with me and I will assist you.
You have no relatives or friends in England.
Your father has told me so. He will be as
anxious to find you as you are to find him,
and both should remain south of the line
until you learn something of each other.
If we can get a ship leaving Sydney that
will call at any port of South Africa, we will
go in it.”

The advice of Mr. Thompson seemed
given with sincerity and wisdom, and I
determined to follow it.

Eight days after reaching Hobart Town, I
left with him in a small brig bound for
Sydney. Mr. Thompson was first mate, and
had one man and a boy in his watch. The
captain, who was the owner of the vessel,
performed the duty of second officer, and
had in his watch two men, one of whom
were a leg made of the Tasmanian gum-
tree. Another man acted as cook and
steward.

A part of our freight consisted of twenty-
two horses, which were to be landed in Port
Phillip, where we were to call on our way.
The horses were in the care of three men
who considered themselves passenger.

The horses were tied by the bulwarks on
each side of the deck, and were a cause of
much inconvenience in working the vessel.
The brig was so small that a fore-brace
could not be handled without crowding
amongst the horses in an unpleasant and
dangerous manner. This, however, was only
to last but two or three days, and there was
not a large crew to complain of the incon-
venience.

The day after leaving Hobart Town we
were struck by a violent gale of wind. It
was what one of the men on the brig—an
old “colonial”—called a “brickfielder.”

Two or three of the sails saved the men
some trouble in reefing by flying far away.

When roused by these Australian gales,
the sea becomes suddenly and furiously
angry. In a very short time after the gale
was upon us, the waves were rolling high
and following each other in quick success-
ion.

The brig seemed to be too-heavy—carrying
too little ballast, and too much on deck. It
rolled wildly from side to side like a whale on
a shoal trying to clear itself of barnacles.

The poor horses were unable to keep their
legs, and some of them nearly had their
necks broken as they were being suspended
by the ropes that held them.

In one wild lurch made by the brig, eight
horses on the weather side broke away and
fell across the deck against the horses press-
ing on the bulwarks at the leeward.

A sea broke over the weather-bow at the
same time, and a portion of the lea-bulwarks
was carried away with fifteen of the horses.

The brig relieved of a part of the weight
on deck was more quiet, and, as it slowly
laboured through the seas, several of the
horses swam after us, neighing in tones
that seemed to express an entreaty that we
should not desert them.

Nothing could be done to save them, and
I felt partly relieved from a strong sense of
pain when we could see and hear them no
more.

One of the men who had charge of the
horses was, in appearance, but little better
than a brute.

I heard that he had been a convict, and
one who had been guilty of many crimes,
yet at the sight of the poor horses swimming
and crying after us, he was nearly frantic
with grief.

This sorrow was not caused by any pe-
cuniary interest in the property lost, for he
was only in the employ of others.

He was a man who, I believe, could see
his fellow-creatures suffering agony without
feeling for them the slightest pity; but the
idea of leaving the horses to die a lingering
death on the ocean, was one the memory of
which for two or three days often bathed his
eyes with tears.

The gale did not last long, and on the
fourth day after leaving Hobart Town we
entered Hobson’s Bay in Port Phillip.

The freight we had to leave there, or
rather what remained of it, was sent ashore, and we proceeded on our way to Sydney.

One day I came on deck and found the captain of the brig conversing with Mr. Thompson.

I was unseen and unheard by them, and not knowing that their conversation was about me, I drew near them and heard Mr. Thompson say, "The boy thinks that his father is still alive, and that he will see him again. I do not think so, for I don't believe the little boat he was in could live through such a sea as was on that night. They must have went down or we should have picked them up on the whaler."

I stole away to my berth with sorrow and despair, for the first time, burning strongly in my soul.

Could it be that I should see my father no more? that he was dead, and I alone in the world?

Mr. Thompson was a thorough seaman—a man of the world, and one who formed opinions from a clear calm judgment.

He believed my father was no longer living, and for a contrary opinion I had to depend on hope—such hope as a boy only can form.

Mr. Thompson's engagement with the captain of the brig only lasted for the passage to Sydney, and on reaching that place we went to a cheap boarding-house. For three days he was busy seeking employment in vain,—not being able to obtain such a situation on a vessel as he was willing to accept.

On the afternoon of the fourth day he came to me and said, "Willie, I am going to leave Sydney, and you can go with me if you like, or I can find you a home here."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To New Zealand. I have joined a small brig going there for a firm engaged in the flax trade. I am to be first officer, and the pay is very good. The brig most of the time we are absent will be lying at anchor. There is no vessel in this port bound around the Cape, and may not be for some time, and we have no money enabling us to wait. I am compelled to take the first place that offers. You can go with me if you wish, and I think you had better do so. You will have to lend a hand and do all you can, and that I am pleased at knowing is much more than one would expect from one of your age."

Mr. Thompson did not like to tell me that he believed my father to be dead, nor did he wish to go to England where he knew that I had no home. He did not wish to desert me in Sydney.

I decided on going with him, and did so with the firm determination of doing all in my power to keep from being an incumbrance.

The brig was to sail in four days, and during the time we had to wait I amused myself by wandering about the city.

The people of Sydney, or those seen in the streets, were in appearance much the same as those of Hobart Town, drunken, dissipated, obscene, rude, and vulgar people; and the females were as bad as the men, and I regarded them as a disgrace to my country, notwithstanding they were in a convict colony.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY FIRST IMPORTANT LESSON.

The brig in which we left Sydney belonged to an enterprising merchant of that city, who had three small vessels engaged in trading to New Zealand for flax and whale oil. He had several agents on the three islands employed in the whale fishery, and in purchasing flax from the natives.

His vessels did not carry boats and search for whales by cruising, but the men in his employ lived on the shore, and went out in boats to capture the whales when they entered the coves or appeared off the coast.

The object of our voyage was to visit these stations where agents resided, leave provisions and stores, and gather a cargo for a return voyage to Sydney.

We first called at a place a few miles south of Taranaki, and I went ashore with the determination of never going aboard of the brig again.

This resolution was communicated to Mr. Thompson; who, with much surprise, desired to know the reason why I wished to leave.

"Because I am not going to be a cook's assistant, cabin-boy, and general waiter any longer," I replied. "In the passage from Sydney I have heard nothing but 'Willie do this,' and 'Willie do that.' I have been a servant to all on the vessel, because I was thought too young to do anything."

"But Willie, my lad," said Mr. Thompson,
"You cannot expect to live now without doing something. You are not aboard of your father's ship, and must reconcile yourself to circumstances. You are too young to take a place in a watch with the sailors, and as long as no laborious duty is required of you I do not think you have any reason to complain at being required to do something for a living as well as other people."

I can fully understand now that in making these remarks Mr. Thompson was acting towards me as a friend; but I could not, or did not, think so then, and was firm in my resolution to remain on shore.

The brig was lying off a small village where several white men were living. Some of them were in the employ of the merchant who owned the vessel, and nearly all of them were married to native women. With one of them—a man named Baker—I found a home.

This man, after learning something of my past history, strengthened me in my determination to remain on shore.

"You are quite right," said he, "in not staying on the brig any longer. Your father, I suppose, was a gentleman; at least, every master of a vessel should be one; and I give you credit for not being willing to act as a servant to all hands fore and aft on a little tub of trading craft like that brig. You shall stay with me until you can leave the island in a respectable manner."

These words to me seemed like true commiseration for my misfortunes, and I gladly accepted his proffered hospitality.

The brig remained in the harbour four days, and on the morning of its intended departure Mr. Thompson came to see me.

"Come, Willie," said he; "we sail in the afternoon, and I want you to go aboard."

In reply to this communication, I emphatically declared that I should remain on shore; and I accused Mr. Thompson of gross injustice in having placed me in the humiliating position of a servant to himself and others on the brig.

This ungrateful accusation slightly aroused his anger.

"William," said he, in a tone different from what I had ever heard him use before. "Perhaps it is my duty to compel you to go with me. Circumstances have placed you in my care, but for the present you are unworthy of it. You shall learn a lesson that is much needed. I do not desert you entirely, for the brig will call here again in a few weeks. With the hope that you will then be willing to follow my advice, I leave you."

He then turned and walked away.

Before he had left my sight a suspicion crossed my mind that I had acted wrong. Mr. Thompson was a man for whom my father had much respect; yet I had refused to follow his advice, and had insulted him.

A sense of duty that told me I should run after him and apologize for the wrong I had done was subdued by pride, and I remained.

Mr. Baker, the man who took so warm an interest in my welfare, had a native wife and four children, two of whom were older than myself.

Living in a hut near his own were the parents of his wife, an aged couple, whom Baker told me that he had to support.

"The poor old man and woman," said he, speaking of them on the day that the brig sailed; "they are the grandparents of my children, and I can't see them starve. The old man was a great warrior once, and has eaten his share of many enemies slain in battle, but that was when he was a cannibal and knew no better. He has become Christianized under the teaching of missionaries, and being the father of my wife, I must not see him want."

I thought Mr. Baker was one of the best men ever met.

I had noticed since being in the village that his wife and children, and the old man and woman, had been very industriously working, some of the time in a potato garden and part of the time at dressing flax.

The only business I saw Baker doing was selling some flax and potatoes; but a vessel was in port, and I believed that for a while he had left his ordinary occupation for the purpose of attending to more important business.

On the morning after the departure of the brig I was roused up early to join the rest of the family in the work of weeding ferns from the kumara, or sweet potato, patch.

Mr. Baker did not join us. He had drank a little too much the night before and remained in his hut. About ten o'clock we left off work and made a breakfast of fern roots and small kumara, such as were unfit for sale.

An extra meal of more palatable food was prepared for Baker, which was greedily devoured in the presence of the others.
After breakfast I was initiated into the art of dressing flax.

The flax plant, when growing, has the appearance of being a cross between a flag and a rush.

In dressing it, the point of the leaf or stalk is held between the toes and the other end by the left hand. The operator then, with a sharp mussel-shell, takes off the succulent substance or outside covering, and there remains a silky fibre.

Before the brig had been three days from the port I had learnt something. The aged man and woman and Mr. Baker's wife and children were his slaves. I had become another, and we had to work fourteen hours a day to keep him in food and drink. Instead of supporting his wife's aged parents the poor old people were toiling from sunrise till sunset to support him in idleness.

He who had spoken to me so feelingly about the pleasure of supporting the old couple would have let them die of starvation before allowing them one shilling of the proceeds of their labour.

The only regard he had for his children was a selfish interest in the result of their toil at flax dressing.

Each day the old couple were upbraided as being a useless encumbrance upon an honest hard-toiling man.

The dusky Mrs. Baker was daily insulted and abused for having parents whom her unfortunate husband was compelled to support.

Before being in the family a week I understood from Mr. Baker that I was another whom pure kindness of heart had led him to take under his care, and whom he had to support.

The food I consumed was wild fern roots, which I had to gather, and such potatoes as would find no sale in the market. My bed was an old mat shared by his children, and I am confident that his kindness to me did not cost him one penny per week, but that on the contrary, he was making money on my labour.

One morning when I rose my clothing was not to be found, and a dirty ragged shirt that Baker had cast off was handed to me to wear in the place of what I had lost. I was then dressed in about the same elegant style as the half-Maori children with whom I had to work.

The same day I saw the young son of a chief strutting about wearing my clothes, and I mentioned the fact to Mr. Baker.

"Well," said he, "what of it? I sold the clothes to the boy's father. I can't afford to keep you for nothing, my lad; don't think it. You have got to live, and so have I."

I was certainly anxious to live, but not any longer with Mr. Baker.

I went to the flax agent in the employ of the merchant who owned the brig in which I reached the island.

After listening awhile patiently to my complaints against Mr. Baker, he interrupted me by asking why I left the brig.

I made no hesitation in telling him that the cause of my leaving it was, that I was required while on it to perform the duties of a cabin-boy, and other work which I did not like.

"I see how it is," said the agent, "you have too much pride and laziness. You should not expect to be taken about on the brig as a passenger, or that Baker will keep you in idleness. He is a bad man, but I don't blame him for requiring you to work. I should do the same, and can do nothing for you. Everyone should learn the wisdom in some way, and I believe you are obtaining it with less trouble than you deserve."

This was all the satisfaction I could get from him, and I was compelled to return to the occupation of flax-dressing.

I saw no way of escaping from bondage. The village seemed surrounded by high hills and an impenetrable forest. A few days had been sufficient to create a great change in the opinion of my own value.

I could now see that Mr. Thompson and others on the brig were my friends, and my warmest anticipations of happiness were that I might soon have an opportunity of joining them again. Feeding the chickens, assisting the cook, cleaning the knives, was better than being enslaved by Mr. Baker.

The lesson I was then being taught has been of the greatest value through life.

By it false pride was subdued, and I learnt that those who cheerfully take that share of this life's necessary toil which they can best perform, are following the path of duty and should meet respect and happiness on the way.
BEETLES (ORDER COLEOPTERA).

BY GEORGE S. ST. CLAIR, F.Z.S., &c.

BEETLES—black beetles!—have you no daintier dish to set before a nervous reader!—no butterflies or birds, no flowers or arms or sea-shells? Wait a moment, gentle lady (I am forgetting it is a Boy's Magazine),—wait a moment! All beetles are not black and repulsive; and if they were, are they not men and brothers?—I mean to say, is not black as good as white, and does not the contrary opinion lead to bloodshed?

My little nephew brought in a rose from the garden, and immediately began to sing:

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home;
Your house is on fire, and your children alone!

He would have held black beetles in abhorrence, and crushed earwigs without remorse, but he didn't know that lady-birds were beetles, and for their spotted gowns he was inclined to spare them. There are upwards of fifty sorts of these pretty insects, mostly distinguished by the number of their spots set upon various grounds—red, black, or yellow. The twenty-spotted, and twenty-two-spotted of a light yellow, with eleven spots on each wing-case and five on the thorax, are considered the most elegant; while the two-spotted and seven-spotted are the most common. Curtis describes a variety having red wings with black spots encircled by yellow; and the author of the Epistles sometimes met with red and yellow specimens in which the substitution of squares for spots gave the painting a chequered character. Looking at the specimen in my nephew's hand—or rather, on the rose he had brought in from the garden—I perceived it to be black and yellow, and strikingly pretty. It was just such a lady-bird, I said, which flew away after an immersion in ardent spirits for four-and-twenty hours, and by its prettiness and extraordinary vitality attracted the attention of Kirby, and led him to adopt the study of insects. In answer to my nephew's question, I said that I believed the lady-bird was once held in superstitious reverence, and that it received its title Lady in honour of the Virgin Mary, at the time when Christian truths were becoming grafted on old heathen beliefs. The lady-bird, I further said, had chosen the rose leaf, because it was the pasture ground of Aphides or Plant-lice, blight insects which the gardener is sorry to see, but which our little beetle, aided by two or three allies, does much to exterminate. The mother insect deposits her little yellow eggs, flat and oval, on the rose, the honey-stick, or the hop, just where, when the sun warms them into life, they will find abundance of living food conveniently at hand. The cubs of a lioness, or a wolf deserted on a smooth green island, would find their wants about as well provided for as would be those of an infant brood of lady-birds on an uninhabited leaf.

At this point, Norman (my little nephew) placed lady-bird on the palm of his hand, as the young girls do in Norfolk, and recited the lines:

Bishop, Bishop Barnabas,
Tell me when my wedding be:
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away!
Fly to the east, fly to the west,
Fly to him that I love best.

Presently St. Barnabas, alias Bishop Barnabas, alias Lady Lanners, alias Lady-bird, flew into the garden, and we followed. On the path we encountered a black beetle, and wishing to fortify Norman against prejudice, I related how such an insect saved Latreille's life. This entomologist having been, for some reason or no reason, cast into prison at Bordeaux, the physician of the prison was one day struck by the attentive manner in which he was contemplating some object on the wall, and asked what it was that so engaged his notice. It is a very rare insect, said Latreille. The physician had a young friend fond of the study of insects, so he asked for and obtained the rare specimen, and presented it. M. D'Argelos was glad to receive this addition to his collection, and desired to see the imprisoned entomologist, and became interested in his favour. He was delighted to meet with one who had written on his favourite subject, and assisted by a friend prevailed on the authorities to release Latreille. Shortly after, his fellow-captives being shipped as convicts for Cayenne, the ship founded in the Bay of Biscay, and every soul on board perished.

You may be sure, said I to Norman, that there is no need to be afraid of beetles: the little creatures have more reason to be alarmed at you, whose bulk is that of a million goliaths to them. Dung-chafers, carrion-chafers, and other beetles, when captured show their alarm by a shrill, aribiant, or cracking sound, produced by rubbing their elytra (or hard wing-cases) with the extremity of their abdomen. The beetle called prionus when alarmed emits an acute or cracking sound, which Dumeril compares to the braying of an ass, and which has procured for it in Germany the name of the juddler.

Were you a caterpillar, however, you would do well to put your best legs forward, for the beautiful but ferocious beetle Calosoma syphophanta mounts the trunk and branches of the oak to commit fearful ravages amongst the hordes that inhabit it. A beetie's mouth has on each side a kind of large tooth, movable and very hard, called the mandible, which serves to divide the
food. Sometimes the mandibles are enormously developed, and form a pair of large pincers on the front of the head, an arrangement which is very remarkable in the stag beetle.

It is probable that there are 30,000 or 40,000 species of beetles now in the cabinets of collectors, and at least as many more not yet discovered. The distinguishing feature of the Order, according to Dr. William B. Carpenter, are the conversion of the first pair of wings into hard wing-cases, and the complete inclosure of the second by these when the insect is at rest. The wing-cases when expanded are of little or no use in flight, generally remaining nearly motionless. When closed they meet along the back in a straight line which is called the suture. The body of a beetle, like that of other insects, is made up of head, thorax, and abdomen. The head is provided with two antennae, or feelers, which vary in form, but have generally eleven joints. The eyes are large and protuberant, especially in the carnivorous species, and in those whose slow habits render quick vision unnecessary. The second segment in many species is elongated forwards into a foot-stalk, which is received into a cavity in the first segment, and the chief movement of the parts of the trunk is on the pivot thus formed. The abdomen, which properly consists of nine segments, is usually formed of only six or seven, the remainder being consolidated in the last. You will understand that I am giving you the general characters merely, and that exceptions would be found on a careful survey of the insects belonging to the Order. Some for instance, as the female glow-worm (yes, the glow-worm and fire-fly belong to the beetle family)—some, I say, are destitute of wings; while in others the wings adhere along the suture, so as to prevent the expansion of the wings, which are consequently never developed. In some the elytra fold over each other, in others they do not meet at all, and in some species, again, the wings are folded longitudinally, contrary to the general rule in beetles, but conformably to the practice of the next Order—the Orthoptera, to which belong grasshoppers, locusts, &c.

As I have spoken of eggs, you would like to know whether beetles go through the states of larva and pupa before we get the imago or perfect insect? They do: and the metamorphosis is invariably complete, which could not be said of the next order, nor of earwigs, which closely resemble beetles in some other respects. The larvae have very much the appearance of worms: their heads are usually horny, the rest of the body soft. Previously to undergoing their change they form cases for themselves of bits of earth or chips of wood, united by silken threads, or by gossyp matter. The pupae or chrysalides are inactive, sometimes even for years, and take no nourishment; but the form of the future beetle is plainly perceived, the different parts being encased in distinct sheaths.

Now, if you had 30,000 or 40,000 articles, all very closely resembling one another, you would find some difficulty in sorting them; and when you had made your arrangement you would feel that many placed in the first division had almost an equal right to a place in the second or third. This is just the difficulty of entomologists in classifying their beetles. But, as you begin to feel interested, let us walk to the residence of Professor Entom, and ask the favour of surveying his cabinet.

The professor's beetles, we found, were arranged in four sections, and labelled according to the system of Latreille, who based his classification on the number of joints in the tarsus or last portion of the foot. Thus we had the five-parted (scientific name Pentamera), the differently parted (or Heteromera), the four-parted (Tetramera), and the three-parted (Triamera), while the entire Order is named Coleoptera.

We had not been many minutes listening to the explanations of the professor when we heard a chirping sound, and were assured by M. Entom that it was the voice of his beetles, who being dead were yet speaking. At first we were rather sceptical, but collecting the serpent in paradise, the ass of Balaam, the statue of Memnon, etc., a million who said, "Gentlemen, you all are right, and all are wrong!" we feared a reproof for our unbelief, and so asked the professor to become interpreter. The chirping now came from the first division, and we were assured that the speaker was a devil's coach-horse, who thought he could a tail unfold. At least he has the power of turning up the end of his body when touched, bending it in all directions; but as he possesses the further faculty of emitting a strong odour when offended or frightened, we were glad to dismiss his case. By his side, however, we had the true counterpart of the skunk, the bombardier beetle, who combats his enemies with repeated discharges of smoke and noise. When its great enemy, the Calosoma inquinator, is in pursuit, a loud explosion is heard, and a blue smoke, attended by a very disagreeable scent, is seen, which immediately stops the progress of inquisitor. Bombardier can fire his artillery twenty times in succession if necessary, and so gain time to effect his escape.

A beetle, with a longish body, of a black colour, with two broad and irregularly indented bands of yellowish brown, now made his voice heard. He said, "I am an insect-savenger, a burying-beetle, so called because I am accustomed to perform the office of grave-digger to defunct frogs, birds, moles, mice and such small game," whose bodies
would also cumber the ground, and by their decay pollute the air. True, I have my own reasons for doing this: I commit my eggs to the buried carcase, and thus secure provision for my young— provision protected from predatory birds and foxes; but what have you to do with motives; how often do you serve your age without a sanguine endeavor to advance your personal interests? M. Gleditsch had often remarked that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days, often in the half of one. Finding that a mole placed on one of the beds of his garden had vanished by the third morning, he dug the ground and found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, sisters of mine, whom he rightly suspected to have been the agents in this singular instance. He buried the young again, and at the end of six days found it swarming with maggots, the issue of the beetles. Continuing his experiments with glass vessels, half-filled with earth and properly secured, he left them open to the tarry sky for fifty days. The sisters had interred twelve carcases, viz., four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. On another occasion a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days. My cousins, the sacred beetles of Egypt, are industrious in making and rolling their little dung pellets, but they must yield the palm to me for genuine hard work."

A male Scarabaeus (otherwise dung beetle) was in the adjoining case, the professor asked him to give some account of himself. He had more to say than I can repeat, but some of his remarks may be here set down. "In the British Museum," said Scarabaeus, "on the Egyptian antiquities, I figure both painted and sculptured, sometimes smaller than my actual self, sometimes of gigantic size, but generally a pretty accurate representation. My ancestors had a glorious time of it, for the wise and civilized Egyptians regarded them as symbols of the sun, and adored them as visive deities! It was no hindrance to this that they busied themselves in moulding round pellets of dung, depositing an egg in each, and rolling them backwards into a deep hole previously excavated for their reception. The pellets themselves were exalted into types of the world, and the beetles being supposed to push them always from east to west, for twenty-eight successive days, their movement was made also to represent that of the habitable globe. The angular projections from the head were likened to the rays of the sun, the thirty joints of the six tarsi of the feet gave the number of the days of the month, and the wrongly-suggested birth from a male only seemed to render the insect an appropriate emblem of a self-created and supreme First Cause."

A German artist, of strict veracity, states that in Italy he observed a sister of mine busily engaged in making a pellet, which, when finished, she rolled to the summit of a small hilllock, and repeatedly suffered to tumble down its side, apparently for the purpose of consolidating it by the earth which each time adhered to it. During this process the pellet unfortunately fell into an adjoining hole, out of which all the efforts of my sister could not extricate it. After several ineffectual trials, she repaired to an adjoining heap of dung, and soon returned with three companions. All four now applied their united strength to the pellet, and at length succeeded in pushing it out; which being done the three assistant beetles left the spot and returned to their own quarters."

Thanking Scarabaeus, and passing over Dynastes Hercules, five inches long and with an enormous horn, we came to the stag beetle, who began in a tone of complaint—"The rustics of the New Forest call me the Devil's Imp," and believe that I am sent by his Satanic majesty to do evil to the corn. Accordingly, like hard-hearted Jews, without formality of trial, they stone me to death. In Germany, too, the belief prevails that I carry burning coals into houses by means of my jaws, and thus occasion fearful fires. Considering the dangers that threaten me, it is well that I should be tenacious of life, and, accordingly, Muffet will tell you that I can live without my head, and my head without me. When dead I was formerly in use in medicine, my mandibles being considered good in certain cases of convulsions; and Pliny says of me,—"Folk use to hang beaks about the neck of young ladies, as present remedies against many maladies.""

A skip-jack now informed us that he was able to jump an inch or two in the air, but our attention is immediately called away, for "The solemn death-watch clicks the hour of death!" Authors were formerly not agreed concerning the insect from which this sound of terror proceeded, some attributing it to a kind of wood-louse, others to a spider; but it is now known to proceed from a species of beetle (Anobium tametatum). The clicking is nothing more than the call or signal by which the male and female are led to each other. If you are troubled by the incessant tick, tick, tick, if you are thrown into terrible palpitations, and expect every hour the approach of some calamity, I advise you to adopt Dean Swift's remedy,—

A bottle of scalding hot water injected infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over,
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

Before leaving the Pentameronous beetles we must look into the one remaining case, containing glow-worms and fire-flies—glow-worms which emulate the twinkling fixed stars, and fire-flies which may be likened to the more restless planets. An English glow-worm claims our ear,—"I am the wingless female"*

of a winged husband who also carries a light, but of inferior lustre. Some of your savans have conjured that my lamp is my pro-
tection, scaring away the nightingale and other birds of night; others have opined that it is my destruction, serving to lure my biped foes who wish to make supper of me; and again it has been thought that it assists me to find my own supper, and throws a brilliance on the table while I eat. On a
delightful summer evening when 'every
sense is joy,' you may observe myself and sisters, 'stars of the earth and diamonds of
the night,' studding our mossy couch with
mild effulgence. But ye English have not
adopted the custom of the beauz of Italy,
who in an evening adorn the heads of the
ladies with artificial diamonds by sticking
my relatives into their hair. In the West-
Indies I have a cousin called Cucujus, who
serves the ladies as a most fashionable orna-
ment, as many as fifty, or a hundred, being
sometimes worn on a single ball-room dress.
Captain Stedman says that he once saw one
of these insects upon a lady's white collar,
which at a little distance rivalled the
Koh-I-noor in splendour and beauty. The
insect is fastened to the dress by a pin
through its body, and only worn so long as
it lives, for it loses its light when dead.
Darwin tells you that in Jamaica at some
seasons of the year, the fire-flies are seen in
the evening in great abundance. When
they settle on the ground the bull-frog greets
them with a croak, and seems to have given origin to a curious though very
cruel method of destroying these animals.
If red hot pieces of charcoal be thrown tow-
ards them in the dusk of the evening, they
leap at them, and hastily swallow them, mis-
taking them for fire-flies, and are burnt
to death. Mouffet says, that when Sir
Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley
first landed in the West Indies, and saw an
infinite number of moving lights in the woods,
which were merely these Elaters, they sup-
posed them to be the Spanish fire, and adven-
turing upon them with lighted matches, and im-
mediately betook themselves to their ships.
Captain Stedman tells us that one of his
sentinels one night called out that he saw a
negro with a lighted tobacco-pipe cross a
creek near by in a canoe. At this alarm the
men lost no time in leaping out of their
hammocks, and were not a little mortified
when they found the pipe was nothing more
than a fire-fly on the wing." Miss Gior-worm
could evidently have gone on much further
with her anecdotes, but our time was limited,
and we crossed to another side of the room
along which ranged cases containing the
Heteromeronous Beetles.
The Coleoptera of this section possesses five
points in the tarsi of the first and second
pairs of feet, and only four in those of the
posterior pair. They feed entirely on
vegetable substances, are all of them terres-
trial in their habits, and most of them fond
of dark places.
In the first case, we found a beetle called
Black Body, who complained of not being able
to fly, as his elytra were united along the
suture. We only listened while he related
how he had been transfixed with a pin while
still alive, and had continued to exist in
that condition for six months without food.
Next to we attended to a Necked-Beetle, so
named from having its triangular head car-
ried on a kind of neck. The Blistering-fly,
or Cantharis vesicatoria, belongs to this tribe.
The British species, some of which are known
under the name of May-worms, are soft,
sluggish creatures, usually of a violet black
colour, with short wing-cases wrapping over
each other at the base, and no wings under-
neath. Their larvae are furnished with six
well-formed legs, and quickly find their way
into flowers, being especially fond of the
common buttercup. When the wild bees
visit these flowers the larve cling to their
bodies, and being conveyed carriage free
to the nests feed on the larvae of their hosts.
Passing on rapidly we came to the
Tetratomata, which are also vegetable feeders,
and saw at once before us Weevils, Typo-
graphers, Musk-Beetles, and many others.
The Nutt-Weevil told us she was very fond
of fibbers, making use of them for the deposi-
tion of her eggs. The Golden Diamond
Beetles said that in Chili and Brazil they are
formed into splendid necklaces. "At Rio
Janeiro they are in great request for
brooches for gentlemen, and ten piasters
have often been paid for a single specimen.
In that city many owners have slaves out to catch insects, so that now the rarest
and most brilliant species are to be had for
a comparatively trifling sum. Each of these
slaves, when he has attained to some
adulthood, may on a fine day catch as many
as five or six hundred diamond beetles. We
are sorry to say that our tribe is threatened
with extinction by the fashion, which now
prevails in Europe of converting our wing-
cases into ornament for the ladies."
The Typographer-Beetle raised his head
and said, "I bore into a tree and feed
upon the soft inner bark; could you see the
paths I make, and the resemblance they
bear to letters, you would understand why
I received my name. Our family is very
large, and it is good for us that Europe has
its forests. Sometimes 80,000 of us take up
our residences in a single tree, and the tree
is soon brought to ruin. In the Hartz forest
in the year 1788, we killed as many as a
million and a-half of pines. Multiply these
numbers together, and you have a quarter
and twenty thousand millions as the popula-
tion of one forest at one time! Had it not
been that some of us migrated, and that
cold and moist seasons supervened, the
working of the mines would have been
suspended, I trow, for want of fuel."
The Musk-Beetle is about an inch long,
entirely green, or shaded with a blue or
golden hue, and is very commonly found
upon willows. He belongs to the Longicorn
genus, distinguished by the great develop-
ment of the antennae, which are always at
least as long as the body, and often longer. Tenen says, that some of the Longicornia are esteemed a luxury by the Malabar coolies, who so far avail themselves of the privilege accorded by the Levitical law, which permitted the Hebrews to eat 'the beetle after his kind.' Strix Hans Sloane relates, that the Indians of Jamaica boil beetles in their soups and pottages, and account them of delicious flavour. The negroes of the same island roast them slightly at the fire, and eat them with bread.

A member of the Longicorn family now related that he was the subject of a remarkable superstition among the Singhalenses. They believe that in obedience to a certain form of incantation, a demon in the shape of a beetle is sent to the house of some person or family, whose destruction it is intended to compass, and who presently falls sick and dies. The only means of averting the catastrophe is that some one, himself an adept in necromancy, should perform a counter-charm, the effect of which is to send back the disguised beetle to destroy his original employer; for in such a conjunction the death of one or the other is essential to appease the demon whose intervention has been invoked.

Wallen knew a nun in the monastery of St. Clare, who at the sight of a beetle was affected in the following strange manner. Some young girls, knowing her disposition, threw a beetle into her bosom, which when she perceived she immediately fell into a swoon, deprived of all sense, and remained four hours in cold sweats. She did not regain her strength for many days, but continued trembling and pale.

We must pass on to the Trimera, to which section belong the lady-birds, of which we may further remark, that formerly they were considered a remedy for colic and the measles. They have been recommended also as a cure for the toothache; being said to relieve the pain immediately when one or two are mashed and put into the hollow tooth. Having thus gone the round of the cabinet, we went again into the street; and on our journey homeward I was glad to find that I had to answer several questions put to me by Norman, asent the beetles he was so inclined to shun or to crush only a few hours before.

First of all, he asked me to estimate the number of individuals in each or all of the 49,000 species of beetles. I told him I was utterly at a loss, that some species were common and some rare, that their numbers varied from the severity or favourableness of the season, and that their hosts were sometimes practically infinite. Kirby quotes from the 'Philosophical Transactions,' that in 1688 the common cockchafer filled the hedges and trees of part of the county of

Galway, in such enormous numbers as to cling to each other in clusters, like bees when they swarm. On the wing they darkened the air, and produced a sound like that of distant drums. When they were feeding, the noise of their jaws might be mistaken for the sawing of timbers. Travellers abroad were very much annoyed by their continual flying in their faces, and in a short time the leaves of all the trees for some miles round were so totally consumed by them, that at midsummer the country wore the aspect of the depth of winter. Again, M. Lacordaire informs us that for two successive years, when he was at Buenos Ayres, that city was for about eight days in the spring of each year inundated by such millions of the beetles Harpalus cyprinicus, which arrived daily towards nightfall, that it was necessary every morning to sweep them from the exterior of the houses to a height of several feet above the ground.

Are they to be dreaded in any degree at any time? Well, the injury they do to man is mostly of an indirect kind, such as destroying his trees and perforating his books. M. Peignot mentions an instance where twenty-sevenfolio volumes were perforated in a straight line by a little beetle (probably the Astobius peritrix, or striatum), in such a manner that a string could be passed through the perfectly round hole, and the twenty-seven volumes lifted at once. But there is full evidence, it appears, that the meal-worm (the grub of a beetle), whose usual food is flour, sometimes ventures in ways into the human stomach, and in one instance it is said to have occasioned death. But I would not have you 'remember all the offences' of the poor Coleoptera; they fear you, as I have said, and will sometimes feign death when alarmed; calms them to mind rather the service they render in destroying more noxious insects, in doing duty as ornaments, and in adding to the resources of the medical man. Formerly the earwig was given to strengthen the nerves, and the cockchafer to cure the plague and save from hydrophobia, and even now we are glad to get the Cantharides (Spanish fly) and Mylabris as vesiculators.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

A strange taste to eat into books, you think? Yes; but, with beetles as with men, we must expect to find differences of appetite. One feedeth on hard and dry mahogany, another who is weak eateth herbs; let each one be decided by his own taste. Some beetles, of the Deresticous family, select the Egyptian mummy as pastime and past, while the grubs of others have been found in pills of bitter aloes. In the 'Transactions of the Linnean Society' it is mentioned that a merchant who had a desk, which had been brought from India, received information by frequent scratchings that some
OLD FANCIES.

DEEP sapphire burns in yonder skies,
And shines reflected in the sea,
But darker, deeper blue the eyes
That beam on me.

A bloom lies on the damask rose
That woos the ardour of the bee,
But fairer far the cheek that glows
When turn’d to me.

Yon vine with graceful tendril clings
About the tall columnar tree,

But thy bright hair with golden rings
More pleases me.

Oh, deep the music of the main!
Oh, sweet the breeze o’er broomy lea!
But richer is thy lute-like strain
Of melody.

“Nay,” say’st thou, “these are fancies old
As sky and rose, as vine and sea;”
And old as these the love-tale told
To-day—by me!

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.
AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

NEVER was England so sorely pressed, and never had she come out of the struggle more triumphantly, than during the terrible war occasioned by the news of the French Revolution. When we look back over the pages of our history and see that at one time nearly every nation on the face of Europe was in arms against her, we may well wonder that she did not also succumb to the shock, as did the once mighty Poland to the hosts of Catherine of Russia. But in every war that has yet arisen we have always found men, brave and true, ready to take the command of our forces and armies. Sir Sidney Smith, the subject of this sketch, was in 1797 appointed to take the command of a squadron then stationed off Havre de Grace, and it was while on that station that the event of which I shall presently speak took place.

Having captured a French lugger she was carried in the darkness of the night, by the strength of the tide, above the forts of the town. On the approach of morning his situation was perceived by the French, who immediately sent out a lugger of much larger size against them. Sir Sidney Smith, seeing the impossibility of resistance, without losing the greater part of his crew, surrendered. He was taken to Paris with his secretary, and a French emigrant, M. de Ti——, who, it was arranged, was to pass as Sir Sidney's servant John, in the hope of saving his life. The law in France against returned emigrants being still very severe. Arrived in Paris, Sir Sidney was treated with the greatest harshness, and imprisoned in the abbaye with his companions.

The window of his cell being towards the street greatly raised his hopes of the possibility of an escape, and he, by playing upon his flute, soon arrested the attention of a lady who lived on the opposite side of the street. One day seeing that she was watching him, he took a leaf from a book which was lying by his side, and with his finger dipped in soot drew the letter A. He then held the paper to the window, she nodded her head to show that she understood him, and on receiving this signal he touched the top of the first bar of his window, which he wished her to consider as the letter A, the second bar for B, until he had established with the lady a slow but sure means of communication, but which could only be carried on at intervals in consequence of the extreme watchfulness of his keepers. He soon told to this lady his rank, i.e., and informed her to induce other French gentlemen and ladies to assist him and his companions in escaping from the prison, assuring her that every expense she was put to for that purpose should be returned her again.

This lady soon induced others to lend their aid in assisting in the escape of Sir Sidney, and various plans were laid before him, but he was determined that he would not leave his secretary, or his friend Monsieur de Ti——, behind, consequently many were rejected.

M. de Ti——, as Sir Sidney's servant John, played his part capably, so that no one had ever the least suspicion that he was other than he pretended to be. He played, sang and drank with his keeper, made love to the pretty daughter of his keeper, and insinuated himself into the good graces of every one who came near him.

The prisoners were now removed to the Temple, and Madame de Ti——, who was now residing in Paris, also began to devise means for the liberation of her husband. She persuaded a French gentleman who assumed the name of Charles L'Oiseau to join in her scheme, and they arranged that a lady friend of theirs, Mademoiselle D——, was to take apartments in a house adjoining the Temple, and that a hole must be excavated from a cellar in the house to near the cell of Sir Sidney. The work was commenced and nearly completed when Charles L'Oiseau thought the hole must have been bored too low. It was then thought advisable to have the wall sounded, and Madame de Ti—— procured a mason for that purpose, and although the wall was sounded with great care, a large stone was loosened and fell in the garden of the prison. The noise made by the falling stone soon aroused the sentinels, who discovered everything but the parties concerned in the attempt.

Although this bold attempt failed, it did not lower the captive's hope of ultimately effecting an escape, and his numerous friends soon arranged another plan for the accomplishment of this purpose. Sir Sidney's keeper Lasne perceived this, and Sir Sidney admitted that he was right. But although Lasne was perfectly aware that various plans were on foot for his prisoner's deliverance, yet he often allowed Sir Sidney, on receiving his parole of honour not to escape, to wander about the city until a certain hour agreed upon between them, knowing that a British officer would sooner lose his life, than sully his reputation. Immediately on the expiration of the time the old footing would be renewed, namely, that of keeper and prisoner.

One event that greatly relieved Sir Sidney was the exchange of M. de Ti—— with John, alias John, as there being spies among the prisoners, his situation was extremely dangerous.
A DARK PAGE FROM THE ANNALS OF BERKELEY CASTLE.

Twas a late tempestuous night towards the end of September: the wind moaned and shrieked in wild fury, driving over waste and through wood, tearing around manse and cot, scattering the withered leaves, uprooting the trees and strewing the earth with broken branches and twigs, as it rushed onwards in wild glee. The Storm King revelled in the wild fury of that fearful night; the rain fell in drenching sheets, the sombre inky pall of night was rent in twain, and lurid sheets of flame broke through the dark canopy, scattering forked darts of fire around; the rattling thunder followed—now in sharp detonation, now in a hollow deafening roar, shaking the very earth to its centre.

Through the dark and storm of that September eve a messenger is swiftly riding, drenched to the skin, benumbed and weary; he urges on his wayworn steed with many a deep and bitter curse. But now he rears up before a dark and stately edifice which looms high amidst the dark canopy of night; loudly his voice rings amidst the war of contending elements. For some time his loud shouts and curses are disregarded. At length a heavy foot is heard slowly crossing the courtyard, a torch is thrust through a loop in the wall, and a pair of bright and fiery eyes curiously scrutinise the new comer.

"Whence comest thou? and for what?" interrogates the old warder of Berkeley Castle. "Never before saw I messenger riding to our gates so late. But alas, in these times of blood, things go on queerly and strangely."

"Peace, old driveller!" interrupted the messenger. "I bear despatches from the Queen to Sir John M'Altravers; therefore open the wicket quick, for an thou keepest me out longer in the drenching rain, thy ears shall pay for it."

"Nay, I must e'en open to thee, boasting braggart that thou art. But, old though I be, 'twould take a stouter knave than thee to touch my ears," muttered the old man, as he noisily undid bolt and chain, and threw open the wicket to admit the soldier.

In a large room of the castle sat two men, low-browed and sensual, and sinister of aspect; they had evidently been drinking hard, as their flushed countenances, and the empty flasks and glasses strewed about the table, testified. They were moodily gazing into the heart of the ruddy fire, which crackled and roared behind the fire-dogs, when a trooper suddenly entered, and informed them that a messenger from the Queen awaited an audience with Sir John M'Altravers and Sir Thomas Gurney.

"Show him into the room immediately," shouted M'Altravers; "quick, knave! don't hear?"
The messenger entered the room, and, doing his cap, presented Maltravers with a small billet, carefully sealed, and secured with a silken string. Maltravers, dismissing the messenger with a wave of his hand, tore open the missive, and disclosed a scrap of paper, across which was written the following two lines:

Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est.  
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est.

Handing the letter to Gurney, Maltravers bowed his head in thought. A strangely weird spectacle that room appeared; the glowing embers cast a broad glare of light around, gilding the armour and weapons, which lay around with its reflecting sheen. Maltravers, bowed in thought, a cold perspiration on his brow, a wild, demonscense gleam in his eye. Gurney—staring at the billet, turning and twisting it in all shapes and fashions, a ludicrous expression of perplexity on his face. A more interesting tableau, limner never depicted.

Maltravers broke the silence with a low and emphatic “Well!”

Tossing the paper to him, Gurney testily exclaimed—

“Nay, take the paper; I can make nothing of it. Be it Greek or cypher, I know not. I am no clerk; so, prithee read it, Sir John.”

Crossing over to Gurney, Maltravers bent his head, and, in a low whisper, translated, as follows:—

Edward, to kill fear not, the deed is good.  
Edward, kill not, to fear the deed is good.

“Dost understand the import, man?” added he.

“Tea: that do I,” was the ready answer.

“It means that our good Queen is tired of her royal spouse, and would fain have us dispose of him.”

“Good, but thou speakest too high; go and see if Edward sleepeth, whilst I summon Oyle, for 'tis a business 'will take three to manage,” returned Maltravers.

Gurney gently opened a door which communicated with an inner chamber, and noiselessly entered. The room was small, cold, and dismal; it was illuminated by a flickering torch, stuck in an iron sconce; a chair, table, and miserable bed, composed the whole of its furniture. The occupant of this room was a man of kingly aspect. Though, to all appearance, he was in the prime of life, yet his brow was beamed with deep wrinkles, and his luxuriant hair was silvered by grief and care. He sat with his eyes rivetted on the floor; a sad and melancholy gloom pervaded his features; unconsciously of the presence of his gosier, he was sadly murmuring to himself.

Gurney, in a brutally insolent tone, broke the silence.

“What, not in bed yet, Edward? 'Tis not good to keep such late hours. Shouldst thou fall sick, think how griefed would be the good people of England. Thou must to bed instantly, lest I act the varlet to thee.”

At the first sound of his voice, the King had turned pale, and violently started from his seat, with an expression of mortal fear on his countenance. Recovering himself, he haughtily and solemnly replied:—

“Ah! Thomas Gurney, of a verity thou hast played the varlet to me; but beware what I say. Thou shalt not insult and scoff at the Lord's Anointed without thy reward. The days shall come when retribution shall overtake thee. I command thee to leave this room. Can I not command the exclusion of one miserable chamber?—I, the crowned, the anointed King of this fair land! Dost hear, ruffian? I command thee to retire. Were my Lord Berkeley here, thou shouldst answer for thy insolence.”

With a scowling smile and a muttered oath, Gurney dashed the door to, bolted it, and took his place by the side of his companions. For a couple of hours they sat round the fire, moodily whispering together. At length they arose, and approached the door of the room in which their royal captive lay. Their purpose could be plainly read on their faces; their eyes were white as those of the dead, their lips were livid, their eyes glaring with a devilish light. Maltravers bore in his hand a rod of iron, one end of which was heated to a white heat. Silently they entered, and fastened the door. Then, for a moment, nought was heard but the wild clamour of the storm. Then was heard a scuffling and a beating against the wall—a hard and quick breathing, as of men in mortal struggle. Then again succeeded a brief period of silence; the wind ceased to howl, the rain to beat; the thunder no longer boomed on high—all was silent, a silence that almost might be felt, a silence to curdle the blood, and awe the stoutest heart. The storm swept onwards in fury; thou—far above the pelting of the rain, the roar of the wind, or the deep reverberation of the thunder—was heard a succession of awful heartrending shrieks. Forth on the night air pealed those wild and frenzied cries. The good townsfolk were awakened, and prayed tearfully and earnestly for the soul of the Plantagenet; for well they knew what those fearful shrieks portended. Again all is still: no sounds save those of the rushing storm are heard. Edward the Second is at rest. The dread tragedy of the 21st of September, 1327, is consummated.

ED. LAMPLough.
PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

Pour out a glass of champagne or bottled ale, and wait till the effervescence has ceased. You may then renew it by throwing into the liquor a bit of paper, a crumb of bread, or even by violently shaking the glass. The bubbles of carbonic acid rise chiefly from where the liquor is in contact with the glass, and is in greatest abundance at those parts where there are asperities. The bubbles setting out from the surface of the glass are at first very small, but they enlarge in passing through the liquor.

Mr. Campbell, in his work called "Frost and Fire," recommends the following interesting experiments as illustrating the nature of currents in the ocean and atmosphere.

Let a common aquarium or oblong fish-tank be half filled with water, and placed in the sun. At one end sink a black stone, at the other float a few lumps of rough ice. Let the water settle, and gently pour milk upon the ice, in the proportion of an ounce of milk to each gallon of water in the tank. The black stone absorbs the sun's heat, and communicates it to the adjacent water, occasioning an ascending current, while the cooling influence of the ice at the other end produces a descending current. The milk, mixing very slowly with the water, forms clouds, whose movements indicate the currents, and the amount of force by which they are impelled. Mr. Campbell says, that the cloud forms are copied with marvellous fidelity in this water-toy, and because the movement is very slow they are easily seen and copied.

Sir John Herschell says, there is hardly a more beautiful or a more instructive object in nature than a large well-blown soap-bubble. The vivid colours which glitter on its surface afford at once the simplest and most elegant optical illustration of the "law of interference" of the rays of light.

If a soap-bubble be blown in a clean circular saucer, with a very smooth, even rim, well moistened with the soapy liquid, and care be taken in the blowing that it be single, quite free from any small adhering bubbles, and somewhat more than hemisphere; so that, while it touches and springs from the rim all round, it shall somewhat overhang the saucer; and if in this state it be placed under a clear glass hemisphere, or other transparent cover, to defend it from gusts of air and prevent its dying too quickly; the colours, which in the act of blowing wander irregular by over its surface, will be observed to arrange themselves into regular circles, surrounding the highest part or vertex of the sphere.

If the bubble be a thick one (not blown to near the bursting point), only faint or perhaps no colours at all will at first appear, but will gradually come on, growing more full and vivid, and that, not by any particular colour assuming a greater richness and depth of tint, but by the gradual withdrawal of the faint tints from the vertex, while fresh and more intense lines appear at that point, and open out into circular rings surrounding it, giving place, as they enlarge, to others still more brilliant, until at length a very bright white spot makes its appearance, quickly succeeded by a perfectly black one. Soon after the appearance of this the bubble bursts. During the whole process it has been growing gradually thinner by the slow descent of its liquid substance on all sides from the vertex, till at length the cohesion of the film at the point gives way under the general tension of its surface.

The annular arrangement of the colours, and the coincidence of their common centres, with this the thinnest point of the film, evidently go to connect their tints with the thicknesses of that film at their points of manifestation, and to indicate that a certain tint is developed at a certain thickness, and at no other.

The order of the colours and the sequence of the tints is in all cases one and the same, provided the series be complete, i.e., provided time has been given for the black central spot to form. Thus the first series or order contained within the first ring consists of black, very pale blue, brilliant white, very pale yellow, orange, red; the second of dark purple, blue, imperfect yellow-green, bright yellow, crimson; the third of purple, blue, green, yellow, pink, crimson; the fourth of blue-green, pale pink inclining to yellow, red; the fifth, pale bluish green, white, pink. After these the colours grow paler and paler, alternately bluish green and pink, and can hardly be traced beyond the seventh order.

M. Plateau gives the following recipe for making a good soapy liquid for the bubbles.

1. Dissolve one part, by weight, of Marseilles soap, cut into thin slices, in forty parts of distilled water, and filter. Call the filtered liquid A. 2. Mix two parts, by measure, of pure glycerine with one part of the solution A, in a temperature of 60°F. After shaking them together long and violently, leave them at rest for some days. A clear liquid will settle, with a turbid one above. The lower is to be sucked out from beneath the upper with a siphon, taking the utmost care not to carry down any of the latter to mix with the clear fluid. A bubble blown with this will last several hours, even in the open air. Or the mixed liquid, after standing twenty-four hours, may be filtered.
ARITHMOREMS.

13.
1. 601 and Bebas (islands in the Atlantic Ocean).
2. 101 and Pars (a continent).
3. 19 and H not great (a county in England).
4. 180 and Seze (a town in Wiltshire).
5. 50 and Ber (a river in Spain).
6. 550 and No (the greatest city in the world).

The initials and finals read downwards will give the name of a celebrated music composer, and one of his oratorios.

14.
1. 1500 enrage (a man of arms).
2. 106 bares (records).
3. 3000 e.té (a half-moon in fortification).
4. 1500 one AE (a beverage).
5. 1001 gaper (a short poem).
6. 106 a roar (a wise man).
7. 106 one (one as yet un instructed).

The initials of the above will give the name of a large Spanish ship.

15.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A town in Spain.
A town in Portugal.
A town in Holland.
A town in England.
A town in England.
A town in Syria.

The initials read downwards will give the name of a celebrated music composer.

16.—CHANGEMENT DE MAJUSCULES.

Je suis un petit animal; changez ma tête, et je deviens une couleur; changez ma téte une autre fois, et je deviens une verbe actif.

W. G. FOLLET.

17.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I am a town of Russia; transpose me, and I become a mechanical power.
2. I am a metal; transpose me, and I become a town of Kent.
3. I am a river of England; transpose me, and I become an intoxicating drink.
4. I am a body of men; transpose me, and I become a girl's name.

W. G. FOLLET.

18.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

Six Lines from Shakespeare.

"ψβθηεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 
"ερθεκβπερδβεζεψχεθ", 

R. W. M. POPE.

BOTANICAL REBUS.

The initials of the common names of the following plants read downwards will give the name of a very poisonous plant, which is used in medicine as a valuable narcotic.

1. Taraxacum Deus Leonis.
2. Euphorbia officinalis.
3. Aretium Scolymus.
4. Rumex obtusifolius.
5. Robertsonia umbrosa.
6. Achilles millefolium.
7. Urceis dioica.
8. Hedera Helix.
10. Sempervivum tectorum.
11. Thyrsus vulgaris.
12. Mentha viridis.
13. Conium maculatum.
15. Helianthus perennis.

W. G. FOLLET.

20.—REBUS.

1. An obsolete coin of the realm.
2. An isle off the coast of France.
3. A great British novelist.
4. A fruit.
5. An ocean.
6. A heathen goddess.
7. A town in Further India.
10. A river of Spain.
11. An English university.
12. A great German reformer.
13. A boy's name.
15. A girl's name.

The initials of the above read downwards will give the name of a celebrated Swednish king and general.

ALBERT JOHN MAIT.

21.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I consist of twenty-two letters.
My 10, 20, 16, 4, 11, 8 is "unadorned."
My 9, 21, 13 is an article of covering.
My 17, 19, 6 is a girl's name.
My 22, 16, 14, 2 denotes something imperfect.
My 1, 3, 18 is a boy's name.
My 7, 8 is an English adverb.
My 12, 14, 3, 22, 13 is a small fish.
My whole is the name of a well-known book.

SELINA.

22.—CHARADE.

My first is an animal that's very good for food,
My second is a crossing that's really very crude;
Where the river is the shallowest, and does more slowly flow,
'Tis here you'll find my second, o'er which my first doth sometimes go.
My whole it is a town which for learning is renowned,
So search the map of England till my answer you have found.

ALFRED L. WADDEN.
CONUNDRUMS.

23. Why is a person who has wandered away wilfully like a good workman?

G. H. HERBEBLIEH.

24. Why is a monument like a packet of note-paper?

J. COX, Jun.

25.—LOGOGRAPHIE (Original).

Behold ye corsair as he sails the sea,
And oh, my stars! how angry he will be!
{ Darkness impends, and flowing waters fail;
And hapless victims may be sent to gaol:
But next the tall remove, and look once more.
That has a tail which had not one before.
Behold, you’ll leave of that the latter half;
Again, to enrich what’s left, we rob the sucking sail.

A. S. BRYAN.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

What is amber?—It is not exactly known of what amber consists; but from the insects found therein it is supposed to have once been in a fluid state, and is generally found on the south coast of the Baltic, Sicily, and the Adriatic.

F. C. COX.

What is the difference between an attorney and a solicitor?—Nearly every attorney is a solicitor, and nearly every solicitor is an attorney. An attorney is one who is appointed to act for a party in a court of common law, and a solicitor is a person employed to conduct proceedings in the Equity courts, before Parliament, the Privy Council, &c. &c. Both attorneys and solicitors are under the same, or similar, laws and regulations.

W. G. FOLLETT.

The Dius Irae are the first words of a Latin hymn describing the final judgment of the world. It forms a part of the Requiem (the mass for the souls of the dead).

W. I. CROGHAN.

Invention of Gunpowder.—If we may believe the reports of the Chinese historians, the Chinese were first acquainted with the application of gunpowder. In 1331 the Moors used it in their operations before Alican, and again in 1341 at Algeziras. The invention of cannon is also attributed to the Chinese; and some say that there are now cannon in China which were made in the 8th year of the Christian era.

A good English pronouncing dictionary.—In my opinion, “Boag’s Imperial Lexicon,” 2 vols., is the best, published by A. Fullarton & Co., 108, Newgate Street. The price is about 40s.

JOHN MOORE.

How to make skeleton leaves.—Put the leaf into a cup full of rain water, and put it in the open air where the rays of the sun can get to it. When the leaf is left dry in the cup, fill it with water again, and continue to do so for one to two months. By that time it will putrif. Take the leaf and lay it on a flat earthen plate, cover it with spring water, and gently press it with the finger. When all the moisture is pressed out, they should be placed between the leaves of a book.

In what year did Peter the Great die?—Peter the Great, Czar of Moscow, was the only son of his father’s second wife, born at Moscow on the 11th of June, 1672; he died at Berezof, in 1725.

O. E. HAY.

Who was the inventor of the microscope, and in what reign and in what year was it invented?—The early history of this instrument is involved in such obscurity that neither the date of its invention nor the name of the inventor can be ascertained with any degree of certainty. Microscopes consisting of a simple glass lens must have been discovered during the 1st century, for Pliny mentions the use of glass lenses, but the compound microscope is believed to have been invented by Zacharias Jansen, in 1590. The first work in connection with microscopy was Robert Hooke’s “Micrographia,” published in 1665.

O. E. HAY.

What is the best thing to preserve the teeth?—Brush them every morning with common salt.

BARTIE O’CALLAGHAN.

What is the best time to cut adler for a model pup—December or January?

BARTIE O’CALLAGHAN.

How many universities are there in the United Kingdom?—There are ten. England has four, viz., Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London. Scotland has five, viz., Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Old Aberdeen, and St. Andrews. Ireland has one, viz., Dublin. Ireland has also a Roman Catholic college at Maynooth, and Queen’s Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway. The Queen’s Colleges are general colleges, being open equally to Roman Catholics and Protestants.

What is the best and cheapest book on geometry, who are the publishers, and what is the price?—“Principles of Geometry,” by Henry Lowndes, 2 vols. in 1, price 2s.; published by Virtue Brothers & Co., 1, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.

W. G. FOLLETT.

What are Lambeth degrees, and what degrees conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury on clergymen who have not graduated at a University?

W. G. FOLLETT.

What is the difference between “connection” and “connexion?”—The answer to this query supplied by one of your correspondents, I must confess, rather curious. He endeavours to show that there is some difference between the two words; but as I do not write for the purpose of criticising what he has said, I shall pass over his reply, and proceed to state my own opinion. And here let me does any attempt to dogmatise, or force down the throats of others that which I myself hold. On the contrary, I am open to conviction if I am wrong, and only write in the hope of hearing more on this subject from any of your correspondents who may feel disposed to give us their opinions; and especially should I like to hear the authority on which W. Hawley bases his opinions. I believe the two words (if we allow the one to spell with e) mean precisely the same thing. I say, “if we allow the one to spell with e,” for, as I shall show, this is evidently a word which has crept into our language, and has been taken into use pretty frequently now-a-days. The word connexion is evidently derived from the Latin connectus by the addition of an e, in the same way as conjunction from coniunctio, satisfaction from salutatio, pension from pensio, and many others. This word connectus is, in its turn, derived from the supine connectum of the verb connecto (from which we get connect, connect, connect, connecta, connectare, “to unite,” &c. &c.; so that it is clear that connexion was the original way of spelling the word. Thus much for the derivation—what for the meaning of the word? In Todd’s “Johnson’s Dictionary,” so much word as con-
The genealogy of Queen Victoria from Robert Bruce—Robert Bruce; Henry Bruce; Mary Bruce; Robert II; Robert III; James I; James II; James III; James IV; James V; Mary; James VI; Elizabeth, married Frederick of Bohemia, Son of John the Second; married Ernest Augustus of Hanover; George J; George II; George III; Edward, Duke of Kent; Victoria.

G. Arthur Gibbs.

What is the meaning of the word “Europe,” and why was it so called?—The name Europe first occurs in a poem attributed to Homer. Herodotus says he does not know how the name came to be given to our continent, except it be from Europe, the daughter of the King of Tyre; but he seems hardly satisfied with this explanation, and I have no other to offer.

S. G. Wiles.

How can I keep the blades of my skates bright?—Oil them well about every three months, and keep them in a dry place.

What is the origin of the expression “A Roland for an Oliver”?

“Troissard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Oliver’s and Rolands bred During the time Edward III did reign.”

Shakespeare’s “King Henry VI,” Part I, Act I.

Oliver and Roland were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne’s twelve pairs, and their exploits are the themes of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of those champions arose the saying of giving a Roland for an Oliver; for giving a person as good as he brings.

J. C. Spanwick.

Which is the best and cheapest book on leguminous, by whom published, and the price?—The best book on magic is “A Shilling’s worth of Magic,” published by Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, price 1s.

J. E. C.

Where was Oliver Goldsmith born?—Oliver Goldsmith, a celebrated poet, historian, and essayist, was born at Falles, in the county of Longford, in Ireland, in the year 1728. He was the son of a clergyman, and was educated at the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden, with a view to the medical profession. He was a member of the literary club. He died at his chambers in the Temple, 4th April, 1774, and was buried in the churchyard of the Temple, but a monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

James M. Fyfe.

What is a Ship’s Husband?—A peculiar sort of agent, created and delegated by the owner of a ship, to look after the repairs, equipment, management, and other concerns of the ship. The duties of the ship’s husband are:—(1) To see the proper outfit of a vessel in the repairs adequate to the voyage, and in the tackle and furniture necessary for a seaworthy ship. (2) To have a proper master, mate, and crew for the ship, so that in this respect it shall be seaworthy. (3) To see to the due furnishing of provisions and stores, according to the necessities of the voyage. (4) To see to the regality of all the clearances from the Custom-House, and the regularity of the registry. (5) To settle the contracts, and provide for the payments of the furnishings, which are requisite in the performance of those duties. (6) To enter into proper charter-parties, or engage the vessel for general freight, under the usual conditions; and to settle for freight and dates of arrangements with the merchant. (7) To preserve the proper certificates, surveys, and documents in case of future disputes with insurers or freighters, and to keep regular books of the ship.

W. G. FOLLETT.
OUR SPHINX.


ANSWERS REQUIRED.

When was the battle of Jena fought?  When was Fahrenheit’s thermometer invented?  When was it we had a fair on the Thames, it being frozen over?  When were waterworks erected at London Bridge?  In what year was Wolsey made Dean of Lincoln?  When were Hansom patents first in use?  What is the difference between a lake and a pond?  When did the siege of Gloucester take place, and the persons concerned in it?  The principal bridges across the Thames?  The principal lighthouses off the coast of Scotland?  The principal naval stations of Scotland?  The best way to make a cardboard locomotive, with all particulars?  What causes snow?  What causes thunder?  What causes lightning?  What is the best treatment for parrots?  What is the meaning of “Arreah na Pogne,” the title of the celebrated drama by Dion Boucicault, Esq.?  H. F. MILLER.

The best book on coins, with illustrations, and price for a collector?  How to make artificial fire-works, also in what book to find the best and fullest instructions for making same, its price, and name of publishers.  J. R.

How many different kinds of mineral springs are there, and what are they composed of?  How to remove freckles from the face?  When was mahogany first introduced into England?  Who was the inventor of the thermometer? Where was the first canal constructed?  What is gutta-percha?  HENRIETTA GILBERT.

Why are the bishops of the Church of England styled “Right Reverend”?  What is the price of the “Encyclopaedia Britannica”?  Which interpolation is more correct — For whom is this book? or, Whom is this book for?  W. G. FOLLETT.

Can any one tell me the price of the cheapest book on illuminating and mission painting?  The cheapest edition of “Valentine Vox”?  How to make a water-clock?  F. C. COX.

What is the best cure for baldness or falling off of the hair?  What is the general dress of pirates?  What is an easy way of telling the disposition of a person by his figure?  W. H. B. P. A. PEELE.

What is the most secure kind of secret correspondence?  What is the best preventative of sea-sickness?  What is the pension of naval seamen, and how long do they have to serve to obtain it?  What book is the best about ships, their rigging and management? GEORGE RICHARD NEW.

What is the best and cheapest book or guide to any person wishing to enter the merchant service?  How to make Will o’ the Wisp paper or Parachute lighting?  How to make French paper detonating caps?  W. W. HYMAS.

How to make an electric battery?  How to make a Pharaoh’s serpent?  Where to get a cheap chemistry book, and how much?  R. OSMA.

Is oxygen gas heavier or lighter than common gas?  

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent writes:—

DEAR SIR—I have been very much astonished by the following calculation of the vast number of changes which the Kaleidoscope will admit of, and I trust that you will publish it.

Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, &c., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,800,676 years and 303 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing, amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity.  Or if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,364 days, or ninety-one years and forty-nine days, to exhaust its variations.—I remain, Yours, &c.,

J. E. SPARSWICK.

Another correspondent sends the following:—

DYING WORDS OF EMINENT PERSONAGES.

Lord Nelson—“I kiss you, Hardy.  I thank God I have done my duty.”

Napoleon—“Head of the army.”

Lawrence—“Don’t give up the ships.”

Washington—“It is well.”

J. W. BURR.

Byron—“I must sleep now.”

Sir Walter Scott—“I feel as if I were myself again.”

Robert Burns—“Don’t let that awkward squad fire over my grave.”

Alliier—“Crap my hand, my good friend, I die.”

Goethe—“Let the light enter.”

Tasso—“Into thy hands, O Lord.”

Cardinal Beaufort—“What is there no breezing death?”

Sir Walter Raleigh—“It matters little how the head lies.”

Sir Thomas More—“I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself (as ascending the scaffold).”

Chancellor Thurlow—“I’m shot if I don’t believe I’m dying.”

Adams—“Independence for ever.”

Madame de Stael—“I have God, my father, and liberty.”

Greuter—“He serious.”

Jefferson—“I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country.”

J. Q. Adams—“It is the last of earth.”

Harrison—“I wish you to understand the true principles of the government.  I wish them carried out.  I ask nothing more.”

Taylor—“I have endeavoured to do my duty.”

Franklin—“A dying man can do nothing easy.”

Mirabeau—“Let me die to the sounds of delicious music.”

Charles II.—“Let not poor Nelly starve.”

Queen Elizabeth.—“All my possessions for a moment of time.”
OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

IS THE USE OF TOBACCO INJURIOUS TO HEALTH?

Mr. Bollly,-"It is small, very small" (clasping his neck),

Frederick V. of Denmark.-"There is not a drop of blood in my hands."

Napoleon.-"Is this your fidelity?"

Voltaire.-"You spoke of refreshment, my Excellency; take my note, sit down to my piano here, sing them with a hymn of your own composing; let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solace and delight."

Haydn.-"God preserve the Emperor."

Haller.-"The artery ceased to beat."

ALICE S. BAYLIS.

A correspondent says:—It occurred to me that the following facts might be worthy of notice with reference to the article on "Yachting" in the Boy's Monthly Magazine of September, 1866. The Mosquito, though undoubtedly a crack yacht, was last year beaten over and over again by the Febe, a Clyde-built yacht, which is at present quite a steady barge now. The Mosquito, it is true, is now old; but she was last year thoroughly repaired, and actually went faster than she did a dozen years ago. The Febe likewise beat the Veolia. In both cases the former made allowance for tonnage, she being 80 tons burthen. The Royal Northern Yacht Club, in these waters (the Clyde), is a superior club, both as regards number of vessels, tonnage, and speed of yachts, to many of those clubs you mention. In conclusion, let me suggest that your magazine be a little less English and a little more British in tone, when it will be more acceptable to Scotch readers. Thanking you for the able exertions you have made in the formation of boy's literature, I remain, &c.

W. G. F.-The monthly issue of the "Boy's Own Library" is for the present discontuined. —J. C. Cox.—There is no definite arrangement. —J. Morris.—Forty plays are attributed to Shakespeare. B. Hutchins.—See "Bentinck's Reiter." —Young Hopeful.—We shall have pleasure in deciding on the respective merits of the essays you wish to submit to our notice. —Alfred Hurbert.—The story of "Shot and Shell" will be continued through the whole of the twelve numbers of the Boy's Monthly Magazine for 1866.


Declined with thanks.—"Overland Route to India." "The New Year," "Daring Escape of a Poacher," "The Creda Colori," "Battle of Guadalete,""Low, 2,100 Reward."

M. More than a score of Essayists express themselves ably on the great Smokes Question. The majority consider the use and use of tobacco is a sin and must be denounced in strong terms; a few "go in" for the weed, but discuss the question very fairly; but not one is enthusiastic as to the "herb of immortal fame."

The Prize is awarded to James E. Lister, whose Essay most entertainingly and pertinently, is well expressed, and fairly written. He considers tobacco injurious to health.

"Of all the plants that Tillot's bosom yields, In groves, glades, gardens, marshes, fields, None so pernicious to man's life is known As is tobacco." —Sylvester.

J. R. Truby, in an interesting Essay, quotes Dr.兰xkester to the effect that, if tobacco and alcohol were tried before any competent tribunal for the evil they have inflicted on society, alcohol would be condemned to be hanged, while tobacco would go off with a man's last appearance at As tobacco.—"Sylvester.

ALFRED L. WADDON concludes an able paper by saying:—"No one ought to smoke until they arrive at manhood. During the early period of life, when the youth is approaching to his manhood, all the physical and mental energies are at their full stretch to attain a certain maximum of strength and power. To throw obstacles in the way of this development is necessarily to inflict on it a penalty which is life-endangering and is never made up. Here is my opinion on smoking, and with it I conclude my Essay. Any grown person may smoke in moderation, but they would be better without it." —Archibald Colquhoun.

In a carefully prepared and thoughtful paper, says:—"It has long been evident that working men must and will have some luxuries. It is natural for them to seek them, and they cannot be prevented from having them. Now it cannot be denied that tobacco, viewed as a luxury, is less hurtful and less expensive than either opium or alcohol. It is generally believed against it, but, if true, would place the question on a different and more fruitful basis. It is alleged that smoking is a powerful incentive to the use of intoxicating drink. This assertion is a strong one, and ought not to be made before it is satisfactorily proved, yet it is not corroborated either by testimony or experience; if we were to inquire into the facts, we would find the reverse to be the case. Among students studying hard for degrees at the universities, smoking is indulged in to an extent that would horrify an anti-tobaccoist; yet they do not, and indeed are not, all cigarets and Spinal, where smoking is far more universally indulged in than it is in this country, it is customary to drink any intoxicating liquors at all to the cigar or pipe; and, therefore, the noteworthy fact is, that, among the numerous cases of chronic alcoholism, or dementia tenebrae, and pass on, it is obvious that it acts in many cases as a direct preservative from drink; many poor finishing creatures in our large cities would inevitably take to drinking, were it not for the comforting and cheering effect which an occasional pinch of snuff has upon them; it tends to sustain their energies under fatigue and anxiety to which they would otherwise succumb, and though its effects are temporary, they are not detrimental. Such is a brief approximation to the truth with regard to the question which forms the subject of this Essay, and the practical conclusion to which we must come is, that the use of tobacco is in many cases serviceable and beneficial, but that, when indulged in by those who are young, healthy, and free from every ailment, it is both useless and injurious."

W. R. KINISON attacks the anti-tobacco statements of one of the chief advocates of that cause, Mr. Bollly, he says, "asserts that' high intellectual activity' is interfered with by the habit of smoking; and he rather unjustly seeks to prove his statements by stating that Lord Bogan and Sir Charles Neale gave up smoking as soon as they entered their respective commands in the last war, &c. I fear tobacco smokers will say, 'that was the reason they made such a mess of it; had they kept on smoking they would have been more successful.' I, however, believe Mr. Bollly makes a great mistake by appealing to the ashes of the illustrious dead. Take, for instance, the following:—Halsey, Newton, Hobbs, Leake, Milton, Byron, Coleridge, Charles Lamb (see his 'Ode to Tobacco'), Mme. de Stael, Scott, Robert Hall, Burns—all smokers. Among the living
great men who smoke habitually are Tennyson, Gisler, and
Lionel Napoleon. After this evidence I think Mr. Holly
must countenance the statement, that high intellec-
tual activity is interfered with by the habit of smoking.
I select the following names of the use of tobacco in
lunatic asylums,—Colney Hatch—Tobacco and snuff for one
year, £27 5s.; North and East Basing Lunatic Asylum—
Tobacco, 260 lbs., £28 16s. 5d., snuff 8s. 6d., £1 17s. 6d.,
White County Asylum—Tobacco, 227 lbs., £27 5s., £1 17s. 6d.,
£1 6s. 8d. The medical superintendents of our asylums
must be prepared to defend this practice against the denun-
ciations of Mauzeroll and Holly. These was, a few
years ago, an old woman at Swansea, 106 years old,
his pipe was never out of her mouth; and I have
remarked of late that most old women who have died at
a very advanced age, beyond 100 years, have re-
tained the habit until the last moments of their lives. As
far as I have been able to find out, it would appear that
excessive smoking is more particularly confined to young
men—a class of persons who are generally apt to run into
excesses of all kinds.

N. H. Hawley. etc.

The pungent, nose-refreshing weed,
Which, whether polished, or plain
A speedy passage to the brain;
Or whether, touched with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies.
Does though more quickens and refines
Than all the breath of all the Nine.

WILLIAM T. NEWBURY has brought together a large
amount of valuable information concerning the history,
character, and uses of the tobacco plant. His style is pleasant,
and he quotes from safe authorities. He is of opinion that tobacco
may by habitual use become essential to some constitutions,
but that its general effects are most injurious, and especially
so to the young.

W. Davison emphatically denounces the weed. He
says, "A cunning plot of the chemical properties of tobacco
put on the tongue of a cat produced violent convulsions,
and death in twenty minutes. A thread dipped in the
same oil, and drawn through a wound made by a
needle in an animal killed it in the space of seven minutes.
Indeed, the strong caustic oil and acrid salt which are
contained in tobacco, must produce evil effects beyond
all calculation. Hoping that our esteemed Editor does not smoke,
and that all those readers of the Boy's MONTHLY MAGAZINE
who are addicted to the filthy habit of smoking will give it
up, I conclude my Essay by saying emphatically, that
tobacco is injurious to the health.

FREDERICK BLACKMEN, in summing up, says,—"Smoking
is a habit which any nation would be much better without.
To youths especially, it is a great bane, and a great many
of them seem to think that nothing can be more maddening
than to stagger and stink along the streets with a pipe or
cigar stuck between their jaws—a pretty good imitation
of an age. It has grown to be a great evil, and it is high
time that it were looked to by all the parents and guardians
in the land."

Joseph S. CORNE says,—"I think I cannot conclude
better than by quoting the reply of the Lancer, the organ
of the medical faculty, in answer to a query on tobacco:
"Have smoking as you would shun self-destruction."

W. H. BEECHER, in his Essay, which is well done,
as a tobacco-map, and he says in effectting it,—"Masonic maps,
showing the progress of the world enlightened by Christianity," are
very abundant; ethnological maps, showing the various
colours of the inhabitants of the globe are frequently to be
met with; but a tobacco map we have never met with. It
however appeared to us that a map on the same plan as those
just mentioned, might be drawn so as to show how exten-
sively this tobacco-plant is cultivated, and how universally
it is used. Accordingly, we drew the map at the commemo-
rative of this paper, which, although very rough, will serve
our purpose. As will be seen by referring to the map (for the
green patches represent the places where it is grown), much
tobacco is grown in Europe, particularly Spain, France,
Holland, Germany, and Flanders. In Asia, it is cultivated
in Turkey, India, Tibet, Corea, Japan, the Philippines,
Indies, Java, and Ceylon. In Africa it has been raised
with success on the beds of the Red Sea, and the Medi-
cerranean, in Egypt, Algiers, and the Canaries. In America,
it is grown in Canada, New Brunswick, United States,
Mexico, Brazil, Cuba, Trinidad, and the other West Indies.
It also flourishes in Australia and New Zealand." Beecher is a strong enemy to tobacco, and has collected
a mass of important matter in corroborative of his ex-
pressed opinion.

RAMELL HURTS sends a quaintly humorous Essay con-
demnatory of tobacco, the result, he says, of "a private
and secret discussion with an old grim clay pipe."

JAMES H. LOCKHART affirms that the use of tobacco,
in any quantity or any form, is injurious to health.

John Jacob WACKER writes well, on the same side.

Ensor C. Thomas begins by describing tobacco as "a
narcotic and useless weed," and ends by quoting the late
Lord Palmerston to the effect that we can do nothing to
elevate the labouring classes while they continue to frequent
the tobacco-shop and alehouse.

H. B. McMorran expresses himself forcibly on the same
side, and hopes to see the use of tobacco renounced for
ever. Nine other Essays, where Essays are shorter and not so
well written as those specially mentioned, support the same
opinion; while two other Essays, in papers only remarkable
for brevity, maintain the other side.

James R. Lister (pseud. man), 117, Horsley Fields, Wake-
hampton.

J. R. TERRY (aged 17), 81, Anna's, Copper Augus.

Alfred L. WADDEN (aged 16 and 3 months), Roebeck Lodge,
Long Ditton, Surrey.

Archibald Colquhoun (aged 13), 23, South Apsey Place,
Glasgow.

W. R. Atkinson (aged 15 and 4 months), the Vincian, Low
Leyton, Essex.

H. K. Hawley (aged 17), Brixton Hill.

W. T. NEWBOLD (aged 15), Sping House, near Bury,
Lancashire.

W. Davidson, Ebury Grove, Old Kent Road.

Frederick Blackburn (aged 17), Huddersfield.

Joseph R. Corner (aged 18), Groves Lane, Lord Mayor
Walk, York.

W. H. Beckett (aged 17), Trounhall, South End, Dorking.

Samuel Hunter (aged 16), Low Terry, by Dunfermline.

James H. Lockhart (aged 16), Martonham Cottage, near
Ayr.

John Jacob Warner (aged 16), New Cloth Hall, Skidbrooke,
Co. Cork.

Ernest C. Thomas, Pendleton, Manchester.

H. B. McDermot (aged 16), Linsbur, Co. Galway.

David Woltencroft (aged 16), Rynott, near Oldham,
Lancashire.

John Rawson (aged 16), Ayleshury, Bucks.

W. R. Johnson (aged 13), Dublin.

A. W. Carter (aged 16), Lis of Wight.

Henry J. Trigg (aged 15), Oakhampton.

John Gibbon (aged 15), Union Quay, Cork.

James E. Kelhill (aged 15), Burnley, Staffordshire.

G. H. Hollinshead (aged 10), Salford.

J. M. Wearing (aged 16), Market Street, Lancaster.

W. Meston (aged 16), Aberdeen.

Albert William Tushall (aged 16 and 10 months), Bel-
minister, Bristol.
"As he came up I caught him a stinger on the chin, that sent him heels over head into the ornamental water."
SHOT AND SHELL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER V.

In which Aunt Maria lets me know my true position in society, and mother cries a good deal. Also concerning a party of great small people, every one of whom has been blighted by neglect. I reply that I am not a genius. About my duties, and about a pilgrimage to Chelsea, and an interview with Temberties, which has results. Also about a domestic disturbance, and an escape, not without a struggle, in which little Jove gets rather the worst of it.

I "facilitated my lady" by waiting upon her in her "boudoir." There I found her in a state of considerable excitement, fanning herself vigorously with a great Chinese fan, while her maid bathed her forehead with vinegar.

When I went in she closed her fan, struck at her maid with it as an intimation that her operations might for the present be suspended, and turning fiercely upon me, favoured me with what I have since heard called the rough side of her tongue.

Aunt Maria was never very choice in her language, and on this particular occasion she was less choice than usual. Some of the epithets she employed I had heard in Fleet Market. For some minutes I had not the least idea how I had incurred her displeasure; but at last I ascertained that I was my mother's son, and that my mother had offended her by objecting to something or other that had been proposed—in fact, that there had been a "row" between the women, and that mother—feeble enough, I dare say—had tried to take her own part.

The purport of my aunt's harangue was divisible: it naturally divided itself, as a person would say, into three heads. Firstly, the glorification of her own exalted charity, and supernumerary benevolence in coming to the rescue of her own sister and her sister's son; secondly, the imperative duty of the objects of her charitable exertions fully to recognise and acknowledge her unmerited favour, and to order themselves, as they were bid to do in the catechism, lowly and reverently before her, their better; thirdly, the awful sin of ingratitude, "privity conspiracy, and rebellion," and the terrible penalty which attaches to the least approach to disobedience or wilfulness on the part of the befriended. Very clearly my aunt gave me to understand that I was dependent upon her for every slice of bread or drink of water; that I was fed and lodged and clothed by her bounty; that I had no more claim on her than a link-boy or a shoeblack; and that if I dared to assert myself in any way, she would—to employ her own figurative expression—cast me from her bosom to die in the kennel!

I was more than half a mind to try the kennel at starting; but I thought of mother, and said nothing. I tried to mollify my aunt by assuring her that I sincerely wished to please her in all things. She gave me no credit for sincerity, and said so, but she had some confidence in my discretion. "It will be a bad day's work for you, boy, when you run counter to your Aunt Maria, mind that. I am a poor feeble woman, but I have a lion's heart." (This was a base libel on Leo.) Tired out at last, she dismissed me, and summoned her maid to go on with the bathing of her temples.

I found mother crying in a room downstairs; and when I quieted her, she was almost as snappy as Aunt Maria herself. She said she had got into trouble through taking my part, and that I would be her ruin. This cut me, but I could not say anything; I only thought of father; I knew he would not have said it. By-and-by, mother recollected that I must be spruced up, as company was coming in the evening, and my aunt especially intended to exhibit us.

Mother showed me where my room was; and it was not very nice, I can tell you that. Still, there I was, and willing to make the best of it; so I polished myself up, and made ready for the party.

Aunt's house was quite a stylish place, with a good-sized garden laid out like a geometrical plan, and some ornamental
water—a black marble urchin, with nothing on him, squirt in a fountain into the air in the middle—in the very centre of the "grounds." The house was red brick, faced with white stone, and it was pomposely furnished: not elegant, you know, but as stiff as brocade, and as ugly as—well, here goes—as ugly as its owner!

The company my aunt kept consisted chiefly of semi-notorious professional people—authors and artists, and parsons and players, and doctors and lawyers—quite unknown beyond their own little sphere, but mighty big men in their own estimation. They fluttered round my aunt, and felt flattered to preach to her, play to her, paint her, or poetize her. What names the scribes had called her! What bloom and beauty the painters had given her! What taste the players had ascribed to her! For what virtues had the parson given her credit? How solemn they all pretended to look, as if summoned to the burial of a dear friend, when Lawyer Quibble was called in—as he was about once a month, to alter or remodel her will—and Dosem, M.D., with a "heigh-ho," told that her pulse was fast or slow, and that her nerves were shaken.

In the state parlour aunt held her levee. It was lighted up with some huge wax candles. Everything was dusted and scrubbed up, the pinnafores taken off the chairs, and the brown holland surplices off the rest of the furniture. We stood forth in all the glory of crimson damask, and my aunt presided at a little tea-table—Jupiter, with a new turban, waiting to bear it round.

Dosem came early, in a black coat and a tie-wig—very professional; Quibble came next, in a bloom-coloured frock—not professional at all. We were introduced to them, of course, with a slight sketch of how it came to pass that we were found in fashionable quarters. After the doctor and the lawyer came a Miss Phoebe Wattle, authoress of some poems in the *General Magazine*. She was accompanied by her sister Julia, who played on the harpsichord, and called everything "divine." Then came the parson, who had tried to get up a bother in his parish by writing a tractate, which nobody bought, on the duties of the churchwarden. Then the player, who had been prevented rising in his profession by the "Garrick clique." He had been compelled to subordinate his talent to "little David" by playing the Ghost, while "Mr. G." ranted and "split the ears of the groundlings." It was quite a collection of blighted genius. Maulstick might have been a Vandyke, only wasn't; and Catgut would have taken—if he had had his own way—the lead at the King's Theatre, but nobody would trust him to play first fiddle; and as for Jangle, the poet, there was a dead set against him in literary quarters—nothing had been done to him—he was as free from censure as he was from praise! Old Mrs. Maddox came, with her ear-trumpet and snuff-box; and Alderman Doggle came with his spouse.

The company were regaled with tea and hot cakes; and after tea, which lasted nearly two hours, there was a rubber, and a little music, and much talk. Biscuits and tartlets, and wine and water, and a brew of punch, were the refreshments for the evening; and at eleven all the company withdrew.

Said my aunt to me on the following morning—

"Boy, last evening you had a rare treat."
"Thank you, aunt."
"You saw the best, the wittiest, the wisest of the age."
"Did I, aunt?"
"Did you! Simpleton! every man at table was a genius!"

The aspiration rose to my lips, "May I never be a genius!"

I had the opportunity of studying "genius" more closely afterwards, for in one form or another—sometimes through having almost discovered perpetual motion, and at others because it could balance a straw upon its nose—genius was represented very frequently at my aunt's table. It generally came in rather shabby habiliments, and with a good appetite; and its manners were what I should have called cringing.

The longer I stopped at my aunt's the more worried I got, and I suppose the more I worried her. Jove tried to make friends with me, but I gave the nigger pretty soon to understand that he had no bird of my feather. Mind you, it was not because he was a nigger, but because I thought him a sly sneak. Mother cried a good deal very often, and had tiffs with my aunt; and still oftener my aunt went into tantrums for nothing at all, and roused the house. Nothing was heard of father, and the
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

question now freely mooted was, what was to become of me. It was universally agreed--to my secret satisfaction—that I had no genius in me. A tutor—another crushed genius, who had been done out of his double first at Oxon by an envious examiner!—ground me up in classics; at least, he undertook to do it, but did not perform his promise: he used to come every day scented with whisky, and if you were not up in the lesson, all you had to do was to turn him on to his favourite reminiscences, laugh at his jokes, and never, no, never, hint that you had heard any one of his stories twenty times before.

One fine day I was out for a stroll, and turned my face towards Chelsea. I had the usual bun at the Bun-house, and then went down to the old place by the water side. Who should be there but the old pensioner, Timbertoes.

He was very glad to see me, but not more glad than I was to see him.

"Well, young master," said he, "and what have you been doing with yourself?"
I told him all about it, and asked had he seen Darrell?

"What, your mate, as used to come a-fishing down by this here water!"
"Yes, of course."
"Seen him! Lor' love you, I should say so. Seen him! Why me and he were pals, while you was a-cutting it fine with the quality. Seen him! Yes, I should think I have."
"Lately!"
"Well, not exactly what you would call lately—of course not."
"Why of course not?"
"Why it ain't in reason he can come all over the sea, even to visit an old friend, and angle in these here waters."
"Over the sea! what do you mean?"
"Don't you know?"
"Not I, else why should I ask?"
"Well, then, your mate has deserted."
"You're mad!"

"Not I. He was enrolled in the oil and colour line, as I take it. Well, he won't stick to his colours: he bolts, he comes and tells me all about it. 'Go back,' says I. 'Never,' says he. 'Where will you go?' says I. 'Soldiering or sailoring,' says he. 'Will you 'list?' says I. 'Anything's better than what I am,' says he. 'May it prove so,' says I. 'King and country,' says he, a-waving of his hat. 'King and country,' says I, a-waving of my hat; and off he went."
"'Have you heard from him since?"
"'I have never heard about him."
"'Where is he?"
"'At the last hearing he was in Gibraltar, but that is a while ago now."

I stopped and talked to old Timbertoes, till it was far in the afternoon. Then I turned homewards with a heavy heart.

Homewards! Surely that house of my aunt was no home for me. What was I! She told me what I was pretty often—I was an object of charity! Once or twice on the road I hesitated, and thought of never entering her door again. Then I thought of mother, so I screwed myself up and went on.

When I reached home I found my aunt in a fury; I had gone out without leave; I had stopped out five hours; I had been wanted to run here and run there; I was an idle scapegrace, not worthy my salt. Mother was crying a little, but helped aunt with the scolding; I had no business to do it; I had no right to give myself airs—I had only given myself an airing. Mother wanted to know if it was not enough that father should have behaved as he did without my turning round and troubling her last hours.

"Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?" said my aunt.

"Does he look ashamed?" said my mother.

"He is ripening for Tyburn," said my aunt.
"He is no child of mine," said my mother.
"Now, sir, what have you to say?" said my aunt.

"Answer your aunt this moment," said my mother.

I had nothing to answer.

"This is dreadful," said my mother.
"Incorrigible," said my aunt.

"If you please," said I, "I think it would be better if I left this house for good. I am sick and tired of the life I lead."
"Oh, Marla!" from mother.
"Hold your tongue, sir," from aunt.
"No, I will not hold my tongue. I do not want to stay here—"

"Not stay here?" from aunt and mother in chorus.
"No, and I will not."

It was rude enough, and wrong enough, on
my part to talk in that way, I know, but at the time I could not help it. As for Aunt Maria, she was frantic; she called me—well I do not know what she did not call me—she ordered me instantly to bed, and upstairs I went. Scarcely had I entered my room when the door was closed upon me and locked on the outside.

I was a prisoner.

I sat down on my box—it was my own box—disdaining to sit on one of aunt’s chairs, and began to think things over. The more I thought, the more angry I became. It was bad enough for aunt to go on at me as she did; it was worse for mother to join her, and I could not help thinking about the nasty slur about father. When I thought of father, the tears came into my eyes. He would never have served me this way. Then I thought of Darrell away in Gibraltar. Then I thought of Timbertoes, and then I fell asleep.

I slept sound and fast for several hours, and woke up rather stiff, for a wooden box is not the softest bed that can be selected. The room was dark, but there was grey light in the sky that made me at first think it was only late in the evening; but another glance, and I saw that it was early dawn. The events of the preceding day at once rushed into my mind, and my resolution was taken in a moment. I got up, opened my box, took out all that belonged to me, stripped off all that aunt had bought for me, dressed myself in my own clothes, made the rest up into a bundle, took a stick that I had had ever so long, and slung the bundle at the end of it. I tried the door, and found it still fastened. I went to the window, opened it, and looked out. It was about twenty feet from the ground—too far for a leap, but still something must be done. Out of the window was my only chance.

I stopped to consider, and thought over all the schemes I had ever heard of, including those of Jack Sheppard, for effecting an escape from prison. If I had a file! well, I had not; if there was a rope-ladder! well, there was not; if my incarceration was known to a confederate? well, no confederate had I. Suppose I tried to jump it, I should probably break my neck, certainly sprain my ankle. Suppose I was to creep down by holding on by the water-pipe; good; but there was not any water-pipe. So I cogitated without much advancement, always recurring to the idea of letting myself down by a rope. Suddenly the idea occurred to me of tearing up the sheets and converting them into rope. I resolved on it. I seized the sheet, split it with as little noise as I could, and the help of a jack-knife, I knotted and twisted the pieces together. I tugged at them to test their strength as well as I could, and then I fastened one end firmly to my bedpost. My bedpost abutted close on the window. I threw out the sheet-rope—my sheet anchor of hope—was rejoiced to see that it nearly touched the ground. Then I swung out my bundle, then my stick, and then I crept over the window-sill, and, hand under hand, went down the rope. I did it beautifully, and a thrill of joy passed through me as I touched the ground.

I gathered up my stick and bundle, and trudged across the ground to where I knew a little gate opened on the road. As I went along, who should I see running towards me but black Jupiter. I could have twisted his curvy head off! He shouted to me to stop, but I only hurried on. He ran after me, menacingly I thought, butting his ugly top-knot at me as he came. I was not going to stand this. After all I had endured, to be pulled up by that bit of nigger flesh was too bad. I called out to him to go off; but he, giving no heed to my warning, came rushing on. I threw down my stick and bundle, put myself in fighting attitude, and as he came up caught him on the chin—just once—a stinger! that sent him heels over head into the ornamental water, where I dare say he rather surprised the fish! Then I gathered up my traps and made off, leapt the little gate, went round by the garden wall, and soared away for the city—eastward ho!—eastward, where the sun was rising and flooding the city with gold.

CHAPTER VI.

In which I go eastward, and fall into strange company. Job and Job’s wife, and a breakfast. To be, or not to be. To be, by all means. A little matter of business. A jolly young tar. “Hey, boys, up go we.” A naval patriarch. The innocence of babhood. Howliones. “Strip!” All right—weigh anchor—spread the sail—but!—an unexpected apparition.

I was my own man. But for how long? Most likely mother would create a scene;
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Most likely aunt would have me looked for. Aunt would be so enraged at my daring, that she would want to punish me, perhaps, as she has sometimes threatened—bind me prentice to Welby, of Water Lane, to get crooked legs sitting on a shop-board, and spray hands handling hot goose. A nice prospect this for a boy of spirit! not that I despise tailors, mind you, not a bit of it; but I should not like to be one myself.

I walked fast through the City. It was still, for the most part, asleep, and I could not help thinking it was very like walking through a grave-yard—all asleep—all flat and equal—all in dreamland, happy or miserable, not at all according to their standing in the world. The rich merchant asleep, and tortured, might, with the nightmare, and seeing in his dreams his best ships tempest-tossed and going down in a heavy sea, his whole business shaken, his debts unpaid, his bills discredited, his name dishonoured—himself driving a quill for a fellow with whom once he would neither have eaten nor drunk. And the workhouse prentice, with sore bones from a thrashing, dreaming of being well to do in the world, with roast duck and green peas every day in the week, or anything else he liked for a change. Asleep, fast asleep, on down bed and straw pallasse—four-poster and truckle bed—all as unconscious of yesterday's sorrow as of to-morrow's trouble or to-day's toil. Two or three times I came across the old "Charlies" fast asleep like the rest of them. Guardians of the City, indeed, these watchful keepers, almost too feeble to cry the hour, and quite too feeble to help themselves—to say nothing of helping anybody else—were of no more real use than Gog and Magog. Some fellows, out on the spree, I suppose, had turned one Charley's watchbox to the wall, with the watchman inside it, and there he kneeling with all his might to be let out, and trying to spring his rattle, which of course he could not do, seeing that the "larky" lords had taken it off with them.

I did not stop to take anything nor to look about me much until I had got well down into the river-side district. The first thing I did was to get a drink of water at a pump, and the next to look out for a slop-shop. Not a shop was open; nobody was about; so I went down to the Thames and stood on the steps that led to the water, and watched an early boatman mopping out his boat. I thought he "eyed" me rather suspiciously, and I cannot say I much liked his looks. Presently he called out to me—

"Younker, what's your name?"

"Davy Jones," said I, telling a bouncer right off.

"Then I know your dad," said he, "uncommon intimate."

The allusion to my "dad" shook me a little, but I knew he meant nothing, so I smiled at him again.

"Then for once," said I, "you knew a right good sort of a man."

"Ay, ay, sir, like father like son. You're quite a craft of the same build."

"Thank you for nothing," said I.

He looked at me a little seriously, laid down his mop, and coming out of his boat, picked his way towards me. If I had not liked his looks at first, I liked them still worse now. He was a big fellow, with a weather-beaten face, brown as mahogany, and with an ugly cut on the cheek. He had earrings, and his bare arms were tattooed all over, his trousers hung loosely upon him, so that he had to hitch them up pretty frequently. When I saw he was coming towards me I think I should have made off, if it had not been, not that I was ashamed to show the white feather, but that I felt sure that if he meant to have me, no feathers, black or white, of mine could wait me out of his reach.

"You said your name was Davy Jones?" said he.

"Right enough, old salt."

"That was a lie."

"If you know me better than I know myself, why ask me?"

"As to your name," said he, "I don't know; but I am sure it is not what you say. You live in the market, opposite the prison. Your dad deals in books. Oh, but I know you, young gentleman, and your dad too. I went red: I felt that I was found out.

"And if you do know me," said I, "what then?"

"Why nothing—nothing but an old salt's natural inclination to be useful. Something's wrong with you!"

I made no answer.

"Come, messmate, be plain with me. Many and many's the time I've ferried your
father about these waters: never know'd his name, but always "the gentleman," and I promise you he always did handsome by 'Jack,' and paid me as a gentleman should. Well now, I want to know why his son is a skulking about here in early morning with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle at the end of his stick?"

"I'm going to sea."

He blew a loud whistle, and made his eyes quite round.

"And dad?"

"We have lost him." He took off his hat and said "Amen," as if it was a prayer.

"Whether he is dead, or whether he is alive," said I, "we don't know, but we have lost him, home is broken up, and I am going off to seek my fortune."

"On the sea?"

"As likely there as anywhere else."

"Friends know it?" said he.

"Have not any," said I.

"Say you have one," said he, "and that his name is Job Casey—I'm Job Casey."

"Thank you, Job," said I, "for your kind offer: prove its worth by helping me now. I want to doff these togs and ship others; I want to get on blue water. I can work hard, live hard, fight hard—do anything but stop where I am."

He put out his great rough hand, and swallowed my little fist in it.

"I'll stand by you, boy. Come along o' me—don't be fearsome—there ain't no evil thought in Job Casey."

I trusted him implicitly, thinking myself a fool for doing it all the while. He led the way from the steps down a narrow lane, up a narrower court, into a house or hovel, which consisted apparently of two rooms. One of these rooms formed the basement story: you walked right into it, or tumbled into it, for it was two steps below the level of the court, and people not aware of this circumstance were liable to enter head foremost; the other room was approached by a step ladder, and entered through a trap. When within this tenement, one felt more as if he were residing in a boat rather than inside a house. A hammock swung at one end of the room; the figure-head of a vessel reclined in a corner; all the glass and crockery of the establishment was hung up in a wicker contrivance, as it were expected that the house might lurch. There were two barrels in the room, and the fireplace was strongly suggestive of the cook's galley.

"Here we are, sir," said Job, indicating by a general sweep of his hand the contents of the apartment. "Here we are, sir, taut and trim for a vi'ge."

He motioned me to sit down on one of the barrels, which I gladly accepted, for I was rather tired with my long walk.

"Now," said Job, "we want our rations. Let's pipe all hands for a mess. Missus?"

This last word was bawled at the very height of his voice, he placing his hands to heighten the acoustical effect, as a sort of huge speaking-trumpet round his mouth. He turned to me and apologised.

"The missus is not quite right in her hearing: that's a drawback for a conversational man: its a breather to spin much of a yarn in that voice."

I assented; while he, not certain that his first broadside had taken effect, went up the ladder, put his head through the trap, and repeated the call with increased vigour. There was a noise overhead as of some one getting up; and Job, lighting his pipe, sat down by the fire to enjoy it.

"She's all right now," he said, "and you will—barring her hearing—find her just what you could wish."

When "she"—that is to say, Mrs. Casey, for she was Job's wife—made her appearance, I could not avoid feeling some resentment at Mr. Casey's summary of all I could desire. She was red-faced and bear-eyed, and her hair looked as if it had never known the use of comb or brush. She wore a short petticoat, with a night-gown jacket over it, and, like her lord, she smoked. She was smoking a short clay pipe when she presented herself—feet foremost, of course, coming down the ladder—to myself, her honoured guest.

"Now, missus, look sharp. Bread and herring."

"Dead and burying!"

-Bread—and—herring!" in a roar from Job.

She turned to me.

"I don't know who you are," she said; "but whosoever you be, you're welcome; all Job's friends is welcome. I'm a little deaf this morning. Do you smoke?
I shook my head.
"There," she said, turning triumphantly to Job, "I can understand him in a minute; he speaks plain."

"Hungry!" she said, turning to me.

Pleased with my first success, I nodded; and again she turned to her partner in triumph.

"This is a sensible party at last, Job. No bawling with him, and yet hear him as distinct as daylight."

It was rather a confusion of ideas, but pardonable. Busily she set to work to get the breakfast: not more busily than we despatched it when it was ready. This important matter being settled, Job proposed to me that we should go on a trading expedition, to sell and buy. I readily assented, and off we trudged, Mrs. Casey taking quite an affectionate farewell of me, and watching me through the wreaths of the smoke from her pipe till we were out of the court.

"Now," said Job to me, "you are really best—positive—and never turn back, to go on the blue water?"

"Quite."

"You'll find it dreadfully rough."

"What the water?"

"Well, even the water sometimes; but I warn't a-speaking of that. Rough usage! you'll taste ropes' ends—you'll get many a kick—hard words and hard blows—and wish yourself on dry land before you have left it a week."

"Yes, I expect that; but when I have been on it a month, I shall tell another story."

A smile lighted up the man's face.

"You speak hearty, bless you!" and then he alluded to his own eyes with the very opposite of a blessing—"and you have some stuff in you."

After this, he began to explain to me that boys were in request in the navy—"likely boys," he said, and was pleased to place me in the category. "Off there!"—and he pointed to a heavily-built vessel lying a short distance from shore—"off there, boy, lies the Tender; there we must get you, and then you'll be drafted off to one of His Majesty's ships, and—who knows?—may turn out a port admiral!"

At a Jew's shop—a shop that smelt of bilge water and fried fish, a most "ancient and fat-like smell"—business was transacted.

The proprietress—an oily-looking Hebrew woman, with the blackest eyes I ever saw in my life, and more rings and chains than I ever beheld on anybody else, except a savage—gave as little as she could for as much as she could get. A big, hulky lad, with an aquiline nose, and trousers too short for him, and whom she addressed as Ike, led us into a back shop, where I changed my gentlemanly attire for a sailor's togs. Two coarse shirts, a couple of rough towels, and a jack-knife, were added, also a tobacco-box, which was of no use to me, completed my outfit. I paid for it three-and-ninepence, and swapped all my clothes.

After having spent the three-and-ninepence I was the possessor of four-and-elevenpence. Job Casey declined to take reward or fee, but persisted in seeing me through it, he said, without "smelling my money."

The next question was, should I at once apply for a berth or wait? Job suggested waiting, as he thought something might be made by a little delay; but I was anxious to get off, so he consented to row me to the Tender, and show me the way aboard.

We shoved off from the stairs where I had seen him washing his boat in the early morn. It was now eleven in the forenoon, a bright, clear, beautiful day. The rippling water was tinged with all the colours of the rainbow, and at every dip of the oars the spray fell like a shower of pearls. It was but a short pull to the Tender, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, and thought I should never care to touch dry land again.

Job Casey showed me the way up; it was rather novel to an unpractised hand, hand over hand up a rope. I did it awkwardly enough I dare say, but I reached the deck, and Job showed me the way aft. A score of men watched us as we went along, strange, rough-looking fellows, some of them with cutlasses and pistols, and looking as if they were ready to use them at a moment's notice. I could hear a strange commotion below decks, and could not understand what was meant—swearing, struggling, fighting. I learnt soon enough. As we went aft a white-haired man, with a face as brown as Job's own, came towards us. He was in uniform, and wore swabs. Job took off his hat and I unbonneted.

"A young lad, captain, as volunteers."

The venerable officer pronounced an un-
mistakable anathema on me, described as a lumber, and another on Job, as a "rotten old carcass." Nothing abashed, Job smiled and bowed, and repeated what he had said before. The naval patriarch stopped, looked at me, swore a good deal, wanting to know who I was, swore a good deal more about ruining the service, finally sent us down below with a message for "Sawbones."

Sawbones was the surgeon; that was not his proper name, but he was known by it.

"Cap'en," said Job to me, "is breezy this morning; but there ain't no harm in him. Bless you, he's as innocent as the new-born babe."

I did not dispute this verdict, but candidly I doubted it. Children of tender years hardly swear so much.

Sawbones was a little man with spectacles. All he said to me was, "Strip." He said it sharply and I obeyed instantly, not without a secret misgiving, however, that this order might be preliminary to a taste of the cat. When I stood before him in the condition of the personage selected by Job in his figure of innocence, Sawbones looked at me through his spectacles, bade me double my arm, put up my leg, and so forth. At last he said, "He'll do," and so I bundled up my clothes, bundled out with them, and with Job's help dressed myself outside the doctor's door.

"What does it all mean, Casey?"

"It means as the cap'en will take you if doctor approves. Doctor does approve—you'll do; there, now you will see blue water; and if things go well and you come to wear swabs, don't quite forget old Job Casey."

"Hallo, Job, what's all this about?"

I knew the voice in a moment, looked round, and saw him—he whom I least expected to see—Uncle Price was standing close beside us!

I WOULD THAT I WERE YOUNGER!

Ah! Father Time, you're round again,
And I am fifty-eight to-day;
My hair, so long upon the go,
Has turn'd at last a thorough gray.
My old teeth all have cut and gone,
My new ones were not made to eat;
I tried them only yesterday,
And two I swallow'd with my meat—
I would that I were younger!

I grow more wrinkled every hour;
My eyes—the bare thoughts makes me sad—
Though turn'd from worldly vanities,
Are really getting very bad;
I scarce can see a dozen yards,
Must take to glasses I suppose,
No spectacles could I behold,
Unless a pair were on my nose—
I would that I were younger!

Once I could trip with passing grace
Upon the light fantastic toe,
Oft from the ball-room bore the bell(e)—
But that's all over now, you know.

Decline of life increases bulk,
And corns do not improve your gait;
Polkas ar'n't good for eighteen stone,
Especially at fifty-eight—
I would that I were younger!

Yet sometimes, in my easy chair,
To memory's steeds I give the reign,
And lo! they bravely bear me back,
Through all my pleasant hours again;
Love's earliest offerings I lay
With anxious heart at beauty's foot,
Purlin my first fond kiss, and then
In silence all its joys repeat—
And dream that I am younger!

Away, away, I'm borne along,
Once more am I a little boy;
I play at trap, and bat, and ball,
And shout, and run, and jump for joy;
But, in the midst of all my mirth,
I'm roused to stern reality—
A twinge from my returning gout,
I jump and bawl with agony—
I would that I were younger!

JOHN G. WATTS.
THE STORY OF HEREWARD THE SAXON.

ABOUT the year 1071 there resided in Flanders a gallant knight, yelept Hereward le Wake, who, driven as an outlaw from his fatherland, had fled thither to end his days in peace. It happened that a party of his countrymen, emigrants from England, they too seeing no safety from the cruel ambition of William of Normandy, passed by his dwelling, and, among other news which they communicated to the eager Saxons, Hereward learnt that his father Leofric was dead, and that his possessions had fallen into the hands of a Norman.

On receiving this intelligence Hereward departed secretly for England, and arrived, unknown to the Conqueror's minions, at his father's domains. Without arousing the suspicion of the Norman occupant of his ancestral halls, he collected the old retainers and servants of the family, equipped them with arms, and led them against the usurper, whom he defeated, slew, and cast to the dogs. Thus did Hereward win back his inheritance.

But he was not allowed to remain long at rest. His neighbours, petty Norman barons, enriched by William to the detriment of the Saxon population, cared not to see an enemy within such easy reach of their many strongholds, and sought every opportunity to do him damage. Many skirmishes took place between Hereward and his enemies, in which he displayed his wonted valour, chivalrous generosity, and skill, and from which he generally issued victorious.

Soon his name became illustrious throughout the land, and the English looked to him as to their elected champion, whose deeds and praises they celebrated in their national songs. Indeed, his fame spread so far as a valiant commander and skilful chief, that the struggling Saxons of Lincolnshire besought him to place himself at their head; and, thinking it best, for the sake of bonne England, that at least one effort should be made to liberate her from her oppressors, Hereward yielded to their reiterated prayers, and at the head of his vassals joined the insurgents at their camp of refuge.

The monastery of Peterborough was governed by one Abbot TurAud, a Norman, and generally known as "the fighting monk." To this warlike ecclesiastic one Ivo Taillebois, created Viscount of Spalding by William the Conqueror, and withal a steady hater of the English, proposed the union of their respective retainers whom they might lead in person against the daring Hereward and his band of outlaws. TurAud eagerly agreed to this proposal, and soon the cry arose, "To arms!"

The camp of the insurgent patriots lay strongly intrenched in the Lincolnshire fens, flanked on either hand by a forest of willows. Ivo advances to reconnoitre the position, whilst the Abbot, whose courage had somewhat abated, remained a mile or so distant with his troops. Hereward, who had learned the presence of his enemy, resolved upon a surprise; and as Taillebois penetrated into the forest from the south side, "the Saxon leader," says Thierry, "issued from it on the north, fell upon TurAud and his followers in the rear, routed them signaly, and took TurAud prisoner. Nor was he released until a goodly ransom had been paid."

It was the year of grace 1072. Hereward and his gallant followers had grown formidable, and their deeds had created a great excitement at Court. King William came in person with all his forces to crush the daring rebel whose existence he was forced at last to notice. He was not prepared for the reception the rebel gave him. The Norman King besieged the little camp with all his formidable engines of war; and constructed countless towers and fortresses on the marshes, filling them with armed soldiers. He even attempted to construct a road which was to be three thousand paces long. "All the stones and necessary implements," says the Anglo-Norman chronicle, "had been collected," and every arrangement made for the consummation of William's design; but just as the works approached their completion, Hereward and his knights plunged suddenly into the midst of the workmen, scattering them, and destroying everything that had been erected.

The success of Hereward, who employed stratagems wholly unforeseen, was attributed by the Normans to his intercourse with the Evil One; and, says Thierry "thinking to fight him with his own weapons, they had recourse to magic," and, with the approval of William, Ivo Taillebois scourèd the country in search of a witch, who by her incantations should destroy the spell cast upon them by "uncircumcised" Hereward. The wished-for magician at length arrived, and having received her orders, the valiant Normans advanced against the Saxon intrenchments; but here again they were successfully baffled.

Hereward and his companions, employing the same rule as had been used against Taillebois, "sallied out from the side, and, setting fire to the forest of osiers which covered the marsh, destroyed in the flames the sorceries and most of the soldiers and Norman workmen who were with her." (De Gestibus Harwardi.)

The isle of Ely being favourable towards the insurgents, was next attacked by the
King, who was resolved, if nothing else could be done, to starve out the garrison. Fortunately for him, there were traitors in the rebel stronghold. The monks of a monastery in the island, acquainted as they were to rich living, could no longer withstand the cravings of hunger, and sent secretly to the Norman Camp, offering to point out a passage by which the enemy might enter the isle and effectually surprise its brave defenders. In recompense of their treachery they were to retain the possession of their property; and after the preliminaries had been arranged, a body of Normans set out on their enterprise.

Guided by one of the monks, they secretly penetrated into the island, fell suddenly upon a body of a thousand Englishmen, whom they slew, and, investing the camp of refuge, summoned Hereward and his men to surrender. Not they! The Saxon chief, with a few of his followers, dashed through the ranks of their enemies, and escaped by paths known only to themselves.

Following the course of the fugitives we find them traversing the marshes, their destination being the lowlands of Lincolnshire. Here they took refuge with some fishermen, inclined with a spirit of patriotism, took them on board their boats, and concealed them under huge piles of straw. It was the custom of these fishermen to carry fish regularly to the Norman stations; and it happened that as usual they approached one of these stations without exciting the suspicion of the garrison, who knew them and their customary object.

The keels of the fishing boats had grated on the sand, and the soldiers had come down from the fort to receive their supplies, when lo! Hereward and his Saxons leaped from the bulwarks of the vessels, plunged into the midst of the enemy, and scattered them like chaff before the wind. They slew an immense number; and the remainder, flying in great trepidation, left behind them their horses ready saddled,—for the use, it would seem, of the Saxon patriots.

The narrative of Hereward's exploits can no longer be carried on with any degree of continuity. But from scattered allusions in the old chronicles it appears that, after the fashion of the Spanish guerillas in the Peninsular War, he inflicted numerous defeats at the head of his own band, but was sometimes out-numbered and compelled to retreat precipitately. Strangely enough, however, he always regularly reappeared with his band recruited and his spirits as high as ever. It was the custom (says an old writer) of an Englishman never to refuse combat, even with four Frenchmen, and Hereward thought nothing of attacking seven Normans single-handed.

It also appears that the fame of Hereward, which spread from mouth to mouth, had aroused the enthusiasm of a rich Saxon lady, whose possessions had been guaranteed to her on account of the adhesion of her family to the Norman government. This lady, in admiration of Hereward's valour, offered him her hand, and, on it being accepted, used all her influence with William to obtain a truce for the Saxon patriots.

And here we arrive at the close of our narrative.

Hereward, we are told, submitted to the Conqueror, and settled down with his lady to end his days in tranquillity, convinced of the futility of any longer opposing a handful of half-armed men to the resources of a kingdom. But whether by order of William, or to satisfy a private revenge, some Norman knights sought to rid themselves of the Saxon chief.

One day he lay sleeping in the garden after dinner, when a party of armed men surprised and surrounded him. A short sword and hand-pike were his only weapons. Aroused by the noise he sprang up, and comprehending their object cried disdainfully, "Tel traitres, vendrois moi cher!" "Felon traitors, I will sell my life dearly!" And so saying he cast his pike at the knight nearest him, piercing him to the heart. He then drew his sword; but unfortunately, on making a cut against an enemy's helmet, it broke in twain. Still Hereward continued to fight with the pommele; and no less than fifteen Normans bit the dust before our gallant hero, after striking a knight so fiercely in the face that he fell back dead, himself dropped his buckler and expired. The chief of the ruffians, named Asecelin, cut off the head of the fallen warrior, exclaiming, "By the virtue of God, I have not seen a more valiant man!"

Thus died Hereward, the last of the Saxons.
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.
A STORY OF SELF-HELP.

PART X.
THE HIGHWAYMAN'S HAUNT.

The remainder of the day was passed without anything of importance happening, and lodging obtained at night in a place little more suited to human comfort. The next day saw Dawdler upon the road late as ever. He began to wish his journey at an end, and this, reminding him of the unnecessary delays he had made, urged him on in an improved pace. For several hours he pressed on without taking a rest of any kind. At last he very naturally began to feel both tired and hungry. Soon he sat himself by some running water, drew out a small pasty, which he had obtained at the inn that morning, and commenced his dinner. He found it very savoury, and was enjoying it very much, when presently an old tramp, who had been hid from view till now by an angle in the road, came forward. The dined-out hastily covered over his repast, wiped his mouth, and tried to look as if he had not been eating. "Pray, master," said the poor fellow, halting, "give me a morsel of food. I am very hungry, and have walked a long way." Dawdler was not without the disposition to give a trifle of his provender, but he little liked that this person should know that he, a gentleman, not only carried food with him, but actually ate it, like a common vagabond, on the king's highway; so, instead of giving him a nodding help even as he had received help, he put on a severe look, and replied, "Food, churl? Where do you suppose that I am to get food from? Do I look like a butcher or a baker?"

"You are jesting, my master," returned the beggar. "I saw you eating as I came down the road, and you now have food in your lap. Give me a trifle."

"You are an old knave," was the angry retort, "and if you are not off you'll soon find yourself in the stocks."

"Well said, brave young gentleman!" and away hobbled the tramp. A little farther down the road, and he stopped again. This time it was to bow to a horseman, who instantly pulled up, spoke a few words, tossed down some money, and came trotting on. The horse he rode was a handsome creature, black all over except the left leg, and that was nearly white. As he passed Dawdler he gave a longsearching look, which our worthy did not fail to return with interest. "He has a good deal of the gentleman," was the thought which passed through his mind, and in truth the horseman was a good-looking, well-dressed, dashing fellow. His coat was of dark blue velvet with gold facings, and the wrists were trimmed with lace. His small-clothes were of buckskin, a stout pair of riding-boots encased his legs, and his head was covered by a smart three-cornered beaver. As soon as he had passed on, the dinner was resumed, speedily finished, and the journey again taken up. Nothing of any importance occurred the rest of the day. Just before nightfall, however, our young traveller paused at the entrance of a tavern, which stood in the middle of a heath. It was a dingy house; large for such a place, and looked as though it had been inhabited from a city, brought there against its will, and forced into its present occupation. A sign-board over the door lazily swung upon its rusty hinge, with a creak that set the teeth on edge. Dawdler could just see the inscription. It was "The Pincut Pigeon." As he stood gazing, a round-bellied, puffy, sallow-faced man came to the door.

"Fair evening," said he in a husky voice. "Let me show you to the parlour, sir. You look tired." Dawdler nodded and followed. The room he entered was at the end of a long passage, and beyond two wide flights of stairs with thick round balusters that looked like gigantic chessmen. A fire burned upon the broad hearth, for the autumn nights had begun to bring cold winds with occasional rains. The low ceiling consisted of uncovered boards and beams. The walls were panels of oak. The chimney-piece, long and strong enough for a half-dozen men to have sat upon, was adorned with the carved frame of a looking-glass. The glass itself, with the exception of a small piece in the left-hand corner, had disappeared. Two tables and a dozen chairs were all the furniture. There were two other persons present, who were in conversation as Dawdler entered, but instantly left off and turned their eyes on him. They then looked at each other again, and one nodded his head. Young Bluebottle, without a word of greeting or salutation, sat down and called for meat and drin. The puffy-faced landlord brought in that required, and also set lights before him; and as he looked up with his first morsel Dawdler saw that one of the two present was the horseman who had passed him after his encounter with the tramp. His hat was off, and his hair thrown back, which revealed the fact that a portion of his left ear was missing. When the
hungry lad had ceased eating and drinking, the strangers endeavoured to draw him into conversation, but he made them very short replies, and sat nursing his foot and smoothing his fuzzy moustache. He did it in such a way that he was not a common person though he did walk. After a while dice were put upon the table, and the other two commenced playing for small sums. As he began to take an interest in the game he was invited to try a throw; but, remembering the cock-fight of the day previous, he refused. Thereupon one of the players threw out a hint that the young gentleman was short of cash. Dawdler’s pride was wounded by this remark, and so he instantly drew out his pouch, and began totting over his gold pieces. The others smiled and went on with their play. In the course of a half-hour one of them arose, and, wishing “Good night,” left the room. Shortly afterwards the landlord entered with a slip of paper in his hand.

“Your little bill,” said he.

“My what?” asked the astonished roadster.

“Your b-i-l-l!”

“I shall pay that in the morning,” said Dawdler, beginning to feel very uneasy.

“Good night!” echoed the other with a stare. “Oh, we’ve got no sleepin’ room to spare here. We’re quite full.”

“But what am I to do?”

“Go on ‘t’next inn, I s’pose.”

“How far is that?”

“About thirteen miles.”

“Thirteen miles! Why I cannot walk thirteen miles to-night.”

“I’m sure I can’t walk it for yer.”

Here the gentleman of the dark blue velvet coat, with gold facings, interrupted.

“It’s a long way thereto; a very, very long way; but I tell you what: as I have business in this part of the country, and cannot possibly go on till the morning, if you like I’ll lend you my horse to ride on with. You’ll find him quiet and easy. The way to you is long, and little can leave the creature at the inn; or, if you would like more help over the road, go on another stage, and leave it at the next.”

Dawdler, though a little relieved, did not like turning out to ride thirteen miles or more so late; and so he told them.

“I’d rap you fear robbers!” suggested the master of the house; “but there’s not many in these ere parts; yet there’s nothin’ like caution. Now, if I was you, blessed if I wouldn’t roll most o’ my money up in my scarf and tie it round my middle; so that, if you was stopt, why you’d jest hand over your pouch with ‘ardly any thin’ in it, and so miser robber ‘ud miss his booty.”

Dawdler thought the idea so good that he acted upon it then and there; the gentleman of the blue coat watching him with looks of the greatest satisfaction. All being ready, Master Bluebottle, with the air of a very fine gentleman, was assisted to mount.

“Good night!” cried his new friend.

“You’ll find pistols in the holsters should you need them. Follow the narrow by-path to the left, and you shorten your journey a mile. Good night!”

“Good night!” returned the rider, as he moved forward in the direction pointed out.

“Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!” laughed the husky landlord, almost falling to the ground from excess of hilarity. “Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you pooty little lamb, how you are goin’ to the butcher!” Having indulged in another hearty laugh, mine host of “The Mocked Pigeon” turned fearlessly to drink, “Success to the knights of the road!”

Dawdler soon found that the horse he bestowed was a good one to go; but he chose to curb him in to an easy pace, as he was ignorant of the ground and feared a tumble. He had plenty of light too, for the moon was shining as brightly as it had done the night previous, when the dwarf roused him from his sleep. “Ah,” he thought, “last night my quarters were bad; but what would I not give to be in as secure a position now.” A broken fringe of feather ran along on either side, and every now and then spread away in broad patches. Occasionally a clump of furze or Bramble-covered knoll sent his path out of its way, but it soon got back into the right direction, again cutting its course through the grass and heather as bright as a snail-track. In spite of the fairiness of the night and the calm beauty of the scenery, our traveller’s spirits were decidedly low. His mind became once more the abode of vague fears. On the verge to say, a great dread haunted him at every stop lest the dwarf, whom he had left miles behind, should suddenly make his appearance, and take some awful revenge on him for his ingratitude. Yes, he really felt he had not behaved well to the little man. Mile after mile melted behind, till at length the heather and furze grew more and more broken and thin, and at last he could see the broad dusty highway once again. A tall dark object, dark from the light striking it from behind, forming a large T, stood in front. It was John caught his eye. He felt curious to know what it could be. The question was soon settled, for, in a few more lengths, he trembled to discover that it was a gibbet, from which two malefactors were hanging in chains. He had scarcely recovered from his first shock, when a man, whose face was concealed by a piece of rags, sprang up, seized his horse’s bridle, and shouted,

“Stop! Your money or your life!”

The traveller, though much frightened, yet had sufficient thought to snatch out a pistol. Click went the trigger, flash went the pan, but no report.

“You are in my power,” said the highwayman, pointing a pistol close to Dawdler’s head; “so hand up your cash, or I shall trouble you with a bullet.”

“My—my good s-s-sir,” returned he, “my—my very good sir, I only clicked my pistol to frighten you. I knew—I knew it couldn’t go off. Shouldn’t like to kill a little boy, much less a fine—I say, much less a fine strong fellow like you.”
"Your money!"
"Well, wait a minute. Perhaps you'll turn your muzzle the other way—it might go off without your meaning it—while I got out my pouch."

The robber did not stir, but replied,—
"Quick, quick! I want no poison, fool! Give me your money. Unite that scarf and hand it over."

Poor young Bluebottle was startled at the robber's knowledge of where the money was hidden, and, fearing for his life, with trembling hands directly untied and handed down the scarf and its contents. A moment's shake of the horse's head sent off the rogue's hat and mask, and had not the rider been busily looking after himself, he would have seen that the fellow was one of the two men he had met at "The Pluckt Pigeon."

"Now," said the rascal, scrambling on his dignity, "hand over that pistol."

The victim obeyed in silence.

"Now the other. Don't try to shoot me—it won't go off. Thank you. You will be so good as to right upon your way. Should you attempt to turn your horse to the right hand or to the left your fate is sealed—you will be murdered."

He let go the bridle, and the terrified lad gladly enough gave the horse his head, and galloped away, wondering within himself why the robber had not deprived him of that also.

By the time the hero of these encounters had covered his thirteen miles, and reached the inn to which he had been directed, it was past midnight. This was a middle-class inn, not a tavern, nor was it a coaching inn, but one with a thick dark knot somewhere about its centre, glared like so many demon eyes out into the road. The doors were fast, but loud talk and the clatter of measures showed that sleep had not visited everybody. And this was the inn at which he was recommended to leave the horse if he chose. He neither liked the look of the place without nor the sounds within. He had better go on. While he was thus determined some fingers drew the blood-red curtain aside at the corner, and a broad dark face came close to the glass. That was enough. The next instant man and horse were flying away like the wind.

As morning in gold and amber came sliding over the eastern hills, our traveller's courage began to rise, and all at once he discovered that he was very hungry. Dismounting, he rummaged out the remains of yesterday's provender, and while the black horse with a white leg was munching a quiet mouthful of grass he found time to munch a quiet mouthful of stale pork pasty. Both man and beast having washed the meal down with a good draught from a neighbouring brook, and the man having well soosed his face and hands and dried them upon a little towel which he carried in his wallet, they took up the journey.

After another stretch of six or seven miles a small village was entered. Scarcely anybody was astir, it was so early. It was with fear and trembling that Master Bluebottle sought the tavern. His experiences of such places of late, had certainly, he felt, been anything but encouraging. Arriving at "The Cross Keys" he was pleasantly disappointed. It was a neat, compact, red-brick building, of a most cheering and welcoming air. It seemed, with its barred doors, drawn blinds, and closed shutters, like most of its inhabitants, to be enjoying the finishing-up of a good night's rest. A rap or two brought to the window the funny sight, the head of an old woman in a flapping nightcap.

"What d'ye want?" she asked.

"To come in," he replied.

"All right; I'll soon let ye in."

In a few minutes Dawdler was admitted, the servants were set astir, the horse attended to, and breakfast placed before himself. He was afraid to order anything more than he thoroughly needed, as the only money he possessed was the one or two pieces which he had kept in his pouch. After he had eaten as much as he required, he called in the landlady, and told her how he had borrowed his stock, and informed her of his agreement to leave it at her inn to be called for. He also gave her an account of his being robbed. The old woman seemed to treat his story with a deal of suspicion, and urged him to take the animal away. This he positively refused to do, as he said the gentleman who had been good enough to lend it, would be sure to call some time in the course of the day and expect to find it there. At last she consented, and our child of noble blood having restocked his wallet with noble bread and cheese, resumed his travels on foot.

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PART XI.

MORE ADVENTURES.

From shortness of cash, Dawdler was compelled to hurry on to the capital much faster than was agreeable to his habits and pretensions, and when he arrived there was compelled to take up his lodgings at a very humble tavern in a very humble quarter. There was no time to be lost. He must at once go to the Prime Minister's, see what place Dandy had been made governor of, as well as ask for a speedy appointment for himself, where he would have fellows under him to do the work. Having washed, combed, and brushed up to his best, he presented himself at the door of the minister, and in haughty tones asked to see him.

"Card, sir?" said the lackey.

"My name is Dawdler Bluebottle; I am second son of the late count."

There were several servants hanging about the hall, and they every one of them gave a
titter. Dawdler bent a severe look, and sat down. Presently the lackey returned with the fatal answer,—"Engaged."

"I'll stop," was the response, "till I can see his lordship."

"It will be of no use waiting," remarked the man in livery.

"Oh yes, it will. Did you give my name correctly? Here, go back and tell his lordship that I am brother to Count Dandy Bluebottle, and ask where I can address or find him."

The servant indulged in another grin, as he replied,—"Oh, I need not ask his lordship where you may find your brother; because the other day, after being kicked out of here for making a disturbance, we saw him arrested for debt and carried off to prison."

"My brother!" Here the door was politely opened, and the astonished youth pointed to the street.

"Oh you—you know. You confounded knave," stammered he. "You know, if I had a walking-cane—"

At this moment three men, all of middle stature, all thick set, all with red faces, and armed with a brace of pistols each, came up the steps, followed by an old woman. As soon as they were inside they closed the door, and one remained to guard it.

"That's the man," hawled the old woman, pointing to Dawdler. "I could pick him out from a hundred."

He started. It was the landlady of the hotel where he had left the horse.

"We're officers," said one of the intruders: "and must arrest you for horse-stealing and highway robbery."

"Me?"

"Yes. You stole a black horse with a white leg three days ago, and afterwards committed no less than six highway robberies upon it."

"Me!" again exclaimed the alarmed youth. "Why, I was robbed myself; and as to stealing the horse, that was lent me by a gentleman I met at 'The Pluckt Pigeon!'"

"Well, I hope!—with a shrug of the shoulders, which seemed to say it's out of all reason to expect such a result—"you'll be able to prove it to a judge and jury, for your own sake. Will you just oblige me," pulling out a pair of handcuffs. "Worry sorry. It hurts my feelin's, but I must shove 'em on. Must do my duty."

The unfortunate youth could contain himself no longer, but burst into a violent flood of tears, and the handcuffs were instantly slipped on his wrists.

"Keep your heart up, Cap'n," said the fellow, as he made them fast. "The sessions is on the week arter next, so you'll soon know your fata."

The servants, who had been so full of giggle when Dawdler first made his appearance, looked really grave, and as they saw him led down the steps, placed in a hackney-coach, and carefully guarded away.

"They'll hang him, as sure as he's heege," remarked an unfeeling looker-on who had just learned the cause of the arrest; "and I shall go and see how he dies." —

PART XII.

TIT GOES TO SEEK AFTER HIS BROTHER.

When Dawdler had been absent well-nigh a month, as no news came, the dowager and Tit grew still more anxious. The good lady's opinion as to what could have become of her two sons changed every day. Now she feared they really must have come to some harm; now she thought that, having got to the great metropolis, they had found so many new and important friends as to put all thought of home out of their heads for a season. Then again it struck her that as the mail had been stopped and robbed three times within the last three months, very likely letters from her sons were in some of those very bags. Ay, letters most likely containing money for her and Tit. This last notion always seemed to give her great comfort. Another week passed, but still no intelligence.

"Mother," said Tit one day, "I cannot rest any longer; and as I'm seventeen years old, and quite able to take care of myself, suppose that I go in search of my brothers. Ah, you may scare, mother, but I mean it. What if I am little; I've a stout heart, and see nothing to fear. I shall go straight to the capital, find out the Prime Minister's, and see what really has become of Dandy and Dawdler."

At first the widow said,—"No; if you go and do not return, whatever shall I do? No, Tit dear, you must stay with me until your brothers write, send, or come back."

"Mother," remarked the boy with great earnestness, "something tells me that I shall get news of them much quicker that way than by staying at home with you. Indeed, I feel as though I could not rest here any longer. Let me go! I'm sure it's all for the best, and I give you my most solemn promise that I will write or return by this day month."

After a great many tears the widow consented to part with her last son; and little Tit, without saying a word to the farmer, prepared to start on the morrow. He would not tell master Lubin of his intended trip, because he knew the fine old fellow would want to help him with money, and the brave boy felt they already owed a great deal too much. It is true that in going forth he had but a very small sum to carry with him, yet he fancied that with care he should be able to make it last out. Having stocked his wallet with a brown loaf and a piece of cheese over-night, he arose next morning two hours before it was light, and took his departure. By mid-day he had got over nearly twenty miles, but was beginning to feel tired. The next five miles he found sadly heavy. His feet began to blister, and he felt very
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lame. Still he was determined not to give up yet. He fancied he could manage another fire, and he had been told that he was sure of a night's lodging at the end of that distance. At last he began to limp very badly, and to get on very slowly. Five miles, thought he—it seems a terribly long five miles. By-and-by it struck him that it was not unlikely he had lost the road. His spirits fell, but he would not give up. The day was fast declining, when, to his great grief, he found himself in the front of a vast moor. Worn out, he sank upon the ground, and tried to think what was best to be done. It was a great treat to stretch his limbs among the heather; so comforting, indeed, that, before he was aware of it, a stouter stole over him, and he sank into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was night, and the bright blue stars were throbbing in the clear heavens. He felt very cold, and his limbs, as he scrambled up, were so stiff and painful that he could hardly stand. While he was in great haste to do for the best his eye detected a light shining far ahead. It was the same light that Dandy, three months ago, had discerned in the hour of his bitter trouble, and which had led him to seek good quarters. Cheered by the hope of shelter for the night, Tit managed to hobble forward. His walking now was a very lame affair indeed. More than once he found himself up to the knees in a bog-hole; but at last he stood in front of the hut. Tap, tap, went his knuckles against the door.

"Come in," cried the dwarf.
He lifted the latch; as he entered the master of the house peered up from his evening meal, with an exceedingly suspicious look. A sudden and encouraging expression, however, instantly cleared his countenance.

"Will you give me a night's shelter, if you please, sir? I have lost my road."

"Ay, surely, surely," was the answering answer. Without another word a fresh log was tossed on the fire; a trencher of porridge set on the table, and Bluebottle the third invited to partake.

"Thank'ee," said he, "I am a bit hungry."

"I should think you were," laughed the dwarf. "I should think you were," as he saw the trencher rapidly emptied. "More?"

"If you please." This also disappeared in quick time.

"More?" repeated his host, with a roguish twinkle of the eye.

"Yes," said Tit.

"Then you must wait for another boiling," crowed the diminutive. "I did not expect company, or I would have made a large dish."

"Oh, don't make any more on my account, exclaimed Tit. "I have some tripe of food in my wallet yet, and if you like to try a crust of good honest brown bread, and a slice of nice sweet cheese, you are welcome."

"Well done, I will." Tit was right glad at the dwarf's accept-
CRICKETS, WALKING-LEAVES, LOCUSTS, ETC.
(Order Orthoptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

In my garden, one day, having accidentally overturned a stone, I perceived an earwig sitting upon a cluster of young ones. Being interested by this hen-like motherliness in an insect so unjustly traduced by a vulgar prejudice, I was anxious to ascertain whether naturalists had recorded the circumstance. Stepping into my library, and, taking down De Geer, I found that he had made some interesting observations on the little creature, and fully proved its maternal affection. Removing an earwig from sitting on its eggs, he placed her in a box, where was some earth, and scattered the eggs in all directions. She soon, however, collected them one by one with her jaws into a heap, and assiduously sat upon them as before. The young, when hatched, nestled like a brood of chickens under their mother, who, very quietly suffers them to push between her feet, and will often sit over them in this posture for several hours. They have no objection, however, to devouring the bodies of their dead companions, nor any compunction at destroying the flowers and fruits of our gardens. The vulgar opinion that they seek to introduce themselves into the ear, for the purpose of injury, is very unfair, but not unfounded事实上。On the other hand, these insects, when dried, pulverized, and mixed with the urine of a hare, are said to be good for deafness, if introduced into the ear.

Finding that the Forficulidae, or earwigs, have the anterior wings formed into elytra, of a consistence intermediate between that of the horn-y wing-cases of beetles and the parchment-like anterior wings of the Orthoptera, and in other respects partake of the character of both, I was not surprised that some naturalists should have reckoned them with the latter order, while others give them a distinct position.

From the consideration of the earwig family I was led on to that of the true Orthoptera, which in many respects resemble the order of the beetles, but differ from them in the softer covering of their bodies, in the partially membranous character of the first pair of wings, and in the meeting of the wings, when closed, along the central line of the back. (Hence the name of the order, from the Greek orthos and ptera, literally straightwings.) They differ also in the fan-like manner of folding the posterior wings and in being only incomplete in their metamorphosis. The larva and pupa closely resemble the perfect insect in form, walking and feeding in the same manner, and differing in little else than the absence of wings and wing-covers, which are gradually and visibly developed in the pupa.

Having placed Kirby, Bate, Remie, White, and a host of other books on the table, and opened them at the pages containing information concerning our order, and engravings of some of the principal members of it, I was astonished to see the insects walk out on to the table. Being mindful of the precept of certain philosophers, to doubt everything, I doubted and rubbed my eyes, and rubbed my eyes and doubted, till at length, influenced by the law of reaction, and encouraged by the example of Dr. Newman, I became a firm believer. It was mysterious, no doubt, and may not admit of explanation; but so it is mysterious when portraits step down from the wall, in romances, and when dwarfs, and fays, and hobgoblins stand around you in the gloaming, though you know that every door is fast, and that an hour ago you were the only tenant of the house. There they stood, then, a cockroach, a praying mantis, and a spectre insect on one side; a cricket, a grasshopper, and a locust on the other. I noticed that, in the first division, the legs were nearly of the same length, and adapted for walking or running; hence, the division is named Cursoria; whilst, in the second, the thighs of the hind legs were of disproportionate length, adapted for leaping, as indicated by the name Saltatoria.

From observing the works and ways of insects, I have come to believe that they can do almost everything of human-like character, from boring a hole to carrying on a war; so I was more than half prepared to hear and see what at this moment my ears and eyes were called upon to witness. Our cockroach, advancing a few steps, commenced relating his family history in an extemporaneous manner, supporting his statements by quotations from the books before him. He said, "I belong to the Oriental house of Blatta, which is very ancient, for, like the Indo-European nations, we left the East Indies for these parts at some uncertain period in the far-off past. We are now diffused pretty generally over temperate climates, though only in tropical regions can we attain our full development. We are not much in favour with the human bipeds, who infest our houses (I beg pardon; I withdraw that for the vice versa), being sometimes mistaken for beetles, and being considered disgusting because of a certain dark-coloured fluid which we emit and which clings to everything we have crept over. The naturalist,
CRICKETS, WALKING-LEAVES, LOCUSTS, ETC.

however, is interested in us, because, not to do things by halves, we lay our eggs altogether, and in a large horny case or capsule of oval form. We can feed on almost every kind of vegetable matter. We are not at all voracious, it is not every man that would be entitled to cast the first stone at us. The same quality in other animals calls forth your admiration, as when you keep a hedgehog in the kitchen to thin the numbers of your family, or house spiders for the same purpose, as do the housekeepers of Jamaica. You men are an exterminating race: my sisters in the damp, low-lying districts of Brixton, Hackney, Islington, and Ball’s Pond, suffer much from a poisonous ‘phosphorous paste,’ which, however, by a retributive Providence, is doubtless injurious to nobler animals sometimes. We have also the power—whether cousin Earwig possess it or not—of causing some pain of body to the human animal.

At least, a Swedish clergyman—one of the first that went to Pennsylvania—awaking suddenly, jumped out of bed with a—cockroach in his ear. Roach, being frightened, strove with all his strength to get deeper into the master’s skull, producing a most excruciating pain that he imagined his head was bursting, and almost fell senseless to the floor. Hastening, however, to the well, he drew a bucket of water, and threw some in his ear. Roach then, finding himself in danger of his life, did what most insects are wont to do when threatened, marched out backward, and delivered the poor Swede from his pain and fears.”

During the discourse of Roachy, the Mantis, in the same division, had maintained what appeared to be an attitude of prayer. At that moment it seized a fly, and I then understood that it had only been lying in wait for prey. Having finished its meal it took up its parable and said, “My name is Mantis religiosa, the Praying Mantis or ‘Soothsayer’: I owe my name to the Greeks, and it was given, perhaps, because, like their own diviners, I hold up my hands to the gods, and refraining from leaping and play, show forth a kind of mature gravity. My body, you will perceive, instead of being flattened and oval, like that of a cockroach, is narrow and lengthened, while my first pair of legs are enormously elongated. As I frequent trees and plants—and there are creatures who would like to make me their prey—it is a very convenient thing for me that the form and colour of my wings and body are so adapted to those of the leaves and twigs about me that I generally elude observation.

“The Greeks observe in me their sooth-saying; the Hindoos displayed the same reverent conviction of my movements and flight; the Turks even now regard me as an object of superstitious veneration. Not that the Moslem deems me divine, but he regards me as a fellow-worshipper of God, whom he believes all creatures praise with more or less consciousness and intelligence. But it is in Africa, and especially in Southern Africa, that I receive my highest honours. Peter Kolben, an early German traveller, assures you that whenever the Hottentot meets me he pays me the highest veneration. If I visit a Kraal they assemble about me as if a divinity had descended among them, and even kill a sheep or two as a thank-offering, and esteem it an omen of the greatest happiness and prosperity. Mr. Evan Evans, a missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, gives an account of a conversation he had with the Hottentot driver of his waggon. The driver pointed out a mantis, which he called the god of the Hottentots, and alluded to the notions he had, in former times, connected with it. The missionary asked him, ‘Did you ever worship this insect, then?’ He answered, ‘Oh, yes! a thousand times; always before I came to Bethelsdorf. When ever I saw this little creature, I would fall down on my knees before it, and pray.’ ‘What did you pray it for?’ ‘I asked it to give me a good master and plenty of thick milk and flesh.’ ‘Did you pray for nothing else?’ ‘No, sir; I did not then know that I wanted anything else.’

‘Whenever I used to see this animal (holding the insect still in his hand) I used sometimes to fall down immediately before it; but if it was in the waggon road, or in a foot-path, I used to push it up as gently as I could, to place it behind a bush, for fear a waggon should crush it, or some men or beasts put it to death.’ If a Hottentot by some accident killed or injured this creature, the waggoner said, he was sure to be unlucky all his life-time, and could never shoot an elephant or a buffalo afterwards.

“I am not the first mantis that has uttered articulate words. St. Francis Xavier, seeing a progenitor of mine move along in its solemn way, holding up its two fore-legs as in the act of devotion, desired it to sing the praises of God, whereupon it carolled forth a fine canticle, if legend is to be trusted.

“With crusaders and puritans, however, our praying and singing do not hinder some hard fighting sometimes, though our foes, I am sorry to say, may be of our own household. Appetite is like a creditor, who will annoy you till he gets his due; and to satisfy it we quarrel for the same glowworm, or even devour one another. It is recorded here, sir,” said Mantis, tapping the second volume of the Epistles, “that an unfortunate glowworm whose soft bulky body, revealed in her own self-betraying light, appeared most tempting, was espied by two of my brothers at the same moment. One of them began to climb the bank whereon the helpless lamp-bearer repose, but was speedily pulled backwards by his jealous comrade. Then began a determined combat, each warrior throwing up his head and brandishing his murderous weapons preparatory to mutual attack. Using sabre-like their tremendous arms, alternately to guard and cut,
both combatants maintained for awhile a nearly signal contest. Then, as if to end it, both threw up their rustling leaf-like wings, and darted like lightning at each other. A deadly struggle followed, till at last the weakest fell a headless trunk, but not lifeless body, for it was speedily again erect; the arms again waved, and shook, and grasped, in the desperate convulsions of expiring agony, while the hideous head, with jaws gnashing and eyes turning from vivid green and red, to yeule morte brown and black, seemed to watch, in impotent fury, the hopeless efforts of its detached body. The struggle between the headed and headless creatures was soon ended; and the victor, while the limbs of his late antagonist yet quivered, began to glut his cannibal appetite on the body. Among the Chinese this pugnacious disposition of our family is made to afford an entertainment resembling that of fighting cocks or quails, and during the summer months scarcely a boy is to be seen without his cage of mantis.

"But fratricidal rage is only the abuse of a passion that may be better directed. Mrs. Taylor had a pet Mantis which kept watch and guard over her all night long, and won betide any unfortunate mosquito who fancied for his supper a drop of clarit! My sister's strong sabre-like claws had the jelly trumpet tucked into her capacious jaws before you could open your eyes to ascertain the state of affairs.

By the side of Mantia, on the library table, were two objects which I had supposed to be a leaf and a stick, so exactly did they resemble those things in form and colour; but at this stage of the proceedings they came forward a few paces and desired the "liberty of prophesying." I soon remembered that I had seen a rich collection of such curiosities at the British Museum, labelled as Phasmidea, or Spectre Insects. They crawled forward, and their whole structure indicated a sluggish mode of life. In fact, their mode of life does bear a strong analogy to that of the Sloths among Mammalia. Their means of escape from enemies consist entirely in their very close resemblance to the objects in the midst of which they live. The Leaf-insect said:

"Our family can boast of exhibiting the most cunning of all Nature's devices for the preservation of her creatures. Our hues are of all varieties, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full-blown leaf, and the withered tint of decay. So completely do we deceive the eye that some travellers have declared that they saw the leaves of trees become living creatures, like the rest of the Orthoptera, resting flat on the abdomen, are thus mistaken for leaves, so our eggs, being brown and pentangular, and provided with a short stem, are not to be distinguished from seeds.

Mr. Murray found us, subject to three moultins, like the rest of the Orthoptera, and considered it a singular act of cannibalism when the second skin was eaten up by the shedder of it." (Here the speaker, in corroboration of his remarks, turned to page 184 of "Strange Stories of the Animal World," by John Timbs: Griffith & Farran, 1860.) The Stick-insect allowed us to examine him, and we found that the wing-covers, instead of being expanded, were applied so closely to the body as to detract nothing from its rounded form; its length was several inches, and, in answer to a question, it stated that its food, like that of the Leaf-insect, was exclusively vegetable.

I was now amused and interested to hear three stridulous notes in B; and remembering that Gardiner, in his "Music of Nature," had set down these as characterising the cricket, I turned to that insect in the division Saltatoria. On examination I found that the stridulation was effected by means of peculiar tale-like spots, surrounded by strong veins and placed near the base of each elytron: the rapid passage of these over each other produced the sound. It was not, strictly speaking, a voice, but it might, nevertheless, be a language, as deaf-mutes communicate by motions, and soldiers obey the bugle and the drum. Had I lived in the Island of Barbadoes I should probably have considered the chirp an omen of death, and the same had I lived in England in Dryden's time

Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death.

But Cowper has sung—

Always harbinger of good.

And Charles Dickens has written—"It's sure to bring us good fortune, John! It always has been so. To have a cricket on the hearth is the luckiest thing in the world;" while it is said to be kept in Spain, and hung by the fire as a song bird in a cage of paper, for the Merriment of its chirp. Our cricket, therefore, was calmly listened to, while he delivered himself as follows:—"You will notice that my antennae are long, slender, and tapering, and my wing-cases laid flat upon my back; my tarsi have three joints, and I possess a pair of bristle-shaped appendages at the extremity of the abdomen. Our family comprises house-crickets, field-crickets, mole-crickets, &c. As a house-cricket I am fond of kitchens on account of their perpetual warmth, and residing, as it were, in a torrid zone, I am always alert and merry. Though frequently heard by day my natural time of motion is at night. As soon as it grows dusk I increase my chirping and come running forth. As you will suppose, from the burning atmosphere in which we exist we are a thirsty tribe, and have a propensity for liquids, being frequently found drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, or the like. We often gnaw holes in wet woollen stockings or aprons hung by the fire. We eat the scumplings of pot, and yeast, salt, crumbs of bread, &c. In summer we often make excursions into the neighbouring fields and dwell in the cracks of the ground, or
increasing to a great degree, we fly into the candles and dash in people's faces.

"As a field-cricket, I form burrows in the ground, in which I dwell all day, coming out chiefly about sunset to pipe my evening song. The children in France amuse themselves by hunting me. They drop into my hole an ant fastened to a long hair, and as they draw it out I unthinkingly pursue. Sitting in the entrance of our cavern, myself and brothers chirp all night as well as day, from the middle of the month of May to the middle of July. When our males meet they fight fiercely, as Mr. White found by some which he put into the crevices of a dry stone wall, where he would have been glad to have made them settle; for though they seemed distressed by being taken out of their knowledge, yet the first that got possession of the chinks would seize on any that were obstructed upon them, with a vast row of serrated faces.

"As a mole-cricket, I form extensive underground galleries similar to those of the mole, though smaller, and these may always be recognised by a slightly elevated ridge of mould. To fit me for my work I am furnished with a chest powerful as a battering-ram, and have my fore-feet hand-shaped and mailed like a warrior's glove. My usual food consists of potatoes, with roots of grass and other plants, varied perhaps by underground insects as well as flies. Mr. White, or Saliborns, describes my nest as 'a pretty chamber dug in clay, of the form and about the size it would have been if moulded by an egg, the walls being neatly smoothed and polished. In this little cell were deposited about a hundred eggs of the size and form of caraway confits, and of a dull tarnished white colour. The eggs were not very deep, but just under a little heap of fresh mould, and within the influence of the sun's heat.' Because the black beetle will want these eggs, I defend my nest like a fortified town, with labyrinths, intrenchments, ramparts, and covered ways. In some part of these outworks I station myself as an advanced guard, and when a beetle ventures within my circumsallations I pounce upon him and kill him.

"As a house-cricket, again, when I and my brethren are out and running about in a room in the night, if surprised by a candle, we give two or three shrill notes as a signal to our fellows that they may escape to their granaries and lurking-holes. Sometimes, alas! we are scalded out; but humane people will rather adopt the practice of the learned Scaliger, who kept some of us in a box for his amusement in his study; or that of the yeasts of Germany, who carry us into their bedrooms at night, and are soothed to sleep by our chirping lullaby."

We understood that Mr. Cricket had more particulars to relate, but as Grasshopper and Locust were still waiting, we removed him to the hearth, where he soon found a crummy and disappeared, though his chirping was still heard. As it is possible, however, at a concert, to listen to treble or tenor as we please, to the disregard of the other parts of the harmony, so in listening to Grasshopper I was soon unconscious of the sound from the fireplace. Grasshopper said:—"Though my music is regarded by some as 'a disagreeable crink,' it can never grate harshly on the ear or heart attuned to Nature's harmonies. In memory, at least, it will be as a hymn of happiness, mingled with evening bells and the shouts of village children. My life may well be a merry one, as it is very short, extending only, I believe, to a few weeks of summer or early autumn, as reckoned by men——"

When I have drunk and danced and sung
My fill, the summer leaves among,
Bated with my summer feast
I retire to endless rest.

I am not a cricket, on the one hand, nor a locust on the other. From the former I am distinguished by the roof-like position of my wing-covers (which, in the crickets, fold horizontally), and from the latter by the inferior robustness of my body, and the length and slenderness of my legs and tarsus. I differ from both, also, in having the tarsi composed of four joints.

"My appetite is not vitiated and depraved, like that of my house-bred cousin Cricket, nor inordinate rapacious like that of the wide destroyer Locust. You know 'the poor wheat to which I cling and gnaw like a file.' Mr. Westwood, however, has stated that on one occasion he placed a great green Grasshopper in a box, together with one of its legs which he had accidentally jerked off, and on opening the box next morning half the leg was devoured."

Observing that the speaker was trying to sit over and hide from view a paragraph in the third volume of the Epistles, 'I put him aside and read as follows:—' Now, Mr. Grasshopper, on ocular evidence dost thou stand condemned. Each notch in the verdant, much more in the withering blade, is a mouth opened against thee in mute accusation. True, we hear and read but little of thy misdemeanours, while those of 'the fly,' and 'the wire-worm,' and 'the grub,' are trumpeted loudly forth, and figure famously in the 'Newgate Calendar' of the indignant farmer. Yet do we suspect, that where thou and thy merry companions most abound, even in the meads of England, the mouthfuls of the cow must lack moisture and the crops of hay lack weight; and when we read of thy continental fellows caught in hand-nets by the bushel, what must we think of the amount of mischief committed, or likely to have been wrought, by the combination of their jaws?"

The speaker replied to this by quoting from Athenaeus, that the Greeks used to eat grasshoppers as provocatives of the appetite, and by assuring me that the Siamese, the inhabitants of Cumans, and the California Digger Indians esteem it a delicacy. The latter soak the insects in salt water for a
few moments, roast for fifteen minutes, and then eat with relish. "Like so many other insects, too," said Grasshopper, by way of finish, "I am held to be of use in medicine, while in Sweden I am employed by the peasants to bite the warts on their hands, the back finding being supposed to make these excrescences vanish."

The last insect upon the table, the migratory Locust, has but three joints in his tarsi, and the female is destitute of an ovipositor. On examination, I found that his stridulation proceeded from the friction of the inside of the thighs against the veins of the elytra, the tingle-like spots of the two preceding insects being absent. The locust can leap with more energy than the cricket or grasshopper, and sustain itself in flight for a much longer time. The wings of some locusts resemble leaves of trees; those of others are spotted, and were thought by many to be leaves from the book of Fate, in which letters announcing the destiny of nations were to be read. Paul Jouve, a Ph.D. in Greek literature at the Gymnasium of Stettin, wrote a work on the meaning of three of these letters, which were, according to him, to be seen on the wings of those locusts which visited Silesia in 1712. A common belief in America is, that every locust's wing is marked with either the letter W or the letter P, portending war in the one case and peace in the other.

On asking our locust to give us some particulars of himself and his tribe, he began ignoring Darwin's "Origin of Species," which lay close by him. "The Mohammedans will tell you that after God had created man from clay, he made the locust of that which was left; and in utter despair they look upon our devastations as a just chastisement from heaven for their nation's sins, or as directed by that fatality in which they all believe. We believe that unity is strength, and certainly it is our association and numbers that render us formidable. The species oblonga, or the Passenger [tapping the book] by Kirby and Spence, appears to have been the Locusta Italica, which he came upon in their larva and pupa state. In serene warm weather my sisters were in full motion in the morning immediately after the evaporation of the dew. At first, some were seen running about like messengers among the reposing swarms, which were lying partly compressed upon the ground at the side of small eminences, and partly attached to tall plants and shrubs. Shortly after the whole body began to move forward in one direction, and with little deviation. They resembled a swarm of ants, all traces of the course, at small distances, but without touching each other. In this manner they advance from evening till evening without halting, frequently at the rate of a hundred fathoms and upwards in the course of a day.

"As soon as they acquire wings they progressively disperse, but still fly about in large swarms."

"Dr. Shaw says concerning another swarm"
The sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle;' and Mr. Darwin, who listened to the noise in South America, says:—'Like a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship.' Volney's simile is of an army foraging in secret (but he is speaking of their browsing on trees and herbage); and Southey sings:—

Onward they came, a dark continuous cloud
Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the sound
Of a broad river headlong in its course
Plunged from a mountain summit, or the roar
Of a wild ocean in the autumn storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks!

In answer to a question, the speaker informed me that he derived his name from the Latin, locus, a place; from whence, of course, comes also the term "local," as applied to an assistant Wesleyan preacher. Whether the common etymology will justify a confusion of the two words I will not determine, but the following is authentic:—

A "local" went to preach at a village station,
And afterwards dined with an old woman, an attendant at the place. The grandam triumphantly bringing on to the table a large piece of very fat bacon, and an immense cabbage, exclaimed,—"There, now! I got these, for I know you locusts like a good dinner!" Now, our "local" was fond of lean.

One more question put to our little friend on the table elicited the following information, which was all we could stay to listen to:—"You may read in 'Purcells's Pilgrims' of locusts being exercised and excommunicated, so that they immediately flew away. The superstitious Tartars of the Crimea, in order to rid their country of locusts, at one time sent over to Asia Minor, whence my sister had come, to procure Dervishes to drive them away by their incantations. These divines prayed around the mosques; and, as a charm, ordered water to be hung on the minarets, which, with the prayers, was meant to entice a species of black-bird to come in multitudes and devour the locusts. The water thus hung out is said to be still preserved in the mosques. On this occasion the Dervishes collected eighty thousand rubles, the poorest shepherd giving half a ruble, and it is my opinion that, by this act, they showed their own affinity to the rapacious locusts they sought to destroy."

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The Mitherless Bairn.

A wee bairn was ganging across the moor,
His feet were na' shod, and his taces were blue;
An' he gaed begging frae door to door,
Puir chiel, his mither he never knew;
His father had rin awa'.
Oh! the wee bairn gaed across the moor,
He had nae hame, an' his heart was sad;
He could na' trid upon a fluir,
An' ca' his ain, the puir wee ladd;
He trampl near an' far.

Oh! the wee bairn gaed across the moor,
Wi' tears in his een an' an empty wame;
The wind did blow nae cauld and raw,
His claes were scant, an' he limpit lame.
Nae fire, not o'en a spark!
Oh! the wee bairn gaed across the moor,
The snaw did fa' snaw blinding thick,
He could na' see his way before,
An' it was freezing hard an' quick,
An' it was growing dark.

Oh! the wee bairn stand upon the moor,
He did na' knaw the way he came;
He was sae weak, he'd walk sae mair,
He laid him doon upon a stane;
An' it was bitter cauld!
Oh, the bleak night upon the moor!
The white snaw piled in mony a heap.
He wept, his little banes were sore,
An' sune he cried hissel' to sleep.
An' midnight toll'd.

Oh, the wild wind across the moor!
Ye who are snug on beds o' down,
Gie thanks to Him who guards your door,
An' does na' see wi' angry frown
Your shelter'd head.
Oh, the deep snaw upon the moor!
Next morn a shepherd laddie rude
Spied the wee chiel: his heart was sore,
He tried to rouse him—'twas nae good—
The bairn was dead!

J. GIBBS.
THE ODD BOY ON "ROT."

DEAR SIR,—"Rot."—I am aware that it is slangy, but it is expressive: it means something, and hits off the notion of what it means, which a jolly lot of words that are not slangy don't. The thing that is rotten ain't of any use. I am aware, some folks go in for high game, which is next to rotten, if not quite; but this, to use a proper phrase, is "an acquired taste;" to the natural taste, a rotten bird and a rotten borough are alike a leettle too stenchy. Rot, I know, is the end of all flesh; but out of rottenness comes ripeness, so that the earth—Mother Earth—works things up properly and makes them square. But from the rot I speak of, no ripeness ever springs or will spring, and you can't fit it no how.

Rot is only another name for sham; for idle nonsensical boast that catches the gulls; for flippant long-talk that makes asses on the common, or out of the common, erect their long ears and bray applause. It is found everywhere nicely covered up to look like ripeness—like the bottles of strawberries they sell about the streets, two or three bouncers on the top, and below—a muck of damaged fruit, wet straw, and duke's delight—I mean strawberry-leaves! The Times Supplement is full of printed rot, but the rotten dealers find it pays; and while it pays, "Vive le Rot!"

When schoolmaster issues his circular, or in the newspaper columns mentions that there is a vacancy at his establishment for a pupil, what a muck-heap of rot he rakes together! When parents or guardians wait on his scholastic highness, how bumptiously he trots them round his garbage, and makes them snuff it well up. "Our establishment is quite different from everybody else's. We are rigidly particular as to whom we admit; there are already three applications for this one vacancy; an M.P. is most anxious to place his son under our paternal care; a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Mokes declares he will take no denial; but we like your boy; we took to him the moment you introduced him, &c., &c., &c." Very big is schoolmaster as to his own attainments; deeply learned, up in the classics, down deep in mathematics, he could turn both Universities round his finger! As to the manner in which he looks after his boys, it is the exact cheese; his house is A No. 1, copper bottomed; his table is loaded with luxuries; his dormitories are on a princely scale of grandeur; his—well, his everything—is just exactly what the most exacting person could wish. Rot—all rot—schoolmaster knows it. It's all bosh and bunkum; and if he spoke right out, this would be something like his story. "I have taken to training 'the young idea;' not because I have any special idea about it, or fitness for it; but because I could not see my way to getting my bread at anything else. As to learning, well, I'm not a tip-topper, but I hire fellows cheap, who can do the trick middling, and I can look as big as anybody. You don't keep dogs and bark yourself. It ain't my business to teach—that's the usher's work: and the appetite some of these men have is awful! As to the boys, I get as many as I can, and feed 'em as cheaply as I can. If they want turtle and venison, and eider-down beds, mine is not the shop for them; but I can tell them this, I play fair, and if they cut up rough, they'll get their wheack."

But if the schoolmaster talks rot, and will exhibit his decaying cabbage-leaves, so do some of his boys—not hearty boys, not "wholesome" boys—but priggish fellows, who like to crow because their dads are bigger, or they think they are, than other fellows' dads, and can do a monstrous cock-a-doo-dle-do in their own barn-yards! "I am somebody, I am," says young Sabreatash; not right out of his mouth, you know, but out of his green eyes—out of his screwed-up conceived little mug. "My father is an officer and a gentleman. I can't bowl or bat, or kick a ball, with any proper regard to my own dignity and the family coat of arms, if young Shoppay and Pestythwaita, the 'pothecary's boy, are in the field. Out upon it! let the Somebodies stick together, and forswear the Nobodies." Here you are, you see. Rot again, and plenty of it! Shoppay
THE ODD BOY ON "ROT."

serving out his tea and sugar, or what not, over the counter; and Pestlethwaite making up prescriptions, and teaching his 'prentice the "rudiments" of physio, as Timothy Oldman learned them by pounding in a mortar—are less familiar with dishonoured bills and Jew and Gentile money-lenders, and the difficulties of making both ends meet, than is the gallant Sabretash. His experience is that of the man in the song:

How happy the soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of sixpence a day.

Two shillings to the bad per diem—all for rot, for Sabretash the elder is every bit as bad as Sabretash the younger. He goes in for looking as big as other people with twenty-five times his means. He does it by pinching and screwing wherever screw and piners are available—generally where they ought least to be employed. He does as others do in the club, and thinks ruefully of the dismal condition of the home larder. He feels it incumbent upon him never to be seen east of Temple Bar, and to scorn a trader as a high-caste Hindoo will scorn a pariah. But I am afraid there is a good deal of rot both in Pestlethwaite and Shoppy. I know very well young P. talks about his dad as if he was first-chop article in the medical profession. I know he tries to bounce young Shoppy with the difference between a medical gentleman and a fellow that deals in tea and sugar. If Sabretash alludes to him as Bolus, he alludes to Shoppy as Teacanister or Butter-tub. "I'm somebody, I am," all through the school, and all through the school of life outside: rot inside the walls, rot outside the walls. Self-pretentious, self-assertive rot, that is conspicuous for its much rotteness, if for nothing else. Shoppy professes to glory in the shop; but he does not: he winces at every joke, writes under every sarcasm, while he glories in his dad's tin. "We keep the shop, and the shop keeps us," he says with unctuous surveying his own excellent broadcloth and smelling tip in his pocket—tip enough to toffey and bull's-eye the whole garrison for a month! He takes care to mention how many horses his father has got in his stable; how many servants—counting shopmen, errand-boy and all—his dad employs. Some of the boys will say, in genuine simplicity and hearty good faith, "How jolly!"—and, mind you, horses, and men, and money at command, are precious good things in their way—if they were in my way, I should never ask them to get out of it. But all the glory is dashed from poor Shoppy, when Sabretash alludes to a "ha'porth of treacle," and Pestlethwaite inquires the price of a pen'orth of pickled walnuts! Does not every man- Jack of them envy the other? I rather think he does. Sabretash wishes his dad had got Shoppy's money; Shoppy wishes his dad was in the army, instead of being behind the counter; and Pestlethwaite wishes his father was either an out-and-out gentleman, swelling it in the West, or out-and-out well off, living in clover in the East. May I quote the lines I quoted in a letter a good while ago?

Supposing I were you,
Supposing you were me;
Supposing we both were somebody else,
What a jolly good job it would be!

I know Shoppy senior would like to hold a commission, and lounge in the bow window of a club. He is always cock-a-hoop to go on an inquest or be at the sessions; and when made a vestryman the excitement in his back parlour was intense. As for poor old Pestlethwaite, he can ill brook the snubs of more successful practitioners, and often he shakes his head over their dog-latin prescriptions, and says to himself, "Ah, if they had called me in!"

And now turning away from the rot social—a rot which makes everybody inclined to deceive everybody else into the belief that he is something different from what he is; a rot that makes a man or a boy afraid or ashamed to say, "I am Jack Stiles, so-and-so, and so-and-so—take me for what I'm worth;"—glance for a minute at the rot professional. There is a wonderful sight of professional rot that might be done without and nobody be a penny the worse. I'll stick to physio—not literally; not if I know it! But, as an illustration, suppose a doctor was not to make such a mystery of his craft; was not always to challenge in the quarter—your tongue, your pulse, your appetite, and your bowels. Suppose he was not to be quite so taciturn about what was the matter; was not to write down—Pulv: Gum: Scammonia opt 3 j.
Ext. Colocynthis Comp. 3 ss. Saponis 3 ss. Spirit Vel muclég; q. s. ft. Pilum: 24;" but simply stick it down in English, would a fellow be any
the worse for it? I don't mean for the medicine, but for it being ordered in English? Of course, I don't know, but I should think he wouldn't. I wonder, too, whether we should be any the worse—whether we should, on the question of property, all go to the bad—if the lawyers were not always trying to trip us with irrelevant phrases—"aforesaid," and "herein cited," and "nevertheless," and "notwithstanding"! I wonder if people said what they meant in plain words, to be accepted in a plain sense, whether anybody but the gentlemen of the long tongue—no, I mean bill; no, I don't, I mean robe—would suffer very severely?

What a lot of rot there is talked in Parliament, and what a fearful heap of garbage is gathered in every hustings at election time. Hear Dunderhead on the boards telling the "free and enlightened!" all about it. Who so earnest for something or other as Dunderhead? Cheap mutton and Dunderhead—No taxes and Dunderhead—Everybody a topsawyer and Dunderhead. Who so affable in the committee-room as Dunderhead? Who so friendly with the poorest voter as Dunderhead? Who so ready to take the chair anywhere, or for anything, as Dunderhead? Dunderhead is going to turn the constituency upside down, always taking it for granted that it was wrong side up before. The hour for reform has come, and the hour has been got Dunderhead. Well, he gets in: he is at the head of the poll: he takes his seat, and—nothing particular occurs: the House freezes the Dunderhead eloquence, and all his promises turn out so much rot!

What complimentary rot we talk to one another very often—not all of us. Faith, I believe there are some good and true; but the great heap is of an ancient and fish-like smell. "How glad I am to see you!" says A to B. "I am delighted to see you!" says B to A. They don't care twopence for each other. "When will you run down and see me?" says A. "At the very first chance, you may depend," says B. "I asked that fellow B to run down," says A masculine to A feminine, "but I hope and trust he won't come!" "My dear," says Mr. B to Mrs. B, "I tumbled over that duffer A, and he wants me to run down—catch me at it!"

Wouldn't it be much better for these fellows to cut each other direct? It's rot—all rot!

So it is when we press somebody to sing or play, and only wish he wouldn't. When we say, "Thank you; I am sure we are very much obliged: this is a treat!" feeling all the while about as pleased as a bear learning to dance on a red hot floor.

But don't fancy I am going in for the surly and cantankerous—therein we have only another form of rot. When Diogenes did the big to Alek the Great, it was all rot; when Alek said if he was not himself, he would like to be the ill-bred cynic, that was rot too. And when people are openly and obviously rude—when they say hard truths in a bouncy sort of way, like Dr. Johnson, only in questionableness English often—they are only stirring a muss-heap of selfishness and conceit. Here is one fellow bragging about his ancestry, taking his stand on the family vault and climbing up to the tip-top of the family-tree. Well, that's all rot. Here's another fellow bragging because he is gutturbred; because all his hard cash has been got by himself; because he is what is called a self-made man! Well, that's another sort of rot.

Rot! I'll tell you what it is when I look round me; when I read the papers; when I go to the play; very often, when I go to church, there is so much rottenness that I feel as if the whole lot of us were downright bad. Gentlemen, I would like to say, let's play fair. Whatever we are—wherever we are—let us play fair. Let us say "yea" when we mean yea, and "nay" when we mean nay. Let us be glad or sorry when we feel so, and not get up smiles and tears to order. Whatever we have to do, let's do it as well as we can; and if somebody can do it better, own it honestly. Should we lose anything by it?

Ah! That's it. Debtor and creditor account—loss and gain. What shall I lose?

Well, we should lose by it. We should lose the disagreeable sensation of being heartily ashamed of ourselves; we should lose the painful memory of having done mean and shabby actions; we should lose the dread of being found out for the awful shams too many of us are. And there are many other losses that we might sustain and find them to be gain.

But there, I know I'm getting proxy—getting proxy!—so I'll close—shut up—absquatulate by shooting "Down with humbug," and signing myself

Sincerely yours,

THE ODD BOY.
"Mynheer Van Duren was reclining on a mat spread on the shady side of the house, smoking a large wooden pipe."
WILLIAM MANLEY;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER IX.
I ESCAPE FROM BONDAGE.

OLD Kivi, the father of Mrs. Baker, could speak a little English, and in our occupation of flax-dressing he often used to entertain me with incidents of his past life, and lamentations over the decline of his race.

He told me that the civilization his countrymen had obtained from white men had made them selfish, dissipated, weak, and cowardly; and this assertion he attempted to prove, by relating many incidents of the past and comparing them with the present.

Amongst other things he told me of a chief, who once left his village on an expedition of war.

A few days after his departure, one of his followers—a slave—returned with the intelligence that the chief had been slain in battle. A rope made of flax was then given to the favourite wife of the chief reported as dead, and with it she went to a sacred grove and hanged herself.

This act was applauded by all. It was a Maori custom, and one that the self-sacrifice learned from the whites had destroyed.

To this story there hung a tale. The chief had not been killed, but had only been missing. Soon after the death of his wife he returned, and the slave who had brought home the report of his death was killed and eaten. Justice was no longer administered in this economical and satisfactory manner, and Kivi told me with a sigh that he had not eaten human flesh for nearly two years.

Kivi was one of the very few survivors of the tribes that had been exterminated by the great warrior E'Ongi about fifteen years before, and the animated manner in which he described scenes of bloodshed and cannibalism in wars where no quarter was given, made me a little afraid of remaining in his company.

I was told that previous to commencing his wars for conquest, E'Ongi visited England, and was received at Court.

He returned to New Zealand, and brought with him a large supply of muskets and powder for arming his warriors. All the presents he had received in England were exchanged for implements of war, and the power he thus acquired enabled him to overcome all opposition.

In the wars in which he engaged after his return, many of his followers killed themselves by eating what Kivi called “too much human flesh, or long pig.”

One day when Mr. Baker was at “the station” engaged with some killers in drinking, and while I with the rest of his slaves were dressing flax, we were startled by loud shouts, and from the village we saw many people running to the shore of the bay.

We could not resist the temptation to desert our employment and follow the others.

I hastened to the shore with the hope that the brig with Mr. Thompson had returned, but was disappointed.

The cause of the tumult was a large whale which had entered the bay, and two boats were leaving the headland on the north side, for the purpose of capturing it.

The natives old and young were in a high state of excitement.

Should the whale be killed, it would be “boiled out” in the village, and furnish a full supply of their favourite food.

The whale was moving slowly up the bay, apparently only propelled by the tide, and wholly unconscious of the danger that was rapidly approaching it.

One of the boats soon came within “throw,” and we saw a man in the bow rise up for “heaving an iron.”

All watched with breathless anxiety for a moment till we saw the harpoon thrown, and the whale disappear. Then from the shore
there arose a shout, loud and shrill, such as only a band of Maoris, male and female, old and young, can give.

The water in the bay was shallow, and the whale soon arose and received another iron thrown from the second boat.

It rushed forward dragging the two boats rapidly through the water, although the lines were running out, till it was suddenly stopped by striking against a bar of sand.

Before it could get away the boats came up, and it was killed with lances.

While we were watching the preparations that were being made for towing the whale nearer the shore, or rather nearer to the village, Mrs. Baker and her children suddenly started from my side and fled towards their home, followed by the old man and woman.

They had seen their owner, Mr. Baker. Coming up to me he exclaimed, "Is this the way to repay my kindness, neglecting your duty and idling away your time! Go back to your work and take that with you."

As he uttered the last words, he gave me a smart blow on one ear, that for an hour made my head seem a hive full of humming bees.

I returned to the only place I could call home, but not to work, for Mr. Baker was no longer my master.

Knowing that the surest way of keeping clear of him for a few hours would be to stay near his house, I laid down in the shade and watched the others as they tried to make up for the time they had lost.

The poor enslaved old Kuvi expressed his friendship by urging me to resume my work. He feared that a further neglect of duty on my part would bring me into serious trouble with the tyrant who lived on the produce of our labour.

The blow I had received shook my brain into more vigorous action than ever it had experienced before; and awoke some consideration as to the necessity of my intruding upon Mr. Baker's boasted hospitality any longer. I could dig fern roots and eat them without his assistance, and I determined on trying to live without his protection.

Towards evening when he was expected home, I walked away in the direction of the shore where I know that some white men were living not far from the village.

The men I wished to see were all employed on the body of the dead whale. No time was to be lost in getting it ashore for boiling out, and the work was to be carried on night and day.

I walked along the shore until I reached the shed where the fires were being kindled for boiling the coppers in "trying out" the oil.

One of the men gave me an old mat, and lying down in a corner of the shed, I found a much better resting-place than in Mr. Baker's hut, where I used to pass the night in fighting fleas.

Three days passed, during which I did my best in making myself useful about the boiling-down shed, and my services were rewarded with more palatable food than I had eaten since leaving the brig.

On the afternoon of the third day I received a visit from Mr. Baker, who ordered me to accompany him home. I gave him to understand that I had intruded quite long enough upon his hospitality, and that gratitude for the past should prevent me from allowing him to support me any longer.

Having learnt since living with the whalers that Baker was a man much disliked by the other white residents of the place, I ventured to tell him that he would undoubtedly be willing to support every person on the island on the same terms he had kept me,—that he would permit them to work for him at dressing flax, and would let them go hungry for the want of fern root, by not allowing them sufficient time to gather it.

"You lying, ungrateful little wretch," he exclaimed, rushing towards me, "how dare you——"

His speech and progress were suddenly interrupted by one of the whalers who struck him in the face with a "horse piece," or piece of blubber of about ten pounds' weight.

Mr. Baker admitted the reception of this blow by going down, but he immediately arose, and feeling his way out of the shed like a blind man, left the place apparently quite satisfied with his visit.

The next day a small schooner entered the bay, and there was another excitement which resulted in some disappointment to the natives.

The schooner was not a trader, but a vessel engaged in the missionary service.

A missionary station was to be established
in the village, and during the day boats were employed in bringing ashore some furniture and a part of the materials for a house.

In the afternoon one of the missionaries came to the shed, and from his first words I knew that the honour of his visit was wholly owing to me. He asked for a boy named William Manley.

My heart commenced jumping wildly as I came forward in answer to my name, and looking up I saw before me a man with such a serious, melancholy expression on his features that I instantly took a dislike to him.

"I have just come from Hawke's Bay," said the missionary addressing me, "and a friend of yours there—a Mr. Thompson—on learning that I was coming here, wished me and my brother labourer, Mr. Wood, to take you under our care. It is as necessary that you be saved unto everlasting life as any one of the natives of these islands, and it is with such pleasure that I rescue you from the society in which I find you placed. Follow me, and our mission here will certainly not be in vain."

The whalers present regarded this speech as an insult to themselves. Like most of the whalers that then sailed from Australian ports, they were dissipated, profane men, but the words used by the missionary were certainly not such as would make them any better.

"What an awful sinner that boy must be," said one of the men to a companion. "Missionaries have had to come here to save him. There was nothing for them to do here before he came."

Being anxious to hear something more about Mr. Thompson, I followed the missionary, who conducted me to his "brother labourer," the Rev. Mr. Wood.

The latter had features that expressed a cheerful, pleasant disposition, very unlike the other, and I was much pleased with his appearance.

He looked as though he was always happy, and young as I then was, enough experience of this world had been acquired to know that the happy man is a good man.

"This is the lad," said my conductor, addressing Mr. Wood. "I found him with several whalers on the shore—men who would soon have taught him to drink and swear like themselves, but the Lord has been truly merciful to him. He is a brand plucked from the fire."

"Perhaps so," said Mr. Wood, "but he cannot be comfortable with that shirt on. Let him be washed and clothed."

The two missionaries were too busy at the time to answer my inquiries, and I could learn nothing of Mr. Thompson. They placed me in the care of one of their attendants, who soon gave me a more respectable appearance.

CHAPTER X.

A "TANGI."

The next morning, when I had an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Wood, I learnt that there was but little hope of my ever meeting Mr. Thompson again. Later news had been received from the merchants in Sydney, who owned the brig, and had ordered that it should proceed on a trading expedition north. The merchant had at last become convinced that the flax trade and "along shore whaling" on the coast of New Zealand no longer paid expenses.

He had made a small fortune in the flax and oil trade a few years before, but now whales on the coast were seldom seen, and the natives had acquired too much knowledge of the value of articles of commerce to make the flax trade profitable to the merchants engaged in it.

Mr. Thompson was going to leave New Zealand without seeing me again, but I could not accuse him of deserting me.

I was alone to blame for our being separated, and moreover he had obtained from the missionaries a promise that they would see to my welfare. He had fulfilled all the duty he was owing to me.

The day after the missionaries gave me a home, an inferior Maori chief died, and the whole village was disturbed by the tangi, or cry made by his wives and the other females that assembled to assist them in making a proper lamentation for the dead.

"Some one has died," said Mr. Wood, when our ears were first assailed by the horrible howls of the women.

"William," he continued, turning to me "have you ever seen a tangi? If not, come with us. The sight is much more disagreeable than the sound."

I thought, this a strong argument for moving in the opposite direction; neverthe-
less I followed them towards the scene of the disturbance.

"Yes, some one has died," said the melancholy looking missionary, whose name was Black, "and died unhappily just as we have arrived here with that which might have comforted him. Alas! that we were not here in time to converse with him."

"It is useless to regret it," said Mr. Wood, "we shall find plenty of work left for us yet. The sight we are about to witness will convince you of this."

On reaching the hut in which the dead chief was lying, we found between twenty and thirty women assembled around it, each striving to be more noisy in her grief than the other. The wives of the deceased were not satisfied by expressing their grief with howls. Each was striving to outdo the other in giving some more substantial proof of affliction than mere sound could express.

Each wife had parted with handfuls of hair, long cuts with mussel shells had been made on their faces and breasts, and blood and tears were freely mingling.

These manifestations of woe were regarded by Mr. Black as positive evidence of sin.

Every heathen custom to him was sinful, and evidently instigated by the Evil One for the purpose of increasing the population of his kingdom.

Acts that he thought criminal and beheld with rising anger, were regarded by Mr. Wood as the natural results of ignorance and were witnessed with pity.

The former was a bigot, and the latter was a sensible and kind-hearted man.

The only point on which Mr. Wood seemed to be weak or wrong was his inability to see or understand the faults of his companion.

He could only accuse Mr. Black of being a little over-zealous in the great and good cause in which they were engaged.

Both of them could speak the Maori language, and both at the scene of mourning we witnessed interfered to prevent a further indulgence of the horrors of the tangi.

There was a long and wide difference in the manner in which the two men addressed the mourners.

Mr. Black seemed harshly upbraiding them for their sins, while the other was apparently treating them to a little good-natured ridicule for their folly.

It did not require much knowledge or ex-

perience of mankind to know that the labours of Mr. Black would be of but little avail.

He might have made a good soldier, but nature had not designed him for a missionary.

It was different with Mr. Wood, for in any society in which he might be placed he would exert a moral influence.

No man, civilized or savage, could remain an hour in his presence without being a better and a wiser man.

Only one of the missionaries, Mr. Black, assisted by two Maori teachers who came with them from some other part of the island, were to remain in the village.

The mission of Mr. Wood covered a wider field than New Zealand. His home was on the schooner, and he was soon to depart in it to the Tonga, and other islands further north.

Mr. Black wished me to remain in the village with him. He promised to manufacture me into a young missionary, with power of doing more good in the world than had yet been accomplished by any one man, —himself not excepted.

I was not anxious to stay with Mr. Black, but preferred going with Mr. Wood in the schooner; and after meeting with some opposition from both, my wishes were granted.

Early on the morning the schooner was to sail, I went aboard and commenced making myself generally useful.

The pride which had made me so much opposed to doing anything on a vessel but the duty of commanding it, had left me, and I was now willing to be employed in any work best suited to my years.

Before we sailed I received another visit from Mr. Baker, who, unwilling to lose the value of my services at flax-dressing, had resolved on one more attempt to enslave me.

Believing that the crew of the schooner, from the business in which it was engaged, were men of peace, he thought they might be bullied into giving me up. He came off to the schooner in a small canoe pulled by a Maori, one of the worst of his tribe.

Baker was half drunk, and on reaching the deck asked in an authoritative tone, "Who commands this vessel?"

"I have that honour," said Mr. Wood, advancing towards him. "What do you wish?"
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"I want the boy you have smuggled aboard here with the intention of taking away. I am answerable for his safe-keeping until Mr. Thompson, who left him 'in my care, returns from Hawke's Bay. You must give him up."

Had Mr. Baker been "one of the first gentlemen of Europe," he could not have been treated in a more courteous manner than he was by Mr. Wood.

The missionary informed him that he had lately seen Mr. Thompson in Hawke's Bay, and that he had been requested by that gentleman to take me under his care.

"This authority to retain the boy," said Mr. Wood, "is strengthened by a sense of duty, and I must refuse your request to take him away."

Wholly incapable of understanding the deportment of a gentleman, Baker thought, from the courteous manner in which he had been addressed, that the missionary could be bullied into granting his demand.

"I don't want any of your hypocrisy," shouted Baker in a loud tone. "I did not come here for that, but for the boy; and if I don't get him without, I'll be d——d if I don't break your floating pulpits into a thousand pieces."

"Will you please to go over the side," said Mr. Wood, still speaking in a low pleasant tone. "I must not have bad language used on this deck."

The ruffian thought that he was perfectly safe in trying to "bounce" a missionary, and exclaimed, "Give up the boy, or I'll put you under the keel of your own vessel."

The next instant he was hurled head first, and backwards, over the low bulwarks into the sea.

His sudden departure was caused by the strong arms of Mr. Wood, and I am quite certain that the rev. gentleman lost no dignity or respect for his holy calling by any of the spectators of the scene.

Baker, apparently once more quite satisfied with his visit to me, got into the canoe and started for the shore.

CHAPTER XI.
MISSIONARY LIFE.

Everything being ready, Mr. Wood proceeded to get the brig under way. It was under his command, and each order was made as a polite request, and was cheerfully obeyed.

On that brig I first learnt that a vessel could be worked without any bullying or intemperate language from petty officers. All seemed inspired by the good sense of Mr. Wood, and performed their duty in a more cheerful manner than I had ever before witnessed.

Had the vessel been under the command of Mr. Black, he would have wanted the men to be on their knees half the time listening to his passionate appeals to Heaven.

Mr. Wood did not require this, and I once heard him say that if our thoughts were right, God could understand them even without our giving them a vocal expression.

Before going north, we were to call at the Bay of Islands, New Zealand.

At that place we anchored off Pahia, and remained there four days, taking in provisions and other things required for our Northern voyage. From the Bay of Islands we went to Hokianga, where there was a Methodist or Wesleyan Missionary station. I either never learnt, or have forgotten the sect or denomination of religion to which Mr. Wood belonged, but I was not long in learning that he was well received and respected by all.

To most people, there may be nothing strange in this; but did they know of the jealousy—the scheming and strife for converts between the missionaries of different denominations of Christians in the South Pacific, they would understand that the man respected by all was no ordinary person.

I know not whether Mr. Wood was "orthodox" or not. He did not profess so much holiness as many claim for themselves, and only appeared to be an honest, well-meaning man, who had undertaken the business of benefiting and civilizing the natives of the Pacific.

From New Zealand we went to Tongataboo, where Mr. Wood resided for six months, labouring with but little success, in trying to settle the wars between rival chiefs of that island.

During this time the schooner under the command of a young native of New South Wales, made a voyage to Tahiti and back.

I remained with Mr. Wood, who used to amuse his leisure hours in creating in my
mind a deep interest in the magic of numbers. He was a good mathematician, and had the art of presenting the science of mathematics to a novice in a manner that aroused a romantic and never-failing interest. But little occurred during our residence on Tongataboo worthy of notice.

So much has already been written about life on the South Sea Islands, that I refrain from giving a lengthened description of places, manners, and customs, that are not closely connected with the principal incidents of my residence there.

Tongataboo did not afford a field of labour large enough for the hope and ambition with which Mr. Wood was toiling.

The time passed there brought great disappointment to the good missionary, who saw with much regret that the labours of himself, Messrs. Tucker, Rathborne, and others, had not produced the result they desired. The tribes under Kings Josiah and George had received the missionaries and their teachings favourably, and nearly all who belonged to them professed Christianity; but there appeared to be amongst them an intolerant spirit that could not be subdued.

They insisted on forcing their new religion upon those they called the "Devil's party"—their old enemies, who had not yet allowed the missionaries to reside amongst them. The heathen tribes, although apparently inclined for peace if un molested, were unwilling to adopt a religion that seemed to have increased the animosity of their enemies, and a religious war was waged that the missionaries strove in vain to subdue.

Many of the vagabonds—the escaped convicts, and runaways from whalers, who roam the Pacific Islands—have spoken of this war as one of the evil results of the missionary enterprise, but their reasoning is false.

The same tribes warred with each other before the missionaries were established on the island; and the mere fact that the natives of two tribes war with their old enemies, because they do not agree with them in religious opinions, is no evidence that the teaching of the missionaries will not yet be properly understood and practised by all the natives on the island.

Missionary stations are established on Hapia and Vavas, two other islands of the Tonga group, which those who wish to condemn the missionary enterprise say nothing about, for the reason that the people of these islands have wholly through the exertions of missionaries become an intelligent and moral people. One reason why the missionaries have been so successful in their labours on Vavas and Hapia, is that those islands have never been so much infested with ruffians as Tonga and many other islands of the Pacific.

From Tongataboo we went to the Fiji group, where Mr. Wood wished to establish a station on the large island of Vitilevu.

On entering a small bay on the southern part of that island, several small canoes came off to meet us.

Three men, each from a different canoe, declared they were pilots, and that the vessel could not possibly be brought safely to anchor without assistance. Each declared the other two to be imposters, who knew nothing of the harbour, and were without the least authority to act as pilots.

Mr. Wood was in no need of their services, and was partly relieved from their importunities by the wrangle they had with each other.

The other natives who came alongside, on learning that the vessel was not a trader nor whaler, were very noisy over their disappointment.

They did not seem so anxious for an importation of Bibles and missionaries as they did for tobacco, powder, trinkets, and cheap prints.

The loud chattering of the natives who wished to trade, and the quarrelling of the rival pilots in a shrill pitch of voice, created such a disturbance that orders for bringing the schooner properly to anchor could scarcely be heard.

I formed the opinion from this first introduction to Fijians that, if the meaning of the words they use in vituperative eloquence was anything like as sharp as the tones in which the words are spoken, they must be very painful to hear.

The principal chief of the town (which was situate at the head of the bay) did not come off to the vessel, and Mr. Wood sent him a message, asking permission to pay him a visit.

This request, of course, was granted; for the chief, like all who are great in authority, expected presents.

The next morning Mr. Wood went ashore,
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taking me with him, and we were accompanied by two native missionaries from Tonga.

We found the old chief seated in the council-house, with several of the principal men of his tribe in attendance.

A part of Mr. Wood’s system of converting savages to the ways of civilization was to teach them how to supply their daily wants, by using the tools employed in the gardens of civilized communities, and the presents be used to make the natives, in place of being trinkets and other things that excite vanity, were garden and carpenter’s tools. His present to the chief on this occasion consisted of a spade and a hoe, an axe, a hand-saw, and an auger.

The chief received these things not as a favor, but as a tribute, and we were then informed that the council had not met to receive us, but for the purpose of transacting more important business.

Mr. Wood, however, had permission to state his object in calling at the place.

One of the Tongese, acting as interpreter, informed the assembly that we had come for the purpose of teaching them all the wisdom possessed by white people, and to make them more good, wise, and happy.

The old chief then made a speech, which the Tonga native interpreted in nearly the following words:—

“I am very good. All here are good. Who shall make us better? Go to Somu Somu—to our enemies, and make them good. They are too much bad. We are no fool. Go to Somu Somu—to our enemies, and make him wise. He know too much nothing. We very happy. Who is happy in Ovelow? Nothing. Too much missionary in Ovelow. If you too much love us, go to Somu Somu. My talk is made.”

When the chief finished this speech, several of his dusky audience uttered the words, “Ve Na Kay! Ve Na Kay!” (It is good! It is good!)

Mr. Wood was not satisfied with this decision, and informed the chief that he and those who were with him must live somewhere, and that we were weary of living on a ship.

“If you are all good people,” said he, “you will not refuse to let us live peaceably amongst you. If you are wise, you can teach us your wisdom. If you are happy here, let us become happy also under your protection.”

It was finally arranged that we might live ashore on condition that we paid for all we had of the natives of the tribe; but I believe that the old chief, in granting his consent that we should live under his protection, was wholly influenced by avarice.

The next day several of the natives were employed in gathering materials for a house, and others at making a garden. All we required from the schooner was landed, and the vessel was then despatched to the Samoan Group.

Our home was with the wild natives of Fiji.

CHAPTER XII.

DRIVEN ASHORE.

No unenlightened and barbarous people can be made civilized or Christianized till they are first taught habits of industry and learn something of the proper manner of finding domestic happiness.

Had Mr. Wood first endeavoured to teach the natives of Vitilevu the principles of Christianity, as Mr. Black would have done, he would have accomplished very little.

He first commenced teaching by example. The residence made for us was surrounded by a neat fence enclosing a well-cultivated garden.

Our home presented a pleasing appearance, such as the old chief could not but admire and envy.

He often accepted invitations to visit us, and on such occasions would learn something of the use of furniture. Gradually he became convinced of the fact that, with all his wisdom, there was something to be learnt from white people besides the use of firearms and tobacco.

He also made a garden and had it enclosed. Not satisfied with this, he set about putting his house in order, and amused himself by making a table and other articles of furniture.

At this work he displayed much ingenuity; and while thus employed his enemies in Somu Somu were forgotten.

His wives were presented with needles and thread, and were shown how to use them.

Civilization and intelligence do not follow
a belief in Christianity as many silly people suppose. Those who burnt witches two hundred years ago were no better than the natives of Fiji.

They had not sufficient intelligence to properly understand the Christianity they professed.

The labours of Mr. Wood were more given to civilizing than to Christianizing the natives, and he soon had the satisfaction of witnessing many beneficial results of his toil.

I related to him all the circumstances under which I had lost my father, and he was frank enough to give me but little hope of ever meeting him again.

"I shall return to England within a year," said he; "and you shall go with me. If your father is alive, he will have found his way back there by that time, and you will hear of him."

Several months passed, in which I saw but very little that would be of any interest to the general reader. During this time the tribe with whom we lived made two war excursions, and on their return they undoubtedly acted like natives of Fiji, but we saw nothing of their barbarities.

Mr. Wood did not wish to witness scenes that he could only condemn without the power of preventing.

The schooner which had been to Sydney returned, and we commenced preparations for leaving.

Another missionary had arrived to take the place of Mr. Wood—a man who was to teach the Christianity for which he had prepared the way.

The old chief and the whole tribe witnessed our departure with some expressions of regret.

We had resided with them nearly a year; and the chief acknowledged to Mr. Wood that he was better, wiser, and more happy for the instruction he had received.

We sailed from the harbour early one afternoon, and were on our way to Sydney, where a passage could be obtained for England.

More than two years had passed since losing my father, yet the anxiety with which I regarded his probable fate had not diminished; and gladly did I avail myself of the opportunity of returning to that part of the world where hope faintly whispered that I might hear from him again.

After leaving Vitilevu was sailed for Levuka, a town on the east coast of Ovolow.

This delay was made for the purpose of picking up a passenger—another missionary, who was to return with Mr. Wood to England.

On going ashore at Ovolow, I found that the place was the abode of several white men, and amongst them I met an old acquaintance. It was Mynheer Van Duren.

He was reclining on a mat spread on the shady side of a house, and from his lips were rolling large wreaths of smoke, drawn from a large wooden pipe.

I tried to learn from him what circumstance had brought him from Hobart down to Fiji, but was unsuccessful.

He could not relinquish the occupation of smoking to tell a plain story; and I could only conjecture, from the few words he muttered, that he had started home in a vessel in which he had found a very uncomfortable home, and had left it.

"Ish shall no more go on the water," said he. "Dish ish mush petter. I lash noising here put smoke mine bipe. Dere ish noising petter. Dish ish more so goot as home."

I formed the opinion from what was seen about the place, that Mr. Van Duren had married a native woman, whose industry in fishing and gathering fruit supported him in idleness. He had at last reached the only place that suited him for a home—the only place where he could live without being required to do something besides lying in the shade and burning tobacco.

There is no doubt but what the man will end his days on the Fiji group.

Before we had been six hours away from the island of Ovolow the sky presented a very strange appearance, that awoke in the minds of the Tongese sailors a strong sense of fear.

All sail was taken down; but hardly was this accomplished before a hurricane burst with great violence upon us.

The force of the wind threatened to take the vessel bodily out of the water. It cut off the tops of the waves and hurled them in a flying mist through the air.

The schooner under bare sticks rushed through the seas nearly independent of any control from the wheel. Large sheets of foaming water were thrown on the deck.
as fast as the scuppers could carry it away.
The roaring of the wind and sea, as they came violently in contact with each other, was nearly deafening.
Even had we been far out at sea we should have been in much danger, for the storm of wind threatened to carry the vessel away or to drive it under the water; but we were not upon an open sea.
We were being wildly, swiftly driven through a group of many islands, and we could not hope to escape them all.
Land was soon seen on both sides of us.
We were in a channel.
Nothing could be done to avert the danger that threatened us. This seemed to be the opinion of Mr. Wood, for the only orders he gave were to the man at the wheel, and for the purpose of keeping the vessel in the centre of the channel.
There was but little for us to do, for the vessel was being driven by the power of the elements raging too violently for the art and power of man to control.
After entering the channel the seas were not rolling so high, and the danger of our small vessel being swamped was consequently diminished; but the hurricane still raged, and our only hope was in being able to keep away from the land, which seemed closing on both sides upon us.
"Mr. ———," shouted Mr. Wood, speaking to the missionary we had taken aboard at Ovolo, "do you know where we are?"
The missionary shook his head.

"I do," continued Mr. Wood. "We shall go ashore. Nothing can save us from that. Are you ready to die?"
"Yes, but not willing."
"Nor I, for I wish to see Old England once more, but never shall. Something tells me that death is coming."
On rushed the schooner, driven by the wind and sea, and presently land was seen ahead of us.
To keep in the centre of the channel and avoid the shore, we had to bear around to the west.
An attempt was made at obtaining some command over the vessel, but without success, and each moment it drew nearer the shore at the north.
Our fate would soon be decided, and all clung to the bulwarks with breathless anxiety.
Breakers were now seen ahead, and also the sharp points of rocks above the leaping seas.
No earthly power could save the vessel, and there was only hope—a faint glimmer of hope for those aboard of it.
Suddenly there was a shock, and the crashing sound of breaking timbers. The masts went over, and the vessel began to spread itself over the water.
It seemed to break in a thousand pieces beneath us, and each piece appeared, by the action of the waves, to be endowed with life and struggling, like ourselves, against the element that so softly, yet firmly, held us in its grasp.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE ONES.

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.
My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;

So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.
And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad,
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.
OUR BOAT-RACE—AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Well, I thought of the boat-race you've heard, my dear friend, so now I'll relate how success crown'd the end, and give you as clear an account as I can, how my triumph I gain'd, and my first race began.

Now Putney, I think, a jolly old place is, the start or the goal for most public races. Well—if a man wish not to grow any fatter, I'd tell him to train for its local regatta. At least, so think I (though strange it may sound), who train'd hard to gain, if by good fortune crown'd,

A sculling race meant for all men of our club, both able and willing the others to drub. Due notice was given the "Nautilus" men, officially rendered, "Soon write or say when you'll enter your names for the great sculling race, which early in the summer season takes place."

Now I, as a member, determined to try to win, or at all events never say die. So thinking, I acted, and sent in my name; 'twas the right thing to do, three more did the same. When these entries were known, 'twas said I'd not win; though for such remarks then, I cared not a pin; for one person said, "Will you, just to humour us, accept a few bets, the offers are numerous?"

"Let's hear them," quoth I, in a dignified tone, "so what are the odds! No nonsense, just own it!"

Well, after small offers, one said, "I will bet ten pounds to your two that the prize you won't get."

"'Tis done," I responded, "this one I shall take, and one or two more of the same I will make."

Another replied, "I'll bet five pounds to one, that on the race day you won't prove the great gun."

I book'd it immediately to his surprise, the market soon afterwards show'd such a rise, that all I could get were the odds three to one, about this aquatic Heroclean fun.

This is speculation, thought I when alone, though, if 'tis a sin, I'll for it alone; so made up my mind not to bet any more, for if I lost all, it might turn out a bore. With this I commenced my training in style;

I ran, or I walk'd, ev'ry morning a mile, first having row'd hard for a league and a half, returning to breakfast, I ate—how you'd laugh!

Then off by express to the city I'd start, attending to business, which acting as part of the discipline requisite, if I would win, reduced me like Banting, but made me too thin; when that was quite over, by train I'd return, and then to my dinner, like clock-work, adjourn.

When finish'd, in rowing-clothes out I would go, and for part of my practice to Mortlake would row. They term it not thinness, "condition" "tis call'd, and wherever I row'd, advice then was bawl'd, such as, "Keep your head up, your shoulders well back, now's your time—pull harder—this pace mustn't slack!"

This advice was from friends, who wish'd me to win, (and though some old fogles may call it a sin,) had back'd me for sums rather large in amount;—if I lost it would damage their banker's account!
OUR BOAT-RACE.

Both equal in earnestness—dark ones and blue.
Although for this tale it is not material,
I think I shall mention, they were not ethereal;
There were my uncles, and sisters, and also my brothers,
And cousins and aunts, and some half a score others.
Now they all came to witness this great sculling race,
Which in a few moments we hoped would take place,
I call'd out aloud, and kiss'd my left hand
To those pretty young friends, who did notice demand.
While enjoying the fun—"Here comes the Captain!"
Roar'd some of my friends, who now saw him wrapt in
A large overcoat, calling out to his crew
As Umpire, telling them what they should do.
He carefully steer'd his long four-oar'd cutter,
While private directions you might hear him mutter,
As he skilfully brought it in a straight line,
In front of the bridge, with the others and mine.
The grand time had come for us all now to show
What strength mann'd our bodies, and who best could row;
What pluck there was in us, and how much real stamina
Could put in a boat and muscles well ram in her.
"Be smart!" cried the Captain, "now, are you all ready?
Pull one more—keep the line—sculls must be steady.
Now for it!—here goes!—Gentlemen, I say—off!"
So excited were all, none ventured to cough.
. . . . . . . . .
Now, with outstretched arms and swelling breasts pulled we;
"Move out of our way," scream'd some,
"we want to see!"
Others, "We'll back the small one for what you like!"
Hearing which, with fresh vigour the water I'd strike.
Using my sculls with strength and severity,
My boat shot along with so much celerity,
That in time a short lead I managed to get;  
The air then resounded with offers to bet.  
The race now was hot, as strength told its tale,  
With very excitement the people turn'd pale;  
The shouts were terrible, exertions were great;  
The backers press'd forward to hear of their fate.  
The second boat press'd me, I pull'd all the more—  
And when I look'd round, I had distanced the "Four."  
Though now came the third man—his strokes were too powerful;  
The lead was just wav'ring—applause rain'd a showerful.  
First one, then the other,—we all pull'd abreast.—  
"Now's the time," roar'd out all, "the grand spurt for the best!"  
"Pull the right! now the left!" then  
shouted my trainer,  
"That's right, sir! keep up! Hip—hurrah!—you're the gainer!"  

No sooner had the goal been pass'd by me,  
When every man in boats that I could see,  
Stood up, and with three English cheers (so loud!)  
Greeted me gloriously,—then I felt proud.  
"The conqu'ring hero comes," they sang in chorus.  
In all my life I never rode such "roarers."  
For when landed, they on their shoulders  
raised me;  
With jokes and cheers, they one and all  
thens praised me.  

That over, I join'd my relations and friends,  
Who, by their sweet looks, made me ample  
amends  
For all I had suffer'd, while trying to gain  
A prize, which to win not a man would disdain,  
With kisses and smiles, and attempts at orations,  
And all sorts of flatt'ring and pleasant ova-
tions,  
Return'd to the party, then waiting at dinner  
For me, whom they term'd, "The plucky young winner."  
The dinner was good, and so were the speeches,  
And things they call'd songs, but sounded like screeches!  
And many a joke that made ev'ry one merry,  
Flew about with the corks of champagne, port, and sherry.  
This we kept up, and consider'd it glorious,  
And soon some commenced to be most uproarious.  
At last we went homeward at so late an hour,  
Aurora the ev'ning did quite overpow'r.  
This to young folks may appear very jolly,  
But old ones, no doubt, will call it great folly.  
Having written so much, I think any more  
Would not be agreeable, but merely a bore.  
I care not for that—I've written no moral;  
So I'll commence now, by threatening to quarrel  
With any one who (so much like a Briton)  
Expresses his wish, that shorter 'twere written.  
Confoundedly droll most morals appear, oh!  
So like that Roman, the Emperor Nero,  
I'll be despotic, though try to tell gaily,  
What you won't care for—a moral from Paley.  
Stick hard to your training, if prizes you'd win,  
Because you'd not gain them, if to give in  
Form'd your motto of life—or worse, its basis,  
When something like trouble attended your races.  

J. D. S.
ARROW-FISHING.*

In treating of the most beautiful and novel sport of arrow-fishing, its incidents are so interwoven with ten thousand accessories, that we scarcely know how to separate our web without breaking it, or destroying a world of interest hidden among the wilds of the American forest. The lakes over which the arrow-fisher twangs his bow, in the pleasant spring-time, have disappeared long before the sere and yellow leaf of autumn appears, and the hunter's horn and the loud-mouthed pack clamour melodiously after the scared deer upon their bottoms. To explain this phenomenon, the lover of nature must follow us until we exhibit some of the vagaries of the great Mississippi; and, having fairly got our "flood and field" before us, we will engage heartily in the sport.

If you will descend with me from slightly broken ground through which we have been riding, covered with forest trees singularly choked up with undergrowth, to an expanse of country beautifully open between the trees, the limbs of which start out from the trunk, some thirty feet above the ground, you will find at your feet a herbage that is luxuriant, but scanty; high over your head, upon the trees, you will perceive a line marking what has evidently been an overflow of water; you can trace the beautiful level upon the trees as far as the eye can reach. It is in the fall of the year, and a squirrel drops an acorn upon your shoulder, and about your feet are the sharp-cut tracks of the nimble deer. You are standing in the centre of what is called, by hunters, a "dry lake." As the warm air of April

![Diagram of the Mississippi river with labels indicating the levels and heights of water rise and fall.]

The level of the Mississippi, at its ordinary stage of water.  b, The height of the spring rise.  c, d, The "dry lakes." By examination of the above drawing, an idea may be formed of the manner of the rise of the Mississippi. The observer will notice that when the water is at a, the lakes c and d will be dry, affording a fine hunting-ground for deer, &c. When the water is at b, the lakes are formed, and arrow-fishing is pursued. (See description.) A correct idea may also be formed by what is meant by a water-line on the trees, indicating the last rise; the water-line will be formed of the sediment settling on the trees at the line b, marked above.

favours the opening flowers of spring, the waters of the Mississippi, increased by the melting snows of the north, swell within its low banks, and rush in a thousand streams back into the swamps and lowlands that lie upon its borders; the torrent sweeps along into the very reservoir in which we stand, and the waters swell upwards until they find a level with the fountain itself. Thus is formed the arrow-fisher's lake. The brawny oak, the graceful pecan, the tall poplar, and delicate beech spring from its surface in a thousand tangled limbs, looking more beautiful, yet most unnatural, as the water reflects them downwards, hiding completely away their submerged trunks. The arrow-fisher now peeps in the nest of the wild bird from his little boat, and runs its prow plump into the hollow that marks the doorway of some cunning squirrel. In fact, he navigates for a while, his bark where, in the fall of the year, the gay-plumed songster and the hungry hawk plunge mid-air, and float not more swiftly nor gaily, on light-pinioned wings, than he in his swift canoe.

A chapter from nature: and who unfolds the great book so understandably, and learns so truly from its Wisdom, as the piscator! The rippling brook as it dances along in the sunshine bears with it the knowledge, that there is truthfulness in water, though it be not in a well. We can find something, if we will, to love and admire under every wave; and the noises of every tiny brook are tongues that speak eloquently to nature's true priests.

We have marked that with the rise of the waters the fish grow gregarious, and that they rush along in schools with the waters that flow inland from the river, that they thus choose these temporary sylvan lakes as depositaries of their spawn; thus wittingly providing against that destruction which would await their young in the highways of their journeys. It is a sight to wonder at in the wilds of the primitive forest, to see the fish rushing along the narrow inlets, with the current, in numbers incredible to the imagination, leaping over the fallen tree that is only half buried in the surface of the

* The writer would mention, as a preliminary, that in speaking of fishes, no scientific names are used; he refers to some that are familiar, the carp, for instance, of others that he believes are not yet classified by naturalists. As far as possible, the technical names peculiar to the sport described are used, as they are always more characteristic than any other.
stream, or stayed a moment in their course by the meshes of the strong net, either bursting it by force of numbers, or granting its wasteful demands by thousands, without seeming to diminish the multitude more than a single leaf would, taken from the forest. We have marked, too, that these fish would besport themselves in their new home, swimming at random in the shadows of the trees and banks; and, as the summer heats come on, they would grow unquiet; the outlets leading to the great river they had left would be thronged by what seemed to be busy couriers; and when the rains finally spread of falling water, one might would suffice to make the lake, before so thronged with finny life, deserted; and a few nights, perhaps, will only pass, when the narrow bar will obstruct itself between the inland lake and the river that supplied it with water. Such was the fish's wisdom, seen and felt, where man, with his learning and his nicely wrought mechanisms, would watch in vain the air, the clouds, and see "no signs" of falling water.

Among arrow-fishermen there are technicians of an unlimited variety of which will give a more ready idea of the sport. The surfaces of these inland lakes are unrippled by the winds or storms; the heats of the sun seem to rest upon them; they are constantly sending into the upper regions warm mists. Their surfaces, however, are covered with innumerable bubbles, either floating about or breaking into little circling ripples. To the superficial observer these air-bubbles mean little or nothing; to the arrow-fisherman they are the "very language of his art," visible writing upon the unstable water, unfolding the secrets of the depths below, and guiding him, with unerring certainty, in his pursuits.

Seat yourself quietly in this little skiff, and while you paddle quietly out into the lake, I will translate to you these apparent wonders, and give you a lesson in the simple language of nature. "An air-bubble is an air-bubble," you say, and "your fine distinctions must be in the imagination." Well! then mark how stately ascends that large globulo of air; if you will time each succeeding one by your watch, you will find that while they appear, it is at regular intervals, and when they burst upon the surface of the water, there is the least spray in the world for an instant sparkling in the sun.

* It may not be uninteresting to naturalists to be informed that these fish run into the inland lakes to spawn, and they do it with the rise of the water of course. These overflows are annual. A few years since the season was very singular, and there were three distinct rises and falls of water, and at each rise the fish followed the water inland, and spawned; a remarkable example where the usual order of nature was reversed in one instance, and yet continuing blindly consistent in another. It is also very remarkable that the young fish, native of the lakes, are as interested to mark the indications of falling water as those that come into them; and in a long series of years of observation but one fall was ever known where the fish were left in the lakes.

Now, yonder, if you will observe, are very minute bubbles that seem to simmer towards the surface. Could you catch the air of the first bubble we noticed, and give it to an ingenious chemist, he would tell you that it was a light gas that exhaled from decaying vegetable matter. The arrow-fisherman will tell you they come from an old stump, and are denominated dead bubbles. That "simmering" was made by some comfortable turtle as he gaps open his mouth and gives his breath to the surrounding element.

Look ahead of you: when did you ever see an Archimedean screw more beautifully marked out than by that group of bubbles? They are very light, indeed, and seem thus gracefully to struggle into the upper world; they deny the eider workings of some terrapin in the soft mud at the bottom of the lake. In the shade of yonder lusty oak you will perceive what an "air-bubble" call a "feel;" you see the bubbles are entirely unlike any we have noticed; they come rushing upwards swiftly, like handfuls of silver shot. They are lively and animated to look at, and are caused by the fish below, as they are, around the root of that very oak, search for insects for food. To those bubbles the arrow-fisherman hastens for game: they are made by the fish he calls legitimate for his sport.

In early spring the fish are discovered, not only by the bubbles they make, but by various sounds uttered while searching for food. These sounds are familiarized, and betray the kind of fish that make them. In late spring, from the middle of May to June, the fish come near the surface of the water, and expose their mouths to the air, keeping up, at the same time, a constant motion with it, called "piping." Fish thus exposed are in groups, and are called a "float." The cause of this phenomenon is hard to explain, all reasons given being unsatisfactory. As it is only exhibited in the hottest of weather, it may be best accounted for in the old verse:

"The sun, from its perpendicular height, Illumined the depths of the sea; The fishes, beginning to sweat, Cry, 'Dang it, how hot we shall be!'"

There are several kinds of fish that attract the attention of the arrow-fishermen. Two kinds only are professedly pursued, the "carp" and the "buffalo." Several others, however, are attacked for the mere purpose of amusement, among which we may mention a species of perch, and the most extraordinary of all fish, the "gar."

The carp is a fish known to all anglers. Its habits must strike every one familiar with them, as being eminently in harmony with the retraits we have described. In these lakes they vary in weight from five to thirty pounds, and are preferred by arrow-fishermen to all other fish. The "buffalo," a sort of fresh-water sheep's-head, is held next in estimation. A species of perch is also destroyed, that vary from three to ten pounds; but as they are full of bones and
ARROW-FISHING.

Coarse in flesh, they are killed simply to test the skill of the arrow-fisherman. The incredible increase of fishes has been a matter of immemorial observation. In the retired lakes and streams we speak of, but for a wise arrangement of Providence, it seems not improbable that they would outgrow the very space occupied by the element in which they exist. To prevent this consumption, there are fresh-water fiends, more terrible than the wolves and tigers of the land, that prowl on the funny tribe with an appetite commensurate with their plenitude, destroying millions in a day, yet leaving, from their abundance, untold numbers to follow their habits and the cycle of their existence undisturbed. These terrible destroyers have no true representatives in the sea; they seem to be placed on the rivers tributary to the Mississippi. There are two kinds of them, alike in office, but distinct in species; they are known by those who fish the streams they inhabit as the "gar." They are, when grown to their full size, twelve or fifteen feet in length, voracious monsters to look at, so well made for strength, so perfectly protected from assault, so capable of inflicting injury. The smaller kind, growing not larger than six feet, have a body that somewhat resembles in form the pike, covered by what look more like large flat heads of wrought iron, than scales, which it is impossible to remove without cutting them out, they are so deeply imbedded in the flesh. The jaws of this monster form about one-fourth of its whole length; they are shaped like the bill of a goose, armed in the interior with triple rows of teeth, as sharp and well set as those of a saw. But the terror is the "alligator gar," a monster that seems to combine all the most destructive powers of the shark and the reptile. The alligator gar grows to the enormous length of fifteen feet; its head resembles the alligator's; within its wide extended jaws glisten innumerable rows of teeth, running down into its very throat in solid columns. Blind in its instinct to destroy, and singularly tenacious of life, it seems to prey with untiring energy, and with an appetite that is increased by gratification. Such are the fish that are made victims of the mere sport of the arrow-fisherman.

The implements of the arrow-fisherman are a strong bow, five or six feet long, made of black locust or of cedar (the latter being preferred). An arrow of ash, three feet long, pointed with an iron spear of peculiar construction. The spear is eight inches long, one end has a socket, in which is fitted

loosely the wooden shaft; the other end is a flattened point; back of this point there is inserted the barb, which shunts into the iron as it enters an object, but will open if attempted to be drawn out. The whole of this iron-work weighs three ounces. A cord is attached to the spear, fifteen or twenty feet long, about the size of a crew quill, by which is held the fish when struck. Of the water-craft used in arrow-fishing, much might be said, as it introduces the common Indian canoe, or, as it is familiarly termed, the "dug out," which is nothing more than a trunk of a tree, shaped according to the humour or taste of its artificer, and hollowed out. We have seen some of these rude barks that claimed but one degree of beauty or utility beyond the common log, and we have seen others as gracefully turned as was ever the bosom of the loving swan, and that would admire, but as a bird, spring through the rippling waves. To the uninitiated, the guidance of a canoe is a mystery. The grow-up man, who first attempts to move on skates over the glassy ice, has the leverage of his weight a power of locomotion, that the novice in canoe navigation has not. Never at rest, it seems to rush from under his feet; overbalanced by an overdrawn breath, it precipitates its victim into the water. Every effort renders it more and more unmanageable, until it is, in a word, as worthless. But let a person accustomed to its movements take it in charge, and it gaily launches into the stream; whether standing or sitting, the master has it entirely under his control, moving any way with a quickness, a pliability, quite wonderful, forward, sideways, backwards; starting off in an instant, or while at the greatest speed, instantly stopping still, and doing all this more perfectly than any other water-craft of the world. The arrow-fisher prefers a canoe with very little rake, quite flat on the bottom, and not more than fifteen feet long, so as to be turned quickly. Place in this simple craft the simpler paddle, lay beside it the arrow, the bow, and the cord, and you have the outfit of the arrow-fisherman.

In arrow-fishing, two persons only are employed; each one has his work designated — "the paddler" and "bowman." Before the start is made, a perfect understanding is had, so that their movements are governed by signs. The delicate canoe is pushed into the lake, its occupants scarcely breathe to get it balanced, the paddler is seated in its bottom, near the centre, where he remains, governing the canoe in all its motions, without ever taking the paddle from the water. The fisherman stands at the bow; around the wrist of his left hand is fastened, by a loose loop, the cord attached to the arrow, which cord is wound around the forefinger of the same hand, so that when paying off, it will do so easily. In the same hand is, of course, held the bow. In the right is carried the arrow, and by its significant pointing, the paddler gives directions for the movements of the canoe. The craft glides along,
scarcely making a ripple; a "feed" is discovered, over which the canoe stops; the bowman draws his arrow to the head; the game, disturbed, is soon in the clear water rising slowly and perpendicularly, but otherwise perfectly motionless; the arrow speeds its way; in an instant the shaft shoots into the water quietly away, while the wounded fish, carrying the spear in its body, endeavours to escape. The "pull" is managed so as to come directly from the bow of the canoe; it lasts but for a moment before the transected fish is seen, fin playing, and full of agonizing life, dancing on the top of the water, and in another instant more lies dead at the bottom of the canoe. The shaft is then gone after, picked up, and thrust into the spear; the cord is again adjusted, and the canoe moves towards the merry makers of those swift ascending bubbles, so brightly displaying themselves on the edge of that deep shade, cast by yonder evergreen oak.

Besides the knowledge arrow-fishing gives of the weather, there is one in the curious refractions of water. Thus will the arrow-fisherman, from experience, drive his pointed shaft a fathom deep for game, when it would seem, to the novice, a few inches would be more than sufficient. Again, the water that supplies the arrow-fisherman with game, afford subsistence to innumerable birds, and he has exhibited before him the most beautiful displays of their devices to catch the finny tribes. The kingfisher may be seen the livelong day, acting a prominent part, and when he is satisfied, as if to apologize for a manifest want of neck; you can hear it always scolding and clamorous among the low brush, and overhanging limits of trees, evening the minnows as they glance along the shore, and making vain efforts to fasten them in his bill. The hawk, too, often swoops down from the clouds, swift as the bolt of Jove; the cleft air whistles in the flight; the sporting fish playing in the sunlight is snatched up in the rude talons, and borne aloft, the reeking water from its scaly sides falling in soft spray upon the upturned eye that traces its daring course. But we treat of fish, and not of birds.

Yonder is our canoe; the paddle has stopped it short, just where you see those faint bubbles; the water is very deep beneath them, and reflects the frail bark and its occupants, as clearly as if they were floating in mid-air. The bowman looks into the water—the fish are out of sight, and not disturbed by the intrusion above them. They are eating busily, bubbling from the ascending bubbles. The bowman lets fall the "heel" of his arrow on the bottom of the canoe, and the bubbles instantly cease. The slight tap has made a great deal of noise in the water, though scarcely heard out of it. There can be seen rising to the surface a tremendous carp. How quietly it comes upwards, its pectoral fins playing like the wings of the sportive butterfly. Another moment, and the cold iron is in its body. Paralyzed for an instant, the fish rises to the surface as if dead; then, recovering itself, it rushes downwards, until the cord that holds it prisoner tightens, and makes the canoe tremble; the effort has destroyed it, and without another struggle it is secured.

When the fish first come into the lakes they move in pairs on the surface of the water, and while so doing they are shot, as it is called "flying." In early spring fifteen or twenty fish are secured in an hour. As the season advances, three or four taken in the same length of time is considered quite good success. To stand upon the shore and see the arrow-fishermen busily employed is a very interesting exhibition of skill and of the picturesque. The little "dug out" seems animate with intelligence; the bowman draws his long shaft, you see it enter the water, and then follows the glowing sight of the fine fish sparkling in the sun, as if sprinkled with diamonds. At times, too, when legitimate sport tires, some ravenous gar that heaves in sight is made a victim; aim is just ahead of his dorsal fin; secured, he flounders awhile, and then drags off the canoe as if in harness, skimming it almost out of the water with his speed. Fatigued, finally, with his useless endeavours to escape, he will rise to the surface, open his huge mouth, and gasp for air. The water that streams from his jaws will be coloured with blood from the impaled fish that still struggle in the terrors of his barbed teeth. Rushing ahead again, he will, by eccentric movements, try the best skill of the paddler to keep his canoe from overturning into the lake, a consummation not always unattained. The gar finally dies, and is dragged ashore; the buzzard revels on his carcass, and every piscator contemplates with disgust the great enemy to his game, the terrible monarch of the fresh-water seas.

The crumbling character of the alluvial banks that line our southern streams, the quantity of fallen timber, the amount of "snags" and "sawyers," and the great plentiness of game, make the beautiful art of angling, as pursued in England, impossible. The veriest tyro, who finds a delicate reed in every nook that casts a shadow on the water, with his rough line, and coarser hook, can catch fish. The greedy perch, in all its beautiful varieties, swim eagerly and quickly around the snare, and swallow it, without suspicion that a worm is not a worm, or that appearances are over deceitful. The jointed rod, the scientific reel, cannot be used; the thick hanging bough, the rank grass, the sunken log, the far-reaching meteubrium, the ever-still water, make these delicate appliances useless. Arrow-fishing only, of all the angling in the interior streams of the south-west, comparatively speaking, claims the title of an art, as it is pursued with a skill and a knowledge that tell only with the experienced, and to the novice is an impossibility. The origin of arrow-fishing is unknown.
"DoG LOsT."

"Come in, Joseph."
There is a little hesitation on the part of Maria, but after a few moments Mr. Joseph, a portly man with a big head and a red waistcoat, comes in.
"Now, Joseph, tell me all about the manner in which this dog has returned. Who brought him home?"
"The dog, my lady," Mr. Joseph answers with great gravity, "was brought home by a boy, which boy refuses to take the reward or to answer any questions."
"That is singular. Where is the boy?"
"In the hall, under the eyes of John and Thomas."
"Let him come up."
"Come up, my lad! he is ragged, muddy, and, saving your ladyship's presence, has not a shoe to his foot."
"Let him come up."
Mr. Joseph's face is redder than his waistcoat as he retires, and has lost none of its colour when in a few minutes he returns in company with a boy twelve or thirteen years old, ragged, muddy, shoeless as he had been described.

The boy scraps a bow to the lady, touches his forelock, and looks defiantly at Joseph and the maid.
"Boy," says my lady, "how did you obtain possession of my dog?"
"I must not tell."
"How did you know it was my dog? Did you see the advertisement?"
"No, I knew it was your dog because — because I must not say anything about it. Let me go."
"This is very singular; there is some secret. Speak freely, boy. What is it?
"I must not tell."
"Better send for the police, my lady."
"Much better, my lady."
These are the suggestions of Mr. Joseph and of Maria.

"Be silent," says my lady Blanché, "you frighten the boy. Leave the room."
"Leave him alone with you, my lady?"
The lady waves her white hand impatiently, and Joseph and Maria go out.
"Now, boy," she says, when the door was closed and they are alone together, "confide in me. What is it makes you say you must not tell?"
"I must not tell."
"You may rely upon my word that anything you tell me shall go no further. I may be able to help you, and you seem as though you required help."
The boy is silent for a little while, and then says, "Well, I had best trust you. I think I can."
"You may safely."
"Three years ago, when you were down at Pettyton (you remember?) you were very
good and kind to the poor folk, and there was a woman very ill, a-dying, and her husband was in prison for poaching (he never did it, though), and there were three children—you remember?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, you came, like a good angel, and you gave money and kind words, and read to them sometimes, and talked about a better world above the sky, and a Saviour who, when he was down here, was the poorest of the poor."

"Yes, I recollect it all; the poor woman died, and then I lost sight of the family."

"Well, I was one of those children, and when mother was dead and father was ruined, for nobody would give him work after he had been in gaol, Tom—that was the eldest of us—thought we had better come to London; and so Tom and I, and little Sally, begged our way to town. Then we tried to get work, and could not; then Tom got in with a bad lot, and went on dreadfully, and he wanted me to do the same, and I would not; and he wanted little Sally to do it——"

"Do what?"

"Steal; and I would not let her; so we had a hard time of it, I just earning a few halfpence, and living on next to nothing. It was Tom and a mate of his (I may trust you, I know) that stole your dog when you were out in the Park. They stole him just because you were a lady—and, Tom knew, a rich lady—and your dog was old and blind, and they expected to get something handsome for bringing him back. I found out where they had him, took him out, and brought him to you, for had not you been kind to us, and kind to mother, which was better still?"

"You have done right," Lady Blanche says. "I am rejoiced to find that you have still a grateful, honest heart. Now, what can I do for you?"

"I don't see what can be done for me; but if—if—if you could do something for little Sal, it would be the best and kindest thing that could be done."

"Perhaps I can do something for both. In two hours' time bring your sister to me here. If you fear your broth—"

"Joseph shall return to your home with you.

"Oh, no, I am not a bit afraid. I will be here, depend upon it, and bring Sally with me."

Lady Blanche touches a small bell on a table, and instantly the door opens. Maria appears—she must have been very close to the door; so must Joseph, who appears behind her. Lady Blanche instructs them to give the poor lad a good meal in the kitchen, gives him a piece of money from her own purse, and dismisses him with a kind word.

"This is singular," says Mr. Joseph, as they descend the stairs.

"It is atrocious," says Maria.

At the time appointed the boy came back, with his little sister, and in my lady's chamber were kindly received both by my Lady Blanche and a tall gentleman in a suit of black, who looked a good deal like a minister. The boy answered so well all the questions which were put to him, that the gentleman was satisfied, and that same day the outcast boy and girl were placed in an industrial school. They were exceedingly well-behaved, and made great progress in a short time. Sally can now read and write very nicely, and do all sorts of plain needlework wonderfully well, for she is a mild, patient, good child, and loves her teachers dearly. As for her brother, he is learning to be a carpenter, seeming to know "intuitive," so says Chips, the master carpenter, "the right end of a jack-plane without ever seeing it."

Lady Blanche still takes great interest in both boy and girl, and has made several efforts to reclaim Tom. Tom is getting the better of his bad ways, and if quite separated from his evil associates, would, I think, with God's blessing, make an honest man; so exertions are being made to help him to emigrate, exertions which I sincerely hope will meet with success.

J. T.

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**LET'S BE HAPPY WHILE WE CAN,**

Let's be happy while we can,
Smile, 'tis better far than frowning;
Let's be happy while we can,
Life with glowing gladness crowning.
Heaven decrees not that our days
Should be spent in tears and mourning,
Or the skies had known no stars,
And the earth no flower-adorning.

Let's be happy while we can,
Care and Sorrow may be near us;
Let's be happy while we can,
Love and Hope are sent to cheer us—
Love and Hope we welcome in,
Mirth with Jollity's invited,
Joy her crystal chalice fills
For the souls in Peace united.
OUR SPHINX.

HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURES.

29.
A fierce battle is raging beneath a burning southern sky. At a short distance from the field a sorrowful group is formed. Under the shade of a tree a young cavalier is lying, his head resting on an arm of an attendant, who tenderly wipes the cold perspiration from his brow. The ashy pallor of his handsome features shows that death is not far distant. His helmet and cuirass have been removed, and his hair now falls down his back in rich luxuriance. From his side the stump of a lance protrudes, which has been altered near the point, leaving a part in the wound. A group of comrades stand round, watching his last moments in silent grief; but he sees them not. His eyes are earnestly fixed on Heaven; and often he reverently kisses the hilt of his sword, which serves him as a cross.

J. N. TRAYLER.

27.

It is night. Beneath the frowning battlements of a large city, a band of soldiers in full armour march with caution and silence. Arrived at a small postern, they wait until it is silently opened from within, and in the indistinct light a woman's form appears. The leader of the band entering, casts his heavy buckler upon her, and all the others follow his example, crushing her to death. Soon after, a terrible uproar arises within the city.

J. N. TRAYLER.

25.

In a presence-chamber a queen is standing, surrounded by the chief officers of state. Two of these present—one a young nobleman of great bravery, generosity, and genius, and the other an experienced politician—are debating. In the heat of the argument, the young noble turns his back on the queen at which she is so incensed that she seizes his ears. Required, the names of the queen and the two courtiers.

W. GASCOTNE, Jun.

29.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of eleven letters.
My 1, 7, 11 is to notice.
My 2, 5, 8, 4 is an article of clothing.
My 3, 10 is a word expressing surprise.
My 4, 7, 11 is to test.
My 5, 8, 4 is a grain.
My 6, 5, 10 is one of an ancient race of people of Europe.
My 7, 3, 4, 4 is a vital part of a plant.
My 8, 11, 7 is a town in Scotland.
My 9, 4, 3, 4, 3 is a vegetable.
My 10, 5, 6 is an animal.
My 11, 5, 2 is an exclamation used by the slaves of American.
My whole is a profession.

J. P. BRISCOE.

30.—REBUS.

1. A famous English general.
2. One of Shakespeare's plays.
3. A French author.
4. A useful article.
5. A bird.
6. A tale.

The initials read downwards and the finals upwards will give the names of two brave defenders.

W. H. ATKINSON.

ENIGMAS.

31.
I'm found in the wise, but not in the fool;
I'm found in the chair, but not in the stool;
I'm found in the milk, but not in the cream;
I'm found in the spring, but not in the stream;
I'm found in the pigeon, but not in the crow;
I'm found in the ice, but not in the snow;
I'm found in the mire, but not in the rate;
I'm found in kittens, but not in the cats;
I'm found in the sister, but not in the daughter;
I'm found in the mine, but not in the earth;
I'm found in the living, but not in the dead;
I'm found in the knife, but not in the blade;
I'm found in the river, but not in the sea.

J. P.

32.

Think of a word signifying everlasting, then take two letters which signify the after-part of the day. Change the first letter of the word, then add the second of the two letters; the word will mean "belonging to a mother." Substitute the first letter for the second; the word will signify "belonging to a father." Transpose means "belonging to both or either of your parents."

GMAN.

33.—DECAPITATION.

A word of five letters I happen to be;
Behead me, and a kind of food you will see;
Behead once more when you are told,
And you will see something that's very cold;
My whole an animal well known to man,
So come tell me this riddle if you can.

J. P. ATKINSON.

34.—PUZZLE.

Supposing 15 to be the half of 29, what would be the half of 80?

J. J. HILLARY.

CHARADES.

35.

My first is Nature's purest drink,
Bestow'd alike on large and small;
My second—ah, but now I think
'Tis a favour'd game with gamblers all;
My third—why, English chivalry,
And a chieftain wise and great.

J. J. HILLARY.

36.

My first oft to mankind appears slowly to fly,
But often too quickly it goes;
We should make a good use of each till we die,
For its value few men can disclose.

My next is a substance both clear and transparent,
Its uses are many and various 'tis true;
But one thing I'm sure is to you quite apparent,
That 'tis an old treasure— 'tis a new.

Grand type of eternity! my slight fragile whole,
Thou art the true emblem of this fleeting life;
Thus for a short period thy glinting sands roll,
Then sink in oblivion, 'mid sorrow and strife.

H. K. M'DERMOTT.
OUR SPHINX.

37.

The earth revolving round the sun,
And all the planets too,
As they their annual courses run,
My first unceasing do.

You often take my first yourself
Upon a bright clear day,
And do it many a time at night,
When sleep is far away.

My whole doth often do my first
Unto my next you'll see,
Sometimes to shut the prisoner in,
Sometimes to set him free.

Watches and clocks, and boxes too,
My second do possess;
And almost every one I know
Uses it more or less.

The schoolboy sometimes uses it,
His Latin to translate;
But this is thought a lazy plan,
Which most preceptors hate.

J. B. R. CONDER.

38.—HALF-A-DOZEN WINTER GAMES
ENIGMATICALY EXPRESSED.

1. Four-fifths of a box, and a consonant.
2. What you will find plenty of in an old house.
3. To steal, a consonant, and 100 years.
4. A wine, and two-thirds of the organ of sight.
5. A boy's name, a person who tells falsehoods, and two consonants.
6. Part of the human body, and a slang term meaning to deceive.

ALBERT JOHN MEAD.

CONUNDRUMS.

39.

What state of America would you suppose a person to ejaculate on seeing a game played with sticks and balls?

40.

Why is a person who sells newspapers like Jack Ketch?

41.

Why are sea captains sometimes very cruel to their crew?

42.

Why would you suppose the people of Tartary to be very bad off for drinking-vessels?

43.

Why is a person sitting on a gas-meter like a free city of Europe?

44.

What river of Asia would a traveller most dread?

ALBERT JOHN MEAD.

45.—ARITHMOREM.

500 and Badig (a city of Asia).
1500 and neo (a seatport of Hanover).
501 and wan (a river of Russia).
59 and re for (a seatport in the province of Corunna, Spain).
51 and ho pant (a river of Africa).
501 and U ear (a canal of Upper Canada).
1500 and ara (a town of Arabia).

The initials read downwards, and the finals upwards, give the names of two English counties.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Who was the inventor of the thermometer?—

Hero, of Alexandria, who lived about 180 B.C., is said to have been the inventor of an instrument for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which continued in use until the close of the sixteenth century. It was then reduced to a more convenient form by Sanctorius, an Italian, and was afterwards considerably improved upon, especially by a Dutchman, named Fahrenheit, who, in 1720, affixed the graduated scale, and added other details, which chiefly tended to render the thermometer the instrument of practical utility which it now is.

W. G. FOLLETT.

When was the first canal constructed?—In the earliest accounts of society we read of attempts to cut through large isthmuses, in order to make a communication by water, either between different nations or distant parts of the same nation. Several kings of Egypt attempted to join the Red Sea to the Mediterranean by a canal. It was begun by Necho the son of Psammcticus, and completed by Ptolemy II. After his reign it was neglected until it was reopened in 638, under the caliphate of Omar, but was again allowed to fall into disrepair, so that it is now difficult to discover any traces of it. Both the Greeks and Romans attempted to make a canal across the isthmus of Corinth, in order to make a navigable passage by the Ionian Sea into the Archipelago.

What causes snow?—See the article on "Snow and Snowstorms" in the Boy's Monthly Magazine, December, 1865.

W. G. FOLLETT.

Why are concave mirrors used as burning-glasses?—Because they collect the heat of the sun's rays from the whole of its surface to a single point, thus accumulating a great degree of heat.

W. G. FOLLETT.

When was mahogany first introduced into England?—Captain Gibbons, brother of Dr. Gibbons, a celebrated London physician, first brought this wood into this country from America in the year 1690. At first it was used for ballast only, being, on account of its hardness, rejected by the carpenters as injurious to their tools. Mrs. Gibbons, however, prevailed on an upholsterer, named Woolaston, to make her a candle-box of this wood, which, when finished, exhibited the grain to such advantage as to lead to an order for a burea of the same material; and this was so greatly admired as to become the subject of general conversation. The Duchess of Buckingham, having procured some of the wood from Captain Gibbons, had several articles of furniture made with it, and thus introduced it into the houses of the nobility and gentry.

W. G. FOLLETT.

What is gutta percha?—Gutta-percha is obtained from a tree which is a native of the Malay Archipelago, where it is found in great quantities. The tree is a very large one, very often attaining the size of six feet in diameter. They used, formerly to obtain the sap by felling the tree, when the gutta-percha would coagulate, and separate from its own accord; but by these means the tree was rendered unfit for further use, the wood being perfectly useless as timber, on account of its spongy nature; the fruit, however, yields an oil, which the natives employ as an article of diet. The present method of procuring the sap is by tapping. Several notches are cut down the trunk, which give vent to the fluid; it is then collected, and worked into blocks of about half a cubic foot in size; it has then to go through a series of machines, and is then ready for manufacture.

W. G. FOLLETT.

When was it we had a fair on the Thames, it being frozen over?—1818—14. Great frost commenced December 27 with a thick fog, followed by two days' heavy fall of snow. During nearly
OUR SPHINX.

four weeks' frost the wind blew almost uninterrupted from the north and north-east, and the cold was intense. The river was covered with vast heaps of floating ice, bearing piles of snow, while the river-frontory daily saw more ice down, filling the space between London and Blackfriars Bridges. Next day the frost recommenced, and lastly, February 1, the unemployable watermen commenced their revolt, by which many of them were judged 28 per day. The Frost Fair now commenced. The streets of tents, called the City Road, put forth in gay flags, inviting signs, and music and dancing. A sheep was roasted whole before sixty per cent spectators, and the Lapland "mutton" sold at a shilling a slice! Printing-presses were set up, and among other records was printed the following:-

"FROST FAIR,"

"Amidst the arts which on the Thames appear, To tell the wonders of this year,
Printing claims prior place, which at one view
Erects a monument of that and you.
"Printed on the river Thames, February 4, in the 54th year of the reign of King George III., F. C. Cox, 1814."

One of the invitations ran thus:—

"You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your friends what's been, and what's to be,
To God's glory sing, and let your name be
Before this fair, when it shall be
Come buy this print, and then it will be seen
That such a year as this hath seldom been.

In the Fair were swings, bookstalls, dancing in a large, settling-booths, playing at skittles, fusing shelf-namers, as a foreground to St. Paul's and the city, had a striking effect; and the scene by moonlight was singularly picturesque. On February 5 the ice cracked, and floated away with boats, printing-presses, &c., the last document printed being a "jean de moit" to Madame Tabitha Thaw. Among the memorials is a diocesine volume, pp. 154; it is entitled "Frostiana; or, a History of the River Thames in a Frozen State, with an Account of the late severe Frost, &c., to which is added the Art of Skating. London: Printed and Published on the Ice on the River Thames, February 5, 1814, by G. Davis." The title-page was worked on a large ice-island between Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges.—Timbs's "Curiosities of London.

ALFRED MORGAN.

When was the battle of Jena fought?—The battle of Jena was fought on the 4th of October, 1806, between the Prussian army, under the Duke of Brunswick, and the French, under Napoleon, in which the former was totally defeated, and the duke mortally wounded.

ALFRED MORGAN.

Which interrogation is more correct?—For whom is this book? or, Whom is this book for?—For whom is this book?—This is quite wrong, because the subject of a sentence must always be in the nominative case; and for, being a preposition, governs whom, which is the objective case, for whom being the subject in this sentence. Whom is this book for?—This is also wrong. This goes under the same rule as the first. Although for is put at the end, you must ask for whom, and it will give the same sentence; so neither of them is right. It should be, Who is this book for? Who is in the nom. case to is, and should be to for. GEORGE THOMAS KILNER.

Why are the bishops of England styled "Right Reverend"?—"Reverend" is a degree that ministers have to get; they have to pass several religious examinations. "Right Reverend" is a same given to bishops; they have to take a degree before they can get it. W. G. FOLLETT.

What is the best cure for baldness of the hair?—Baldness is generally produced by fever or old age, but is sometimes found in comparatively young people enjoying perfect health. When the hair-bulbs have disappeared, there is no means known that will restore the hair, notwithstanding the daily assurances to the contrary by numerals advertising imposters. When a disposition to baldness exists, or when the hair falls off in large quantities, the constant use of the hair-break and any emollient oil or pomatum, scented with some stimulating aromatic, will generally prove sufficient. Should this not succeed after several attempts, the head should be shaved.

W. G. FOLLETT.

What causes thunder?—It is the result of the shock which is occasioned by the flash of the lightning in bursting through the air, and is owing to the same cause as is the snap of the smallest electric spark. The long-resounding roll of the thunder arises from the echo of the first single crash being thrown back from hills and heights, and from the clouds themselves. F. C. COX.

What causes lightning?—Lightning is an appearance presented at the instant when two unlike mutually attracting electricity pass over to each other through a layer of air that had been between them, and thus join.

The best treatment for parrots?—As all the different kinds of parrots require similar treatment, I shall give the directions for feeding them under one head. The quantity of food must of course be regulated by the size and appetite of the bird. As a general rule, it may be observed that the species of food approximating most nearly to what would have been obtained by a bird in a wild state is always most advisable; although, in confinement, more care is requisite, as the bird is deprived of the air and exercise which would otherwise have counteracted the ill effects arising from bad food. Parrots thrive best when kept upon different kinds of grain, nuts, and seeds, varied with bread soaked in boiled milk. Indian corn may also be occasionally substituted, being well boiled for three-quarters of an hour, when the water is drained off, and the corn given to the bird cold. Biscuit, and a very small portion of lump sugar, or hard fruit thoroughly ripe, may be added; but pastry and every kind of animal food must be scrupulously avoided, as invariably leading to disease, which has frequently occasioned the loss of many a valuable bird. Eat pulp of pears, when entirely destitute of meat, should on no account be allowed. Clean gravel is always indispensable in the cage, the little stones which the birds pick up assuring the proper digestion, which, as birds have no teeth, could not otherwise be performed. The food is better if placed in glass or earthenware pans, which are easiest kept clean. Zinc boxes should never be used, as they are partly poisonous, and decidedly injurious; and tin boxes require much care to keep them thoroughly clean and dry. Parrots, like other birds, are liable to various diseases; most of these diseases may, however, be prevented by careful attention to cleanliness, proper food, and a due regard to warmth of temperature. To these precautions may be added a few chillies, cut into pieces, and given about once a month, as a preventive against some internal disease. If, however, our correspondent H. F. would wish the remedies applicable to every disease, I should be happy to give him full information at some future period in the Boy's Monthly Magazine.

F. C. COX.

How to make a Pharaoh's serpent?—Pharaoh's serpents consist of a small cone about the size of an ordinary paste, 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'. If you should make one, remember that the sulpho-cyanide of mercury is a dangerous poison; but
like all other poisons, it is harmless if not misapplied.

P. G. COX.

On the communion-table placed in the east part of the church!—When, after the death of Queen Mary, the altars were being taken out of the churches, Queen Elizabeth issued an injunction to the effect that it be "no matter of great moment whether there were altars or tables, so that the Sacrament was duly and reverently administered," but ordering that where an altar was taken down "a holy table should be decently made and set in the place where the altar stood, and there commonly covered as thereto belonged, and one be appointed by the visitor, as also to stand, saving when the communion of the Sacrament was to be distributed, at which time the same to be placed in good sort within the chancel, as thereby the minister might be more conveniently heard by the communicants in his prayer and ministration, and the communicants also more conveniently and in more number communicate with the said minister. And after the communion done, from time to time to the same holy table it to stand before." The place where the altar stood was at the east end of the chancel. The fourth rubric at the beginning of the 1549 Communion Service determines the position of the priest and the holy table itself, together with its covering at the time of communion. Its language directing the table to stand where morning and evening prayers are appointed to be said, whether in the body of the church (as in parish churches), or in the chancel (as in cathedrals and college chapels), was meant on the one side to encourage ecclesiastical propriety, and on the other, to justify the laxer usage of the ultra-recusants. Custom has, however, long retained the holy table in the chancel; it has also made a further interpretation of the rubric, viz., that the table is to stand altar-wise, at the east end of the church; and, therefore, the priest now ministers at the north end of the table looking towards the south. There was originally a dispute whether the table should stand altar-wise (i.e., in the same place and situation as the altar formerly stood), with a side towards the western wall, and the priest minister at its north end, or table-wise, with an end towards the east, and the priest minister at its north side.—Wheatley on the Book of Common Prayer. Proctor on the same, etc.

J. ALEX. FINCH.

What is a rural dean?—A rural dean or archdeacon had originally jurisdiction over the churches. He was a beneficed clergyman appointed by the bishop, as a certain jurisdiction in districts of a diocese remote from his personal superintendence; but at present his chief duty is to visit a certain number of parishes, and to report the condition of the clergy, houses, churches, &c., to the bishop. The archdeacon of the diocese visits the rural deans as they visit the rest of the clergy.

J. A. F.

Ordinary prominence of the temples may expect some fun, the organ of ludeorouenrness or wis being located there great interest. Louis, the /nose/ sharp, mind. A nose wide at the middle indicates a desire for money and of trading. A high-bridged nose indicates that the possessor is suited for diplomacy. Small and "cock" nose show small minds. A long upper lip denotes great firmness; a short one the contrary. Great thinking are generally hanging under-lips. A high head denotes a moral character; a wide head a selfish character; and a prominent back head is the seat of the propensities, some of which are bad, but all necessary in man. The organ of inhabitness (love of home and patriotism) is located in the middle of the back head. Last I should take up too much space of the Boy's Monthly to the exclusion of more necessary, but by no means more useful or interesting matter, I shall here conclude by reminding the reader of the maxim—"Know thyself;" and by advising him to study phrenology. It requires less pains than any other science, and not half so costly as stamp-generals, or rather stamp purchasing, which I cannot understand. Take a phrenological chart or bust, note the position of some particular organ, imagine, for instance; examine the heads of your companions at school (and bear in mind that phrenology was, if I may be allowed the expression, born at school); examine particularly those who are remarked for proficiency in eloquence or in drawing, as also those who are noted for a deficiency therein, and try if the formation of the head corresponds with the phrenological doctrine. Do not take on yourself to judge phrenology before giving phrenologists a hearing. By "phrenologists" I do not mean every one who knows a little about phrenology; but I would advise the reader to peruse attentively Noble's work "On the Brain;" or Sidney Smith's "Principles of Phrenology;" also "Phrenology," in "Chamber's Information for the People."

HENRY CULL.

In what part of London is the University?—In Gower Street, Euston Road. E. M. FAYRS.

Give the date of the Siege of Gloucester, and the persons concerned in it?—The Siege of Gloucester happened in the year 1643, at the close of the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament. Charles I. being compelled to give up his plan of advancing to London, after having taken Bristol (by the unwillingness of the Earl of Northumberland to join him), was persuaded to lay siege to Gloucester, which town was then occupied by a strong detachment of the Parliamentarians. During the siege, the Earl of Essex was despatched, with an army of 14,000 men, by the Parliament, to the assistance of the besieged; he succeeded in supplying them both with food and ammunition; he then retired towards Worcester, but was met at Newbury by the king's troops, who had raised the siege and followed him. An action took place between the two armies, in which Essex suffered a slight defeat, but retired towards London in excellent order.

CARDS INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND.—The general opinion has been that playing-cards were invented about the year 1260, for the purpose of amusing Charles VI., king of France, at the time he was afflicted with a mental depression or derangement, and it is extremely probable that they were known in England so early as the middle of the fourteenth century.

What is an interrogum?—An interrogum is the intervening space between the reigns of two kings. The following is an example of an interrogum between the reigns of Domitian and Nerva—Romulus had left the earth, and there was no king at Rome. The senators took the government into their own hands. For this purpose the senate was divided into two; each ten
OUR SPHINX.

The cheapest edition of Valentine Vox?—2s., Bodley.

What is the price of the "Encyclopedia Britannica"?—The price of the 8th edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," in 27 vols. 4to, each 25s. Index to, separate, 5s. A. MORGAN.

The best book on coins, with illustrations, and price for a collector?—I think you will find "The Coinage of the British Empire," by Henry W. Hume, very useful work on the subject; it is a complete list of the progress of the coinage in Great Britain and its dependencies. It is published by David Bogue, of Fleet Street, at one guinea.

Where to get a cheap chemistry book?—"Tate's Chemistry" contains a great amount of knowledge in a small space, and is very cheap, being sold at 8d. by Longmans & Co., 39, Paternoster Row. H. R. B. V.

The best book on the English language.—The best I know is "Handbook to the English Tongue," written by Dr. Angus, and published at the Religious Tract Society, 26, Paternoster Row, or 18s. Pecuniarily, at a cost, I think, of 5s.

E. FOWLES.


SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 26.

13. Hebridge, AFRICA.
   14. Gondor, LONDON.
   15. Galley, Morocco.
   16. Noir, VOLT.
   17. Level, Level, Lead, Dea, Ale, Army, Mary.
   18. "Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

19. Dandelion, Nettle.

20. Gustavus Adolphus.
22. Ox—ford.
23. Because he knows he's strayed (his trade).
24. Because it is stationary.

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

What is the meaning of the term normal, as applied to schools or other institutions?

E. P. WENTZ.

The quickest and easiest way of curing birds' skins?

Best book on lithography?

In what book can I find the lines on the Death of Montrose?

Where can I buy it cheap?

In what branches of education, and what rules of arithmetic, must I be efficient in to obtain a situation as clerk in a banking-house; say, Sir W. Farquhar's Bank, in King-street, St. James's?

What is an heptarchy?

What is the Court of Arches?

How to make leeches bite?

DADDY.

What are the names of the colonial dioceses?

What is a baronet?

What is a beadle, and what are his duties?

UNE DEMOISELLE.

The best way to catch squirrels?

What is the price of Beeton's "Book on Birds?"

What is the name of the largest ship in the British navy?

How to play bagpussion?

Who was Charon?

Which are the best leaves and fruits for skeletonizing?

How to make a machine to wind silk from cocoons?

The best and cheapest way to make a miniature working model of the electric telegraph?

W. PUTNAM.

How many crusades were there? and who was the leader of each?

W. H. CROWTHER.

Which is the best book on shorthand; its price, and where it is to be had?

How to make a simple electric battery, and the cost?

How to make gun-cotton in small quantities?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN A. FINCH.—Uncertain. HENRY HYAMS.

The words and music of "Rule Britannia" are given in "Beeton's Book of Songs," price 1s.

"London Stone" belongs to the class of historical romance, that is to say, truth and fiction interwoven—a romance founded on history. A SUBSCRIBER.—The only cure for stammering is the patient's effort to speak slowly. When the stammering comes on, stop, and begin your sentence over again. Perseverance in this rule will enable you, if not entirely to overcome, at least to considerably mitigate the affliction. J. W. M. and A. H. N.—See "Beeton's Handbook on Domestic Poultry." W. DAVIDSON.—The names of correspondents are often omitted for want of space. We do not think your suggestion would give general satisfaction. "Variety," you know?

A Correspondent says:—In the "Answers to Queries" in the February number of your Maga-
Our Prize Essay.

Capital Punishment.

The charge for advertisements in the Boy's Monthly Magazine is 6d. per line. We do not give prizes for tales. G. A. H.—Pecuniary remuneration is given according to previous agreement.

George H. Quelch.—No space; but glad to hear from you again. L. J. Walker.—The answers should in all cases be sent when clarifies and puzzles of any kind are submitted for inspection. The collection of epistles should, if possible, be the result of the writer's own researches—his own gleanings from the scanty and meagre resources may be had to books. A. S.—Not bad—

The wheat looks pretty in theawn;
So thinks my ploughman, Donald Dawn.
I saw this morning, just at dawn,
A pretty little spottedawn
Come skipping o'er the grassy lawn.
Look at that now:—he keeps his "yawn.,"

And see this log—I wish it swam.
Good night! Up early makes one yawn.
"Yes! There was Darrell. We were a little out of breath when we met, but our hands were fast locked."
CHAPTER VII.

My uncle blew a low shrill whistle, and
dipped his hands very deep into his pockets.

Uncle looked at me, and I looked at
uncle. I stood with my legs rather wide
apart, as if I took to be the fashion of sailors,
and felt all of a moment prepared for any-
th ing. However, I was not prepared for
what was coming—namely, nothing. Uncle
having surveyed me, turned round, and
walked off. I thought he would be coming
back in a minute, but he did not come;
when I went on deck with Job I fancied I
should find him there, but I did not. Said
Job to me,—

"So Mr. Price is your uncle, eh?"

"Yes, Job."

"And one of the right sort too."

"Yes, he is."

"But you have gone again him this time?"

"So I suppose."

"So I am sure."

"Well, it cannot be mended."

"Yes, it can."

"What, by going back to aunt with a
sorrowful snivel, and 'please I won't do so
any more!'"

"No, not that way; you've chose your
own line—stick to it—take an old salt's
word for it—the Governor, I mean Mr.
Price, won't forget you: no sneaking, no
shelving—but right up and straight down—
that's his way."

"Well," said I, trying to give my very
full nethers a rather sailorly hitch; "well,"
said I, "whatever comes of it, that's my
line. No fear of my sticking to my duty,
Job."

"God bless your honour," said Job,
"you've the makings of a port admiral in you
—least ways a post captain—money!—no
thankee—not a copper—your hand!—yes,
thankee," and he swallowed my small bit in
his. Then off he went, and I stood waiting
to see what would be done next.

There were not many fellows on deck, and
of these few not one took any notice of me.
The strange noises I had heard when I first
came on board were continued vigorously. A dozen hands were hammering on some wood-work, and half a dozen voices at the least were shouting to be let out.

I swaggered up as well as I could to a chap with a red cap on, who was leaning against the bulwarks, and said to him pointing to the direction of the sound,—

"A bit of a row there, master."

He leisurely surveyed me with an ugly scowl on his face and said nothing. I repeated my remark, to which he at length responded—

"Who said there warn't?"

"What's it all about?" I said.

"What's that to you?" he said.

"Oh, nothing."

"Well then, just you keep a civil tongue in your head, or you'll be an ornamenting o' one of them guns, a learning what we do with a ropesand at sea."

I tried to laugh, though I honestly own I did not like the hint, and made some answer that I thought smart. Without another word the surly brute struck me in the mouth, and knocked me down. I was up in a minute, and flew at him like a tiger; but of course he was prepared for me. He caught hold of the collar of my jacket, held me at arm's length, and calling to a couple of other fellows, bade them shut up "young varmint"—that was me—along with the other "cattle." I struggled and was knocked about a good deal, so that I scarcely knew where they took me or how, till I found myself flung into an obscure hole with some dozen or so of noisy people about me, the very people I soon found who were making the disturbance I had heard on deck. I said there was some dozen,—all I could make out was nine, but I know there were more present. Most of them were tidy-looking men, quite different from the fellows on deck; they were all bewailing their hard fate, like so many niggers that had been recently caught by the traders; one chap with a white apron on, and a paper cap, was swearing awfully about the gang, and declaring that he'd have the blood of one of them if he swung for it; another chap in seedy black, with a wisp of white neckcloth about his throat, was trying to calm him by telling him exactly what he knew; namely, that all those who were about him were in the same predicament as himself; as if it was any satisfaction to know that a dozen other fellows were as bad off. Paper-cap did not see it, and said so pretty plain.

"Brother, you see me in the same condition as yourself," said Black-coat; "here am I snatched from a great work, and brought into a condition at least the reverse of comfortable; still I do not complain; it is not for me to complain; who am I that I should complain—what is any one of us that we should complain?"

The hubbub and noise was very great, but the shrill voice of Black-coat was heard above the din.

"I complain of this," roared Paper-cap, "that I have been took away from my bench, which a carpenter is my trade, snatched up by them as don't know a saw from a jack-plane, and there are three little mouths to fill at home, besides a wife which is sickly!"

"I should have had a wife to-morrow," cried out a young fellow; "I have been asked in church, and it was all settled—down comes the gang on me to-day while I was a-walking home with a copper tea-kettle—whack on the head, punch in the ribs, and here we are in the king's name."

"This will break my old dad's heart," said a younger; "he and I have stuck together since the trouble came—and now—"

He could not finish his story.

Every one present had something to tell of the wrongs they had suffered. The "gang" I soon made out to be the press-gang, who, catching landmen or seamen, seized upon them volens volens, and carried them off to make British tars of them in spite of themselves. One fellow said he had been decoyed by an advertisement for a clerk; that he had answered it; had been told to call somewhere near the Minoris; had been shown into a private room at a public-house, and had there been seized and borne off to the Tender. He understood lots of fellows had been served in the same way. The chap in black was a Methody parson—and why the gang should have taken him was a riddle to me; plainly he wouldn't be a bit of use, they could do nothing with him, except, as afterwards I heard suggested, they clapped him in the pickle-tub and served him out as junk. Somebody asked me how I had got there, and hinted that I was too young to be kept in the service. I explained that I was a volunteer,
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

which caused quite a sensation. I think it was rather doubted, and certainly my first appearance amongst themselves was not calculated to confirm my story.

"If you are a volunteer," said Paper-cap, "what brings you down here? You were showed in rough enough."

I told them. The fact of my having interested myself about them rather interested them in me; but a voice from the darkest corner warned me it would be a dark day for me if Bob Bannister was set against me. It was Bob Bannister who had struck me, and to whose kindness I was indebted for an introduction to the hold. "Bob Bannister," said the voice—and the owner of it came out of the darkness as he spoke—"ain't a man to forgive an injury?"

"But I have not injured him," said I.

"But he has injured you," said the stranger, "which with Bob Bannister is just the same thing, only worse. If Bob has done you a wrong, he'll never look over—not if you was to offer him all the gold that the sea ever swallowed, and all the remaining years of the lives of the men as have been drowned accidental, put together—there, Bob, I say, would not clinch you. No, he likes his spits; some men do—it's all in the humour."

"I would soon let him know my humour," said Paper-cap, "if I ever caught him alone—say in Conduit Fields. He might forgive it or not, just as he liked; but he should not forget it."

"This really isn't a nice spirit," said the man in black. "There is nothing so beautiful as being degradingly trampled on and made a mat of—never giving a kick for a kick, nor a——"

"Hold hard, master, or look out," said the owner of the voice from the corner.

"This here messmate of ours ain't a trifler; I have viged with him many a time; and I have to say my thankee to him for being here now. Oh, but he is a sly one, is Bob Bannister; there is no hiding from him!"

"Then he has been at you, master," said one of the company.

"Yes—did not mean to smell salt water or a spell—came ashore for a frolic—only paid off a-Saturday. He scents me, and comes down on me, and we have a bit of a tussle, and here I am again—and nothing to comfort the gal ashore except some shiners."

I did not like this fellow's look, and I did not believe he was what he said he was. I don't know why I did not like him—I can't say why I did not believe him—but I didn't.

All the racket made by those below had no effect on those who were on deck. About an hour after I had been thrust into their company, a trap was opened above our heads, and we were all toddled up. A couple of marines with fixed bayonets stood at the top of the ladder, and every man was called on by a young officer to give his name as he passed by. When I gave mine, the young officer gave a little nod, and said, "You this way. "This way" meant the opposite way from that which was taken by my companions. So I found myself standing amongst a new lot—mostly young chaps, but all tolerably strong-looking, and quite cheerful compared with the men I had just left. These were volunteers, and I never think of them without recalling the old proverb, "One volunteer is worth two pressed men!"

I said they were cheerful—so they were—laughing and chatting amongst themselves, and pretending to know a good deal about seafaring matters, when they really did not know their way through lubber's hole. I found myself quite comfortable with them, and stood there gossiping with one and another, and watching the river as it ran by, coloured with all the tints of the rainbow, in the light of the sun.

After a little waiting, we were all called aft; and there stood the old officer who was rather given to swearing, and who was pretty freely indulging himself in his favourite habit. He read to us a good deal of stuff that I did not understand, winding up by telling us that we—all the lot of us—were to sail in H.M.S. Nereus, then at Spithead; and that every man of us was expected to do exactly what he was told to do; and that failing in this primary principle would lead him, by this and by that, first to the gratings and secondly to the yard-arm.

It was late in the afternoon before we were put on board the vessel that was to take us to Spithead, so we got some tender rations, which all of us said were uncommonly tough. I know we had some rum, and that I took my share, which is about the last thing I do know clearly till I was fairly on board the
I tried, however, to learn as quickly as I could, and not to get into a row with anybody. In both of these efforts I had the help of Jack Strap; and if I was a "smart lad," as one of the officers of H.M.S. Nemo-
sis was kind enough to say, I owe that character to the kind and friendly counsel of my worthy messmate.

CHAPTER VIII.

About Gibraltar. How we got it; what sort of a place it is; how the Dons tried to recapture it; and how they failed. About General Elliot and the supplies. Battles for bread. The convoy under Sir George Rodney. We make a capture. We chase the Spaniards. We reach Gibraltar. I go ashore, and find an old acquaintance.

Now, as what I have to relate is chiefly about Gibraltar and the great siege, it is only right that I should say something about how it came to belong to us, and why those Dons and Monseers wanted to take it away from us.

Well, then, you must know we captured it. We were wise enough to see what a strong place it was by nature, what a doubly strong place it might be made by art. We saw what a first-rate position it stood in; how it commanded all the Mediterranean; how it might be made a great naval station, British canvas spread in safety under British guns; how it might be a valuable depot—that's the word—for articles of English produce to be sold to the Africans and the Dons—oh, but we saw all this in a twinkling, and it was not likely we were going to let other people have it. Catch the Britisher at that sort of business when you have caught a weasel asleep!

The great Sir George Rooke would have it. Of course the Dons made a great outcry, and so did the Monseers, but all to no end. Juan might just as well have saved his breath to cool his salmagundi with, and Joan might have spared his for his soupe-maigre.

When John said he would have it, John meant it; so we took it, and we stuck to it, and we're sticking to it still, like limpets, only a deal more lively, and a little more dangerous. It had been the Dons who held it, you know; they got it some centuries before, when a Spaniard really knew how to handle a sword and pike; so that they especially fretted over losing it, and tried very hard to get it back again; but the pen-
men in 1713 settled that the swordsmen were all in the right for taking it, and henceforth it was by solemn treaty to be regarded as British property. The Dons did not like this settlement, but they could not help themselves. When St. Dunstan caught somebody by the nose with a red-hot pair of tongs, somebody could not help it, but I rather think he did not like it.

In 1779 the Spaniards, plucking up because they fancied we were rather shaken by the Yankee rebels over the sea, took to showing their teeth and wanting back their grand old rock. We were fighting the French, and had pretty well as much as we could do with them. Spain went in hand and glove with France. This was not fair; but worse than this, the Spaniards all of a sudden declared open war against us.

We knew something of what they had been at—catch John Bull letting anything escape him! We knew that the Dons had been making a treaty with the Moors so as to cut off our supplies from the African coast; we knew also that they had been collecting military stores, and making every provision for war before they threw off the mask of friendship. Everything they had been doing we knew so far, that we were not taken by surprise when one day they began the fight.

Here I should like to say something about Gibraltar itself.

Gibraltar is, in point of fact, part of the mainland claimed by Spain. There is a great rocky mountainous promontory running into the sea. It is called Europa Point, and it is joined to the mainland by a low, flat, sandy isthmus. Towards the sea there is nothing but rough slopes. You look up from the sea at perpendicular rugged rocks, quite impregnable and unscalable. You look down from the top of those rocks on a precipice, with the blue water at the bottom of it. There frowns Gibraltar, saying to all nations, "Come if you dare;" there, more than fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, floats the British flag; and there it will float and must float as long as there is a hand left to fight for king and country.

At the time the Dons declared war against old England, Gibraltar was governed by a brave man, as true a heart, as clear a head, as noble a nature, as ever drew the sword. I mean General George A. Elliot. He had under his command a good garrison of some five or six thousand men, and vigorous preparations were at once made for the defence of the stronghold. The body of trained artisans were set vigorously to work on the outworks. The artillery was increased by a detachment from the regiments of the line; provisions were brought in and stored up, and on, I believe, the 16th of July, the harbour, or port, was blocked up by a squadron of the enemy's men-of-war, consisting of two seventy-fours, two frigates, five zebras, and a number of galleys. They set up a camp also on the isthmus which connects the rock with the mainland. Daily reinforcements of horse and foot were arriving, and so they settled down to starve us poor Britons like rats in a well-guarded hole.

And at one time there seemed a probability that they might succeed in their effort. The people—I mean the civilians—had not taken advantage of the warning given them by the Governor as to what they might expect. Had they done so, they might have collected plenty of provisions for themselves, and run no risk of falling a prey to that redoubtable officer—only to be met on the point of the knife and fork—General Hunger. However, they paid no attention to the Governor, and smelted for their folly. Large numbers of them were compelled to leave the place, purely in quest of food. All the provisions that the Governor had collected were of course for the use of the garrison; so times were hard with the townsfolk. Three shillings was the price charged for a pound of mutton, and sometimes three-and-sixpence—and not the prime cuts of the sheep either. You could not get a bit of veal under four shillings a pound, nor a bit of bacon to garnish it with under two-and-sixpence or three shillings. I have known a pig's head sold for nineteen shillings, a pair of ducks for eighteen shillings, and a middling-sized goose, that would cut a very poor figure in Leadenhall Market, for a guinea. Bread—the "staff of life" is it not called?—bread could not be had in the quantity absolutely needed, either for love or for money. Bakers were only permitted to make and bake so much every day; when that was gone, there was no more to be had. The poor people came in great crowds to the places where the bread was issued, and fought hard for it, the strongest generally winning, though some sly folks ran off with
the bread while others were fighting for it. The soldiers had to turn out sometimes to quell the riot, and sentries were placed at the bakers' doors. People at home with "bread enough and to spare" can hardly tell how terrible these things were. The poor folk at Gibraltar were ready to perish with hunger. What, for instance, was a soldier—man or officer—to do with rations only for himself, and a wife and half a dozen children to eat them? It was shocking to think about; and to their credit be it written, the English people at home were not unmindful of their brothers and sisters on the rock of Gibraltar. They were ready and willing—ay, and right-down anxious—to do all they could to help them.

With this good object in view, an ample supply of every necessary was got ready; and Sir George Rodney, who had been lately ordered to the naval command in the West Indies, was charged on his way thither to convey the relief for Gibraltar, which he did. His fleet consisted of twenty-one sail of the line and nine frigates, and I sailed in one of the liners. There was somebody else—rather better known than me, but not much older—then serving in the fleet—I mean—with all due reverence—His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence.*

I cannot relate with any detail what happened on our way out, but I may tell briefly what we did. We fell in with a Spanish convoy, bound from St. Sebastian to Cadiz. There were fifteen merchantmen, all well lined with things worth having; and there was a sixty-four gun ship and four frigates to look after them. We did not let them slip; we took the lot, and found, besides stores of doubloons and other convertible property, that a great number of the vessels were loaded with wheat. This was glorious—wheat, golden wheat to be ground and baked, and set hungry shops a-wagging. Hurrah for St. George, Sir George, and King George—hurrah for us all!

A few days after this capture we fell in with a Spanish squadron, consisting of eleven ships of the line, under the command of Don Juan Augustin de Yardi. The Don had sailed out with express orders to intercept us, to capture us, to tow us into Cadiz, or blow us out of the water. But when he saw our strength, he seemed to think he had better run the other way. It was very rough weather, which was in the Don's favour, and he made the most of it; but Sir George was not going to let him escape. Up went the signal for a chase, and after the flying Don we went, the wind blowing freshly from the west, so that we gained upon him every five minutes. Our ship was one of those that took the lead in the chase, and we rang out pretty music from our bow chasers as soon as we could get a shot at the foe.

I was busy with the rest of the boys handing up powder and shot to the gunners.

"Warm work," said I to Jack Strap almost tumbling over him in my haste. "Warmer soon, younker."

He was right.

Late in the afternoon we came up with a huge vessel standing high out of the water—a ship which I found afterwards was the San Domingo, carrying seventy guns.

Into her we fired a broadside. It was a terribly raking fire. I could hear the crash of the timbers, and the sharp cry of those in agony. We kept up our fire steadily, or unsteadily it may be; but I know we kept on at it.

The evening came on dark and chill. We could hear the firing from the other vessels; we caught sight of them now and again by the broad glare of the gunlight. Suddenly there was a flash of light such as dazzled us all—an explosion such as I and many others had never heard: the San Domingo had blown up—men, masts, guns, everything blown into the air, to fall again a helpless hopeless wreck, into the black and troubled waters.

Warm work—it was awful!

What went on the rest of the night I scarcely know. I understood the battle was not over till two in the morning, then our victory was complete; and of the whole Spanish fleet, only four vessels escaped us.

Three days later our ship rounded Europa Point with some other men-of-war and a richly laden convoy, and I saw Gibraltar for the first time in my life.

I could have laughed right out with joy as I saw the great rock, with cannon pointing here and there and everywhere, and over all the British colours flying. When some of the fellows were sent ashore, and I was let go with them, we did set up a cheer—a
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

... raising about, that some fellows on the rock gave us back in a hearty way that was about the best welcome we could have hoped or asked for.

Almost as soon as I got ashore I found myself right in the middle of lots of working men—stonemasons, smiths, carpenters, all hard at it with adze, hammer, chisel and mallet, sledge and anvil, just for all the world as if there was next to no fighting to be done, and only stone walls and iron bars to be got up as quickly as possible. When I looked at these fellows a little more closely, I saw that they were a kind in a uniform, in fact that they were soldiers, or dressed after the fashion of soldiers. I soon found out what they were. They were the men of the company of Military Artificers, incorporated under the royal warrant of His Most Gracious Majesty the King (God save him), and were commonly known as soldier artificers.

Yes see, before the formation of their company the fortifications at Gibraltar and elsewhere were generally intrusted to common mechanics, who were got from England or the Continent. These men were hired, just as you may hire a smith, stonemason, or carpenter to do certain work for certain pay. The Government had no more authority over them to make them work and punish insubordination than it has to command you to do this, that, or t’other. I am supposing you are a civilian—well, then, of course you see the difficulty. Work might be very important, necessity might be very urgent, time might be very pressing, and the mechanics take to laziness, or having a Saint Monday. They did not care for the Governor nor the officers in command; they did just as they liked; all that could be done to them was to discharge them, and that was just exactly what the Government did not want to do. As for wages, the pay they received was abominable. They were called guinea-men from their high salaries, and the manner in which they bounced and swaggered in which they bounced and swaggaed was not only bad for the work they were engaged on, but had a very unwholesome effect on the garrison. Seeing all this, one of the officers suggested—I believe it was Lieutenant-Colonel William Green—that a company should be formed of military artificers; and after a good deal of delay the suggestion was tried. A warrant was issued authorizing the raising and forming of a company of artificers, to consist of the following numbers and ranks, with the regimental pay annexed to each rank:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rank</th>
<th>Pay</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Sergeant and adjutant</td>
<td>3 0  a day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Sergeants, each</td>
<td>1 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Corporals</td>
<td>1 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 Privates, or working men</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>skilled in the following</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>trades—stonemason, miners,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>masons, limeburners,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>carpenters, smiths,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>gardeners or wheelers each</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>0 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 Drummer</td>
<td>0 10</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Total 68

An officer of the corps of Engineers was appointed to command this new body.

At the time the company was first raised, the works in progress at Gibraltar afforded an excellent and immediate test of their ability; and the test was in all ways satisfactory. You see they were soldiers, and bound to obey; they were soldiers, and trained to hardy exercise and to the endurance of much privation they were soldiers, and well able to defend the batteries they constructed.

The uniform of the men, so far as I can recollect, was a red coat and blue breeches with black gaiters, round white hats with yellow band and a yellow edge to the brim. The working dress consisted of a white frock—long duck frock, trousers and gaiters, round hats with yellow braid.

They—I mean the artificers—were hard at it when I stood amongst them, and though I could not help seeing they were a little worn down with hard work, and, worse still, hard fare, they were all very cheerful, and very glad to hear about Old England.

Of course I was very anxious to hear if what old Timbertoes had told me was true, and that my old playmate was in Gibraltar. So I said to one of them—a stonemason—

"Did you happen to know now a likely young fellow recently arrived, that is to say rather recent—a niceish sort of a chap named James Darrell?"

The stonemason rubbed his chin, shook his head, and called out to a mate—

"Hallo there, Mumford, do you know a chap called Darrell?"

Mumford shook his head and passed on the question, but nobody seemed to have
the least notion of Jimmy Darrell. I entered
into particulars about him; describing very
minutely what he was like, and some odd
ways of his, which anybody who had seen
him once would be sure to remember.
The stonemason rubbed his chin again,
and burst out into a laugh—
"Blest if you don't mean Shell!"
"Shell!"
"Yes, of course, and nobody else neither.
Hallo, Mumford, young Jack means Shell."
There was a laugh amongst the men;
everybody knew Shell, and all seemed to
like him. Could it be Darrell? I was in
doubt; why call him Shell? I was in doubt
again. As to why they called him Shell, that
was easily settled; his keenness of eye had
enabled him to tell the range of shell at a
long distance, and so give notice to the gun-
ners of what was coming.

OUR FREDDY.

As soon as the morning sun
From heaven to earth is roll'd,
Or oft as the skylark sings
The song that never grows old,
Ope two little eyes.

Then prattles a tiny tongue
Some melody low and sweet,
And under the pillow-folds,
Half hidden by quilt or sheet,
Peep two little hands.

Then raid o'er a rumpled bed
Is made to the matted floor;
Soon sealed is the easy-chair,
And close to the chamber-door
List two little ears.

Then soon in a dainty frock
Is the rosy darling dress'd;
And a blue-eyed beauty smiles,
As close to her gentle breast
Cling two little arms.

Then by heaps of baby toys,
The bat and the bounding ball,
With the noisy drum and filo,
That to mimic battle call,
March two little feet.

Then steps at the close of eve
Pit-pat on the winding stair;
Sweet kisses of love die out,
And soon to a mother's prayer
Close two little eyes.
PICTURES OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

The buffalo is decidedly one of the noblest victims that are sacrificed to the ardour of the sportsman. There is a massiveness about his form, and a magnificence associated with his home, that give him a peculiar interest. No part of North America was originally unoccupied by the buffalo. Where are now cities and towns, there was then a range of prairies — a world to the buffalo. The axe of the pioneer is slow to penetrate. The buffalo roams still wild and free. Yet the day of his glory is past. The Anglo-Saxon, more wanton of place than the savage himself, possessed of invincible courage and unlimited resources, and feeling adventure a part of his life, has already penetrated the remotest fastnesses, and wandered over the most extended plains. The live lightning leaps from rock to rock, opening yawning caverns to the dilating eye, or spends its fury upon the desert, making it a sheet of fire, there have been his footsteps, and there has the buffalo smarted beneath his pace, and knelt the bent.

The child of fortune from the "old world," the favourite of courts, has abandoned his home and affections, and sought, among these western wilds, the enjoyment of nature at his own volition. The American hunter forms over them as a boy enjoying his Saturday holiday. The Indian, like his fathers, never idle, scourcs the mountain and the plain; and men of whatever condition here meet equal, as sportsmen, and their great feats of honour and of arms are at the sacrifice of the buffalo.

In their appearance, the buffaloes present a singular mixture of the ferocious and comical. At a first glance they excite mirth; they appear to be the sleek-blooded kine so familiar to the farm-yard, muffled about the shoulders in a coarse shawl, and wearing a mask and beard, as if in some outlandish disguise. Their motions, too, are novel. They dash off, tail up, shaking their great woolly heads, and planting their feet under them, with a swinging gait and grotesque precision, that suggest the notion that they are a jolly set of dare-devils, fond of fun and extravagances, and disposed to make jokes at the expense of all dignity of carriage, and the good opinion of the great portion of the world. Upon nearer examination, you quail before the deep destructive instinct expressed in the eye; the shaggy mane distends, and shows the working of muscles fairly radiant with power; the fore-foot dashes into the hard turf, and furrows it, as if yielding water; the tail waves in angry curves, the eyeballs fill with blood, and with bellowing noise that echoes like the thunder, the white foam covers the shaggy jaws. Then the huge form grows before you into a mountain; then is animal sublimity before you, a world of appetite without thought, and force without reason.

Standing on one of the immense prairies of the "south west," you look out upon what seems to be the green waving swell of the sea, suddenly congealed, and it requires but little fancy to imagine, when the storm-cloud sweeps over it, and the rain dashes in torrents against it, and the fierce winds bear down upon it, that the magic that holds it immovable may be broken, and leave you helpless on the billowy wave. On such an expanse, sublime from its immensity, roams the buffalo, in numbers commensurate with the extent, not infrequently covering the landscape, until their diminishing forms mingle in the opposite horizons, like mocking specters. Such is the scene of sport, and such in quantity is the game.

To the wild Indian the buffalo-hunt awakens the soul as absorbingly as the defying yell on the war-path. With inflated nostril and distended eye, he dashes after his victim, revelling in the fruition of all the best hopes of his existence, and growing in his conceits of his favour with the "Great Spirit." To the rude white hunter, less imaginative than the savage, the buffalo-hunt is the highest consummation of his habit and power to destroy. It gratifies his ambition, and feeds his appetite; his work is tangible — he feels, hears, tastes, and sees it; it is the very unloosing of all the rough passions of our nature, with the conscience at rest. To the "sportsman," who is matured in the constraint of cities and in the artificial modes of enlightened society, and who retains within his bosom the leaven of our coarser nature, the buffalo-hunt stirs up the latent fires repressed by a whole life; they break out with an ardour, and he enters into the chase with an abandonment, that, while it gratifies every animal sense possessed by the savage and hunter, opens a thousand other avenues of high enjoyment known only to the cultivated and refined mind.

INDIAN BUFFALO HUNTERS.

Among the Indians there are but few ways to kill the buffalo; yet there are tribes who display more skill than others, and seem to bring more intellect to bear in the sport. The Comanches in the South, and the Sioux in the north, are, from their numbers, warlike
character, and wealth, among the aborigines, the buffalo hunters. The Cimanches in winter inhabit one of the loveliest countries in the world. While their summer haunts are covered with snow and desolated with storm, they are travelling over the loveliest herbage, variegated with a thousand perfumed flowers, that yield fragrance under the crush of the foot. The wide savannas, that are washed by the Trinity and Brazos rivers, are everywhere broadened with clumps of live oak-trees, among which you involuntarily look for the mansion of some feudal lord. Here are realized most the wildest dreams of the future to the red man; and here the Cimanches, strong in numbers, and rich in the spontaneous productions of their native land, walk proud masters, and exhibit savage life in some of the illusive charms we throw around it while bringing a refined imagination to view such life in the distance. Thousands of this tribe of Indians will sometimes be engaged at one time in a buffalo-hunt. In their wanderings about the prairies, they will leave trails, worn like a long-travelled road. Following the "scouts," until the vicinity of the animal is proclaimed, and then selecting a halting-place, favourable for fuel and water, the ceremonials preparatory to a hunt take place. Then are commenced, with due solemnity, the prayers of the priests. The death-defying warrior who curts his finger in his scalp-lock, in derision before his elders, stands in his presence, that bestows on the red man the great game he is about to destroy. The fastings, prayers, and self-sacrifices being finished, the lively excitement of the chase commences.

The morning sun greets the huntsman, di- vested of all unnecessary clothing, his arrows numbered, his harness in order; a plume floats from his crown, his long hair streams back his back, his well-trained horse, as wild as himself, anticipates the sport, and paws with impatience the ground. Far, far in the horizon are moving about, in black masses, the game; and with an exulting whoop, a party starts off with the wind, dash across the prairie, and are soon out of sight.

The buffalo is a wary animal; unwieldy as he appears, he has a quick motion, and he takes the alarm, and at the approach of a human being, instinctively flies. An hour or two may elapse, when the distant masses of buffalo begin to move. There is evident alarm spreading through the ranks. Suddenly they fly! Then it is that thousands of fleet and impatient horses, like messengers of the wind, dash off and meet the herd. The party first sent out are pressing them in the rear; confusion seizes upon the animal and animals, and they scatter in every direction over the plain. Now the hunters select their victims, and the blood is up. On speeds the Indian and his horse. The long man mingles with the light garments of the rider, and both seem instigated by the same instinct and spirit. The charge of the unwieldy object of pursuit, shaking his shaggy head, as if in despair of his safety. The speed of the horse soon overtakes the buffalo. The rider, dropping his rein, pricks an arrow from his quiver, presses his knee to the horse’s sides, draws his bow, and with uncertain aim, drives the delicate shaft into the vitals of the huge animal, who rushes on a few yards, curls his tail upwards, falls, and falls on his face, and dies. An exciting shout announces the success, and the warrior starts off after another; and once has performed his task well every bow that has twanged marks the ownership of a huge carcass upon the sea of the prairie, as sacredly as the waifs of the whalerman his victim on the sea itself.

Thus, when the day’s sport is over, every arrow is returned to its owner. If two have been used to kill the same animal, or any are wanting, having been carried away in mere flesh wounds, the want of skill is upbraided, and the unfortunate hunter shrinks from the sarcasms and observation of the successful with game.

Following the hunter are the women, the labourers of the tribe. To them is allotted the task of tearing off the skin, selecting the choice pieces of flesh, and preserving what is not immediately consumed. Then follows the great feast. The Indian glutted himself with narrow and fatness, his eyes so bright with the fire of sport are glazed with basituality, and he spends days and nights in wasteful extravagance, trusting to the abundance of nature to take care of him. Such are the general characteristics of the buffalo-hunt; and the view applies with equal truth to all the different tribes who pursue, as a distinct and powerful people, this noble game.

An Indian, armed for the buffalo-hunt, and his horse form two of the most romantic and picturesque of beings. The little dress he wears is beautifully arranged about his person, disclosing the muscles of the shoulder and chest. Across his back is slung his quiver of arrows, made from the skin of some wild animal; his long bow, slightly arched by the sinewy string, is used gracefully as a rest to his extended arm. The horse, with a fiery eye, a mane that waves over his forehock like drapery and falls in rakish masses across his wide forehead, a sweeping tail ornamented with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds, chomps on his rudo bit, and arches his neck with impatience, as the scent of the game reaches his senses. Frequently will the two pass along, the rider’s body thrown back, and the horse bounding gracefully forward, as if in emulation of the equidnae portrayed upon the Elgin marbles. Then they may be seen dashing off with incredible swiftness, a living representation of the centaur; and as one of these wild horses and wilder men, viewed from below, stand in broad relief against the clear sky, you see a living statue that art has not accomplished.

The exultation of such a warrior, in the excitement of a buffalo-hunt, rings in silvery tones across the plain, as if in his language the muslin of a “well-chosen pack;” the huge
victims of pursuit, as they hear it, impel on their bodies with redoubled speed, as if they knew there was a hurricane of death in the

cry.

A HUNTING PARTY.

Take a hunting party of fifty "warriors," starting on a buffalo-hunt. Imagine a splendid fall morning in the southern part of the buffalo "grounds." The sun rises over the prairie like a huge illuminated ball; it
struggles on through the mists, growing gradually brighter in its ascent, breaking its way into the clear atmosphere in long-reaching rays, dispelling the mists in wreathing columns, and starting up currents of air to move them sportively about; slowly they ascend and are lost in the ether above. You
discover before you, and under you, a rich
and beautifully variegated carpet, crowded with and enameled by a thousand flowers,
glimmering with the pearly drops of dew, as the horizontal rays of the sun reach them. Here and there are plants of higher growth, and some choice garden had been stripped of its inclosures; shrubbery waves the pend
nant blossom, and wastes a world of sweetness on the desert air. Among these flowery
coverts will be seen browsing the graceful deer and antelope. Far before you are the long dark lines of the buffalo. In the centers of the group feed the cows and calves. Upon the outside are the sturdy bulls: some, with their mouths to the ground, are making it shake with their rough roar; others sportive tear up the turf with their horns; others, not less playful, are rushing upon each other's horns with a force that sends them reeling to the ground. Animal enjoyment seems rife, as they turn their nostrils upwards and sniff in the balmy air and greet the warm sun, little dreaming that around them are circling the sleek Indian, wilder, more savage, and more wary than themselves.

Fancy these Indians, promoted by all the habits and feelings of the hunter and warrior, mingling in the sport the desire to distinguish themselves, as on a field of honor, little less only in importance than the war path. With characters of high repute to sustain, or injured reputations to build up, of victory for the ear of love, of jealousy, of base passions, and a thirst of blood, and you will have some idea of the promptings of the hearts of those about to engage in the chase.

The time arrives. The parties already out
are driving the herd towards the starting place of the warriors. They have sent up
their war-cry in one united whoop, that has startled the feeding monsters, as if the lightning had fallen among them. With
a fearful response, they shake their heads, and simultaneously start off. The fearful
whoop meets them at every point. Confus
ion seizes upon the herd. The sport has begun. In every direction you see the un
equal chase; the Indians seem multiplied into hundreds; the plain becomes dotted over with the dying animals, and the whoop rings in continuous shouts upon the air, as if the fiends themselves were loose.

Now you see a single warrior: before him
is rushing a buffalo which shows, from his immense size, that he was one of the masters
of the herd: his pursuer is a veteran hunter, known far and near for his prowess. You
or go some twenty buffaloes of every size, pursued by three or four tyros, yet who know not the art of separating their victim from the herd. Yonder goes a bull, twice shot at, yet only wounded in the flesh: some one will have to gather wood with the women for his want of skill. There goes an old chief; his leggins are trimmed with the hair of twenty scalps, taken from the heads of the very Indians on whose grounds he was hunting buffalo: he is a great warrior; he singes that his bow un bent is a great tree that he alone can bend. See the naked arm, and the rigid muscles, as he draws the arrow to the very head. The bull vomits blood, and falls; beyond him, on the grass is the arrow: it passed through where a rifle ball would have stopped and flattened, ere it had made half the journey. Here are two buffalo bulls side by side; they make the earth tremble by their measured tread; their sides are reeking with sweat. Already have they been singled out. Approaching them are two horsemen: upon the head of one glintens the silvery hair of age—the small leggins also betray the old man; the other is just entering the prime of life, everything about him is sound, full, and sleek. The eyes of one dance with excitement, the other quickly through the dark skin, and gives a feverish look to the lip and cheek. The other, the old man, has his mouth compressed into a mere line; the eye is open and steady as a basilisk, the skin inanimate. What a tale is told in these differences of look! how one seems reaching into the future, and the other going back to the past! He of the flushed cheek touches his quiver, the bow is bent, the arrow speeds its way and penetrates its victim. The old man, he too takes an arrow, slowly he places it across his bow, then bending it, as if to make its ends meet, he leans forward—sends the arrow home—the bull falls, while the first wounded one pursues his way. The old man gives a taunting shout, as the token of his success. The young warrior, confused by his want of skill, and alarmed lest his aged rival should complete the work he so bung


ingly began, unguardedly presses too near the bull, who, smarting with his wound, turns upon his heels, and, with one mad plunge, tears out the bowels of the steed, and rolls him and rider on the ground. He next rushes at the rider. The Indian, as wary as the panther, springs aside, and the bull falls headlong on the ground. Ere he recovers himself the bow is again bent, the flint
headed arrow strikes the hard rib, splits it asunder, and enters the heart. The old war
rior has looked on with glazed eye and expressionless face. The young man feels that he has added no laurels to his brow, for an arrow has been spent in vain, and his steed killed under him.
PICTURES OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

There goes a “brave” with a bow by his side, and his right hand uncoupled. He presses his horse against the very sides of the animal which he is pursuing. Now he leans forward until he seems hidden between the buffalo and his horse. He rises; a gory arrow is in his hand, from a “flesh wound” at full speed, and while in luck has, with better aim, brought his victim to the earth. The sun is now fairly in its zenith: the buffaloes that have escaped are hurrying away, with a speed that will carry them miles beyond the hunters’ pursuit. The Indians are coming in from the field. The horses breathe hard, and are covered with foam. The faces of the Indians are still lit up with excitement, that soon will pass away, and leave them cold and expressionless. The successful hunters spare not the gibe and joke at the expense of the unfortunate. Slowly they wend their way back to the encampment; their work is done.

The squaws, who, like vultures, have been following in the rear, have already commenced their disgusting work. The maiden is not among them; slavery commences only with married life; but the old, the wrinkled, the virgates and vixens, are tearing off the skins, jerking the meat, gathering together the marrow bones, and the humps, the tongues, and the pouch; and before the sun has fairly set, they are in the camp with the rewards of the day’s hunt.

The plain, so beautiful in the morning, is scattered over with bodies already offensive with decay; the grubs are turning up, the flowers destroyed, and the wolf and buzzard and the carrion-crow are disputing for the loathsome meat, while their already gorged appetites seem bursting with repletion.

OUR FIRST BUFFALO-STEAK.

On the confines of the buffalo hunting-grounds, migrated a family, consisting of a strange mixture of enterprise and idleness, of ragged-looking men and homely women. They seemed to have all the bad habits of the Indians, with none of their redeeming qualities. They were willing to live without labour, and subsist upon the bounties of nature. Located in the fine climate of Northern Texas, the whole year was to them little else than a continued spring, and the abundance of game with which they were surrounded afforded what seemed to them all the comforts of life. The men never exerted themselves except when hunger prompted, or a spent magazine made the acquisition of “pelties” necessary to barter for powder and ball. A more lazy contemptible set of creatures never existed, and we would long since have forgotten them, had not our introduction to them associated itself with our first buffalo-steak.

It was a matter of gratulation to my companions as well as myself, that after sleeping on the open prairies, over which we had been travelling for many days, we discovered one of us what evinced the location of a "squatter." A thousand recollections of the comforts of civilized life pressed upon us before we reached the abode. We speculated upon the rich treat of delicacies which we should enjoy. A near inspection at once dispelled our illusions. A large rudely-constructed shed boarded in the north side, was all we found. Upon nearer examination, it appeared that this "shed" was the common dwelling-place of the people described above, with the addition of two cows, several goats, poultry, and, as we soon after discovered, three horses. Immediately around the caravanersai the prairie grass struggled for a sickly growth. As you entered it, you found yourself growing deeper and deeper in a fine dust, that had been in the course of time worked out of the soil. Some coarse blankets were suspended through the inclosure, as retiring-rooms for the women. On the ground were strewn buffalo skins, from which the animal inhabitants kept aloof. We entered without seeing a human being. After some delay, however, a little nondescript, with a white moccasin, white sunbonnet, and white head, thrust aside the blankets, and hallooed out, "They ain't injured." The mother then showed herself. She was as far removed from feminine as possible, and appeared as unmoved at our presence as the post that sustained the roof of her house. We asked for lodging and food; she nodded a cold assent and disappeared. Not disposed to be fastidious, we endeavoured to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and wait for the development of circumstances. In the course of an hour a woman younger than the first made her appearance, somewhat attractive because younger. On hearing the detail of our wants, she wrinkled her soiled visage into a distorted smile, and told us that the "men" would soon be home with a "buffalo-meat," and then our wants should be attended to.

Whatever might have been our disappointment at what we saw around us, the name of buffalo-meat dispelled it all. The great era in our frontier wanderings was about to commence, and with smiles from our party that for expression would have done credit to rival belles, we lounged upon the skins upon the ground. It is needless for us to say what were our ideas of the "men," soon to make their appearance. Buffalo-hunters, of course, tall, fine-looking fellows, active as cats, mounted upon wild steeds, armed with terrible rifles, and all the paraphernalia of the hunter’s art. The Dutch angels, that figure so conspicuously on many a gem of art in the “Lowlands,” are certainly not farther removed from the beautiful creations of Milton, than were the buffalo-hunters that we saw from the standard our imagination and reading had conjured up.

Two short, ill-formed men, with bow-legs, long bodies, and formidable shocks of red hair, destitute of intelligence, clothed in skins, and moving with shuffling gait, were the realities of our conceptions. Whatever
might have been the charms of their faces, our admiration was absorbed in viewing their nether garments. They were made of undressed deer-skin, the hair worn outside. When first made, they were of the length of pantaloons, but the drying qualities of the sun had, in course of time, no doubt imperceptibly to the wearers, shortened them into the dignity of breeches. To see these worthies standing up was beyond comparison ridiculous. They seemed to have had immense pummels fastened to their knees and seats. Under other circumstances, the tailor craft of the frontier would have elicited great merriment; but a starving stomach destroys jokes. COURTESIES SUITABLE WERE EXCHANGED, AND THE PRELIMINARIES FOR A HEARTY MEAL AGREED UPON, THE BASIS OF WHICH WAS TO BE BUFFALO-STEAKS.

A REAL BUFFALO-STEAK! EATEN IN THE VERY GROUNDS WHICH THE ANIMAL INHABITS! WHAT ROMANCE! WHAT A DIPLOMA OF A SPORTMAN'S ENTERPRISE! WHATEVER MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY DISAPPOINTMENT IN THE HUNTERS, I KNEW THAT MEAT WAS MEAT, AND THAT THE IMMUTABLE LAWS OF NATURE WOULD NOT FAIL, THOUGH MY NOTIONS OF THE ROMANTIC IN MEN WERE ENTIRELY DISAPPOINTED. A PROMISE THAT OUR WANTS SHOULD SOON BE SUPPLIED Brought US TO THAT UNPLEASANT TIME, IN EVERY-DAY LIFE, THAT PREFACES AN EXPECTED AND WISHED FOR MEAL. SEATED, LIKE BARBARIANS, UPON THE FLOOR, MYSELF AND COMPANIONS HAD THE MACHINERY OF MENTAL OPERATING OF How little the frontier family we were visiting were worth for any moral quality, and the physical exercise of keeping off, as much as possible, thousands of flies and other noxious insects that composed part of the dust in which we sat. While thus disposed of, the “hunters” were busy in various ways about the premises, and received from us the elegant names of “Bags” and “Breeches,” from animal inhabits or real difference in their inexpressibles. “Breeches,” who was evidently the business man, came near where we were sitting, and threw down upon the ground, what appeared, at a superficial glance, to be an enormous pair of saddle-bags. He then asked his companion in arms for a knife, to cut off the strangers some buffalo steaks. Now if the nondescript before me had as coolly proposed to cut steaks off an ill-natured one that was wistfully eyeing the saddle-bags, no more surprise could have been exhibited by my companions than was when they heard the suggestion.

The knife was brought, and “Breeches” made an essay at cutting up the saddle-bags, which gave him, dressed as he was in skins, the grand opportunity of nethering outSearch for the effects of some murdered traveller. The work progressed bravely, and, to our surprise, soon were exhibited crude slices of meat. What we saw were the flashy parts of a buffalo’s hams, ingeniously concocted with a skin that passed over the back of the animal, and so dissected from the huge frame as to enable it easily to be brought “into camp.” As the sounds that accompany the frying of meat saluted our ears, we moved into the open air, to avoid the certain knowledge that we were about to complete the eating of the peck of dirt, said to be necessary before we die. Before the door were the two horses belonging to our hosts, just as they returned from the hunt, and upon one still repose the huge pieces of meat, thus sinfully, and frontier-like, held together for transportation.

Our first buffalo steak disappointed us. The romance of months and of years was sadly broken in upon. The squalid wretchedness of those who administered to our wants made rebellious even our hungry stomachs, and we spent our first night of real disappointment on the great prairies, under circumstances which we thought, before our sad experience, would have afforded us all the substantial food for body and mind that we could have desired.

OUR FIRST BUFFALO-HUNT.

The morning following the adventure with the steak found our little party, rifles in hand, and bent upon a buffalo-hunt. The animals, it would seem, for the especial benefit of “Breeches” and “Bags,” had come “lower down” than usual, and we were among the animals much as we expected to be. So far fortune favoured us; and a gay party never set out on a frolic than followed the deer-skin inexpressibles on the fine December morning to which we allude. As we journeyed along, crushing a thousand wild flowers under horses’ feet, the deer would bound like visions of grace and beauty from our presence; but we essayed not such small game. Our ideas and nostrils expanded, and we laughed so loud at the very conceit of a man drawing a deadly weapon on a helpless thing as small as a woodcock, that the wild half devil and half Indian horses on which we were mounted pricked up their ears and tails, as if they expected the next sal-te would be the war whoop and a fight. Ahead of us we beheld the buzzard circling in groups, whirling down in aerial flights to the earth, as if busy with their prey. We passed them at their gross repast over a mountain of meat that had, the day before, been full of life and fire, but had fallen under the visitation of our guides and scarecrows, and provided the very steaks that had met with so little affection from our appetites. Soon we discovered signs of immediate vicinity of the buffalo, and on a little examination from the top of a “swell of land,” we saw them feeding off towards the horizon, like vast herds of cattle quietly grazing within the enclosure of the farm-yard. As far off as they were, our hearts throbbed violently as we contemplated the sangurious warfare we were about to engage in, and the waste of life that would ensue. Still we were impelled on by an irresis-
tible and overpowering instinct to begin the hunt. "Breeches" and "Bags" carried, over their shoulders, poles about six feet long; but as they were destitute of any spear, we looked upon them as inoffensive weapons, and concluded they had come out just to act as guides. In fact, we could not imagine that their bangs had any other end, all their strength, or their mounted, could hunt any thing. For ourselves, we were armed with the terrible rifle, and so satisfied were we of its prowess, that we thought the very appearance of its muzzle more deadly than the rude implement of warfare used by the Indians. Keeping to the windward of the buffalo, we skirted round until we got them between us and the shed wherein we passed the night. Then the signal was given, and in a pealmell manner we charged on, every man for himself. We approached within a quarter of a mile before the herd took the alarm. Then, smelting us on the air, they turned their noses towards the zenith, gave a sort of rough snort, and broke simultaneously off at a full gallop. As soon as this noise was heard by our horses, they increased their speed, and entered into the sport as ardently as their riders. The rough beasts rode by "Bags" and "Breeches" did wonders, and seemed really to fly, while their riders poised themselves gallantly, carrying their long poles in front of them with a grace that would have done honour to a Cossack bearing his spear.

The buffalo, with their tails high in the air, ran close together, rattling their horns singularly loud; while the horses, used to the chase, endeavoured to separate a single object for pursuit. This once accomplished, it was easy to range alongside, and in this situation the members of our party severally found themselves drawing deadly aim, as they supposed, the crack of the sharp rifle was heard over the prairies, and yet nothing was brought to the ground. Contrary to all this, a noble bull lay helpless in the very track I took; the fruit of "Breeches" skill, and from the energetic manner he pressed on, we became satisfied that there was a magic in those sticks we had not dreamed of. Our curiosity excited, we ran across the diameter of a circle he was forming and came by his side. Soon he overtook his object of pursuit, and thrusting forward his pole, we saw glittering, for the first time, on its end a short blade; a successful thrust severed the hamating, and a mountain of flesh and life fell helpless on the prairie. The thing was done so suddenly, the water covering the animal, that we could overcome our astonishment. My horse approached the animal, and thrusting forward his head and ears snorted in his face, and then commenced quietly cropping the grass. It would be impossible for me to describe my emotion as I dismounted, examined the gigantic and wounded bull before me. There he lay, an animal, that from his singular expression of face and general appearance, joined with his immense size, looked like some animated specimen of the monsters of the antediluvian world. Rising on his fore legs, with his hind ones under him, he shook his mane and beard in defiance, and flashed from his eyes an unconquerable determination that was terrible to behold. In all this delirium of intense excitement that was associated in our minds with the farmyard and the innocent pleasures of rural life, Gazing upwards, we beheld, carefully caricatured, the shabby trappings of the lion, and the wild fierceness of a perfect savage, the whole rising above us in huge unwieldy proportions. Making no demonstration of attack, the expression of defiance altered into that of seeming regret and heartstirring pain; his small bright eye appeared to roam over the beautiful prairie, and to watch the retreating herds of his fellows, as would an old patriarch when about to bid adieu to the world; and as he looked on, the tear struggled in his eye, rolled over the rough sunburnt hair of his face, dashed like a bright jewel upon his knotted beard, and fell to the ground. This exhibition of suffering nature cooled the warm blood of the hunt within me; the instinct of destruction was for the time overpowered by that of better feelings, and we could have restored to health the wounded animal, it would have given us a thrill of real pleasure to have seen him bounding over the plain, again free. Instead of this, we took from our belt a pistol, called upon mercy to sanction our deed, and sent the cold lead through the thoughts of the bear. It was a joyous whoop, and vibrated through our hearts; we looked up, and saw just before us a young Indian warrior, mounted upon a splendid charger, rushing across the plain, evidently in pursuit of the retreating buffalo. As he swept by, he threw himself forward in his saddle, placed his right hand over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, making a picture of the most graceful and eager interest. His horse’s head was low down, running like a rabbit, while the long flowing mane waved lightly, just like the ripples of a wave when the wind plucked from the tempestuous ocean of life—moving, dashing life—gay as the sunshine that glistens on the rippling wave where
PICTURES OF BUFFALO HUNTING.

the falcon wets his wing. This soul-stirring exhibition warmed us into action, and, mounting our horses, we dashed after the red man. Our direction soon brought us in sight of the retreating buffalo; and, with the Indian and myself, dashed on a third person, Breeches, who bade us as a spectator, and keeping close to both, was enabled to watch two beings so widely different in form, looks, and action, while bent on the same exciting pursuit.

Fortunately, two buffaloes, of large size, cut off from the main body, were being driven towards us by some one of our party; a distant report of a rifle, and the sudden stopping of one of the animals told its own tale. The remaining bull, alarmed by the report of the rifle, rushed madly on with enemies in front and rear. Discovering its new danger, it wheeled almost on its heels, and ran for life. Whatever might have been our most vivid imaginations of the excitement of a buffalo chase, we now felt the fruition beyond our sanguine hopes. Before us ran the fleeing beast, and the buffaloes turned beside him. "Breeches," so closely that you would have thought a dark Apollo on a metalled charger, by some necromancy casting the shadow of a cornfield scarecrow. We soon gained on the buffalo, rapidly as he moved his faithful four-footed steed. "Breeches" poised his rude instrument to make the fearful cut at the hamstrings, when the Indian, plunging an arrow from his quiver, bent his bow, and pointing at "Breeches" side, as we thought, let it fly. The stick held by "Breeches" leaped from his grasp as if it had been struck by a club; another instant, and again the bow was bent; guiding his horse with his feet, he came alongside of the buffalo, and drove the arrow to the feather into his side. A chuckling guttural laugh followed this brilliant exploit, and as the animal after a few desperate leaps fell forward and vomited blood, again was repeated the same joyous whoop that roused our stagnant blood at the beginning of the chase.

The instant that "Breeches" dropped his stick, his horse, probably from habit, stopped, and the one I rode followed the example. The Indian dismounted and stood beside the buffalo when he fell. There was a simplicty and beautiful wildness about the group that would have struck the eye of the most insensible. The shaggy and rough appearance of the dead animal, the health-yielding and ungroomed horse with his roving eye and long mane, and the Indian himself, contemplating his work like some ancient statue of antiquity, alike insensible to the charms of the tailor's art and the picturesque, handed the Indian his first-fired arrow, and then stooping down, with a gentle pressure, thrust the head of the one in the buffalo's body through the opposite side, bade him wield it, entered, and handed it to its owner, with disgust marked upon his face, that displayed no great pleasure at his appearance and company.

Among the Indian tribes, there are certain styles of doing things which are as essential to command the attention and win the favour of a real hunter as there are peculiar manners and modes commended, and only acknowledged by sportsmen. A poor despiseful tribe, bearing the name of Ta-wa-ki-na, inhabiting the plains of Texas, kill the buffalo, not by hamstringing them, and are, therefore, despised and driven out from among "Indian men." A young Cumanche chief, fond of adventure, and friendly with "Breeches," had gone out of his way to join in our sport; and having shown to the white man his skill, and for "Breeches" his contempt for his imitations of a despised tribe, he passed on in pursuit of his own business, either of war or of pleasure.

HAMSTRINGING THE BUFFALO.

It is a singular fact in the formation of the buffalo, and the familiar cattle of the farm-yard, that, although so much alike in general appearance, the domesticated animals will, after being hamstrung, run long distances. The buffalo, on the contrary, the moment the tendon is severed, falls to the ground entirely helpless, and perfectly harmless beyond the reach of its horns. A very short chase in company with "Breeches," brought us up to one of the bulls; he poised his stick, thrust it forward, and the tendo Achillis, full of life and full of action, was touched by the sharp blade; its tension, as it sustained the immense bull in his upward leap, made it, when severed, spring back as will the breaking string of the harp; and the helpless beast, writhing in pain, came to the ground. One of our party witnessing this exhibition, gave an exulting shout, and declared he would bring a buffalo down, or break his neck; he soon came before a venerable bull, and as he made repeated thrusts, a thousand directions were given as to the manner of proceeding. The race was a well-contested one, the heels of the pursued animal were strangely accelerated by the thrusts made at him in his rear. A long was finally accomplished by the "Ta-wa-ki-na," that almost threw him from his horse; the fearful cut brought the huge bull directly under the rider's feet; the next instant the noble steed was impaled upon the buffalo's horns, and the unfortunate rider lay insensible on the ground. The wrong hamstring, in the excitement, had been cut, the animal always falling on the wounded side. We hastened to our unfortunate companion, chased his temples, and brought him to his senses. The first question he asked was, "whereabouts the buffalo struck him." Happily, save the loss of a generous steed, no great damage was done. The "Ta-wa-ki-na" acknowledged hamstringing buffalo was as contemptible as it was thought to be by the Cumanche chief. Thus ended this novel and barbarian hunt, that afforded incidents for many rough jokes and amusing reflections on hamstringing buffaloes.
A MONG the brilliant company of brave men which marks the age of chivalry, no knight is more justly celebrated than the Chevalier Bayard. Throughout his life, and in his death, he was faithful to the honourable titles he had won,—a man without fear and without reproach—"Sans peur, sans reproche."

Bayard was born of a distinguished family. His great-great-grandfather fell at the feet of King John, whom he was nobly defending at the battle of Poictiers; his great-grandfather was killed at Agincourt; his grandfather fell at the battle of Montlhéry, and his father was dangerously wounded at Guinegate. Thus, a soldier to the manner born, Bayard very early exhibited his aptitude in martial exercises. It was said of some of the Roman emperors that they were born in the purple; it might have been said of Bayard that he was cradled in the buckler; familiar with weapons from his earliest childhood, he was, as it were, set apart and consecrated to the life of chivalry, devoted to the service of the state from boyhood.

As a first step—the first round of the ladder—Bayard was placed as a page in the service of the Duke of Savoy. He was fourteen years old when he was presented to arms, and he owed to his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, his introduction to the duke. The Bishop of Grenoble, while on a visit to the Lord of Bayard, in Dauphiny, was favourably impressed with the graceful bearing and good manners of his young nephew; and he was led to express a desire that so fair a youth should be early trained to the service in which his ancestors had won so much honour. It was suggested by the prelate that the boy should be placed as a page in the retinue of the Duke of Savoy, then at Chambéry, and the proposal was readily accepted. But, to appear suitably before the duke, Pierre Bayard would require a horse appropriate to his age and stature, and such a horse was presented to him by the churchman. Perhaps the bishop was no judge of a horse; perhaps in choosing the steed he had an eye to the boy's mettle: however this may be, the animal was not half trained, a refractory brute, scorning allegiance to bit or spur. When he was brought into the courtyard, even the keepers, the hostler, groom, and porters, stood aloof, giving him fair range for his heels,—all except one, who held him by the bridle, and vowed if any one could ride the rogue, it was young Pierre Bayard. And when Pierre came into the courtyard the groom's good opinion was confirmed. The boy smiled at the fears expressed for his safety, and the cantions given by men whose beards had grown grey in the stables. Bayard had no fear—he had never seen it—felt it—heard it—it was altogether strange to his nature. Leaping lightly on the horse's back, he compelled it—Rarey, perhaps,—could explain how—to obey him; and the brute, wild beneath all other control, bent its beautifully arched neck and pawed the ground, as if conscious of a worthy rider.

Pierre was elegantly clad as a page, and looked "beautiful," said the woman; "a hero," said the men, as he waved his mother an adieu, and rode out under his uncle's convoy to seek his fortune. His little purse pressed into his hand by his mother, as she gave him her parting kiss, contained seven silver crowns,—not much to begin life on, but more than enough when honesty, courage, fearlessness, fill up the heart.

On Pierre's introduction to the Duke of Savoy, he was desired to exhibit his knowledge of military exercises. Leading forth his Bucephalus, he vaulted gracefully into the saddle, rode him round the courtyard, and showed so much skill in equestrian exercise, in holding a lance, and in all the rudiments of knightly education, that Savoy expressed his high approval, and readily admitted him to his service. Never did Bayard forget that day. He was no longer a boy—he was a man and a soldier—and a goodly crop of laurels was to be gathered in by his good sword.

Charles VIII., King of France, was, about this period, devising his scheme for attaching Italy to France. Misgovernment at Milan, Naples, Rome, had prepared the way for easy conquest. The Italians were exhausted by taxation, irritated by intolerance, roused
by injustice, and ready to lend their help to any powerful sovereign who would take up their quarrel. This, Charles, with visions of Charlemagne and Caesar before his eyes, attempted. The French troops thundered down the Alps like an avalanche. Pisa would no longer own a Florentine master; Florence cast out the Medici; the King of Naples died of fright; the progress of Charles of France was not that of a conqueror, but a deliverer—his march was an oration; he attained absolute power without striking a blow.

But that which is easily won is as often easily lost, or retained with difficulty. Italy soon grew weary of Charles; and in the end—after a long and disastrous war—the French were driven back into their own territories.

While these hostilities were in progress, Bayard was taken from the retinue of the Duke of Savoy into the service of the King of France. He soon rose to the rank of Esquire, and at a tournament in which the flower of French chivalry engaged came off victor, and winning a golden bracelet, generously presented it to a Scottish rival.

Exchanging the exercises of the tilt-yard for the risks and the renown of the open field, Bayard followed the King of France to Naples, and at the battle of Fornona made himself very conspicuous. As a mark of esteem, he received from the king a purse containing five hundred crowns. Perhaps he did not value them so much as the seven crowns his mother gave him.

Among other heroic acts recorded of Bayard is that of his accepting a challenge boastfully given by a Spanish knight, who in a menacing and mocking way had flung his gage to any soldier of France who dared to meet him in single combat. Bayard took up the challenge, and in sight of both armies killed both horse and man with one stroke of his lance.

After the battle of Cerignola the French were compelled to retreat, but they “measured the ground by inches.” The Spaniards, who had arrayed themselves against the French, seized upon every Neapolitan town as it was evacuated; and the King of France, struck with dismay by his accumulated misfortunes, despatched to Italy a gallant officer named Trémouille, who was soon afterwards superseded by the appointment of a man as despicable of skill as of courage—this was the Marquis of Mantua.

It was mainly owing to the incapacity of this officer that the French rule in Southern Italy came so rapidly to an end. In his attempt to cross the Garigliano he neglected the most ordinary precautions, and his army would infallibly have been cut to pieces but for the bravery and determination of Bayard. Bayard defended the bridge, a temporary structure thrown over the stream to facilitate the retreat of the French. It was hotly attacked by the Spaniards, and for a few minutes Bayard was opposed single-handed to two hundred of the enemy. With a blow of his lance he struck down the officer in command; and then, by skilful use of sword and dagger, killed a large number of his assailants; they choked the bridge, they fell into the river—it seemed as if Bayard bore a charmed life. Assistance at length arrived; a hundred men-at-arms rushed to his rescue. The Spaniards were defeated, and fled in confusion. Bayard pursued them, outstripped his own men, and found himself surrounded by the enemy. His double-edged broadsword fell heavily, and those on whom it fell were sent to their last reckoning; three or four Spaniards were thus killed by Bayard in liberating himself from the snare in which they had taken him.

In the time of scarcity Bayard fared as the commonest soldier in the service. To the sick and the wounded he freely gave of his own scanty store; his very presence “thawed cold fear.”

On his return to France, after his brilliant and heroic defence of Gaeta, Bayard was received with all honour, and welcomed with all the signs of popular rejoicing. “God and my king,” said he, “is the motto of my life.” Hence he refused all foreign service that was not calculated to promote the interests of his religion or his loyalty.

It would be a vain attempt, within the limits of this paper, to mention, however briefly, the various brave deeds wrought by Bayard. His name was so well known that when the French soldiers advanced on Genoa, they cried “France and Bayard!” and the soldier citizens threw open their gates, and offered no opposition to his entrance. When it was suggested by an Italian traitor to assassinate the Pope, “God’s life!” swore Bayard, “the Pope is an enemy, but to
take his life would be sacrilege. Give me leave to hang the dog who plotted so vile a crime!"

After the siege of Brescia, where Bayard was seriously wounded, and the battle of Ravenna, at which his heroic courage mainly contributed to the success of the day, he returned again to France, and received from the king the appointment of the Governor of Dauphiny. But those were troubled days for France. Her enemies were triumphant at almost every point. She was attacked in front by the Spaniards and the Swiss, and in the rear by the English. Henry VIII. landed at Calais with thirty thousand men. Strange to relate, though the French whom he encountered were picked troops, they were seized with a sudden panic at the approach of the English, and fled, in spite of Bayard's efforts to rally them. The engagement was known as the Battle of Spurs, "where," says an old chronicler, "the English and the Burgundians chased the French; and because the good knight (Bayard) would not fly like the rest, he paid for it in his person, and was taken prisoner."

Bayard was not long held captive. The union of Louis XII. to Mary of England, sister to Henry VIII., put an end to the war.

On the accession of Francis I.—a youthful monarch, burning with ardour to extend his dominions, and add Great Britain to the glory of France—the Italian war recommenced, and Bayard entered anew into the arena where the display of his eminent qualities had already made him illustrious both among friends and foes.

The battle of Marignan, described as "a battle of giants," was the grand feature of the campaign. It lasted through the whole of the day, darkness alone separating the combatants, and was renewed with unabated fury on the following morning; there were thirty hours spent in hard fighting. During the night the king slept on a gun-carriage within a hundred yards of the enemy, and after the engagement was over he received the honour of knighthood from the good sword of brave Bayard.

The splendid victory of Marignan gave three years' respite to Europe, during which period Bayard resided at Dauphiny.

When the rivalry of Charles V. and Francis I. on the subject of the imperial crown again led to open hostilities, Bayard was called to the field.

His first achievement was that of the defence of Mezières, a defence maintained against an overwhelming army, amidst sickness, famine, and disasters of every kind. Honours were freely bestowed on the French champion; he was recognised as a prince of the blood; and his brothers, who were in the Church, received immediate promotion. But no honours, no titles, nothing that could be bestowed upon him, could keep the brave man from the field where his honours had been won. He saw in Italy the tide of success fast ebbing; the soldiers of France were unequal in the struggle; bands of brigands were pillaging the towns; hirelings were swelling the army of Spain; pestilence and famine were more devouring than the sword; and, worst of all, Bayard saw treason in the camp. With a broken and dispirited army, Bayard had to fight his way through a hostile country, amidst difficulties and dangers of no ordinary kind. He was not permitted to see the end of it. It was his to die a soldier's death. Struck by a bullet, he felt death in the wound, and cried Misericorde! The soldiers near at hand lifted him from his horse, and laid him under the branches of an old tree, with his face to the foe.

He died as he had lived—fearless, irreproachable. It was his to console his friends, his to reanimate their drooping courage, his to issue his commands calmly and deliberately as the lamp of life burnt out.

The Duke of Bourbon—Bayard knew him for a traitor—came to the spot where he lay, and expressed, with smooth tongue, his regret to find him in such a state.

"Better," said the expiring hero, "better, far better I should die as an honest man, without the sin of treason on my soul, than 'live as a reproach to my king and country.'"

Bayard died on the 30th of April, 1524, and he was buried in a convent near Grenoble. An old author says of him, "He was wise, valiant, generous, clement, magnanimous, liberal, and, still more, he feared God. He was the enemy of the traitorous and faint-hearted; in short, this knight was the most devoted servant to his king and country that the world ever saw."
THE ROSE-BUSH BY THE DOOR.

By Robert Stenson Pringle.

In the garden behind the dwelling,
Beside the garden door,
With the cherry-blossoms swelling,
In summer beauty o'er—
Grows an ancient rose-bush
Against the dwelling wall,
And it grows as in the days of old,
As lovely and as tall.

And as it grows it whispers,
Life is but a breath,
For the hands of him who planted it,
And water'd it, and tended it,
Are laid now down in death;
And its whisper is ever whispering,
Even when none are listening,
And ceaseless as the hours,
And noiseless as the zephyr
That wafts the breath of flowers.

Children gay in the yellow day
Would sit at the garden door,
And gather the snow-white leaflets
Strew'd on the earthy floor;
And the aged man whose hair was thin
And snow-white as the rose,
Would list the children as they play'd,
And scent the flower that God had made,
The sweetest flower that grows.

For he could not see its beauty,
Though he had placed it there,
But he loved in the laughing day to sit
By the rose in the open air;
And breathe the breath of its sweetness,
And think of the cycles gone,
Since the olden day when he planted it
Beside the old door stone.

And like a dream of the sleeper,
It seemed those years had fled,
And a voiceless, voiceless whisper,
As the whisper of the dead,
Would speak in its spirit language
The same truth ever said—
"Life is but a breath."

And the inmates of the dwelling
Loved the dear old plant,
And carefully they pluck'd the rose
Some little one might want;
And the friendly stranger passing
Would come to the garden door,
And gaze at the bush with its rosy wealth,
And the cherry hanging o'er.

And the aged man is now at rest,
And the children are away,
But the rose-bush grows beside the door
As fairy like and gay;
And it tells the story of the past,
And when the tale is told,
Its whisper is ever whispering,
As in the voice of old,
"Life is but a breath."

And methinks when in the vista
Of the future's coming day,
My weary soul is longing
To bear itself away—
I'd love some little token
Of the golden days of yore,
One little snow-white floweret
From the rose-bush by the door.

And its whisper, ever whispering
"Life is but a breath."
Would murmur to the spirit
Of another life in death;
Where the righteous dead are dwelling,
And the dear ones that we love,
In the glory of Heaven's Eden,
The angel home above.
COLOURED EGGS.

EASTER, celebrated in memory of our Lord’s Resurrection, is one of those festivals to which the Roman Catholic Church especially attaches peculiar importance, and all over Europe it is kept up with religious rites and social enjoyments.

The practice of using eggs, the shells of which have been previously coloured or covered with curious devices, prevails in Poland. As these eggs are chiefly used at Easter, they are called Easter Eggs, and are as famous and as popular among the Poles as plum-pudding is at Christmas time in England.

Now, of course, if there were no hens there would be no eggs; and once upon a time, a long time ago, there were no hens in Poland, and then they had to celebrate Easter without any coloured eggs. How it came to pass that the practice was introduced is not accurately known, but I remember reading a long story about it, written by a German clergyman, and that story, as well as I can recollect it, I will tell you.

Many hundred years ago, there lived in a valley a few poor charcoal-burners. One day a little girl came running, out of breath, to tell her parents that a strange lady, and two children, a noble man were coming down the hill. The little girl said she had spoken to the strangers, that they were very hungry and thirsty, and that they wanted something to eat and drink and somewhere to sleep.

The charcoal-burner and his wife were right willing to show hospitality, and when the lady and her two children and the very old man appeared, they gave them hearty welcome. The lady and her children, a boy and a girl, were very handsomely dressed, and the charcoal-burner’s wife felt sure they were gentlefolk; the very old man was plainly attired, and humbly attended on the lady—he was the servant, there was no doubt about that. But if the lady’s dress was handsome, her face, when she threw back her veil, was still handsome; and when she spoke, her tones were so gentle and persuasive that few people could have refused her request.

The request she offered was very simple: it was that herself and her children might be allowed to remain in the valley. She had money to pay for all she wanted, but if she had not, her good looks and kind words would have obtained what she asked. There was a wooden cottage, surrounded by trees, which the miller had lately built, and at the request of the charcoal-burner the cottage was given up to the strange lady, and so she took up her residence with the poor people of the valley.

The little girl, Martha, who had first seen the lady, was to live with her as servant, and very much delighted was she to find so kind a mistress; for the lady was so good that everybody loved her; and if they were a little curious to know who she was, that was but natural, and they were never rude. One of them, indeed, ventured so far as to ask the little boy to mention his mother’s name, under promise of secrecy, and he, in a very mysterious way, said, “Her name is—Mamma!”

One of the first requests of the lady after taking possession of the wooden cottage was to ask for eggs, and eggs, except those of the little birds, were unknown—eggs for cooking never had been heard of—never had been seen any poultry in that valley. So the old servant was sent away—far away—to purchase poultry, and after being away a long, long time, he came back with a hen-coop, and the charcoal-burners saw, for the first time in their lives, a family of fowls, brown and yellow feathers, and a red comb, and a voice that filled them all with wonder; then there were some speckled hens, brown hens, two black hens, and some chickens, and the yellow down of these little ones, and their bright black eyes, made the children clap their hands with delight.

Well, soon after this, some two or three months, Easter time came round. The charcoal-burners had never cared much about Easter, and knew very little about the great event which it was established to celebrate. They were very ignorant, and thought—if they thought about it at all—that religion was something that had to do with priests and great people, and had very little to do with charcoal-burners. But the lady had been taught better, and she did what she could to lead the hopes of these people towards God and Heaven. And very singular was the plan she adopted. All the children in the valley were asked to a feast, and all the children were glad enough to come. The table was spread in the open air, under the branches of trees, and goatards and all kinds of nice things were plentifully provided. Most curious of all was a basketful of coloured eggs, and fanciful little nests, made of moss, and filled with the same brightly coloured eggs. Red eggs, blue eggs, yellow eggs, eggs with curious designs drawn upon them, eggs with words written upon them; eggs that were of all sorts of colours, like the rainbow; the children were charmed with the sight. When the lady distributed the eggs amongst the children, she pointed out to them the words which were written on some of them, but very few of the children knew how to read. So the good lady told her little son to read the words aloud. Some of the rhymes—for they were
A HAPPY LIFE.

written in rhyme—were very pretty; one of them was—

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart,
And never from his ways depart.

Another—

Jesus died and rose again,
That we might Heaven's bliss attain.

And in presenting these eggs to the children, the lady was careful to impress upon them the words they were to tell them—what appeared new to most of them—the Gospel story; what Christ suffered for us, why he suffered, and of the blessing which flowed from that suffering. When they went away the children were more in love with the good lady than ever they had been before, and glad enough were they to accept her kind offer, and go to her house very often to learn to read and hear about God's goodness. The grown-up people were as delighted as the children, and the coloured eggs with the rhymes upon them were looked upon as very precious things.

Who the lady was remained still unknown, but the people, old and young, knew that she was kind and good, and that the valley was all the happier for her having come to live in it. The children were more obedient to their parents, the young people more industrious, the old people more respected; everyone felt the better for what the good lady was doing, but they could not help noticing with sorrow that she often seemed very sad. What was the cause of that sorrow? Ah! that was her secret. But it was known at last. Those were troublesome times, when rich men fought with one another, burnt one another's castles, stole each other's cattle, and thought it no idle joke; and this good lady had been driven from her home, her cattle destroyed, her husband taken prisoner, nearly all she possessed taken from her.

She had escaped the hand of her cruel enemy, and found an asylum in the charcoal-burners' valley. And thither came her husband, at last, no longer a prisoner, searching for his wife and children, and mourning for them as dead; and there he found them, and their joy was such as may be imagined, but cannot be told.

How glad the people were, and yet how sorry; how glad that the good lady was made happy, how sorry that they would lose her. What a feast was that which was held before she went away; what smiles, what tears, what hearty words of kindness, what a sincere "God bless you!" from each one, as the coloured eggs were distributed again, and the rhymes read out by the children. And there and then it was resolved that once a year a feast of coloured eggs should be held in memory of the good lady whose visit was as the visit of an angel to the charcoal-burners' valley. As the coloured eggs had first been seen at Easter time, at Easter time the festival was afterwards observed.

And so it came to pass, that people in other districts adopted the usage, and that variegated eggs at Easter still figure in Polish and German celebrations.

Whatever may be the real origin of the custom, it is still kept up; and whatever may be meant by it according to the superstition of the country, the eggs themselves suggest—as fond parents are seen giving them to their eager little ones—a text which we should all remember; "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? . . . Or if he shall ask an egg will he give him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" J. T.

A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taugh,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
United unto the world by care,
Or public fame, or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.
THE ODD BOY ON HERO-WORSHIP.

DEAR SIR,—It is quite the thing nowadays to worship a hero; I don’t mean in the way that Miss Fanny Flight “doats” on that “dear love of a volunteer;” but I refer to clever people—two-legged bookworms, people who go to lectures and discussion-clubs, who are always looking through millstones, or diving deep into the “ocean of profundity;” with them it is the fashion to have a hero—saint, sage, senator, soldier—something or other big.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle set the world gaping for heroes; he lectured about them, and wrote a book about them; and I have read that book, and therein learn that “it is the property of the hero, in every place, in every situation, that he comes back to reality; that he stands upon things and not shows of things.” I candidly own that I find most people standing upon “things,” though they may, and often do, give them a name; so that in looking for a hero I am rather at fault. It would be so odd to say to a fellow, “Do you stand upon things?” It might so readily be construed into a paraphrase of “How’s your poor feet?” Having shown me what he stands upon, Mr. Carlyle next gives me the true hero’s address, which is almost as intelligible as number nothing, nowhere, absent bell-handle on a missing door-post! “He lives in the inward sphere of things . . . . which exists always unseen, to most under the Temporary Trivial.” His employment appears to be “a messenger direct from the inner fact of things;” and he is himself “a portion of the primal reality of things.”

Things! There is something awful you see after all in that rather common-place expression. It is grand—it is sublime—Nullus esse potest ambiguendi locus, there can be no reason to doubt. Miss Crochethy putting “things” together; Mrs. Fidget looking after “things;” Miss Prettypink putting her “things” on; Mrs. Bouncer settling “things”—they are all parts of the heroic.

Now, I think it only fair that if I am called upon—and one’s nowhere if one’s out of the fashion—to worship a hero, I think it only fair that I should choose him for my-
THE ODD BOY ON HERO-WORSHIP.

overhauled their Catechism to learn that it was wrong to be picking and stealing, or, if they did, it was only to find out how much honour and respect were due to themselves. Heroes, indeed! bah—if there be no better specimen than the highly-flavoured, strongly-recommended samples offered me, I would say as Mrs. Prig says of Mrs. Harris, “I don’t believe there is no such a person.” I know all about the reason that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre; of course it is because the valet does not know a hero when he sees one—just my case, of course, only different. N’importe—I don’t believe in ’em.

I think if I might be allowed to select my own hero, I would take the case of the late Mr. Robinson Crusoe. You would not say of him as you have to say of many, deficient view; there was no absence of power there. He was in a fix, and made the best of it. He did not go moaning and raving up and down his desert island, and then sit down—when tired of his constitutional—to die. On the contrary, he went to work, got his “things” together, made himself a place to roost in, stocked his larder, portioned out his time, was as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and quietly waited for something to turn up.

At other times I think I would select as my hero no other than Don Quixote. He was a pattern of chivalry. You may laugh at the poor Don and play tricks upon him, but there was a sound heart under his breastplate, though a cracked brain beat under the barber’s basin, which eke served for a helmet. He was not half so mad as fighting fellows who have reaped laurels, with a big title, and a big house, and a big fortune, at a great loss of life and money to their country—he risked himself to aid those whom he fancied he could help; he made an end of persecuting puppets; he charged the windmill valiantly; he loved Dulcinea deeply—he was a fool, was he, Ah, me!—the world would be none the worse if it never doffed cap to bigger fools than Quixote.

I think I might sometimes feel disposed to take Lemuel Gulliver as a hero. Why not? He travelled far and wide, saw what others had not seen, passed through marvellous adventures, encountered “hair-breath” escapes, was now taken for a giant, now for a dwarf, now degraded to the condition of the brutes, now lifted to that of the philosophe. The manner in which he bore himself through all the versatile scenes through which he was called upon to pass has much of the heroism in it. You say he came home and told some “bouncers.” Well, sir, is his case solitary? Has not—but there, no names: I know the stringency of the law of libel!

If I must have a hero, I like a hero who does something; who is not always doing just exactly like other people, or a good deal worse. Looking through the book of heroes I have referred to, I find that I am called upon to fall down and worship Mohammed. Why? Of course I don’t want to get into a controversy on all the fables of Al Koran, but I don’t know why I should adore him. Non anno te Sabidi, etc.

I do not love thee, Dr. Fell.

Then I am called upon to kow-tow to Danto and Shakespeare. I think there was more “pluck” in the Italian than the Englishman. W. S. (not a syllable against his genius) was not particularly heroic either in poaching the deer of the Warwickshire squire, or making fun of him afterwards; but there was really some “go” in Danto. Then what is there heroic in Rousseau and Johnson—dictionary Johnson—and Burns? I can’t see it. Of course, there was in Oliver Cromwell; did not he upset the State and cut a king’s head off? And, of course, there was in Napoleon Bonaparte; did not he pluck a marshal’s baton from his knapsack, and turn it into an imperial sceptre? Still, they are neither of them heroes of my pattern.

Who is my hero? Ah! now you press me hard—who? Well, you have heard about how everybody can do everything for himself. Every man his own lawyer. Every man his own doctor. Every man his own ---whatever you please to mention. I mention HERO, and I stick to that.

Let me be my own hero.

You are astounded at my impudence—you were unprepared for this; I must be as closely shut up as was Mr. Crusoe; I must be as flighty as Mr. Quixote; I must be as fanciful as Mr. Gulliver; I must—well—spare your words—I am my own hero. Conceit; arrogance; selfishness!—No, I protest; put your stories in your pocket and listen to me.

I have a grand ideal of a hero—what he ought to be; what he ought to suffer; what he ought to do. Now look you, if I honestly
endeavour to give practical illustration of what I mean in my own common life—if, without infringing Mr. Carlyle's copyright, I take the liberty of "standing upon things" myself, instead of only admiring those who have stood upon things before me, do I inflict any injury upon any one, do I take a position I ought not to take. There was an old lady at a Primitive Methodist Meeting, who used to pray that she might grow "gooder and gooder" till she "couldn't be no gooder." It was a brave design—and it is precisely my view with regard to heroism.

Suppose I sketch out my hero—not myself exactly as I am, you know, but what it would be pleasant to pull up to. He has a strong will; no matter what his circumstances may be—ever so high up, ever so low down—he has a strong will to make the best of them, to make circumstances bend to him, not he to circumstances. Once resolved upon a certain object, he pursues it keenly; follows it closely; never neglects it; recovers scent if thrown out of the run; never leaves the object of pursuit till he comes up with it. When Gustave Doré, the great French artist, was fourteen years old, he was taken to Paris by his parents. "I shall stop in Paris," said he: he stopped there—selling his clever drawings, earning his own living by the work he could do out of school-hours—neglecting nothing but accomplishing all. But my hero could not only have a strong will—which might, perchance, lead him into mischief, even to the breaking of heads, and to the coming to grief of his heroism; he must be sharp to see that the "thing" he desired to attain or stand upon is really within reach of energy, determination, and self-denial. I saw a drawing of a young gentleman of tender years who cried for the reflected image of the moon in a pail of water. The dear boy got it. An indulgent friend threw the reflected image to him, accompanied by the pail of water. This was disastrous; his will was strong, but misdirected (which the water was not). My hero then must have in pursuit an attainable object, and it must be a right one. I don't call—I won't call—that man a hero who perseveres in a bad course, and achieves greatness to which he has no claim. There are people who make up their minds to make money, and make it out of a hard heart, a blunted conscience, a dwarfed mind, and the bad usage of other people. There are people who will be foremost, who will put on all shapes, try on all colours, wear them with this or that side out, fawn and cringe, and bow and scrape, and wriggle on the earth like worms, that they may get some notice from "big" people; be asked to feed with a "big" man, or to see their stupid names figuring in a long list of nobodies, that had "audience" of Deputy Chaff Wax at his official residence. These things are bad and paltry, and never cleave to my hero. My hero makes quite sure that what he wants to do, and has the will to do, is not only a thing that can be done, but is the right thing to be done; and satisfied on this point he goes straight forward. He fights his battle with the consciousness that he must win: he is down and up—never long missing from the struggle—now in the rear, now in the forepart, making gradual and certain progress; here stopping in his own fight to help a wounded comrade; there yielding to a better man a place of "vantage" hero leading a forlorn hope and planting tattered, bullet-riddled colours on the wall. He commands well, because he can command himself—he has right strokes in him, for he strikes for the right; there may often be much to discourage him; but he is not cast down—he never turns back in dismay at the sight of a strong foe—"have at you," he knows know no fear, and has no thought of failure. Patient, earnest, self-denying, strong in hope, strong in confidence—warm-hearted, clear-headed, strong-handed, my hero is—not what I am, but what I should like to be.

Suppose we all set before us our ideal of what a hero should be, and worked to make ourselves as like it as we could: mind it must needs be done "with care," for without we had right views of what a hero should be, and were led by the heroes that we are seriously called upon to adore—the end might be a life of narrow selfishness, or brutal violence.

So, with general compliments, I subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

THE ODD BOY.
"I rushed forward to meet him, nearly mad with joy at seeing a genuine English sailor."
WILLIAM MANLEY;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH OF MR. WOOD.

The violence of the shock, when the schooner struck the rocks—the stunning sound produced by its crashing timbers, as the ill-fated vessel broke to pieces—and the horrible sensation of feeling our floating boat breaking up, and floating away under our feet—effectually prevented the exercise of thought.

I have but little recollection of what occurred from the time the vessel struck until I found myself struggling in the water.

I had learnt to swim during my residence on the islands, and that useful branch of education had been acquired of those I considered ignorant. The lessons I had taken from the young natives of Viti Levu were far more valuable to me now than anything they had learnt from me which could possibly be to them.

Ever since that fearful hour I have believed that the man who cannot swim, whatever may be his other acquirements, is a wicked, ignorant man—wicked because he has not taken a proper precaution towards protecting the life that God has given him, and ignorant because he has neglected an art quite as necessary as that of learning to read.

As I struggled with the waves, in trying to avoid the pieces of wreck that were being wildly thrown about, I saw near me one of the Tongataboo natives, who bade me follow him. The man turned towards the shore, and I made an effort to obey him.

As I rose on the top of a sea, the native was seen close to the foremast, which was lying at right angles to his course.

In place of clinging to the mast or swimming around it, he dived under and arose beyond it. I followed his example, and thus easily avoided several obstacles that might otherwise have done me a serious injury.

We were soon beyond all the fragments of the wreck, and had escaped one great source of danger. We had also passed a bar on which points of the rocks were at the surface, and the only difficulty remaining was that of landing safely.

The native reached the shore some time before me, and as I reached the surf, he was ready to give his assistance. I went in on the top of a high sea; and as it broke on the shore, leaving me buried in the white foam, he seized me by one hand with one of his own; his other hand was held by one of his companions, who stood higher on the beach, and we were both safely dragged from the underflow.

Four of the five Tongese on the vessel had reached the shore before me, and all were expressing much surprise that the fifth had not joined them.

Having so easily reached the shore myself, I did not believe that any from the wreck would be lost. I was mistaken; for I had been very fortunate in being favoured by circumstances such as had allowed me to reach the land, while strong men who had been my companions were left to die.

The hurricane had passed over, but had left on the shore many testimonies of its visit in the prostrate trees that had been torn up by the roots.

The Tongese soon gave up their companion as lost, and expressed the opinion that he had been caught by a shark; but they yet had hopes that Mr. Wood and the three other white men might reach the shore. This hope was partly realized; for a few minutes after I had landed we saw the young "New South Welshman," whom I have before mentioned, floating on the water, assisted by a boom.

The Tongese seemed to think themselves as safe in the water as out of it, and two of them swam off to his assistance. After reaching the young officer, whose name was Watson, they left him, and swam farther out.
Fixing my eyes earnestly in the direction they were going, I could dimly distinguish a human head as it rose and fell with the waves. I hoped that this second person we had discovered making for the shore might prove to be Mr. Wood, and I was not disappointed; for a minute after, the two Tongese by my side both declared that they recognized the last swimmer as being that person whom we were all most anxious to see.

Watson soon reached the surf, and, with the assistance of the Tongese, passed through it in safety. For two or three minutes he seemed too much exhausted to speak.

Anxiously I watched the slow approach of the Tongese assisting Mr. Wood, who was floating on a piece of the wreck.

"Yes, that's he!" I exclaimed, in a joyful tone, as I saw the three heads rise on the crest of a sea. "He will be saved; they will bring him ashore."

"I hope not," said Watson, speaking for the first time since landing. "I never wish to see him again. I sent the natives to try and keep him from drowning, but I was a fool."

I looked at the man, more surprised than I had ever been before, and saw, from the expression of his features, that he was serious, and that he seemed to feel more than he had said.

He would say nothing more, and I turned my gaze upon those in the water. As the three drew near the shore, I saw Mr. Wood taken from the piece of wreck, and supported between the two natives.

They were preparing to pass the surf. Slowly they approached to within a few feet of where the seas broke, and then waited for an opportunity to come in.

The next minute a high sea came rolling in, and I saw them rising with it. It broke on the sands, and for a moment all were lost to my sight. The two Tongese standing by my side rushed in, and the next instant I saw them dragging Mr. Wood from the water. He was laid on the beach nearly insensible, and all except Watson gathered about him.

I immediately saw what was wrong, and understood why Watson did not wish to see his old friend again. Mr. Wood had been in some way jammed amongst pieces of the wreck, and a large splinter from a broken timber had been driven through his breast, on the right side, and there it still remained.

The sight would have been a painful one, even had the man before me been a merciless enemy; but to see the man I respected most wounded in a manner so horrible, was an agonizing sight that I could not endure, and I turned my gaze away.

Before me Watson was sitting on the ground, and I saw that tears were rapidly chasing each other down his cheeks. He was too much of a man to neglect a duty, however painful, and, rising up, he went and knelt over our dying friend.

Mr. Wood soon recovered from the partial insensibility in which he had reached the shore. He was evidently in great agony, but his sufferings were borne with a strength of spirit that was truly wonderful.

In body and soul Mr. Wood was no ordinary man. Wounded as he was, few would ever have lived to reach the shore. Two or three times he tried to speak, but the effort was too difficult or painful, and we understood nothing he tried to say.

Watson would have drawn the piece of wood out of the wounded man's breast, but the four Tongese would not let him, and declared the man would die the instant the splinter was withdrawn.

"Perhaps so," said Watson; "but he certainly cannot live unless it is taken out."

Mr. Wood seemed wholly indifferent as to what was done, and turned his eyes upon me with a smile that seemed to say, "What a foolish argument our friends are having."

For nearly an hour we stood over the unfortunate man, undetermined what to do; and in that hour I suffered horrible mental agony, which seemed fully shared by Watson.

"My God!" I heard him exclaim; "what have I done that I should suffer like this?"

Our anguish was partly relieved by the death of Mr. Wood, whose spirit departed, and left him free from mortal agony.

It was better to see him dead than to witness his sufferings, with the knowledge that he was mortally wounded.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Our attention was now turned seaward, where the surface of the water was covered
with pieces of the wreck, and other buoyant articles the vessel had contained. Nothing could be seen of the missionary we had taken aboard at Ovolow, or of the others who were on the vessel.

They were undoubtedly as free from further danger in this world as that once noble-hearted man who was now lying inanimate near us.

While deliberating on what we should do, the difficulty was suddenly settled by the appearance of forty or fifty natives, who surrounded and made us prisoners.

It is a singular fact that no uncivilised people in any part of the world have the least compassion for those who survive a shipwreck. They seem possessed with the idea that if a vessel is lost, all hands aboard of it should be lost also; that none should be left to dispute the title of the wreckers to all they can save from the sea.

The natives of the Fiji Islands, like savages in many other parts of the world, regard those who escape from a wreck as but a portion of the cargo saved from the sea—as something belonging to those who first seize upon them.

In their opinion, those who have been wrecked and cast ashore have lost all human rights. They are thrown homeless upon a land not their own. Fate has turned against them, and they are no longer worthy of life.

This feeling exists in a milder form in the most civilized communities, where success wins friendship, and misfortune repels it.

The Tongese, being most familiar with Fiji customs, expected immediate death, but on learning that we were to be led away as prisoners, their fears of some impending fate seemed greatly to increase.

My residence in Viti Levu had given me sufficient knowledge to understand the cause of their alarm.

They believed we were to be killed, but that our lives were spared for a time, so that we might walk to the place where our bodies would be wanted, and thus save our captors the trouble of carrying us.

They believed we were to be cooked and eaten.

This fear was not without reason, for cannibalism still existed amongst many of the people of the Fiji group, and those who have suffered shipwreck were more than any others likely to become victims of that natural appetite that all people have for flesh of some kind.

The sun was down near the horizon when we were taken prisoners, and our captors had no time that night to save much from the wreck, for they had to return to the village from whence they came.

We were led along a path by the shore, but it was so obstructed by trees overthrown by the hurricane that our progress was slow, and it was quite dark by the time we reached a village about three miles from the place where we had landed.

During the journey to the village, the Tongese tried to engage their conductors in a conversation, but wholly failed. No notice was taken of their words.

This looked bad. The captives were not treated as slaves, but as pigs—as something to be eaten.

Ten or fifteen of the natives followed us on the way to the village, and walked about two hundred yards behind.

Some of them were carrying what appeared to be a heavy load.

I believed it to be the body of Mr. Wood.

On reaching the village, we were conducted through it, and followed by a crowd of women and children, who seemed highly elated at some unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel.

On reaching a small grove at the farthest end of the town, a halt was made, and we were stripped of every article of clothing.

Each prisoner was then tied to a tree, and some kay-sees, or slaves, were stationed near as a guard.

Two hours afterwards, some of the natives returned, and upbraided us in bitter terms because the schooner had gone to pieces.

If we were going to lose a vessel, they thought that some consideration for others should have caused us to run it ashore in such a manner that all or a part of the cargo might be saved.

Two of the Tongese were then unbound and led away.

I never saw them again, but have not the least doubt about their fate. They were clubbed to death, cooked, and eaten.

I was bound in a very ingenious manner, by having my hands securely tied behind my back, and the thong binding being then passed around a small tree. In whichever
way I turned, the tree was at my back, and between the knot of the thong and my hands.

I had been fastened while sitting down with my back to the tree, and, notwithstanding this uncomfortable position, I succeeded, towards morning, in falling asleep.

My slumber could not have lasted long, for just as the first faint beams of day were appearing in the east, I was awakened by one of the Tonga natives, who proceeded to untie my hands. While doing so, the man was lying on the ground, probably for the purpose of avoiding observation.

"No talk, no talk you," said the Tongee in a low whisper. "When I go, you go all the same like me."

My hands were then free, and the native silently crawled away on his belly.

I followed him, travelling by the same pace or gait.

The grove in which we were tied consisted of about fifty trees crowded together, the branches of their tops intermingling, and with their broad leaves shutting out every ray of starlight.

The grove was about fifty paces in diameter, and was surrounded by an open space where the slave watch were stationed on each side.

One of the Tonga natives, after being liberated, had discovered that one of the watch was sleeping.

It was the one guarding the side of the grove opposite the shore, and on following the man who had unbound me to the edge of the grove on that side, I found Watson and the other Tonga native.

In a low whisper, it was arranged that one of the Tongees should lead the way to the shore.

All were to move with the utmost silence until an alarm should be given. Then we were to depend on speed, and the hope of finding and launching a small canoe before being taken.

I followed the Tonga pilot who, on entering the town the evening before, must have made a very close observation of the relative position of all to be seen.

To avoid the sleeping slave, we nearly entered the circle or collection of houses forming the village; then, turning towards the coast, we crawled along until the water was seen shining in advance of us.

A canoe-house, or shed with a roof made of broad leaves, was seen near the shore, and, rising to our feet, we hurriedly walked towards it.

Before reaching the shore, we heard loud shouts. Our escape had been discovered.

"Run! run!" exclaimed Watson. "They will soon be upon us."

On reaching the shed, we found under it a large double canoe—one that we could not possibly launch. The instant this state of affairs was discovered, the two Tongees hastily left the place, running along the shore, and calling on us to follow them. By this time the whole village seemed to be up and moving.

On arriving opposite the centre of the town, a small fishing canoe was seen on the beach. It was partly full of water, to protect it from the sun; but this was soon turned out, and the canoe dragged to the water.

Most of the warriors of the tribe had been up fasting during the fore part of the night, and on hearing the alarm, probably turned out with some reluctance. After being aroused, there was evidently some delay amongst them in learning what had happened. This was fortunate, for something must be found for propelling the canoe. On the shore one of the Tongees picked up a branch of a bread-fruit tree; and while the rest of us were casting our eyes about for a substitute for paddles, several natives were seen running towards us. Not another second was to be lost, and rushing to the canoe, we pushed it off and climbed in.

By the time we got fairly started from the shore, the natives came up and rushed into the water after us. Two or three of them caught hold of the canoe, but they were beat off after a sharp struggle.

While Watson and one of the Tongees were employed in keeping off our pursuers, the other Tonga native was labouring to get the canoe farther out. As they were thus employed, I saw that one of the Fijians had reached the bow of the canoe, and was trying to climb in. Seizing hold of his hands, I strove by a sudden effort to relinquish their hold on the edge of the canoe. In this endeavour I was successful; but as the man let go his grasp on the canoe, he seized me, and I was dragged into the water. My companion could give me no
assistance. They were struggling for their own lives, and could do nothing for mine.
I was dragged ashore, and no doubt would have been immediately killed by the man who captured me, but he was unarmed. Others on the shore exhibited a strong desire to club me; but I was protected by the one who had taken me from the boat, and who claimed the honour of finishing me on a more public occasion.
I saw my companions moving slowly from the shore, while I was conducted back to the town. Day was fast approaching; and the natives, old and young, assembled to learn the particulars of the chase.
From the appearance of all, as their eyes were turned upon me, I saw that it was not their intention that I should have an opportunity of trying to escape again. I was now to be bound with death.

CHAPTER XV.
ANOTHER ESCAPE.

The man who had distinguished himself by capturing me was about to make another stroke for fame, and had procured a club for that purpose, when two men appeared upon the scene, and caused a delay in the introduction of the club to my head.
From the ornaments and sula, or headdress, of one of the men, I saw that he was a chief; and the appearance of the other told me that he was a native priest.
The chief addressed the crowd in a loud angry tone, and in words which my knowledge of the Fiji language, obtained in Viti-Leva, enabled me to fully understand.
"Hear me, yam digging fools!" commenced the chief. "Where are the slaves who let the long pigs escape? Who shall die first but those who sleep when we bid them be full of watchfulness. Bring them here. What shall we require when we return hungry from the wreck?"
Several voices spoke in approval of what the chief had said, and thirty or forty armed natives left the crowd.
I had a brief respite from death, but could only employ the time in gazing upon the scene around me. Several houses in the village were in ruins, giving strong evidence of the force of the hurricane by which the schooner had been cast ashore.
The chief, in a loud voice, was giving orders to those who had not gone in pursuit of the slaves; and I learnt, from the commands he was issuing, that he was going to visit the scene of the wreck in the large war canoe.
Seated on the ground, I was trying to devise some plan for escaping the danger that threatened me. Though somewhat acquainted with Fiji customs, and able to make myself understood in the language, I could think of no plan for conciliating their favour.
We had not long to wait for the return of those who had gone after the slaves. They came back in little more than half an hour, bringing two dead men and three who were alive. Only four men had been placed around the grove to guard us; but, at the command of the chief, the three prisoners were immediately clubbed to death.
The man by whom I had been captured then turned towards me with an expression of features that seemed to speak the word "murder!"
At that instant I noticed a youth about seventeen years of age, who, from his dress, I knew to be the son of a principal chief. From the wreath, or sula, around his head, I also saw that he was under the protection of the "taboo."
This young man could save me, and, suddenly springing to my feet, I rushed towards him, seized hold of one of his hands, and claimed his protection.
Nearly every one present uttered a yell of rage, disappointment, and horror. The sacred taboo had been broken, violated by one they were anxious to kill, and my fate was in the hands of the young man whose aid I had sought.
The youth was taboosed while being "made a man." The influence of that sacred institution had been invoked as a necessary ceremony in assisting him to emerge from boyhood.
Vain of the opportunity first presented for exhibiting power, and somewhat grateful to the one who had conferred so much importance upon him, the youth declared that my life should be spared, and that henceforth I should belong to him.
That day was a very busy one for the natives. Some visited the wreck to pick up what they thought of any value. Others
were repairing their houses that had been blown down the day before, and in the afternoon several were engaged in cooking the bodies of the slaves that had been killed, for a feast in the evening.

The young chief furnished me with some tapa, or native cloth, for a dress, and would have shown me how to wear it, but I gave him to understand that I was as familiar with native customs and arts as himself.

Late in the afternoon the war canoe returned, laden with casks, ropes, old sails, and other things gathered at the scene of the wreck.

The members of the tribe were in high glee. They had obtained what to them was a vast amount of wealth, and the principal material for a grand feast was cooking in their ovens.

That night was to the natives one of horrible revelry.

I was not asked to partake of the feast of human flesh, for the reason that I was a "kay-se," or slave.

Although thankful for the humble position I occupied in the tribe, I could not avoid witnessing their orgies without offending the youth who had saved me.

That night I witnessed for the first time the making and drinking of "Ava," the favourite beverage of the Fiji natives.

A group of young persons, principally girls, sat around a large wooden bowl, and chewed the Ava root, which was then put into the bowl until a sufficient quantity had been masticated for brewing this drink. The vessel was then nearly filled with cold water, and the contents were stirred about.

I have described all that is actually necessary in making the Ava, but not all that the natives deem proper for the ceremony, which is presided over by a priest, who sings, or rather whines and howls, a few words of incantation.

This, I suppose, is thought necessary to prevent any evil result from partaking of the beverage, which produces a sensation similar to that of intoxication, if not the same.

Several days passed, and I began to feel more at home.

Like all persons of my age, I anticipated vast results yet to be accomplished by my exertions. I fancied that some All-wise Power had placed me amongst that tribe to civilize and enlighten its members.

Fortune seemed determined on making me a young missionary, and at that time my ambition aspired to more noble aims than ever it has looked forward to since. I would follow the example and teaching of Mr. Wood, and pass my days in labouring for the benefit of my fellow-creatures.

Perhaps, like him, my grave might be the stomachs of those for whom I might toil, but this to my ardent mind gave no fear.

I should die in a noble cause, and not like the majority of mankind, who kill themselves by frantically pursuing the paths of selfishness and sin.

The young native who had rescued me from death would yet be the chief of the tribe, and all the good I expected to accomplish in this world was to teach him the true spirit and wisdom with which he should rule.

My influence was now very limited, but they had not learned my real value. The lamp of my wisdom was hidden from their view, but I would reveal it in time.

I had already induced the young chief to save my life when it was anxiously sought by others, and this fact gave promise that much more might be accomplished.

I was proud and happy with the thought that I had been chosen as the one who was to redeem a small nation from barbarism.

CHAPTER XVI.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISCONTENTMENT.

The tribe of which I was now a member occupied the village of Sualib, in Malolo. Living in a place seldom or never visited by whalers or trading vessels, they had no communication with white people, and were pure savages, unadulterated with the vices, and unenlightened by any knowledge of the arts of civilization.

Had I been in possession of anything that would have plainly illustrated the superiority of my race to themselves, I might have done something towards leading them to aspire to something more than an animal existence; but placed naked amongst them, they were in all things which they could comprehend far wiser than I was.

The rude implements they used in peace and war were the best that, under the circumstances, could be made; and whenever I would make the least pretensions to sup-
riority over my young companions, I was immediately put to shame by some practical illustration of my inability to compete with them.

Boys and girls younger than I would handle a canoe better, catch more fish, climb a cocoanut tree with greater ease, than I could.

Whenever I attempted to give them any information upon subjects in which they could see no practical utility, I failed to create any interest or impression beyond the belief that I was a fool.

One day, when seated on the sea-shore with the young chief, I tried to give him some idea of the shape of the earth, and the apparent rising and setting of the sun.

Groping a handful of sand, he held it before me, and asked me to inform him how many particles of sand the hand contained.

On telling him that I did not know, and that the value of the knowledge would never pay for the trouble of acquiring it, he told me that it was just as necessary for him to know that as the unimportant communication I had been making.

What could I do in combating such apathy and ignorance?

Nothing. To me the task of teaching logic to a pig could not have seemed greater.

Before I had been living with the tribe three months, all my brilliant anticipations of civilizing and Christianizing it had fled, and gradually the fear came over me that time, with its daily associations, would yet make me as barbarous as those with whom I dwelt.

It is impossible to avoid yielding to the influence of customs and scenes which we are daily compelled to witness.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. It sometimes engenders indifference.

Scenes that once would have filled my soul with indescribable horror were now witnessed without any other emotion than a little excitement.

Early one morning, when many of the people of the village were bathing, there was a fearful yell from one of them—a large, powerful man, who, immediately after uttering a cry of horror, disappeared under the water.

Four or five men who were near him then made a great splashing in the water, and at the same time boldly rushed towards the place where their companion had met what they knew to be a mortal danger.

The man had been seized by a shark, and the noise and exertions made by the others were not given for the sole purpose of saving the man’s life, but to obtain possession of his body. In this they succeeded, for the shark was frightened from his prey, and the man dragged ashore with the loss of one leg below the knee.

The instant the poor fellow was laid on the beach a man, armed with a heavy club, stepped forward, and with one blow on the head knocked the soul out of him. The body was then cooked and eaten.

I had a long talk with the young chief over this affair, and tried to convince him of its horrible barbarity.

He replied that I was a fool.

“Why should we keep a man,” he said, “that has but one leg? He is no good. He can go to war no more. Who shall keep him? No one.”

The young chief then condescended to enter into a long argument for the purpose of trying to convince me that if the man was to be devoured, or expended for the purpose of satisfying hunger, the friends and acquaintances with whom he had ever lived were more entitled to him, than a shark that was an enemy to all mankind, and had never seen him before.

In answer to reasoning like this I could say nothing but what was regarded as some silly prejudice.

I became quite satisfied of the fact that I was never intended for a missionary.

I had the will, but not the ability, and daily I saw cause to regret the loss of Mr. Wood. Had he been living with the tribe, his strong and good sense and affability of manner would certainly have commanded respect, and subdued the barbarity of those upon whom I could produce no influence.

Hardly a week passed but I had to witness some horrible and hardening scene such as had a tendency to remove all my early impressions, and gradually make me, in thought and action, like those with whom I lived.

When two different races of human beings are brought into the society of each other, the weak must yield and be guided in all things by the strong.

I was weak—the natives were strong.
They were not becoming civilized, but I was becoming a savage.

I must escape from the contaminating influence by which I was surrounded, and the hope of civilizing a nation now yielded to the desire of again finding a home amongst a more enlightened people. Again my soul was filled with the desire of returning to England, and learning if my father had been back during my long absence.

In the wish to escape, my thoughts were not guilty of indulging in any wild anticipations of success, for the difficulties to be encountered were fully appreciated.

Should I cross the island on foot, I might fall into the hands of a tribe no better, and perhaps worse, than the one with whom I was residing. Should I cross the channel in a canoe and land on the opposite shore, I might incur the danger so closely escaped in becoming established in my present home.

Should I be able to launch a canoe and set forth for Ovolow, where white men resided, I might lose myself in the broad ocean and die of starvation, for I knew not in which direction to steer.

All these difficulties I could fully understand, and yet I determined to find freedom or death.

CHAPTER XVII.

A RUNAWAY SAILOR.

One day, when searching for a piece of ironwood for making a spear, I wandered more than a mile from the village towards the interior of the island.

While engaged in this search I met with something least expected. It was a white man, carrying a small bundle, and dressed in the habiliments of a sailor.

At first he seemed a little startled at seeing me, probably through the fear of immediately being accosted by many more as wild and heathen in appearance as myself.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed, rushing forward to meet him, and nearly mad with the joy of seeing a man whose appearance told me that he was a genuine English sailor.

The man's features assumed an expression of surprise, and for a moment he stood looking at me without saying a word.

"You are an Englishman—a countryman," I continued, "and you have come to save me."

"Have I!" answered the man; "then you know far more about my business than I do. I want to be saved myself. I'm dying o' thirst. I 've been cruising about all day without a drop o' water. Lead the way to where I can take in some, and I'll follow your wake."

A small stream that ran through the village was about two hundred yards to the left, and I led the way to it without saying another word, for I had noticed that the sailor spoke with some difficulty in a dry and husky voice.

After reaching the stream the sailor quenched his thirst, and then told me something about himself—how he had made two or three attempts to climb cocoa-nut trees, but was too much exhausted by want of food and sleep, and by several hours' walk, to succeed in reaching the top. "And now, my lad," he added, "let's know how you happen to be sailing under false colours."

This was soon explained, and then a difficulty presented itself that required our serious consideration to overcome.

The moment the sailor would be seen entering the village, there would be a rush for him to obtain his clothing, and during the tumult that would ensue in stripping him, should any of them be hungry for flesh, he might receive a blow from a club that would effectually prevent him from regretting the misfortune of being robbed.

I explained all this to the sailor, who did not seem much pleased with the reception my friends would undoubtedly give him.

He then proposed to nearly denude himself of clothing, conceal his clothes and bundle, and enter the village in a state that would not excite the avarice of the natives to the use of violence.

This plan was rejected, for the reason that the anger of the natives would probably be highly aroused against the white man who should join their community without bringing some property as a compensation for their protection.

This alone would be a sufficient reason, in their opinion, why he should be ill-treated, and perhaps killed.

We then discussed the plan of having the sailor remain concealed in some grove near
the village until we could find a favourable opportunity of escaping from the island in a canoe; but there were many objections to this. Several days might pass before I could see a chance of taking a canoe unobserved, and then by the time I could communicate with him, the opportunity would, in all probability, be lost.

Furthermore, should be attempt to remain near the village even for a day or two, he would undoubtedly be discovered by some of the natives in search of roots or fruit.

"I'll tell you our best plan," said I. "You have run away from a ship on the other side of the island. You had better return to the vessel, and I will go with you."

"So!" he exclaimed. "I'll let the natives know my timbers with their war-clubs before I go back. I've had too much trouble in escaping to do that. I don't want to do a murder; and if I return to that ship, I shall have to kill the first breeder, or he'll kill me, and I don't want to learn how the battle will end. I've crossed this island once; and when I do it again, it will be when it has sunk below the surface, and I pass it over in a ship."

"Very well," said I; "there is one more plan, but we must wait until dark before we can act upon it. I know something of the ways of these people, and I think you can be taken safely into the village, and live there while as free from danger as I have long been doing; but we must not enter the village until it is quite dark."

"Why go to the village at all?" asked the sailor. "Can't we reach the shore without being seen—take a canoe and leave!"

"Where would you go?" I asked. "Can you take the canoe in a few hours to some place where we will be safe?"

"No—or at least I've no knowledge to guide me in doing so; but we may have fortune."

It was necessary that we learnt something more of the position of neighbouring islands, and the character of the people living on them, before we ventured to sea in a canoe without food.

Drawing nearer the town, we sat down to wait an hour or two for the approach of night. While we were waiting, the sailor informed me that his name was Tom Harris, and that he was a native of London, but had been following the sea ever since he was fourteen years of age.

"What!" I exclaimed, "are you a native of London? I was born there, too; you are a townsman. Did you use to know Mr. Graham, who lived in Brompton? I used to live with him."

In my simplicity I thought that a man like Mr. Graham must be somewhat known by every one in the metropolis.

"Graham! Brompton! No: I never heard of such a place."

"Never heard of it!" I exclaimed. "Why, it is close by Knightsbridge, at the top of Piccadilly."

"Knightsbridge! Piccadilly! I never heard of 'em. It strikes me, my lad, that you know very little about London. How long since you have been there?"

"Nearly three years."

"Did you ever hear of Ratcliffe Highway?"

"No."

"I thought so. You never were in London. Tell it to the marines!"

"You know nothing of London yourself," I exclaimed. "If you did, you would not say that you never heard of Piccadilly."

"Well, never mind, my lad," said the sailor. "London is a large place, and I admit that I've never been in the out-o'-the-way or unimportant places of it. We'll not quarrel about that."

I was not inclined to quarrel with the man, and yet I fully believed that he had never seen London in his life.

We then dropped the subject of this controversy; and the sailor further informed me that he had sailed from London about a year before, as one of the crew of a vessel taking convicts to the Australian colonies. On reaching their destination he had left the ship and joined a Sydney whaler, which had been out four months. While on the whaler he was constantly in trouble with the first mate; and, unable to live in peace aboard of it, he had taken the first opportunity of escaping. He had left the vessel the evening before, and had been wandering about ever since in trying to cross the island—or, as he said, "to get as far from the mate as possible."

After waiting until the mist of twilight began to gather around us, we slowly proceeded towards the village.
ANT-LIONS, TERMITES, ETC.
(Order Neuroptera).

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

WHETHER it be that in the world of insects there is really more of human-like proceeding than my philosophy had dreamed of, or whether, like Swedenborg, I am lifted into an ecstatic state and permitted to see and hear things denied to ordinary mortals, I will not undertake to say, but I must request my readers to put as much faith in the following as do myself. On the 20th February, 1866, returning late from the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, where I had witnessed the presentation of several petitions in behalf of gentlemen who thought themselves entitled to seats, to the exclusion of those at present occupying them—returning late, I say, and dozing a little over my solitary glass of whisky, I heard a faint patter of feet upon the table, and an insect voice reading to me as from a parchment roll:—

"To the Amiable [this was flattery] the Writer of the Paper on Beetles in the Boy's Monthly Magazine. The petition of the undersigned prominent members of the order Neuroptera, showeth that your petitioners have as good a right to be written about as any other order of insects, and that whereas we have received information that the paper on Beetles is to be followed by one on Crickets, Walking Leaves, and Loos, request our names be recorded. Wherefore, your petitioners humbly pray that your Amiability will be pleased to record our history in the March Number of the Magazine. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

DRAGON-FLY, Water Lane;
MAY-FLY, Airy Heights;
TERMITE, Underground Passage
and Cone Castle;
ANT-LION, Ant-lion Den;
SCORPION-FLY, Hedge Row."

I explained to the petitioners that the paper on the Orthoptera was already committed to "irrevocable print," but that I would do the best I could for them.

The order Phyllophaga, I said, should properly come next, but as they were a small people, both as to number of species and individual size, I would pass them by, merely mentioning that one of them (the Thrips cerealeum) is stated by an Italian writer to have destroyed the whole wheat crop of Piedmont in the year 1805. However, that I might not mislead the readers of this Magazine, I requested the petitioners to furnish me with a written account of themselves and their relatives; and by the next evening the thing was done. I shrewdly suspect that their statements were not entirely original, but borrowed in part from the best writers on the order, but I give them here without alteration.

Statement read by Dragon-FLy.—As I am requested to stand forward first, I may be allowed a few general remarks upon our order. Our name, Neuroptera, is derived from the Greek neuros, a sinew or nerve; and ptera, meanng wings. Our anterior wings, as well as the posterior, are membranous, and usually transparent; which could not be said of the Coleoptera and Orthoptera, though, like those orders, we have a mouth adapted for mastication. The veins of our wings form a very beautiful and minute network, subdividing and uniting again, so as to divide the whole surface into a large number of minute cells, which greatly exceed in number those of the wings of any other tribe of insects. Our bodies are generally prolonged, and destitute of any very hard integument. None of the family are much larger than myself, and none are so minute as the smaller beetles. We differ among ourselves in the matter of metamorphosis, May-fly, Termite, and myself being active during our pupa state; whilst Ant-lion and Scorpion-fly are quiescent as pupa, except just before their last change.

If I may call attention to myself, without vanity, I would ask you to mark my four large wings of glassy membrane with their beautiful lace-like nervures, serving as channels for the circulating air, which thus spread over the surface of my pinions, confers on me a marked pre-eminence in power and permanence of flight. My straight, slender body contrasts with my muscular chest and bulky shoulders, fit receptacles for the insertion of my powerful pinions; and my six legs, strong and rigid, are armed with claws. But notice, above all, my head, round and enormous, nearly the whole of its upper half occupied by large prominent eyes. These eyes are a wonder of wonders, the 13,500 hexagons of which each is composed seeming to be for ever in motion. With the threatening animation of these rapturous-looking eyes my mouth and powerful jaws are in formidable accordance. I am a dragon among insects, and you may judge of the panic my presence creates among case-fies and butterflies when assembled, according to their wont, in a water-drinking party round a pond.

About 200 different kinds of us, as nears I can gather, haunt the woods and streams of Britain. Your savants give us crack-jaw names, which are nevertheless a sort of shorthand among themselves, whilst the non-
scientific are sometimes more expressive than polite in their terms. In America we are
Borers, Flying Adders; the English, from an erro-
neous belief, call us horse-stingers; while in
France, our airy motions and variegated dress
cure us the name of Demoiselles. Have I
been in those countries? Oh, yes; some of us
are great travellers. In May, 1885, I
saw in a clear day, about four in the
afternoon, such a cloud of dragon-flies as
most concealed the sun, and not a little
deterred the villagers, under the idea that
they were locusts.
I have heard, sir, that it is written in one
of your sacred books that the head cannot
say to the feet, "I have no need of you." This
is beautifully true when spoken of the
genus Homo, but insects must be living
under a different economy. The head of a
wasp does not bite, while its abdomen
contains a morsel of sugar; and one of my
fellow-countrymen, when deprived of its long abdomen, was seen
to devour two small flies.

But, to say no more of my dragon-like love
of blood, let me ask you to remember that I
am fair and beautiful. As soon as Cayton,
I was confessed to be pre-eminently beauti-
ful, "with rich brown-coloured spots upon
my gauzy wings." And again, of my sister,
Euphara splendid, "she dances above the
mountain streams in Ovah, and amongst the
flitting insects and the plants. After rain,
she darts her wings among the flowers in the
sun as if each of her green enameled
wings had been sliced from an emerald."

I thought of other dancers, fierce as well
as fair, and was about to utter some moral
reflection when May-fly, otherwise Day-fly,
announced my attention.

Statement read by May-fly.—I am literally
the creature of a day, or rather of a few
hours, any approach to a fifth hour of winged
existence being in my case absolute old age.

As a larva, I live in the water, breathing by
a pair of leaf-like appendages on each side of
the abdomen, and using the same as a means
of motion. Of course, at that time I am desti-
bute of wings; my legs also are shorter than
in my perfect state. As a chrysalis I only
differ from a larva by the presence of cases
including undeveloped wings. When the
time arrives for the development of these
organs, I come out of the water, flutter about
for some minutes, take my stand upon some
elevated object, and by violent movements
cast away the enveloping case. I display
this remarkable peculiarity among insects,
that before arriving at my complete form, I undergo a fourth change. The per-
fect state being attained, I take no more
food, but having loved and married, die, as I
said, in a few hours. My existence, however,
in my previous conditions, may have ex-
tended over two or three years.

With your experience of gloves that burst
on a first putting on, and houses made to
let, rather than to stand, you will be ready
to imagine that no care has been taken in
elaborating the structure of a body like my-
self, destined so soon to pass away. But on
the contrary all is finish and perception; for
nature notes not the quality of her work-
manship by amount of time. My wings,
with nerves so delicately reticulate, re-
semble the finest lace; the meshes filled by
yellowish glassy membrane, and "freaked"
with dark brown spots or squares. On my
narrow chest and long and flexible body
the same colours are harmoniously disposed
in spots and rings. How nicely jointed also,
and finely polished are my six tapering legs,
and how wonderful my compound eyes!

Swammerdam has enumerated all the ils
our flesh is heir to (if you will allow flesh
to be a proper term to use). "I don't know,"
says he, "whether nature ever produced a
more simple and innocent little creature,
which is nevertheless destined to undergo so
many miseries and horrible changes. An
infinite number are destroyed in their birth
(that is final transformation) by fish. Clitius
acquits no species of fish of this cruelty
except perch and pike. On land, when
engaged in the work of changing their skins,
they are barbarously devoured by swallow-
and other birds. Escaping this peril, when
they approach for a second time the surface
of the water to sport and play, they are
again likely to fall a prey to fish, which
drag to the dark bottom and devour them. If
again (instead of skimming, dipping rather
near to the surface of the water) they take
a higher flight, birds often tear them to
pieces and devour them. Thus, though
most innocent, no wild beasts can be pur-
sued with greater cruelty." If you are a
fly-fisher you will be able to add something
to this list, and if you are logically inclined
you will perhaps claim to have detected a
fallacy; for it is manifest that the individuals
destroyed at birth cannot be subjected to
any of the after perils enumerated.

"A short life and a happy one," is a pre-
ferrable to its opposite, a long life of
misery; and so long as we are in happy
ignorance of surrounding perils, and are
engulphed by the swallow suddenly before
we have time to feel pain, we have not much
to complain of.

If I might I would moralize a little on the
resemblance of men to May-flies in the
matter of a short existence. Renne ob-
served us one evening on the Rhine, and
before sunrise all were dead. But Isaiah
was not speaking of Day-flies when he said—
"And when they arose early in the morning,
behold they were all dead corpes." Renne
describes us as so thickly strewn in the great
square at Wiesbaden that it seemed as if a
shower of snow had fallen in the night, our wings being white and about the size of a broad snow-flake.

I and my little comrades gay
Now clustering thick as flowers of May,
The hawthorn bush adorning;
Will, like those blooms (but earlier shed),
Find on the earth a dewy bed,
 Ere next awakes the morning.*

As I perceived that the Termite had got a long roll in his anterior pair of legs, I could let the Day-fly proceed no further. The Termite is sometimes called a White Ant, but is no more an ant than a guinea-pig is a pig. I could see that he was distinguishable from the Dragon-fly and Day-fly by his filiform antennae. In several points of his structure he resembled the Orthoptera, whilst his habit of living in society made him so far like the ants and bees of the order Hymenoptera. He had brought with him some other members of the family, and I was able to discriminate five descriptions of individuals: 1. Workers, or larvae, very numerous and active, who build the dwellings, collect provisions, carry eggs to the nurseries, and feed the young larve. 2. Nymphs, or pupae, resembling the larve, only that they have wings folded up in cases. 3. Soldiers, or neuters, in the proportion of one to one hundred of the workers, possessing bulky bodies, larger and longer heads, and longer mandibles than the workers. They defend the nest. 4 and 5. Perfect males and females, of which there is only one to each separate society. Their sole business is to increase the population.

Kirby and Spence you will remember, argue that Termites can talk, though it be by gestures, sounds, or signs; because they are an associated people, and language is the main instrument of association. Coinciding with those naturalists I called upon the insect to read his roll.

Statement read by Termite.—When the individuals of our family have attained their perfect state, they emerge from their clay-built citadels by myriads to seek their fortune. Borne on two pairs of ample wings, they fill the air, enter the houses and extinguish the lights, and even sometimes find their way on board ships not far from shore. The next morning, deprived of their wings, they are found on the ground, looking like large maggots, and fall an easy prey to ants, birds, reptiles, and beasts. Perchance a loving couple, fortunate in thus escaping, are found by the workers, who instinctively pay them homage, and elect them to be king and queen of a new colony. The election over, the workers inclose their new rulers in a chamber of clay suited to their size, the entrances to which are only large enough to admit themselves and the neuters, but much too small for the exit of the royal pair. Thus, as in many instances among men, grandeur must be paid for, and the monarch is less at liberty than the subject.


The royal chamber occupies the centre of a large hill, of which, with your permission, sir, I will give some description. You remember the fabulous statement in Herodotus, that in one of the deserts of India there lived ants as large as at least as foxes, who used to pursue the Indians who came after gold. Strabo quotes Megasthenes to the same effect: "They are in size not less than foxes, excessively fleet, and subsist on what they catch. In winter they dig holes, and pile up the earth in heaps like moles, at the mouths of the openings. The gold dust which they obtain requires little preparation by fire. The neighbouring people go after it by stealth with baskets of burden; for if it is done openly the myrmeces (ants) fight furiously, pursuing those that run away, and, if they seize them, kill them and their beasts." This apparently absurd story may possibly have a substratum of truth: if the ancients fell in with the hills erected by my ancestors they may have imagined that the builders were of proportionate size.

Our hills are large, indeed! Their elevation is more than five hundred times our own height. Were your houses built according to the same proportions, they would be twelve or fifteen times as high as the London monument, and four or five times higher than the pyramids of Egypt, with according dimensions at the base. We do not stand above a quarter of an inch high, while our hills rise to twenty-five feet, and Jobson mentions some which he had seen as high as twenty feet. In building we excavate the clay with our mandibles, and moisten it with tenacious saliva, till it is nearly as hard as sandstone. In the earlier stages we proceed with such rapidity, that Sir E. Tennent once noticed a pinnacle of moist clay, six inches in height and twice as large in diameter, constructed underneath a table between sitting down to dinner and the removal of the cloth. Having thrown up a number of small hillocks side by side we fill in the intermediate spaces, and carry the whole to a greater height as one structure. In speaking of our rapidity of working I did not mean to imply that good workmanship was sacrificed to speed. On the contrary, at almost any stage of our building, the strength of the structure would bear severe testing. When the hills are little more than half their height, it is a common practice of the wild bulls to stand as sentinels on them whilst the rest of the herd are ruminating below. Indeed so firm are our dwellings that the weight of a horse makes no apparent indentation on their solidity; and even the intense rains of a monsoon, which no cement or mortar can long resist, fail to penetrate the surface or substance of an ant-hill.

The royal chamber already spoken of, in the centre of such a hill, resembles the shape of an egg cut in half lengthways, and is at first not above half an inch in length, but is afterwards increased in proportion to the
size of the queen, who becomes thousands of
times as large as any one of her subjects.
On all sides of this chamber are a series
of apartments occupied by the soldiers and
laborers that work. These
apartments being connected together by
openings and passages form an intricate
labyrinth, which extends a foot or more in
diameter from the royal chamber on every
side. Around these come the magazines,
filling in the empty spaces, consisting up
apparently of gums or other thick juices of plants,
and the nurseries, to which the eggs are carried
by the workers as fast as they are laid.
Under the dome is a large open space,
surrounded by three or four large arches of a
somewhat Gothic form, and intended,
perhaps, to equalize the temperature of the
chambers below. Beneath the lowest
apartments are found a set of large passages,
which communicate with all the chambers
of the interior, and also with the galleries
that diverge from the nest in various
directions. These passages ascend the
inside of the shell in a spiral manner,
windin the whole building up to the
roof, and intersecting each other at different
heights, and communicating with the various
chambers by galleries branching out from
them. Several large galleries lead from the
bottom of these to a depth of three or four
feet into the earth. These are mines or
quarries, where we obtain the fine gravel
and sand with which we build the walls
mouths to the consistency of mortar,
and then use in the construction of our
dwellings.
Whatever inference you may draw I must
confess that I love darkness rather than light.
If our business be to attack a tree or
a house, we reach it by an underground
route; or if it is necessary to travel on the
surface, we build covert ways by which to
go out and return to our encampment.
Our laborers, guard and rear, with
building on the one hand and nursing on the
other, have enough to do. It would not be
right to impose upon them military service
as well; indeed, conscription is unknown
among us, and the “sword and trowel”
system would not answer nearly so well as our
own plan. When a breach is made in our
walls our workers immediately retire, a sol-
dier comes out to reconnoitse, retires again
and gives the alarm, and presently whole
regiments are in the field. Our rage
and fury rival that of Homer’s heroes: we run
and tremble, and pick ourselves up, and bite
everything we run against. If the attack
proceeds, our bustle and agitation increase
in a tenfold degree, and our fury is raised to
the highest pitch. Woe to the man who
stands in our way! The Liliputians
could not torment Gulliver half so much.
Our fanged jaws meet at the very first stroke;
drawing as much blood as will counterpoise
our whole body, and we never quit our hold,
though torn limb from limb.
The battle over, the laborers are soon
engaged in rebuilding the arch, and even
if three or four yards of the gallery be
destroyed, we have it up again by the next
morning. If our gallery be several times
destroyed, we rebuild and rebuild, but at
length abandon it and build another in a
different direction.
With us all things are done decently and
in order; if we traverse our galleries, we
pass one another without jostling; if we go
on a foraging expedition, we march in
column. The column, as noticed by
Kempfer, in Ceylon (a column of the Termes
monocerus) is generally two inches in width,
and very densely crowded. Each little
worker carries his load in his jaws—vegetable
matter derived, it may be, from a thatched
roof, or from the decaying leaves of a coco-
anut. One such column, which had most
likely been in motion for hours, moving in
the direction of the nest, was measured, and
found to be upwards of sixty paces in length.
Our king and queen, so called, have
ruling power; but we are not without those
who exercise authority. You may notice
when our laborers are repairing a breach
that here and there a soldier saunters about,
not assisting at all in the work. One in par-
ticular places himself close to the wall which
is being erected, and turning himself leisurely
on all sides, as if to survey the proceedings,
appears to act the part of overseer of the
works. Every now and then, at the interval of
a minute or two, by lifting up his head and
striking with his forceps upon the wall of the
nest, he makes a particular noise, which is
answered by a loud hiss from all the laborers,
and appears to be a signal for despatch (I am
describing things as they would appear to
you), for every time it is heard they may be
seen to redouble their pace, and apply to
their work with increased diligence.
Do we allow ourselves time for meals?
Oh, certainly, and omnivorous are our app-
etites! We eat our way into trunks and
boxes, even though made of mahogany and
destroy papers and everything they contain.
Humboldt traces it to us that in equinoctial
America it is rare to find papers which go
fifty or sixty years back. In one night we
can devour all the boots and shoes you can
leave in our way; cloth, linen, or books are
equally to our taste, but we do not like cotton.
Once we took a fancy to a pipe of fine old
Madeira, for the sake of the staves, which,
however, were strongly imbued with the
liquid. We were charged at one time with
having demolished a chest of dollars at Ben-
coolen, in India, and great was the amaze-
ment expressed at the wonderful powers of
our teeth and stomachs, but we had only let
the pieces fall into the hollows of our burrow,
where they escaped notice for some years.
Kempfer, during his stay at a Dutch fort, on
the coast of Malabar, one morning discovered
some peculiar marks like arches upon his
table, about the size of his little finger. Sus-
pecting that our nation had been at work,
he made an accurate examination, and found
that we had eaten out a passage up one leg
of his table, then across the table, and so
down again, through the middle of another leg into the floor! We can do the same for the posts that support a house, and for its roof. A shelf or plank thus attacked looks solid to the eye; but if weighed will not outbalance two sheets of pasteboard of the same dimensions. To prevent a house from falling when we are thus gnawing away its supports, we fill up the interstices with clay tempered to a surprising degree of hardness.

I beg to apologize, good sir, for any inconvenience we may have caused your species, but I have something to throw into the opposite scale. First, though it is a dreadful thing to tell, the South Africans have engaged our services as executioners, smearing the condemned with some oily substance, and partially interring him in one of our heaps to be devoured. We, in turn, are often devoured by man, in the East Indies, in Africa, and elsewhere, and we have the credit of affording a savoury dish. A South African chief visiting Dr. Livingstone, the traveller gave him a piece of bread and preserved apricots; and as the chief seemed to relish it much, he asked him if he had any food equal to that in his country. "Ah!" said the chief, "did you ever taste white ants?" As the doctor never had, the chief replied, "Well, if you had, you never could have desired anything better.

I see you are getting impatient, sir, and two of my comrades are still waiting to speak, or I could have given you some account of my brethren who build turreted houses with mushroom tops, and those whose habitation is on the branches of trees, but I must content myself with this bare mention of them.

Statement read by Ant-lion. — I have not been found in Britain of late years, but in France and Switzerland I am by no means rare. As a grub I am furnished with six legs and a most formidable pair of jaws, resembling in form a pair of callipers. These jaws are not for chewing, but being tubular enable me to suck the juice of ants — ants who prey on termites, and are preyed upon in turn by me. In walking, I am obliged to go backwards, and very slowly, and as I should therefore never overtake the active creature referred to, I resort to other means of capture. Choosing, when possible, a light and sandy soil, I mark out a circle for the mouth of my funnel pit, and placing myself within the circle, scoop out the intended hollow by jerking out repeated loads of sand. The sand is jerked from my broad flat head, on to which it is previously shovelled by the leg nearest the centre of the circle. I work and work away till I have made a funnel-shaped hole, at the bottom of which I conceal myself, only leaving my jaws above the surface. Mr. Ant passing by and treading too near my trap, dislodges perhaps a few grains of sand, the fall of which sets me on the look out; I immediately toss up repeated showers of sand, by which I generally succeed in bringing down the traveller; and having fed upon his juices I jerk the carcass out of my den.

When I am about to enter on the state and privileges of a pupa, I first build a case of sand, the particles of which are secured by threads of silk, and then tapestry the whole with a silken web. Within this I undergo my transformation, and in due time emerge in form of a four-winged fly, closely resembling the Dragon-fly.

While I was meditating on the designs of the Author of Nature, and repeating to myself Tennyson's line about nature being "red in tooth and claw with ravin," the Scorpion-fly unfurled his roll and began to read. I bade him be brief.

Statement read by the Scorpion-fly. — Our family are distinguished by having the head produced downwards into a rostrum. My sixth and seventh segments are slender and somewhat curved upwards, so as to constitute a sort of tail, whilst the eighth is greatly thickened, and armed with a pair of forceps. I am very active, and prey upon other insects in the perfect state. To that redoubtable giant, the Dragon-fly, I am as a David to Goliath. Lyonnet records that I once attacked in his presence a Dragon-fly ten times my own size, brought it to the ground, pierced it with my sharp proboscis, and left it with life only through the interference of the naturalist himself. My nasal dagger does me best service in such combats, but it is to the sting-like weapon in my tail, and its great resemblance outwardly to the deadly sting of the scorpion of the tropics, that I owe my name. From May to November I am everywhere common upon hedges and in gardens, and if you will be at the pains to find me out you will acknowledge that I possess beauty as well as valor.
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.

A STORY OF SELF-HELP.

IN FIFTEEN PARTS.

PART XIII.

THE DWARF’S STORY.

You must know then, Master Tit Bluebottle, that little as I am, I was once a great deal smaller; for, to tell you the plain truth, I was an elf at the court of Oberon and Titania, and had a loving lady-fairy for a bride.

One night I committed an offence against my monarch, and was changed into a mortal, banished the fairy court, and doomed to all the pains and sufferings common to mankind. What shall I do to live? was my first consideration. I was without a single friend in the wide, wide world. I thought I would try to obtain some employment. I asked, was refused; asked again, was denied again. At last one man high in rank and great in riches, whom I by chance prevented being run over one day, promised that he would think of me, and no doubt would soon be able to get me a situation. For a whole year I hung upon his heels, fawned, bowed, shrank, almost licked the dust, but was always put off with some idle excuse.

At length, in a moment of bitter disappointment, I poured out my whole history before him. He called others and made me repeat what I had said; but I did so, when to my horror, they one and all declared me mad, and I was seized and flung into a place that very hour.

"Sire, or Duke," he asked tenderly—very tenderly for such a stalwart man.

"Ah!" I said, "I am poor, sick, and nobody helps me. I would fain do something in the world to earn its bread and drink, but know not how to get it to do."

"I," he replied, "will show you the way. I am the genius of SELF-HELP. Take this crystal, taking a small bright globe from his bosom, 'look upon it, and then go up to the city, and you will know no lack of work or food. If in your journeys you find a truthful, manly, earnest-hearted mortal depressed by evil fortune, and sad from oft-besought and oft-refused assistance from the strong, let him look upon that globe, and he too shall become inspired with my spirit, take fresh courage, and win his way."

"The next morning while wandering through the city I came upon a group of men chopping wood, I caught up an axe that was lying idle, and began to chop wood myself.

"Who set you to work?" asked the master when he came round.

"I saw the axe idle," I replied, "and set myself to work."

"Well," said he, "you give good earnest blows; keep on."

"I kept on, and soon earned as much as the best of the wood-choppers; more than that, I lived without charity. My leisure hours I employed in trying to make my own apparel, till at last I could stitch shirts and make clogs. I grew a happier creature, but still often was most unhappy, for tender memories of my lady of the fairy court clung close as ever. The hope I had once cherished of being restored to favour and my former shape, by slow degrees was dying away. Life had no future for me, and so at length I resolved to take up my abode on this moor, under shadow of the hills and work and live until my days should be ended. Here have I been for three years. I make all my clothing, and more, fashion clogs and other articles for the city where I first chopped wood."

When the dwarf had concluded his narrative, Tit, who had grown more and more interested, exclaimed eagerly—

"And now, my good host, I think I can tell you something which will please and surprise you. The riches my parents possessed when I was a child were given to them years before by your lady, whom my father, when a poor little tradesman, rescued—she being disowned as a larder—from some cruel boys. She had obtained your pardon from the king, but was not told where to find you, and was then endeavouring to discover your abiding-place."

"How long ago, was that?" cried the dwarf, anxiously.

"Well, I cannot say exactly, but I should think somewhere about fourteen years. Neither of my brothers knows anything of the story, for our parents, to keep a knowledge of the source of their great wealth from the world, told not their own children even; it
THE BLUEBOTTLE BROTHERS.

was only on the eve of my departure that
my mother intrusted the secret to me."

At this instant a flitting sound came
against the window, the little man threw
open the door, when in flew a white dove.

Setting upon the stool from which Tit had
started, it suddenly changed into a most
lovely little woman. The dwarf with a wild
cry of delight tried to rush upon her, but
she warned him off.

"You are yet mortal," said she, "and
must not touch me. My dear lord, almost
ever since your banishment have I, the
bearer of your pardon, been seeking for you
high and low. At last, out of pity to my
unceasing labours, our good King Oberon
sent me news of where you lived and
laboured on the moor. Hear, then, his
pardon:

"Take our pardon, you are free,
Be as you were wont to be."

As she spake these words the dwarf
melted into a mist, which quickly clearing
away, revealed a most beautiful knightly-
looking elf. With a shout he sprang into
the fairy's arms, and both wept aloud from
excess of joy. Tit gazed upon them in silent
admiration.

"Good Tit," said the pardoned, "you
will meet with the reward due to an open-
hearted, honest boy. You will succeed."

The astonished lad strove to say some-
thing, but found himself speechless. A film
now came over his eyes, a stupor stole upon
his senses, and he sank upon the floor.

When he awoke it was broad daylight.
He was alone, and round his neck by a golden
thread he found the crystal of Self-Help.

He raised it to his eyes and felt a world of
new sensations fill his frame. Without
more ado he set to work, lighted the fire,
boiled some meal and made himself a good
morsel of porridge. After breakfast, having
peeped into every hole and corner to be sure
that the fairies had really gone, he packed
up all that belonged to him, went out and
shut the door. "Well," he thought, when
fairly upon his way, "I'll turn round and take
another look at the lucky little cottage." He
did so.

"Goodbye, old friend," cried he, "and
thank you for your hospitality."

To his great surprise a voice, hollow but
earnest, and quite in keeping with the
cottage, answered—

"Good-bye, Tit, and you're quite wel-
come."

"Well," thought he, "wonders will never
cease." After he had gone a few more steps,
he turned round to take another farewell, but
so, the cottage had entirely disappeared.

PART XIV.

THE JAWS OF DEATH.

When our young traveller arrived at the
capital, which he did five days after his
encounter with the dwarf, he was much sur-
prised, it being early in the morning, to find
large numbers of people abroad, and all
hurrying in one direction—young and old,
half and lame—everybody trying to get
before everybody else. Presently an old
man, with one eye, a wooden leg, and a
crutch, came panting past. Tit thought he
might venture to speak to him.

"Can you tell me whither all these people
are going?" was the question.

"Going! why, where should they be
going but to see the execution? No less
than three to be hanged to-day—one for
murder, one for housebreaking, and one for
highway robbery." And away went he with
a step and a hop.

Turning to a quieter part of the city, Tit
sought a house of refreshment, and after
some trouble found one which he thought
would suit his pocket. He had scarcely
taken his seat when a tall, good-looking man
of about thirty, booted, spurred, and pistols-
entered. He was well dressed, but looked
as though he had not been to bed all night.
He swaggered in his walk too much for a
gentleman, and yet he had the air of one
who would like to be thought such. He
seemed a great deal fatigued, and as he raised
his hat it was observable that he had lost a
large piece of the left ear. Calling for wine,
he sat himself in one corner, and fell into a
deep study, which seemed to increase in
intensity the more he drank.

When Tit again went forth he found a
thick mass of people lining both sides of the
road the cart was to pass which would bear
the doomed to their place of execution.

Windows were also crowded and balconies
filled with people dressed as if it were a gala
day. There was a great deal of shouting
and laughing, and sometimes very cruel jests
were made by the mob. Vintners were
driving a busy trade. Hawkers were selling
cakes and fruits, and ever anon a bottle came
forth from some greasy pocket to be sucked
at with an eagerness which told that it held
a liquor more costly but far less innocent
than water.

Presently a man who had climbed a lamp-
post cried, "Here they come!" "Here
they come!" ran in a thick murmur along
the crowd, and people more anxiously pressed
forward, and stretched out their necks to
catch a view as soon as possible of the pro-
cession. Tit had witnessed more than enough
to satisfy him, and was about to hurry away,
when some words were uttered which caused
his cheek to whiten and fixed him to the
spot.

"I don't see Dawdler Bluebottle in the
cart," said a tall man, addressing a com-
panion.

"No," returned he; "don't you know he
got a reprieve for a month late last night,
because he sticks out that he never stole the
horse nor committed the robberies."

"Did you say Dawdler Bluebottle?"
gasped Tit, hoping that his ears had deceived
him.
"Yes," was the reply. "My brother!" shrieked the poor lad as he hurried away.

"It must be he," he murmured, as he stood by the prison gates, "and I must see him." He took hold upon the great lion's-head knocker and let it drop.

The gate slowly fell upon its massive hinges and he passed in. Another gate was before him, which was not opened until the first was made secure.

"Yes," said the big, red-faced turnkey, after searching him and taking away his pocket-knife and a piece of string, "you may see your brother. It'll be the first soul as asked arter 'im since he found his way in hera."

In a few minutes Tit, accompanied by an officer, entered the condemned cell. Before him, at a table, his face buried in his hands, was a young man, but much too thin for Dawdler. He was about telling his confederate that there must be some mistake, when the prisoner looked up, started, gave a cry, and fell senseless upon the stones.

When Dawdler was able to speak, he told his young brother all about the horserace in the dark blue velvet coat trimmed with gold, whom he had met at "The Pluckt Pigeon," and who had lent him the black steed with the white leg, who, as he urged, must really have been guilty of the crimes for which he, Dawdler, had been arrested.

"I should, doubtless," he concluded, "have been executed this morning, had it not been for the news coming in late last night that a man, answering the description I had given, had committed several robberies within miles of this city, and who, it is supposed, is lurking somewhere hereabouts."

"Brother," said Tit, "go over your description again, leaving nothing out—nothing that struck you as being peculiar in him."

The officer gave, as well as he could remember, an account of the gentleman, including the maimed ear.

"Very good," said the boy, "I know you are innocent, brother. Take heart, and hope for the best. Farewell; I shall soon be back again, I trust, the bearer of good news." "I say," observed the guard, knowingingly, winking his eye, when he and Tit were alone, "I think that, somehow, you've got a clue, young'un, to where that feller's to be nabbed."

"I think I have," was the quiet reply. "Well, you'd better tell some of our men, and they'll go and take him on suspicion."

"I'll tell nobody, for I heard this morning, while standing in the crowd that was waiting to see the condemned, that it is not unfrequently offenders are allowed to escape until a good reward is offered for their capture."

"Well, you're a Worry 'spicious young fellow, and so 'praps, if yer won't tell where, you'll show where."

"That I will, indeed," replied Tit. "My brother's life is in danger, and I must not give the man whom I suspect the least chance of getting off until we have proved him."

In a brief space Tit was out in the street, followed by a couple of officers disguised as servants in livery. On arriving at the tavern where he had taken his breakfast, the plucky boy led the way, and the servants of the law followed. Yes, there was the man—a pipe in his mouth, and a three-parts empty decanter before him. He looked a trifle pale, but still had the manner of a daring, confident young fellow.

"Good morning, sir," said Tit, raising his beaver.

"Good morning," returned the smoker, raising his. The disfigured ear was seen at once.

"You must go with us," remarked one of the runners or thief-takers, stepping forward.

"With you, lackey! What mean you?" he exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"No offence, cap'n; but we're officers, and we want you worry bad indeed."

The highwayman, for such he of course proved to be, glanced round the room as if seeking some means of escape, but his eye came back again with an expression of disappointment.

"I must go then, I suppose," said he, gaily; "but let us first take a glass of wine together, and drink to our better acquaintance."

The runners had no objection to drinking the "cap'n's" health, oh no! Scarcely had the first officer raised the glass to his lips, when the "cap'n" hurled him backwards, dealt his comrade a blow which sent him sprawling, and then, springing over his body, was on the point of gaining the streets, when Tit darted like a little dog at his legs, caught them with both hands, and brought him heavily to the floor. The dash- ing highwayman was not allowed to rise securely handcuffed. When safely lodged in prison, Dawdler was sent to see if he could pick the man out who had lent him the horse. The fellow was in the midst of thirty or forty others; but no sooner did Dawdler catch sight of him, than he exclaimed, "That is the man."

In a few days the new gaol-bird was recognized as an old offender, and ten different people were soon produced who could swear as many highway robberies against him. When he therefore saw all chance of escape hopeless, he made a confession which completely cleared Dawdler Bluebottle of any suspicion of guilt whatever.

Once again free of the prison wall, oh how grateful the rescued youth felt to the poor little brother whom he had until now so despised! He could not help embracing him over and over again every half-hour; and when Tit told him the story of the dwarf and the crystal of SELF-HELP, he was almost mad with joy.

"Let me look into it," said he.

"That you shall," replied Tit, gieefully.

As the young fellow gazed upon the globe,
he felt the same wonderful sensations thrill him that his brother had experienced before him. All false pride instantly vanished, and he stood ready for work as soon as it should offer.

"Now, Tit," said he, "I'm a new man, and ready for anything; but first of all I should like to go and seek Dandy out at the Doctors' Prison."

"Come along, then," cried Tit, whose heart beat high with joy; "come along." And away they went, as fast as they could walk. There was no difficulty in getting in. Dandy was delighted indeed to see them, for the news had reached him of his brother's condemnation; and the three embraced so affectionately that the debtors around were many of them moved to tears, and all gave a hearty "hurrah!" as soon as they were told of the free pardon. When Dandy had heard the story of the wonderful crystal, he too must have a look.

"Oh, yes," laughed Tit.

The same change came over him which the other two had felt, and he at once cried out that he only wanted the chance to soil his hands with work.

"Here you are, then," said one of the prisoners, who was following his craft of shoemaker; "so begin by making me some wax-cups. I'll show you the way."

Dandy laughed, but at it he went with ball of wax, bristles, and hemp, on the instant.

"I say, brother," inquired Tit, "what has become of good old Farmer Lubin's mare?"

"It was sold," returned Dandy, sorrowfully. "I am ashamed to say, to pay the expenses of its keep."

PART XV.

SELF-MADE.

The next day all the three brothers wrote home to their mother, giving her a full, true, and particular account of their adventures and hopes, with a promise that so soon as they could, they would provide a place for her, and fetch her up. Great thanks were also returned to the farmer for past kindnesses, and bitter regret expressed for the loss of Meg. Their letters concluded with a hope that they should some day be able to express their gratitude in a more solid form.

"Tit," said Dawdler, as they were walking from their very humble lodging, in a very humble street, "how much money have you left?"

"Not a penny. How much do you have?"

"Not a penny either."

Both laughed heartily. A few days before they would have cried at the idea.

"Well, we must get some work," observed Dawdler, "somehow; so here goes for a trial."

After walking about through many streets and inquiring by turn at shop, warehouse, and factory, at last they met with some success. It came about thus. Tit having gone into a biscuit-baker's, inquired of an old man behind the counter if he could give him any kind of work to do.

"Yes," said he, "I might if you were strong enough. I've a bag of biscuits I want carried to the water-side; but I'm afraid you couldn't manage it, for it's a full a hundred-weight."

"All right, sir; my big brother is outside." Here Tit beckoned Dawdler.

"Yes," replied he to the question, "I can carry it."

"Very well, you shall have a shilling for your pains; so follow me with it at once."

Calling to an old lady in the little parlour with a door half glass at the end of the shop, the baker told her that he was going down to the Lovely Polly, and advised her to bolt the door for security during his absence. Thereupon up went the load, and Dawdler Bluebottle made his first appearance in the character of a city porter. A great many rests were taken during the journey; and Tit would insist on carrying the load sometimes for a little distance, as he said, by way of experience. At length the vessel was reached, the biscuits shipped, and with great joy they received the first shilling they had ever earned.

"You have done well," remarked the baker, when he paid them; "and as I often have bags to be carried out, any time you are passing my shop you may look in."

Both being hungry, the first thing the brothers did was to buy some bread and cheese. Hastening home to their lodging a mug of small beer was added, and down they sat to their banquet, happy as kings. It seemed to them the sweetest meal they had ever partaken.

The next day their success was still greater. Tit, for holding a gentleman's horse and carrying a parcel, got a half-crown; and Dawdler, calling upon the baker, was employed to take out two more bags of ship's biscuits, for which he received two more shillings. In the course of a few wacks the Bluebottle brothers began to be known in the city; and as they were diligent, and made no mistakes, merchants and tradesmen were glad to employ them.

One afternoon Tit, who had been intrusted several times with letters and small parcels by a foreign merchant, was called into the office, and asked if he would like a regular situation.

"I should indeed, sir," was the ready answer.

"Well," continued the merchant, "you have pleased me very much by your correctness and quickness; and as I am about promoting my warehouse lad into the counting-house, and shall require a youth to fill his place, if you think that you would like the work, you may have it."

"Thank you, sir," exclaimed Tit; "I should indeed. When shall I begin?"

"To-morrow, if you choose."
A STORY OF SELF-HELP.

"Thank you, sir: I'll be sure and come."

Dawdler was delighted to hear of his brother's success; and both immediately went off to the Debtor's Prison to tell Dandy, and he was delighted too.

"We need not ask how you are getting on," were the first words Tit uttered after telling his own story; "for we can see that you not only know how to make wax-ends, but can use them also."

It was true. Dandy was stitching away at a sole as if he had concluded an apprenticeship to the trade.

"I say, Dandy," whispered Dawdler, as he was about to leave, "we have begun to save money towards paying off the debt which keeps you here."

When the two Bluebottles got out into the streets again that afternoon, they met with a surprise they could scarcely have hoped for, or dreamed of. Lo! who should be coming along, but farmer Lubin, astride the good old mare. Both were astonished and delighted, and when they had asked after their mother's health, they inquired how he had managed to get back his horse.

"Ah!" said the old man, patting Meg affectionately upon the neck, "ye see she couldn't abide bein' among strangers, and so I chose she took her first chance to run off to her old home; fur, sure snow, one mornin' as I wuz takin' my breakfast yale, I hears a neigh outside the house, looks up, and who should be staring at me threw the windin', but old Meg, bless her heart. I was glad enough to get her back agen; but seein' as she'd been fairly sold and bought, I felt that she wuz another man's property, and so I've brought her up to see if I can learn from him as sold her, where her own lives. He shan't have her, though, if Dood will buy her back."

When Lubin heard how well they were all doing, he was as delighted as if they had been his own sons, and insisted on going to see Count Dandy dirting his fine hands at shoemaking. The next afternoon, finding out the man who had been Meg's purchaser, and buying her back again, the farmer started off to the hotel-keeper who had put Dandy where he was, paid his bill, and gave the really now grateful young man his discharge. Tit and Dawdler had just got home to their lodging after a hard day's work each, and were sitting down to a meal of ox-cheek and fried onions when in walked the farmer and Dandy. A shout of joy set the mugs and plates dancing like chimney-sweepers on the 1st of May.

"Theeere!" cried the old man. "I've settled your brother's little business, that he might have the same chance as you possess. It did my heart good to see him at work yesterday. Work is good an' proper for everybody—ay, from king to ploughman, I told him a bit rubbin' with the world would do him no harm, an' my words ha' come true."

Next day Master Lubin turned Meg's head homeward, delighted to be able to carry so much good news back with him. And now to conclude our story. The Bluebottle brothers being all filled with the spirit of SELF-HELP, persevered, and strove steadily onward, oftentimes encountering great difficulties, but always surmounting them.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves," says the old axiom, and this they found true every day. In course of time they paid off all the money debt they owed the farmer; but their debt of gratitude they both felt, and confessed they should never be able to repay.

Soon the dowager countess, having buried her bought title, came to the capital as plain Mrs. Bluebottle, which sat upon her much more becomingly. In the course of years Dandy became a great shoemaker, and was celebrated for the style of his work, the excellence of his upper leathers, and the durability of his soles. Dawdler grew into a biscuit-baker of great skill, obtained a good situation, married his master's daughter, and went into business on his own account; and Tit, after rising to be a clerk in the foreign merchant's counting-house, through honesty, industry, and ability, was at length given a share of the business. Last, not least, he was made mayor of that city to which he had come as penniless boy, and became one of its members of Parliament. Still working honestly and earnestly, he was at length knighted by his king, as a citizen and subject who, by example and precept, had rendered considerable service to the state.

JOHN G. WATTS.
HOW TO MAKE A CLOCK.

I need scarcely remark that, in order to successfully make a clock as described here, a good store of patience and perseverance will be required. The clock, as explained, will be principally made of wood, except such parts where, of course, wood could not be used; and although at first it may seem that a clock so constructed could scarcely go well, I can assure my readers that if they strictly follow the directions given, the clock will not only go, but that it will keep good time. Fig. 1 is the clock complete, and to which we shall have to refer from time to time. To begin: The first part to be made is the framework, for which you must obtain three pieces of hard wood smoothly planed, each being 8 inches long by 6 inches wide, and about half an inch thick. A B C (fig. 2) are the three pieces of wood, or rather the framework of your clock. Two of these pieces, B C, you will firmly fasten to each other, at about two inches apart, by means of four small pieces of wood, of about 2 inches long by about half an inch wide, at each corner, as shown in the diagram.

Having your framework now partially ready, we must proceed to the more important business of making the wheels. The wheels must be made of wood—good hard wood—as, unless the wood is pretty strong, the teeth will be apt to wear away quickly and break off. There will be three large wheels to make and two smaller ones. To make the wheels, obtain a piece of board (oak is very good) smoothly planed, about a quarter of an inch in thickness. On this mark with a compass three circles for your three wheels. Fig. 3 will show you one of the circles marked out, and the way and shape the teeth are to be cut. The number of teeth to each wheel will be given in due course. The first wheel must be 3 1/2 inches in diameter; the next wheel, which is a little smaller, should be 3 inches in diameter; and the third wheel should be the same size as the second, only, as it is what is called the escapement wheel; the particular use of which will be only explained; the teeth of it must be cut different to the other wheels, as is shown in fig. 4. Of course the real size of the teeth, as well as of the wheels, are very greatly reduced in the diagrams. Although the two first wheels differ in size, the teeth of each must be made the same. The number of teeth required to each wheel is as follows:—To the first wheel sixty-five teeth, to the second sixty, and to the third, or escapement wheel, sixty teeth.

The best way to make the teeth is to cut out the circle you have marked with the compass, and then to cut the teeth. In order to get the teeth regular, and at equal distances from each other, you had better divide the circle into quarters (see fig. 3), and to draw the required number of teeth in each quarter with a pencil; by this means you will get the teeth regular, a point of the utmost importance. And now we must make the two smaller wheels. These must both be the same size as each other, they must each have eight teeth, and be about two inches long and about one inch in diameter. The wheels must be made as shown in fig. 5.

When you have finished making your wheels you must chisel a square hole in the centre of all of them, in order that you may fix the axles in them securely, which we will, the wheels being completed, at once proceed to do. For the axles, you must obtain three pieces of wood, each inches long, and perfectly square, so as to fit tightly in the squares of the wheels, which you have chiseled to receive them. Having fixed the axles securely in the wheels, you must obtain some thick wire, and cut off several pieces of about an inch long each, which pieces you must fix firmly into both ends of each axle, as shown in fig. 6, and then taper the axle off at each end toward the wire (see diagram). The use of
HOW TO MAKE A CLOCK.

the wire is to make the wheels run easily, which they could not if the ends of the axles were of wood.

We have now three wheels made, and axles fitted to each; the next thing to be done is to make what clockmakers call the drum. This must be made as shown in fig. 7, to fit on the axle of your largest wheel. To this is attached the weight of the clock by means of a cord, as shown.

The drum must be so made, by means of a small cogwheel at A, that the weight can be wound up in the direction of the arrow; and, by means of a small piece of wood, B, which is made to press on the teeth of the cog-wheel, A, by means of a small piece of watch-spring, as shown, to be prevented from running down again without giving the necessary motion to the wheels of the clock. Having now made the principal wheels and fitted the axles to them, we will proceed to fix them in their places.

We must, however, first bore three holes for the axles to enter. In the two pieces of our stand they must be made in the position shown in fig. 8; the exact distances you had better judge for yourself, taking care to let the wheels run as freely as possible. Having made the wheels to work properly, fix them firmly by fastening the stand together by four pieces of wood at A A A A (see fig. 1). B is the large wheel with the drum, C the middle, and D the escapement-wheel. The next thing to be made, and here a great deal of care will be required, is what is called the anchor of the pendulum. It is represented in fig. 9. It must be cut out of some hard wood (box would be the best), it must be two inches long from A to B, and about half an inch wide; this is done by alternately entering and leaving the teeth of the wheel D, so as to form the escapement of the clock.

Having made the anchor, procure a piece of thick wire for its axle, which fix firmly to the centre of the anchor at C; then place it through three holes, which you must previously make at A A E, fig. 1, taking care to keep the anchor over the escapement-wheel. Now securely fasten a piece of wire at F, fig. 1, bent as shown; this is for the pendulum to fasten to, or rather hook on. The pendulum is simply a long bit of straight, strong wire, bent into the shape of a hook at one end, G, in order to fasten it into the other hook at G, with a round piece of lead or brass fixed securely to it at H. This should be made to move up and down, as by moving it the clock is regulated.

You have now the principal parts of the clock made. The axle of the wheel, B, goes through to I, fig. 1, which wheel revolves round every hour, and to this, therefore, the long hand is fixed; but it is evident that some further arrangement must be made for the short hand, which revolves round once only in twelve hours. This is effected by means of three small wheels, which I can best explain by fig. 10. B B is the axle of the wheel A, which revolves round every hour. D is a wheel fixed firmly to the axle of A, and moves the wheel E, which again moves the wheel G. To G a small piece of wood (H) is attached, connecting it with the short hand. Thus, by means of these few wheels, the short hand turns round only once in twelve hours, while the long hand turns round every hour. These wheels occupy the space at J, fig. 1, and between which and the hands is the face, which you can make of a piece of thin wood, having painted the hours on, which you must take care to draw regular. And now you have to fix the weight to your clock by means of a piece of cord round the drum, as shown in fig. 1, and your clock is finished. To set it going, fix it perpendicularly against a wall, and slightly move the pendulum, and the clock will go. Should it go too slow, you must shorten the pendulum; but if, on the contrary, it should gain, you must lengthen the pendulum. It will of course require attention in regulating at first, but it will keep good time.

Before I finish, I will briefly explain the manner in which the clock works. The weight when wound up gives a motion to the wheel B; this in its turn moves the wheel C and the escapement-wheel, which, by the pallets of the pendulum alternately entering and leaving, forms, as I before explained, the escapement of the clock.

J. J. HISSEY.
OUR SPHINX.

46.—A LOVER’S CHARADE.

Ah, well I know a sylvan bower,
With jasmine, damask, and eglantine,
And prank’d with many a crimson flower,
And set about with elm and pine;
And over-arch’d with leafy shade,
To foil the curious, prying sun—
Ah, dear! that well-remember’d glade—
For there my first was wooed and won!
Eve’s purple light fill’d all the skies,
When in her ear I breathed my vow,
And caught the fond glance of those eyes
That beam as fondly on me now.
Two gifts I craved to seal our truth,
Nor on her kindness idly reckon’d:
With bashful smile she gave me both—
A modest kiss, and—well, my second,
When gallant hearts up Alma’s steep
Waved the red cross, with vict’ry crown’d—
When the fierce battle-thunder deep,
Roll’d the grim city’s walls around;
Next to my heart my whole I wore—
A gift more dear than life would be—
‘Tis no more!—my heart已被
His symbol prized of loyalty!

W. H. D. A.

47. LOGORIPHE.

Je suis un petit ustensile
A tout derrière fort utile;
Cependant, des ancens Romains
Je n’exercé jamais les mains;
Jamais même au divin Homère
Je ne prêtai mon ministère.

Yeux-tu, lecteur, en savoir la raison?
Tu l’apprendras en divinant mon nom.
Mon chef de moins, je te fournis sans peine
L’épithète de La Fontaine,
De Marie et de Babelois,
Et du disqueus que nous tient une Agnès.
Pour un instant je veux bien te permettre
De m’ôter ma dernière lettre;
Ensuite, prends celle qui reste enfin,
Fais-lui place après la seconde,
Et tu verras, pour le certain,
Le premier assas de mon monde
A ma queue est un arbre vert,
Même pendant les rigueurs d’hiver;
Cet arbre pourra te produire
Quand tu voudras, une exclamation
Pour t’énoncer l’aversion,
Mais, cher lecteur, s’il faut tout dire,
Joins-y ma lettre du milieu,
Et tu verras mes termes.

Adieu.

48.—CHARADE.

See you that hollow elm, yonder in the west?
There my first has chosen a spot to make its nest;
My second is a weight, and no man could be found
In England (or anywhere) to raise it from the ground;
My whole is one well known to you, and I can sail away.
But for that one, you’d not have read what you have read to-day.

Archie D. Durban.

49.—GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

What must be the length of a ladder to reach to a window of a house 25 feet from the ground, the bottom of the ladder being 15 feet from the base of the house?

W. H. Wool.

50.—A CHARADE A LA MODÈ.

Fairy Flory of Fernileade
Was tripping o’er the lea;
Gloomy Geordie Gordon, how
Canst thou there to be?
And how happen’d it that your lips
Grew so over-bold?
And, prithie, tell me what the tale
That you to Florence told.
The damsel sure some anger nursed;
I saw her frown, and heard—my first!

Fairy Flory of Fernileade
Was maiden fair to see;
So thought honest Harry Howe—
A stalwart yeoman he!
When Harry told his tale in turn,
A tear fill’d Flory’s eye;
But as a smile was on her lip,
I trow that her reply
Was not my second; Time will tell
When loudly rings the marriage-bell.

Fairy Flory of Fernileade
Knew wiles and smirks are vain;
That never idle airs entrap
True heart of worthy swain:
That th’—like anger with my third—
Girls angle for a mate;
And, peacock-like, expand my whole
In all its swelling state—
Truth, Meekness, Patience, brighter far
Than all the gauds of Fashion are!

W. H. D. A.

SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES, &c., IN No. 27.

27. Taking of the Tarpeian Gate by the Sabines.
28. The Earl of Essex and Lord Berkeley disputing about the choice of a governor before Queen Elizabeth.

30. 1. F r a g l a s N 2. G h e l e l o 3. D u r a M a S 4. I s L 5. E a g l E 6. Y a r N

Rodney—Nelson.

31. The letter I.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Tennis seen (Tennessee).
2. Because he gives one the news (noose).
3. Because they often throw a boy (buoy) overboard.
4. Because they have only one can (Khan) amongst them.
5. Because he is on the Main (Maine) free city is Frankfurt.
6. Tigris (tigress).

WINTER GAMES.

HISTORICAL QUESTION.
William II. of England; Sir Walter Tytrel; French knight; date 1100. A. J. M.ED.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.
What is the most secure kind of secret correspondence?—I think the most secure kind of secret correspondence is by using invisible inks. I give a few kinds below.
Write with a weak solution of tincture of galls and a new quill pen; it will be invisible when dry. By sponging it over with a weak solution of sulphate of iron the writing will appear blackish. If a solution of prussiate of potash be used as the ink, the same application will turn it bright blue. Or, ink made from the solutions of green vitriol becomes black when washed with decoction of pine; or, ink made from solutions of nitrate of mercury is invisible when dry, and becomes crimson when washed with chlorate of potash. Or, medicinal quantities of sulphate of copper and mercuric chloride, and dissolve in water; it becomes yellow when heated.

Best mode of stretching a saber with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry, no trace of writing will appear on the paper, and the letters will be developed only by a weak solution of iodine in alcohol, when they will appear of a purple colour. Or, write with the juice of a lemon, and the letters will only disappear by boiling it in water. Hoxan.

What is the best preventative of sea-sickness?—You are not recommended to try any of the preparations of sea-sickness; or, if they be used at all, they should be very sparingly. About the year 1826 Mr. Derbyshire patented an embrocation, to be rubbed over the lower end of the breast-bone, and under the left ribs, the latest time it can conveniently be done, previous to embarkation, and again on board, as soon as opportunity offers—the application to be continued until the sickness disappears. Derbyshire's Embrocation was thus made—Take of crude opium, 2 oz.; extract of henbane, 3 drachms; powdered mace, 10 grains; and 2 oz. hard mottled soap. Boil them in 60 oz. of soft water for half an hour, stirring well; and when cold, add 1 quart of spirits of wine, at 60 degrees above proof, and 3 drachms of spirit of ammonia. Any druggist will compound this mixture; but I repeat that I do not recommend its frequent application. Monk Lewis, the novelist, who made frequent voyages to and from the West Indies, is known to have hastened his death by the frequent use of some medicinal application for preventing sea-sickness. Hug.

The principal lighthouses off the coast of Scotland are off the east coast. The Bell Rock, twelve miles from the land. The first stone of this lighthouse was laid on the 10th of July, 1878, and on the 1st of February, 1811, a beautiful revolving light, alternately red and white, shone over the sea from a tower more than 100 feet in height. The Bell Rock lighthouse, of the coast of Anglesey, was commenced in the summer of 1826, and finished in the year 1843. It is 138 feet 7 inches high, 42 feet in diameter at its base, and 16 feet at its summit.

The Battle of Jena was fought October 14, 1806.
E. P. TWEET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHILIP SMITH.—The cost of the Boy's Monthly Magazine, bound, is $5, 6d.; it is called "The Boy's Yearly Book." Original.—The back numbers of the Boy's Monthly Magazine may be obtained at the Office, 248 Strand. INQUIRER.—Our price-list appeared in No. 24 of the Boy's Monthly Magazine.

E. S. J. DAVIT.—The first number of the Boy's Monthly Magazine was published January 1, 1864. All the back numbers are in print, and can be had at the Office, 248, Strand.

A Correspondent says:—Sir, I beg leave to correct what your correspondent, Alice R. L. Fran, writes of the dying words of Lord Nelson. He has it, "Kiss me, Hardy. I thank God I have
done my duty." It ought to be, "I have done my duty; praise God for it!" is the time W. P. E. EDWARD HANN.—Candidates are eligible to compete for one or all of our prizes. There is in the city of London, the Old Bailey, the City Police, the City of London, and the City of Westminster. The only regulations are—Write on one side of the paper, not both; write your name, age, and address in full on the back of every page.

M. W. L.—The cost of the advertisements would be £2.

"Can any of our correspondents favour N. W. with information respecting an old book bearing the following title:—"John Taylor's last Voyage and Adventure, performed from the 20th of July last, 1641, to the 10th of September following. In which time he was shipwrecked, with a sculler's boat, from the city of London to the woods of Oxford, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Bristol, Bath, Monmouth, and Hereford. The manner of his passages and entertainments, and what happened, are truly described. With a short touch of some wandering and some fixed schisms, such as are Brownists, Anabaptists, Fumistes, Huguenots, and Friends, which the author found in many places of his voyage and journey. Printed at London by F. L. for John Taylor, and may be had at the shop of Thomas Bate at the Old Baily, 1641, 8vo., pp. 32.""

OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT NINEVEH.

NINIVEH "that great city" so long buried that its very site was unknown, and its story fastened by the inductive fiction of the book of Nineveh was mingled with our book of faith—Nineveh has been brought to light, and in the galleries of the British Museum, London, in the halls of the Mosul Museum, Damascus, and in the unobtrusive evidence of the city's existence—the city which repeated undigested for its inhabitants fast was fallen beneath the devastations of Nahum.

For nearly, and to Mr. Layard, especially to the latter gentleman, as we are indebted for our familiarity with this famous city. Thanks to their exertions, the vast metropolis of Nineveh rises up before us, as with its walls, on the top of which chariots drove and passed and repassed with fleets of thousands of horsemen and thousands of footmen, such as all to the monument of the great fire of London, on Fish-street Hill; with its grandeur and splendour, its wealth and glory, its grandeur and its poverty. Nineveh is known to us as well as, perhaps better than, Pompeii.

"Through all the city sounds the voice of joy And tipsy merriment; on the spacious walls Two, like bees in a-chiff, gird the city All Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro. Gay garments rustle in the scented breezes; Crimson and saffron, purple, green and gold: Lotus, jest, and passing whisper are heard there: Timbrels and lute and dulcimer and song; And many feet that tread the dance are seen, And arms extending, and waving head-gadresses' crown'd. So is that city sped'n in revelry."

Atheneum, Full of Nineveh.

The story of ancient Nineveh has been brought to our room a very host of Essayists; the table—it is rather an old piece of Damask, is covered with the weight of the essays laid upon it. We—the adjectivisers—are up to our knees in Assyrian literature; as our weary eye turns away from the well-written pages, we see the ink which is so kind to us; ancient monuments to chase lions for our special amusement; Jewish captives again to how the neck before the proud King, instead of ruling as chief magistrates, and the bold未经许可的对我们的决定; are we here or thereto—are we here, and are the essays waiting our decision.

We begin to wonder how many of those who were subject to Assyrian rule could undertake to describe Nineveh; as well as those nineteenth-century, Christian era, young gentlemen. We imagine that the youth of Assyria was not like a little bird in the art of the hawks. We wonder again how many boys only a century ago, when Sir John Reynolds was painting portraits, and Lr. Johnson writing his big books, and David Garrick playing Shakespeare in court suit and periwig, how many boys could have undertaken and done as well a biblical subject. Could they have told us all about Jonah, and Nineveh, and Servaducius, with the same evidence of familiarity with the sacred text? And lastly, we wonder what we should have practically known about Nineveh—where we should practically have found our homilies on the two learned prophets above named, if Layard had not found for us sermons in stones—if the story of it had not cried out of the wall—if antiquarian research, laborious and intelligent, had not read out to us from their old chronicles the story of Nineveh as they bear.

So good a heap of Essays—evidence of so much careful reading, marked by so much labour, the book, the life, the work, the men, and the work of those who have to work with us and for boys, and who recognize in the boyhood of the nation the kindred of the history, the downright hard labour, the skill, and the perseverance, which have made our country what it is—which smothers the way for what it is to be.

Criticism on the Essays before us is almost out of place. They are all well done. The real difficulty is to decide on the best. Everybody cannot be first. So we have to sift and weigh and scan our essays very narrowly; say now No. 1 is No. 1, and now No. 3 is No. 2, and now No. 1 is No. 2, and now No. 4 is No. 3, and so on, and taking them as the all the excitement of a race about it. One comes in first, one closely followed by another, choice followed by a third; but there are good horses that will win honours and beat away the bell—as yet in the very tail of the rank.

The following is our "official return," as it is fair an adjudication as we can render. As says the Cincinnati postmaster, "It's done as well as I am able. If there's any mistake, it ain't done a purpose."

W. H. Heberden (Friesian), aged 18, Bromham, Southend.

Williams Eastwood, aged 18, Stamford, Stamford.

W. A. Proust, aged 18, Horse Shoe Colliery, Wigan.

John Grinnings, aged 18, Grindon School, Haslington.

Bartholomew O'Callaghan, aged 18, Boar's Head, Barton, county Galway.

Henry Marley, aged 18, The Rectory, Morton-on-the-Hill.

Robert J. Harris, aged 15, Finsbury.

Benjamin Watson Thornewlon, aged 17 and 5 months, Avenue Villa, Redhill, Bristol.

James Fielden, aged 15, Hilltop, Westhoughton, Manchester.

John Alexander Fisch, aged 17, Waterloo Road, Dublin.

Alfred Luke Waddington, aged 16 years 3 months, Keelands Lodge, Long Ditton, Surrey.

John Charles Spasma, aged 15, Bolder Street, London.

John Thomas Lewis, aged 15, Caledonian Road, Islington.

Thomas Powell, aged 15, 7 Silosette, aged 15, Broad Chase, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

James Comber TRUSS, aged 17, 11-th Roos, Bingley.

James Alfred Lunt, aged 15, Skipton, county York.

James L. H. Jackman, aged 16, 47.

D. Hollands, aged 15 and 6 months, Woodford, Manchesterc.

John William Smith, aged 16 and 10 months, Hull.

Joseph Beechman, aged 17 and 9 months, St. Helen, Catharine.

Fulker Ramskill, aged 16, Halifax.

W. R. Woolnockett, aged 16, 10 months, Bridget, Glamorgan.

Robert William, aged 15, Holyhead, North Wales.

John Winder, aged 16, Prospect Place, Margate.

Robert Mayne, aged 15, Denmarke.

Frank Cater, aged 15, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

So, once more congratulating our noble band of Essayists on the good work they have all done, we turn from this subject, taking, however, a last lingering look on the city, and counting the lines, which one of the collectors selects from "Sardanapalus" for his motto—:

"BRILLIANT! (smiling). The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly."

Taking his last look of Assyria's empire. How red he glaring amongst those deepening clouds, like the blood he predicts! If not in vain, then whom sinketh the shadow, as in the rise, I have outwatch'd you, reading, ray by ray, the smiles of your orbs, which make Time tremble. For what are the epochs, that end the Hour of Assyria's years. and yet how calm! An earthquake should arise as so great a fall—A summer's sun discloses it."
"The sailors separated the vessels, and partially extinguishing the fire, towed them ashore."
CHAPTER IX.

In which I learn that my old chum has made an
appeal. How I leave to go ashore again; how
I went; and concerning Darrell's opinion about
"running away." Also with regard to Guatemala,
and describing a visit to a fairy palace,
and an escape thencefrom. How the Dona and
Mons set their wits to work, and sent some fire-
ships against us, which said fire-ships were cut
out by our guns, and were run ashore, and kept
out of town's way.

Nobody could be more pleased than I
was to meet James Darrell; and I
think it may be said—James said it himself
—without vanity, that nobody was better
pleased to see another than was James Darrell
to see me.

There was no time for talking when we
met the first time, as James was posting
on orders, and could not delay five
minutes, but he told me where to find him,
and I told him what ship I sailed in, and so
we each promised to meet again soon.

I was tortured by all sorts of strange
notions when James had gone. Perhaps I
had seen him for the last time. Well, even
had I known for certain that it was so to be,
I think there was something gratifying in
having met him that once, and to have given
him the old grip again.

I stood staring after him as he sped away,
and my thoughts wandered back to Gough-
square, Fleet-street. I was startled by the
voice of the good-natured stonemason.

"Halloh, Jack," said he, "so you've
found your old chum?"

"Yes, and he ain't changed a bit."

"That's good hearing; I like a four-square
sort of a chap, all sides alike—you can un-
derstand those fellows."

"Jem was always the same—always mak-
ing friends—"

"Whew!" whistled the stonemason; "he
has made one or two enemies here—ay, and
pretty dangerous ones, I can tell you."

"I don't fear for Jem; but as for his
fees—well—"

"Well!" repeated the stonemason, in an
inquiring tone.

"They had better look out for them-
selves."

"Maybe—perhaps," quoth the stone-
mason; "but Guatemala is an ugly customer
to deal with: not a sociable creature at the
best, and when he is angry—well, then, fire
and water!—there is mischief enough."

"And who is Guatemala?"

"The hero of a long tale; your friend
must spin the yarn."

I stopped still, talking to the stonemason
for some time, he leisurely going on with
his work, but I heard nothing more of any
importance. So I gave him good day at
last, with the hope of a better acquaintance,
to which he was kind enough to respond.

I never saw such a place as Gibraltar be-
fore; I have never seen such a place since.
It seemed as if it were all scooped out of the
rock. I had my pass with me all right, or I
should have been lodged in one of the
guard-houses before I had walked many
yards, as sentinels were posted at frequent
intervals, and they were wide awake to
their business, and kept a sharp look-out for
spies. Time came for me to return to the
ship, and I got to the boat where my mates
were, just as it was ready to shove off.
Nothing occurred on board of any conse-
quence, or I should have been sure to write
it down, for I kept a small log, which helps
me to make out this story. In my log I do
not find anything of importance entered for
five or six days after my first cruise ashore.

One entry runs thus:

Tuesday.—Mean to ask for leave to go
ashore to-morrow. Ben is going. [Ben was
one of the carpenter's boys.] The captain
off in his gig. Dirty weather. Prince Wil-
liam came aboard. Such a jolly prince, but
only about as big as me. Could not get a
chance of asking leave.

Wednesday.—Got leave.

Nothing else for an entry. That day I
was off. James Darrell was luckily all right.
He had knocked off from work—seeing he had been at it extra—just as I reached the barracks. We had something to eat, and then went out for a stroll. James took me right up to a very high part of the rock, which looked over the blue water for ever so far, and there we two sat down together all alone, and he told me his story, and I told him mine.

The reader knows my story, so that I need not repeat it here. Let it suffice, James was of opinion that I had not done the right thing. I was rather anxious for his opinion, and its being so unfavourably cast me down not a little.

"But, Jem," said I, "you ran away yourself; you know you did!"

"Scarcely so," said he. "I walked away, and nobody stopped me or inquired after me. I don't believe there was a living soul in Old England, barring yourself and old Timbertoes, who cared two straws for me."

"Well, and who cares for me?"

It was an idle question; I felt it to be so when I put it. Conscience rapped out the answer before James could give it: aunt cared a little; mother cared much; uncle Price cared very much indeed. I was giving everybody trouble and annoyance by the step I had taken. I ought to have stopped and borne up for mother's sake. Well, it was too late to talk of it; it was done: come good, come bad, it was done.

James told me his story in a few words. His brother could not agree. He disliked the business. There was nobody to be interfered with by his likings or dislikings. The business in Fetter Lane could not suffer by his absence. He had gone for a soldier. He was too young for regular service, had got into the band, and had beaten a drum till he had shown that he could handle more effective weapons than the drum-stick. His happy knack of doing odd jobs cleverly served him in good stead. It was seen and appreciated. There was an Artizan Company forming, and Darrell was offered a chance of entering it. Of course he had done so, and his advice to me was, that if I could get the chance I should do the same. This had to be thought about and slept upon; besides, I had not quite given up the idea of becoming a post-captain.

I told James I had heard something about Guatelama, and asked for an explana-

tion as to who he was, and why he was so dangerous an enemy.

Darrell looked very serious as he answered:—

"Well, he may be dangerous, but I am not afraid of him; if he comes across my path, let him look to himself."

"But who is he?"

"A Spaniard."

"Then what business has he here?"

"No business at all, except that of a double dealer and a rogue. He is a Spaniard to the backbone, and would bury his stilettos in your body or mine with no more concern than I chuck this stone seaward; it would concern him no more to see your lissie body—I will not say mine, for that would delight him—tumbling over the cliffs, than we are concerned to see that stone bounding from cliff to cliff as it is drawn irresistibly by the blue water. He is a Spaniard, and has been reared among sickening scenes of treachery and slaughter; yet to hear him thrill his guitar and chant love songs, and sing about home, as he lounges on the back of his sure-footed mule, you would fancy him the most guileless of men."

"But how comes he here?"

"Because he is supposed to be doing good service to the English flag. He do good service! Shame, I say, on those who trust him. He is a thorough-paced villain—true neither to his own countrymen nor to ours."

"Well, but why should you quarrel with him?"

"All in good time, my impatient friend. To begin with, I have not quarrelled with him."

"But he has quarrelled with you?"

"Not at all."

"Then the stonemason told me wrong?"

"No, the stonemason told you right."

"I don't understand it."

"Dear boy, it is clear enough. The man hates me, and I hate the man."

"Well, but why?"

"If you are sure of foot and steady of head, or don't mind tumbling a few hundred feet over a precipice, come and see."

"You are talking like a riddle-book!"

"With the correct answer on the last page. Come."

I followed his lead along the rocky road for a good distance, then down a flight of roughly hewn steps, then down a sharp
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

cline, then along a level road again, cut cleanly in the rock, the rock rising abruptly on either side. Then the descent became still sharper and more irregular, and I followed the lead of Darrell with difficulty and not without dread. A false step in many instances might have launched me over the edge of a precipice. By-and-by Darrell stopped, put his fingers on his lips, and noiselessly removing the loose branches of low-growing vegetation, motioned me again to follow. The branches covered the entrance to a cave. We stooped as we entered it, and it was so dark that I was glad to lay my hand on Darrell as a guide. He had with him a small lantern, and kindling a light with flint and steel he revealed the interior of the cavern.

The entrance was low pitched, but the cavern itself was lofty. Several chambers and grottos opened out of it, and were entered by narrow, funnel-shaped crevices, some so low and winding that ingress could only be obtained by crawling through the low misty passage on hands and knees. The roof was apparently supported by pillars of great height and beauty. Some of these pillars glittered like polished silver, and were richly ornamented. Around the roof, as a sort of cornice, there ran devices of the most grotesque and startling character, and the domed ceilings were also richly wrought, apparently with silver. On the floors at different heights were obelisks and short columns of marble and silver, and couches of beautiful workmanship, covered with fairy-like cushions. All was magnificent, and I thought I was in fairy-land, or had travelled into the region of the Gnomes. I scarcely dared to breathe as I looked up and around me, and every moment divined new wonders. At last I ventured to whisper:

"Is this a palace?"
"Yes—the palace of King Goatherd. Here are a couple of his subjects."
I could scarcely believe my eyes, and my leaning towards fairy-land increased as I saw two goats come through the dim obscurity, and heard them bleat as they recognized Darrell.

"Darrell, you can't mean that a goat hasdeth owns this splendid mansion?"
"It is so, and something better than this mansion."

"What do you mean?"
"I mean his daughter. She is beautiful; she is good; she is innocent, and she is to be mine."

"Darrell, you cannot mean what you say?"
"Though she can speak no English, she would tell you what I tell you, if you could see her. She is not here now: I had hoped she would be, but—"

"But this does not explain about Guatela."

"Plainly, then, he says he loves her—so do I; he says he will have her—he says no; I say I will have her—she says yes. She hates him, and she loves me; he hates me, and I hate him. There is a pretty little romance for you, told in a fairy palace."

My surprise was not over. A light footstep, the rustle of drapery, and the fairy queen of the fairy home was in the arms of Darrell. Of course it was not easy for me to tell what she was like in the dim light, and my senses were so confused that I doubt whether I should have told much better if the place had been as light as day. The girl turned her eyes on me, and they, I know, were very beautiful and bright, and, more than that, I thought there were tears in them. Darrell was talking a language I did not understand; I mean his words were. He told me afterwards it was Spanish; perhaps it was; at all events the girl understood him and talked rapidly in reply. Much of what she said seemed to puzzle Darrell, but her actions at last were unmistakable. She pointed to the hole by which we had entered, and pushed him towards it, passing her finger rapidly over her beautiful throat in a manner which to me was terribly suggestive. Darrell was very slow, I fancied, in understanding it, but even he was convinced at last. Just as we were about to go, the terrific face of the girl showed some new danger. She seized Darrell by the arm and led, or rather, if so fairy-like a being could have done it, dragged him along in the opposite direction in which she had at first pointed. I heard her whisper the name "Guatela, Guatela," and it filled me, if not Darrell, with serious apprehension.

Following our fairy guide we passed through a magnificent hall, a hall of lofty height and brilliant decoration; turning from thence through a narrow opening more than half concealed into a long narrow winding pas-
sage. There she whispered some hasty instructions, murmured her farewell, which I thought unnecessarily prolonged, and we were left to make our way out alone.

This feat we accomplished, emerging after a toilsome journey on all fours into the open air near the sea-shore, and my gratitude to Heaven was at least sincere.

"A narrow escape," said I.

"Well," said Darrell, "certainly the passage might have been a little wider. Here, let me brush your jacket: you are a little moist about the knees!"

A little moist! Why I was in a terrible pickle, and I must say it was something annoying to see Darrell taking it all so coolly.

"I think," said I, "it is a very foolish thing to go getting yourself into scrapes. Really, Darrell, it is not what I expected of you."

"It is not what I expected of myself," said he. "To tell you the truth, my boy, I have turned out quite a disappointment to myself, but it cannot be helped. "What can't be cured must be endured": there's rhyme and reason for you all of a lump."

Reason! it was no use trying to reason with him; he was clean out of his senses; over head and ears in love with a Spanish girl about fifteen years old. It was a pretty specimen certainly of what I might come to. And not only was he in love, but he had a blood-thirsty rival; so there was all the excitement of a play or a novel about it. Well, it did not amuse me, and I didn't disguise my sentiments from my old chum. But, love you, what was the use! I might as well have talked to the wind.

Leaving the subject and the neighbourhood of the Spanish girl and Guatemala, we returned to barracks and made a substantial meal. Then we strolled out again among the artificers, and learned a good deal as to what was going on. It seemed that the defensive works were being rapidly completed, and that old Governor Elliot was doing his best to inspire the men with confidence as to the issue of this struggle. The famine, which had just before our arrival threatened to make an end of the people on the rock, had been succeeded by that dreadful disease the scurvy. Salt meat and salt fish, and scarcely any vegetables, were said to be the cause; and the best preventive, as I understood, was a plentiful use of lemon juice.

After my visit ashore, and strange adventure in the cave, I heard no more of Guatelmama for a good while. Indeed I was mostly aboard ship, and my opportunities of seeing Darrell were rare. The tempest of the siege was unbroken by any stirring incident, except that of a provision ship occasionally running the Spanish blockade. These incidents always excited a good deal of enthusiasm, both afloat and ashore. The sailors manned the rigging and gave hearty cheers as the bread bags, as we often called the provision ships, came in sight. The landsmen also gathered on the rock, looking like so many emmets creeping out of their holes, and the fire of the enemy was received with shouts of derision. One day, however, I recollect a long range shot skimmed clean over the water from a Spanish gun, and went flying into an ammunition waggon. What a crash there was—a pillar of fire leaping into the air, a shower of iron and charred timber! Two or three fellows were killed, so was a horse. It was a lucky shot for the Don's, and they scored one for it, you may be sure.

About the end of May, a report—not such a noisy report as the last—got abroad in the fleet that the Dons and the Mosoos had put their heads together for mischief, and went bent on shortly giving us something that would not agree with us at all.

It appeared that the Spaniards were going to send in some fire-ships, that is to say, ships loaded with combustibles, so arranged as ready to blow up and set our ships on fire. The plan was to watch for a favourable wind, put the ships before it, with slow matches burning in their holds, to send them drifting among our shipping, there to explode and do us no end of harm. It was a trick that had been done before in many an old siege, sometimes with success and sometimes with failure. They say, "All is fair in love and war." I will offer no opinion on the former question, but on the latter I will say that I like a stand-up, straightforward fight better, and think it is more honourable and better suited to men, than the sneaking plans—I can't call them by any other name—which are sometimes adopted. Of course my opinion is not worth much, and I suppose that it is all fair—not only to use fire-ships, but to send spies into
the enemy's camp. Good. It is also quite fair to swamp your fire-ships and hang your spies!

Well, one evening in June, a fairish night with a light breeze blowing in shore, an apparition was seen in Gibraltar waters. Six strange sail! Some of our fellows, as I understood, at first took them for bread bags, and began to shout like mad, but the foreign build and rig soon convinced them of their error. They were the fire-ships. Three of these ships were linked together with chains and strong cables; the other three floated apart. They came on steadily towards our shipping, and the signal ran through the fleet.

Boats from our 'men-of-war were put off, and with picked crews rowed towards the enemy. How I longed to jump into the boat from our ship, but I dare not go without orders. So I watched them put off and go gliding away as smoothly and pleasantly as if danger was as far off as Edinburgh Castle.

Before one of our boats reached the ships so strangely sent amongst us, there was a slight explosion, and the foremost vessel was seen to be on fire. The peril was imminent, but our jolly Jack tars never flinched; they pulled with a good will—a long pull, a strong pull, a pull all together—and who stood on the deck of the Nemesis could see them grappling with the fire-ships, three of which were ablaze, and working as steadily and coolly as if there was not the ghost of a risk within reach of them.

It was terrible work, and I doubt whether those who were at it felt it more than those who were doing nothing. It was so terrible to stand still and watch. With unfurrowing courage the sailors separated the vessels, and, partially extinguishing the fire, towed them ashore. We saw it all done as if it had been a play, and when the brave fellows came back to us we found that all the injury they had sustained was that of a few burns and bruises.

CHAPTER X.

In which Jack Strap relates some particulars concerning the early history of Bob Bannister, and producers a letter addressed to that gentleman in a handwriting which I recognize. How provisions became scarce, and hard work plentiful; what good service was rendered by the artificers, not only as workmen, but as soldiers. Also other matters too numerous to mention here, but all to be found duly chronicled in the chapter.

JACK STRAP, who had been a good friend to me on board H.M.S. Nemesis, was one of the crew told off for the descent on the fire-ships. He came back with his hands in an ugly state of bruise and burn, and it was some time before he could again attend to regular duty. During that spell he used to tell me lots of yarns, and one day among other things he named the name of Bob Bannister. You may remember Bob was the surly chap on board the tender, who answered a civil question by sending me with a kick to the lock-up. How I longed to give him a kick in the right direction, to hand him his change quite correct, I had better not say here, for it is not the right thing to be revengeful, and it is always best to do what's right than what one likes to do. Did you often notice—why, you must have done so scores of times—how easy it is to like what is wrong, and how hard it is to stick up to the right? I suppose, when we keep on doing right, it comes easy at last. Well, this is not Jack Strap, neither is it Bob Bannister. It was Jack Strap who one day mentioned Bob Bannister, and I could tell, by the twist of his gib when he spoke the word, that he did not like him.

"I think I know Mr. Bannister," said I.

"Then I wish you well out of the acquaintance," said he.

"Well, I did not form the best opinion of him."

"If you had formed the worse, you wouldn't have been far out."

"Do you know much of him?" said I.

"I knew him when he was about so high," said Jack, holding his hand about three feet from the ground. "He was a young varmint then, as sly as a fox, and as sliding as a wasp. It was down in the country where I knew him, long long afore I saw blue water, or thought of it. He and I were always against one another; not that I was willingly against him, but he would take t'other side. He came a-courting to my sister, and would come though I warned him off, for he was the bad 'un of the place. He kept it on, all unknown to me, when I fancied it was all done away with, and one night Nell went off with him. I did not see Nell for many a long day after that, but I kept my eye open for her, and it was in foreign parts I met her, and talked it over—"

"Talked it over!"

"Ay, mate, but not very quietly, I can tell you. He wouldn't fight—the coward!—"
but he made believe that he could make everything clear to me, that Nell was being well taken care of, and that everything was going as well as could be. If you'll believe me, that very night he and some of his comrades waylaid and tried to murder me. I did not see him any more for a long spell. As to Nell, after three or four viges I was in London, and I found her down Wapping way—dying. He kind to her!—she being well took care of! The rascal had left her for ever so long, and there was she, working and starving her way to the grave. She died, that's what became of her. As for him—well, I'm looking out for him."

"What makes you think of him specially now?" I said.

"Because of what I found aboard one of them fire-ships."

"What was that?"

"Well, some of us got aboard to fasten the tackle, and to pluck away the slow match, if so be as done it could be. Well we did it, and among the rubbish I saw a piece of a torn letter with the name of Bannister upon it. Look, there it is."

Jack Strap took a torn piece of paper from the pocket of his jacket. It was evidently the outside part of a letter, and it bore the name of "Mr. Robert Bannister."

I could scarcely credit my senses as I looked at the writing. "Jack," said I, "I know that writing."

Jack shook his head.

"Jack, I'd swear that name was written by my father."

And so I could have sworn it. People sometimes talk about minding their Ps and Qs. My dad always was particular about his Bs; his capital Bs were capital Bs, and no mistake about it. But what should he know of Bob Bannister?—when or under what circumstances could he have written to that wary rascal? Jack could throw no light on it: I could throw no light on it: and so the whole thing remained in darkness. Often, indeed, I wondered about it and pondered over it, but could make nothing of it. Of course, at the first opportunity I told Darrell, but Darrell was as ill able to suggest a clue as anybody else: besides, I don't think Darrell was altogether himself, on account of that Spanish little girl and his rival Gatemanna.

Time rolled on, month followed month, and still there was no change in the posture of affairs at Gibraltar. Very rarely did ship, or even boat, break the blockade and carry provisions to land. There the stores were rapidly diminishing. Everybody was on short rations, and the effort with those who had to rule seemed to be to find how little would suffice to keep body and soul together. Governor Elliot himself subsisted on next to nothing. A loaf of bread was almost unheard-of luxury. The meat was almost putrid; the biscuits were so "lively" that they could walk alone; the butter little better than rancid congealed oil. A small bunch of outside cabbage-leaves sold for sixpence; thistles, dandelions, and other wild herbs, the produce of the barren rocks, were used to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Biscuit crumbs were sold at one shilling a pound, and milk and water at one-and-threepence a pint. The poor soldiers were literally starving, and the wonder is—and was then—that under the extraordinary privations which they had to undergo, they were able to attend to their work at all. Still, they kept on bravely—so bravely that though I have since seen many brave things done, I know of nothing to compare with the bravery of the defence of Gibraltar.

Thus well do I remember the joy—a joy almost maddening—with which we hailed the arrival of a convoy loaded with bread. If it had brought all the wealth and all the wonderful things that figured in the court of King Solomon—if every ship had been freighted from Golconda with its richest treasures—I don't think we should have hailed it with a cheer; but we knew that there was bread aboard, and this gave cause to those who but an hour before had scarcely voices enough to speak, ay and strength to the weak. The arrival did move. If it maddened us with joy, it drove them—I mean, the Dons and the Mosoos—to madness with vexation. Terrible was the fire of their guns that day and far into the night; they rained upon us a very storm of shot and shell; more than a hundred pieces of artillery opened mouth at once, and what tongue they gave I shall never forget. While the fiery stream was pouring with ceaseless fury, our fellows, both ashore and afloat, were as merry as schoolboys out for a frolic; while the batteries on the land and the huge gun-boats in the bay hurled their heavy metal
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

with terrible effect, we were all of us full of fun—there is no other expression that I know of which can in the least convey our true state. We were not going to let the nancy dogs have it all their own way. Our barkers gave tongue, and the music was loud enough and strong enough to calm the Dons and Moscos for a while. However, we soon found out what they had been at, namely, that under the cover of the fiery storm they had been drawing their siege lines closer to us on the landward sides, and that the aspect of affairs was uglier when the storm was over, than it was before the storm began.

Governor Elliot, as I understood, went over himself to reconnoitre the Spanish works and found them to present an appearance both stupendous and formidable. He saw that safety for the rock was only to be found in the destruction of these works, and he resolved on destroying them. That he should ever attempt their destruction never for a moment occurred to the Spaniards; a sortie seemed a thing altogether out of the question; but old General Elliot knew perfectly well what he was about. There was a trust given to him by his country, and he would, like a brave man as he was, discharge that trust or die.

It was late in November when the Governor prepared for the attack. He was very careful in the selection which he made of his troops, all picked men. I saw Darrell an hour or so before the engagement, and he was full of glee.

"Way, Shell!—I called him by that name often—what's come over you to make you so merry? Have you doubled up Guatelmela for good and all?"

"Guatelmela be hanged!" said he, "and so be will one day."

"With all my heart," said I.

"With a strong cord," said he, "but it is not that now—we are going to teach the whole lot of the Guatelmelas a lesson. There is a sortie"—this he whispered—"I'm told off—we of the Artificers Corps will be in request. To each of the right and centre columns there is to be a detachment of our company, in all twelve non-commissioned officers as overseers, and forty privates, under Lieutenant Skinner and Johnson of the Engineers. One hundred and sixty working men from the lines act as our assistants. O, but we'll show these Dons a trick worth learning!"

I let Shell have his say, and without telling him what I knew. He was proud enough of being one of the company, and was rather sorry for me, I fancied, because I could not share in the glory—leastways, he thought so; there he was wrong.

"We shall have fine sport!" said I, hitching my trousers.

"We!" said he, arranging his military cap and dusting a speck from his particularly smart-looking gaiters.

"Yes, to be sure—I mean to be one of the company."

"You are jesting!"

"Not I—ninety-nine sailors have been told off to the work and I'm the hundredth." I was. Jack Strap had done me that good turn.

Well, Shell was really pleased to hear it. We shook hands very cordially. He promised to let them know at home what had become of me, in case I fell; and I promised to communicate with the little Spanish girl, in case he fell.

The artificers were told off to the right and centre columns of the troops; the sailors told off to the left column. We were all ready and more than willing for the attack long before the appointed hour—namely, the setting of the moon, at three o'clock in the morning.
ON ANTS.—(Order Hymenoptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

ONE morning as I lay half awake, with a
weight of sleep still on my eye-lids, a
stir as of pokers in the fires, and a rattle as of
breakfast cups and saucers, made me dimly
aware that nothing were about, and that my
presence below would soon be looked for.
As I was covering my ears with the bed-
clothes and yielding again to the balmy in-
fluences, some unwelcome operation of
mental law—with the view, I suppose, of
administering reproof—dragged up a text of
Scripture from my memory and placed it full
before the eyes of my present consciousness.
The words appeared plainly visible, while at
the same time they were repeated in a voice
small and still: “Go to the ant, thou slugg-
sawer, consider her ways and be wise.” Now
in truth I had been up very late the night
before, and so did not deserve reproof, yet
I determined to adopt the suggestion and
“get wisdom” if possible by “considering”
the ways and oddities of Ants, for I remember-
ed that “wisdom is the principal
ting.”

Breakfast over, on turning to the passage
in question (Prov. vi. 6) I found the state-
ment to be that the formicidus wisdom is
shown in providing meat in the summer
and gathering food in harvest; for doing
which these little people are also commen-
dated by Agur, the son of Jakeh, in Prov. xxx. 25.
There is wisdom of course in making hay
while the sun shines, even if you eat it as
soon as made; and, although we might sup-
pose that the ants referred to were storing
up grains of corn for the winter, that, I ob-
served, was not actually stated. To be satis-
fied on the point I went into the library and
took down a few authors; for although ob-
servation is the best teacher in these matters,
books are not to be despised, containing as
they do the recorded observations of the
greatest naturalists. Pheece informed me
that with the ants a prevailing passion is to
amass a store of corn or other grain that
will keep, “and lest the humidity of the
cells should make the corn shoot up, we are
told for a certainty that they draw off the
buds which grow at the point of the grain.”
Old Derham and several others taught me to
the same effect; but in spite of these, together
with Bliian and Aldrovandus, I felt obliged
to disbelieve the account when I found that
Gould had examined into this matter and disproved it, and that since his time natural-
lists have generally concurred in his view.
It seems that the ancients generally (and of
course such moderns as followed them) were
mised by observing the ants carry about
their pupae, which resemble corn in their
shape, size, and colour. Their habit, also, of
pulling open the ends of the pupae, to let
out the inclosed insect, may have led to the
belief that they were depriving the grain of
its germs. It is possible, again, that while
the moderns have studied the European
ants chiefly, the Eastern species may have
different habits, and whatever they did in
the days of Solomon, we may be sure they do
still.

Perhaps even (says the author of the
Epistles) wheresoever the ant tribes may
be scattered among the tribes of Israel, they
may have learnt from the prudent people
with whom they dwell, always to forecast,
and never to lend without good interest.
But we are most likely to be far wrong if
we follow Huber, who says that ants usually
become torpid during the intense cold, and
that when not so they are supplied with
food by their milk kinde the aphides, better
known to us perhaps as blight and hoedrive.
As I have long believed with Shakespeare
that there are tongues in trees, I have been
the less able to doubt that such intelligent
creatures as insects are must be able to
talk, at least among themselves. I was
gratified, therefore, rather than surprised, to
find the following account of their communi-
ation of ideas. Huber having plunged the
legs of one of his ants into warm water—a pro-
ceeding which gave great en-
joyment to the little race—was cruel enough
to disturb the ants at their merry piping.
The greater part of them were filled with
fear, and made off to the nest, but some
of them more thirsty than the rest continued
their potations. Upon this one of these
that had retreated returns to inform his
thoughtless companions of their danger.
One he pushes with his jaws; another he
strikes, first upon the belly and then upon
the breast, and as obliges three of them to
leave off their carousing and make home-
wards. But the fourth, more resolute to
drink it out, is not to be discouraged, and
pays not the least regard to the blows with
which his kind compere, solicitous for his
safety, repeatedly belabours him. At length,
determined to have his way, he seizes him
by one of his hind legs, and gives him a
vicious pull. Upon this, leaving his lipate,
the loiterer turns round, and opening his
threatening jaws with every appearance of
anger, goes very coolly to drinking again.
But his monitor, without further ceremony,
rushing before him, seizes him by the jaws,
and at last drags him off in triumph to the
formicary.

The remembrance of this circumstance
being in my mind as I walked through a
wood one day, I determined to seek con-
firmatory evidence, and coming upon an ant
just about to disappear down a crack, I de-
tained him and put a few questions. In his
ON ANTS.

dumb-alphabetical way he informed me that his race differed from the termites, in having inactive larva and pupae, in the circumstances that the nuptial workers, and in themselves both the military and civil functions. We belong, he said, to the order Hymenoptera, and while our wings are membraneous, as with the preceding order, we cannot well be mistaken for them. Our front wings are usually much larger than the posterior; and the so-called veins or nerves are much fewer in number than in the Neuroptera, and do not form a close network by their ramifications, as in that order. Another character furnished by our wings, and that which gives us our name (from the Greek Hymen, the god of marriages, and ptera, meaning wings), is the connection of the front and back wings on each side during flight, by means of a series of minute hooks along the front edge of the latter, which clasp the hinder margin of the other, so as to produce one continued surface on each side. You do not observe that I have any wings? Well, never mind, perhaps I did wings once, and you will hear in mind that I am just now speaking for the entire order. Let me mention also this further distinguishing feature, that the females of the order are all furnished either with a sting or an ovipositor (egg-placing instrument), which is in each case a prolongation of the last segment of the abdomen.

If we are "a people not strong," our order is considerable as to numbers, being inferior only to the Coleoptera, and containing, it is estimated, one-fourth part of the whole insect population.

The source of the order to which I have the honour to belong are about as diversified as the colour of their skins and the character of their employments as the race that you, sir, are a member of. There are red ants, green ants, and yellow ants; brown ants and negro ants; there are miners, and miners, and carpenters, and ants that are in wood. In each community, too, you have females, males, and workers, besides the helpless larva and pupae, which have no locomotive powers. The office of the females is the foundation of new colonies, and the furnishing of a constant supply of eggs to maintain the population in the old nests as well as in the new. At her first excursion the female is distinguished by a pair of ample wings, which, however, she soon casts away. She served her well, when as a virgin she traversed the fields of ether, surrounded by myriads of the other sex, candidates for her favour. But being married, and alas! widowed, and having home duties to perform, the boy was no better than an encumbrance, and therefore she unhesitatingly plucks them off. Agitating them, bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, she at last by her many singular contortions brings them all four to the ground at once. May I remind you, sir, as you are more likely to remember a lesson applicable to others rather than one addressed to yourself, that on this point Kirby quotes Solomon with an alteration: "Go to the ant, ye thiever; consider her ways and be wise." The office of the males, which are also winged, and at the time of swarming are extremely numerous, is merely to afford the females (usually few in number), an opportunity of choosing husbands, and after the marrying season they die, or afford food to the swallow. In the warm days of August our habitations may be seen to swarm with males and females preparing to quit for ever the home of their birth and childhood. Everything is in motion, and the silver wings which contrast with the jet bodies which compose the animated mass, add a degree of splendour to the animated scene. The bustle increases till at length the males rise, as it were, by a general impulse, into the air, and the females accompany them. The whole swarm alternately rises and falls with a slow movement to the height of about ten feet, the males flying obliquely with a rapid zigzag motion, and the females, though they follow the general movement of the column, appearing suspended in the air, like balloons, seemingly with no individual motion, and having their heads turned towards the wind. The females sail along majestically, till the boldest of the lovers dart upon them and carry them off,—a proceeding sanctioned, let me remind you, by the conduct of the Roman youths with the Sabine virgins.

The workers (and I am a worker, sir,) have all the working to perform, and all the fighting as well. True, we are the most numerous portion of the community, and true it may be regarded as a branch of labour (albeit not always productive of good), but in some of our tribes it has been found advisable to have separate classes for such dissimilar work. A number of workers, twice as big as the rest of us, with immense heads, and jaws in proportion, constitute a military class. They never mix with the mass of the moving columns; but, stationed on their flanks, they sometimes march forward, then return and halt a moment as if to observe our troop delires before them, traverse the ranks, hasten to any point where their presence seems necessary, and even climb up adjoining plants, as commanders seek out the elevated part of a battle-ground that they may better survey the field.

I, as a worker, assist in constructing the nest and in rearing the young grubs. To my Queen I am most loyal, and am ready at any moment to bring her food, guide her through the difficult passages of the formitory, and assist in carrying her about. In whatever department she may condescend to be present, she is the light and joy of it to us all. You should see us skipping about, leaping, and standing on our hind legs! The prancing, and dancing, and frolicking, would astonish you!

Our habitations are of different construction according to the trades we follow, being
formed of earth raised into hills, or mined beneath the surface of the ground, or exca-
vated in wood. My red brethren of the woods erect a conical mound composed of pieces of straw, fragments of wood, little stones, leaves, grains, &c. Its numerous apartments, of different sizes, are arranged in separate stories, some very deep in the earth, and others a considerable height above it. There are avenues connecting the apartments together, and galleries communicating with the outside of the nest at the top. All doors are shut in rainy weather, and partially closed when the sky is cloudy; while at night not only is the entrance barred, but sentinels are appointed to guard the gates. Malonct has told you that in the forests of Guiana he once saw ant-hills which, though his companion would not suffer him to approach nearer than forty paces for fear of his being devoured, seemed to him to be fifteen or twenty feet high, and thirty or forty in diameter at the base, assuming the form of a pyramid truncated at one-third of its height. My brethren, the masons, build hillocks of earth without the admixture of other materials. That you can detect; while in the interior their skill is displayed in the formation of labyrinths, lodges, vaults, and galleries. The Jet-ants, or carpenters, were found by Huber to vary the form of their work in different parts of a tree. In one fragment he found horizontal galleries, following the circular direction of the layers of the wood, and parallel galleries separated by extremely thin partitions, having no communication except by a few oval apertures. Other fragments exhibited avenues, separate chambers, galleries, angular columns, and colonnades. Some, which were from eight to ten inches in length, and of equal height, were formed of wood as thin as paper (so much had been eaten away), containing a number of apartments, and presenting a most singular appearance.

A great deal of my time is taken up in attending to the pupae, who require to be shifted from one story to another according to variations of temperature. Without the aid of Negretti's instruments I know exactly how warm it is at any hour of the day, and, without special training as a nurse, I know the degree of heat best adapted for my charge. We have some forty stories in our formicary, twenty or so below the ground, and the rest above. When a too burning sun overheats the upper apartments, I carry the little ones to the bottom of our abode; and when the rain drives us from the lower stories, I transport them to such as are high and dry.

My red brethren of Ceylon are said to bite with intense ferocity, inflicting intolerable pain both upon animals and man. Their mandibles are so hooked as to cross each other at the points, whilst the inner line is serrated throughout its entire length. You may judge, then, that it goes ill with the creatures they attack. It is not unusual to see some hundreds of them surrounding a maimed beetle or a bruised cockroach, and hurrying it along in spite of its struggles. Sometimes they meet with the Chalcis plug-
tinosa, a rapile responder of our brown earthworm, nearly two feet in length and an inch in diameter; then the armies are called out by tens of thousands, and the conflict rages for half a day. You have heard me say wonderful things than that! A missionary told you that in Western Africa he was driven out of his house at the dead of night by a column of ants, whose habit it is to spare no living thing that comes in their way! I dare say! All true; and I was coming to that presently. Bosman, yes, know, speaking of my black brethren in Guinea, declares that no animal could stand before them. They reduced for him one of his live sheep in one night to a perfect skeleton, and that so nicely that it surpassed the skill of the best anatomists. Du Chaillé says the elephant and gorilla fly before the attack of the Bastikonay ants, and the black men run for their lives. The Driver-ants of Western Africa have been known to kill the Pykton natatoria, the largest serpent in the world. When they enter a house they tear floor and ceiling, ransack room and garden, kill vermin small and large, and would doubtless regard the human occupant as belonging to this category did they not by flight save themselves from being treated as such. It will hardly surprise you, then, that my brethren have sometimes been made use of as executioners: both the Africans and the Singhalese have before now exposed their criminals to be eaten alive by myriads of my voracious brethren.

I talk of myriads and myriads? Yes, I do without exaggeration, though I have full knowledge of the fact that a myiad is ten thousand. Mr. Waterton says that in Guinea he met with a colony of a species of small ant marching in order, each having in its mouth a leaf, and the army extended ten miles in length, and was six feet broad. In the years 1518-20 the island of Hispaniola was almost abandoned in consequence of the Sugar-ant devouring all vegetation and caus-
ing a famine. "This misery," says Purdie, "so perplexed the Spaniards that they sought as strange a remedy as was the disease, which was to choose some saint for their patron against the ants. Alexander Gimb- dine the Bishop, having sung a solemn and Pontifical Mass, after the consecration and elevation of the Sacramento, and devout prayers made by him and the people, opened a booke in which was a Catalogue of the Saints, by lot to choose he or she saint whom God should please to appoint their advocate against the calamity, and the lot fell upon Saint Saturnine, whose feast is in the nine-and-twentieth of November, after which the ant damage became more tolerable, and by little and little diminished, by God's mercie and the intercession of that saint." I believe Darwin's theory of development is as yet imperfect, and fresh discoveries remain to be made in paleontology; so I am
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On ants, I am sorry to say, whether men derived from us or from them, but our practices are remarkably alike in some particular. The Americans may have got from us the habit that civil war was a proper channel for their energies, or the Hindus their notion that death is the best remedy for aged and infirm relatives. My red brethren, I am sorry to say, forget "how good and how pleasant when brethren agree," and, according to Gould, their object is not so much real civil contest as to get rid of useless members of the community. A party of half a dozen or men, singing out the feeble, languid-looking member of the fraternity, pull it to pieces. Kirby once saw one of these ants dragged out of the nest by another, and, although without its head, it was still alive, and could crawl about.

More legitimate, in my opinion, is actual war, where all the combatants are healthy and strong, and is straightforward, fair (and fecund). Who is it sings, "One murder makes a villain, millions a hero"? Cowper or Blair, it matters not. War is still in fashion, and what men agree to sanction, need not apologize. Figs to you, to you, to yourself two ant-cities equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other. Call the cities Rome and Carthage if you will, and imagine that everything is on a large scale; for small and large are comparatively terms, and make no real difference in themselves. Observe the countless numbers of the soldiers, equal to the population of two mighty empires, filling the intermediate space and making it appear dreary. As when waves behind waves roll on, foaming over the rocks and thundering to the skies,

So to the fight, the thick battalions throng, Shields urge on shields, and ants drive ants along.

The armies meet midway between their respective habitations and there join battle. Thousands of champions mounted on more deemed spots engage in single combat, and each other with their powerful jaws. A still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, as if conscious that a cruel fate awaits them when arrived at the hostile encampment. The spot where the battle most raging is about two or three feet square, and a penetrating odour exhales on all sides. A pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind legs, mutually squirt their acid; then, closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his opponent. If their strength be equal they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided; others take part on each side till chains are formed of ants hooked together and struggling pell-mell for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroaken till a number of champions from the same nest arriving, at once compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At that approach of might each party gradually retreats to its own city, but before the following dawn the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily deftis continue till violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored.

As I had just been reading a telegram of Reuters, announcing the threatening attitude of Prussia towards Austria, though grieved at this account of formic blood-thirstiness, I could say nothing against it. It was in the belief, too, that I had heard the worst that could be said of the little people, that I bade the speaker proceed with his account. "Slavery," he began. Yes, slavery, said I, is a horrid thing, and no apology is practised by Rome; in modern times, a peculiar institution of certain states of America, and now, let us hope, crushed out for ever. "Slavery," said my ant friend, with the calm air of one interrupted by remarks unworthy of his notice—"slavery is not peculiar to mankind. I have mentioned that some of our nations are red and others black, and I have now to state, however incredible you may deem the assertion, that, prefiguring the practice of men, the blacks are enslaved by the reds. My pale-coloured brethren do not, however, like the African kings, make slaves of adults who have known the sweets of liberty. Their sole object is to carry off the helpless infants of the colony they attack, that they may bring them up in the way they should go. The time for capturing slaves only commences when the male and female ants are about coming forth from the pupal state, and thus the continuation of the species is not interfered with. When my friends, the sanguines, are about to sally forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts to ascertain the exact position of the negro colony. On the return of these with news of the blacks, the sanguine army marches forth, headed by a vanguard, consisting of only eight or ten individuals, and perpetually changing; for the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halt, fall to the rear, and are replaced by others. When they have arrived near the negro colony, they disperse, wandering through the herbage, and hunting about as if aware of the neighbourhood of the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlement, and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest, the negroes sally forth by thousands, and the sanguines rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues. The battle always ends in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habita-
tion, confirming the belief of certain sanguine doctors, that the negro is inferior as a race. Now follows the scene of pillage. The long-sharpened tusks or manibles, tear open the sides of the negro ant-hill, and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes they emerge again, each carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valour of its natural guardians. The sanguines return in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burthens. On reaching the nest the pupa appear to be treated precisely as their own, and the workers, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent goodwill. They repair the nest, excavate passages, collect food, feed the larvae, take the pupae into the sunshine, and perform every office with the zeal of the colony seems to require. (See Newman’s “Familiar Introduction,” and our Appendix to “Carpenter’s Zoology.”)

Our weapons in these wars are a poison-bag, a sting, an extraordinary length of jaws, and long spines with which we defend our head and trunk. Our valour is undeniable, our pertinacity unconquerable. It makes no difference to us whether we attack a mite or an elephant. Point your finger at my brother Rufa, and instantly running away, he instantly faces about, and “collecting all his might, dilated, stands” with elevated body and stiffened legs, prepared to repel your attack.

That we are “a people not strong” is a tenet that must be modified in the exposition. St. Pierre relates that he was highly amused with seeing a number of us carry off a Patagonian centipede. We seized it by all its legs, and bore it along as your workmen, saying with the Moah метans, you know, hold that when all creatures, in obedience to Solomon, brought presents, an ant dragged before him a locust—a creature so much bigger than itself—and was therefore preferred before all others, and is now in Paradise. Their strength is wonderful, says Kirby. I myself have seen two or three of them hauling along a young snake not dead, which was of the thickness of a goose-quill. This strength of ours is sometimes exerted for a brother’s benefit, as a gentleman at Cambridge one day witnessed. A brother of mine was dragging along what, with respect to his size, might be called a log of wood. Presently he came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed to overpower him, but three or four others, observing his difficulty, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground they left it to his care and went to their own work again. The piece he was dragging happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other, and this soon threw the poor fellow into a fresh difficulty, for he dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, he adopted the only method that an intelligent creature could adopt to get out of the strait. Coming with powerful manibles and a sting, he pulled back again and turned it on its edge, when, running again to the other end, he pulled it through without the slightest difficulty.

From this little anecdote you will also see that we are not destitute of mind, and the mention of another circumstance to the same effect may further impress you in our favour. Huber relates that a wall had been erected by some of my brethren with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected towards the wall of the opposite chamber. The workmen who began constructing it had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan it must infallibly have met the wall at about half its height, and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things forcibly claimed the naturalist’s attention, when, one of my brethren arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself. This, however, he soon obviated by taking down the ceiling and raising the wall upon which it reposed. He then, in the naturalist’s presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

Are you not inclined to hold us in respect, sir? Are you not aware that by the Greeks we were used in divination, and generally foretold good?

We are used as food, too, in various parts of South America, and Mr. Cousens, in his “Travels in Sweden,” makes mention of a young Swede who ate live ants with the greatest relish imaginable. We supply you with an acid, called by chemists the Formic, which is said to answer the same purposes as the ascorbic. We have been said to cure the Flora, Lepra, and Lentigo, while our pupae have been thought effectual against deafness. Sir E. Tennent says that as scavengers, in Ceylon, we are invaluable, and that as we never sleep, but work without cessation during the night as well as the day, every particle of decaying vegetable or putrid animal matter is removed by us with inconceivable speed and certainty.

We work with a will; we fight with true courage; we are ready always to lend a brother a helping hand. Life’s business is to us a serious matter; but if there is a time to labour and a time to weep, we have also been to Solomon, considered his sayings and become wise, and, believing that there is a time for everything, we sometimes indulge in playing. Then our labours are finished we stretch ourselves in the sun, lying heaped one upon another, and enjoying the repose. We carry each other on our backs, pat one another’s cheeks, rear upon our hind legs and wrestle with one another. And does not the play, as much as the working and fighting, speak of intelligence and philosophy residing amongst us!
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

CHAPTER I.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

The old master had been somewhat of a favourite among the boys. He was rather stout and not very energetic in his movements, very sociable out of school-hours, and a very good playmate, when the games did not require too much exertion. He was easy, to manage and to impose upon; didn't often punish, even for actual wrong, except when he happened to be in a bad temper, and then he punished whoever came first—right or wrong. When the boys heard he had left, one of them said, "Well, I'm sorry old Dudson has left—he wasn't a bad sort." This was the feeling of most. So, you see, he wasn't very much respected by the boys, for boys don't speak so of those they respect. Perhaps I ought to have said he was rather popular than "a favourite."

The new master made his first appearance at the breakfast table; and, you may be sure, all eyes in the room were employed in the effort to find him out. There were only twenty boys in the school, and they all sat at one table—Mrs. Johnston took the head, Mr. Johnston (the principal) being at her left, and Mr. Frankson—the new master—at her right. Although, of course, you would want a long description, yet I must tell you what he looked like. Well, he was rather tall and sat upright (a capital practice). He looked about twenty-five. He had a pale face, a broad forehead and long black hair; his eyes were large and quiet, but could move quickly enough when occasion called, and had been known to flash. His lips, when at rest, remained closed. Altogether, as one of the boys said, "he looked as if he meant it." He spoke little during breakfast, but his voice was pleasant, and had the same as-if-he-meant-it tone.

Shortly after breakfast, school commenced. Mr. Johnston being in ill health, much of the management of the school fell into Mr. Frankson's hands. The first class went round him. He sat still while they were arranging themselves according to their own fashion, only hastening matters a little by a quiet "when you're ready!" This arranging had been a rather intricate process in Mr. Dudson's days, occupying some considerable space of time, and if he attempted to hasten it, a chorus of voices with "He's got my place, Sir!" "Speak to James, Mr. Dudson," etc. &c., greeted him. Now, somehow, when the master's "when you're ready" came, everybody felt inclined to be ready as soon as he could.

To the first boy—"What's your name, my boy?"

"Wright!"

"I beg pardon?"

"Wright, sir!"

"Oh, yes."

"And yours?" to the second.

"Forster, if you please, sir!"

"And if I don't please? Forster still, I suppose. You are right to be polite, my boy, of course, but never exaggerate; let your manners be simple, and remember that true politeness consists rather in how one says a thing, than in what one says. And now, the third boy will tell me his name."

"Bacon, sir."

A titter ran round the class.

"Why are you laughing?"

The titter increased, but no answer came.

"Why are you all laughing, Wright?"

After some hesitation, Wright says, "Because of his name, sir."

"What, 'Bacon'? Then I suppose you have a nickname for him, too. Well, I needn't ask what that is. Now, I'll show you three reasons against laughing at this name. First, as you hear it pretty often, the joke must grow rather stale; second, there have been two of the world's greatest men of that name, Roger Bacon and Francis Bacon; and third, it is not the act of a gentleman to make fun of any name at all. I think you will find those three sufficient reasons. Then, as for nicknames, I expect boys always will have nicknames for each other, and I don't see why not; but they should take care the names are neither personal nor annoying. I fancy, all the right-thinking boys amongst you will agree with me, when they come to think over this."

The other names were soon told, the lesson was finished, and in due course the morning's work was over. Then all went in the play-ground, and the first class assembled in a group to talk over the new master. He, looking by chance out of the window, saw them and smiled to himself as he overheard their conversation.

"I don't like him," said Wright.

"Why not?"

"Oh, bother about why; I don't, and that's enough."

Now, Wright was what boys call the "bully" of the school; he bullied all the little boys, and all the big ones whom he was quite sure he needn't be afraid of—for, of course, he was a coward. He had half bullied Mr. Dudson, who was to the same extent afraid of him, and that's how he came to be first in the class. Now it was quite clear Mr. Frankson was not afraid of him, and when challenged by Mr. Frankson in that quiet way to repeat his impertinence, he had struck his colours at once. So, of course, he didn't like him.

"The fact is, he thinks himself somebody,
but I don’t mean to stand any of his nonsense,” said Wright, who felt he had to make up, by extra braggery out of school, for the rather poor figure he had cut in school.

“You didn’t crow so loud in the class this morning, Wright!” said a little boy named Merriman.

“What did you say?” and Wright turned in a threatening manner towards Merriman, but as Mr. Frankson just entered the playground, he discovered he had intended to start for the school-room. He, therefore, postponed the payment of Merriman, casting a meaning glance towards him which served as an I.O.U., and which did not escape Mr. Frankson’s notice.

“Well, have you finished your chat?” said the new master.

“Yes, sir.”

“At all events you can take it up another time, if you haven’t. You must send me away, if you don’t want me. What do you play at?”

“Oh, a great many things, sir: we skate, too.”

“What! skate in August, Bacon?”

“No, sir, in the winter.”

“Well done; but what do you play at now?”

“We play cricket, sir, but we only set up the stumps on half holidays for want of time; and rounders, any time; and chivy-chase, and foot-ball, when we get permission.” This was a boy named Douglas who answered.

“I will, I’ll play chivy-chase with you, if you like.”

So the partners were chosen, and the sides taken, and the game was fairly commenced. None ran so fast, none laughed more heartily, none threw himself more thoroughly into the game than the master. Woe to the unfortunate victim who strayed off his “line,” for he was certain to “go to prison;” and any venturesome partner who essayed to “fetch him home,” stood an excellent chance of joining him for a different purpose. But if any on Mr. Frankson’s side went to prison, he was sure to bear quickly down to the rescue. Certainly the new master knew how to “keep the steam up,” as the boys said, made a capital partner, and was so “jolly” an opponent that it was almost a pleasure to be sent to prison by him. The impression seemed to be that he “meant it,” both in the school-room and in the playground.

The master noticed that, as they passed in to dinner, Douglas walked by his side, and several others were not far off.

When school was over in the afternoon, and they were in the playground again, the new master offered to show them a new game that he thought they would like. The very proposal was their approbation, of course. So he told them his object, as for chivy-chase. This being done, he asked for a long piece of string. Forster produced the string. Douglas was told to stand on one end of the string in the centre of the playground, while, with a piece of chalk attached to the other end, a large circle was drawn, and within this circle a smaller circle. The smaller circle was called the “castle,” and the space between this and the larger circle the “borders.” One side took possession of the borders, but were not to enter the castle nor cross the borders. The object of the other side was to cross the borders and get into the “castle.” If any were captured in their attempts to cross the borders they would be sent to prison in the castle, and thrown out of the game for the time. If all the outside could cross the borders and enter the castle, the game was theirs, and they became the in side, and in their turn defended the borders. If all the outside were sent to prison, they had lost the game. One who was sent to prison might be rescued by a partner who had got into the castle again crossing the borders to liberate him; but, if in this attempt the relieving partner was captured, he himself was sent to prison; while if he succeeded in rescuing his comrade, they both had still to fight the way across the borders. The prison was a small corner of the playground. The boys in the borders were to invade the castle. It was not enough that the “in” side, or those in possession of the castle, should touch the invader, but they must capture him, or the game was over. The new master knew that it often required two to do. But for this, the in side would have had decidedly the strongest game. As it was, they had a little the best of it; but still only enough to give spirit to the play. The tug of war came towards the end, it was not difficult for two or three to get across, but when several had crossed and several more were in prison in the castle, it was a hard battle for the rest, seeing that the numbers of the defenders remained unfinished.

This, then, was the new game, and they tried it now for the first time. Mr. Frankson happened to be on the “out” side, and a slippery sort of person they found him to capture. The first who attempted it he lifted up from the ground and carried to the castle with him, and forthwith began venting his indignation against the victim for being there where he had no right to be. It soon became evident that a small battalion was necessary to capture the master, and then the rest of the borders was so badly defended that the others of their antagonists crossed with impunity. So that the side the master played on was pretty sure to be the winning side. But this did not matter, as the game was not intended for him, and it was only occasionally that he would join in it.

“Then it was over he asked, “Well, what do you think of that game?”

“It’s capital, sir,” said Douglas. “I never saw it played before.”

“That’s very poor, partners, as for chivy-chase. This being done, he asked for a long piece of string. Forster produced the string. Douglas was told to stand on one end
"Do you, now?"

How could Douglas go any farther! So he had chief to be satisfied with thinking. I will only say that if anybody who reads this book and played it before this book was written, was then, Mr. Frankson did not invent it.

CHAPTER II.

"MAGNA EST VERITAS."

Next morning the class came round Mr. Frankson as before. He noticed that the finding places was again a somewhat lengthy process, so to hasten it he told one or two boys to take places that he pointed out to them. This seemed to produce rather a sensation in the class, for which he could not understand. Presently it dawned upon him, that by choosing their own place, they could help one another and deceive the master and, regardless of the blank looks caused by the proceeding, he entirely re-arranged the class. Then, said he, "Go on!"

"But nobody could go on; at least only one or two.

"Every boy back to his own place!"

Then, again, he said "Go on!"

"Oh yes, every one could go on now.

"So that's the way you prepare your work?" (it was a Latin lesson). "How long has that plan been in vogue?"

It appeared that it had been the usual plan with Mr. Dudson.

"Well now," said the master, "you must understand once for all that no such tricks as that are to be played. I say nothing about it's being wrong, ungentlemanly, or contemptible; that's not the way as I say; but if hitherto you have suffered yourselves to forget all this, let there be an end of your forgetfulness. I will have nothing but straightforward, honest work."

It was quite clear to the boys that in any such experiment as this, the master was "too many for them."

Presently he turned the lesson into a talk upon honour, leading them to find out what their own standard of honour was, and to apply it to their school work.

Mr. F. — "Do you like playing cricket?"

Boy. — "Oh yes, sir!"

Mr. F. — "Which do you like best, the "in" or the "out" side?"

Boy. — "The "in" side."

Mr. F. — "Then if you were on the "out" side, you would try to get "in"?"

Boy. — "Yes."

Mr. F. — "How would you manage it?"

Boy. — "We should try to bowl the others out, or catch them out, or run them out."

Mr. F. — "I see! Or if one of you were backstop, and the ball happened to miss the wicket, you might knock a stump down, if nobody was looking."

Boy. — "That would be cheating, sir."

Mr. F. — "Well, but it would help you to your innings."

Boy. — "Yes, but we should not like to get in that way."

Then after a pause, —

Mr. F. — "Oh! I think you said you like play?"

Boy. — "Yes, sir."

Mr. F. — "What do you do in the evenings?"

Boy. — "We prepare work for the next day, and play the rest of the time."

Mr. F. — "Which do you like best, preparation or play?"

Boy. — "Play."

Mr. F. — "Do you try to get your preparation done quickly?"

Boy. — "Yes; then we have more time for play."

Mr. F. — "Suppose you could shirk your preparation or sham it, you would have more time still."

Silence.

Mr. F. — "Wouldn't you?"

Boy. — "Yes, but dubiously."

Mr. F. — "Would that be anything like cheating? Tell me."

Boy. — "Yes, sir."

Mr. F. — "Then, I suppose, you wouldn't do that either?"

Silence.

Mr. F. — "You wouldn't cheat at cricket?"

Boy. — "No, sir."

Mr. F. — "But at lessons?"

Silence.

Mr. F. — "Well, I'll stop. Many a boy who is not a bad boy does this thing thoughtlessly, but none except a really bad fellow will go on doing it when he sees what it means. It is cheating, and cheating of the silliest kind, for it is cheating himself out of the very things which it is the business of his school life to obtain, as well as being dishonest to those who are teaching him."

But this sneak of dishonesty was not to be killed with one blow. Mr. Frankson had a long fight against it. He hunted it out wherever it was, and he exposed it in all its ugliness; sometimes to ridicule, sometimes to contempt, but more often to horror and loathing. To all appearances, to all who did not have the thought it was dead, but I am afraid it was not. I am afraid, if the master had suffered his watch to grow less strict, or had not kept his boys less on the alert to detect its first appearance also, it would soon have proved it was not dead. Ah, me! it's a very hard snake to kill!

I will give you just one instance of the way in which he made war upon it. A boy had brought up to him a sum with the answer right, but some of the work wrong.

Mr. F. — "You did not do this sum!"

Boy. — "Yes I did, sir."

Mr. F. — "Ah, you put the figures down, but the work is not your own!"

The boy did not answer.

Mr. F. — "Did you wish me to think it was your own work!"
Still no answer.

*Mr. F.*—"Tell me."

*Boy.*—"Yes, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"Would you have come to me and said, 'This is my work!'"

*Boy.*—"No, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"Why not!"

*Boy.*—"Because it would not have been true, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"That is, it would have been—"

*Boy.*—"A lie, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"Might those same words, 'This is my work,' have been the truth!"

*Boy.*—"Yes, sir, they might have been."

*Mr. F.*—"That is, if you had done the work?"

*Boy.*—"Yes, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"But now they would have been a lie, because by them you would have been trying to—"

*Boy.*—"Deceive you, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"Did you wish me to think you had done it when you brought the slate up?"

*Boy.*—"(Thoughtfully) 'Yes, sir.'"

*Mr. F.*—"Then you were trying to deceive me?"

*Boy.*—"Yes, sir."

*Mr. F.*—"Then the action was—"

The boy, who was not a dishonest boy, but had been led away by the bad example of his schoolfellows, here burst into tears, and could not finish the sentence which the master had left unfinished; neither did Mr. Frankson try to make him do so. It was enough for him that the thought had come home to the boy's mind. He put his hand kindly upon his shoulder and said, "My boy, we often do wrong thoughtlessly and because others do it, but it is no less wrong or harmful to us for that, and there is no evil that eats into a boy's nature so fatally as this of dishonesty—untruthfulness. You must watch constantly against it; suffer no seeming advantage to tempt you into the shadow of deceit, but be always brave and truthful. I shall be disappointed in you if this is not the last time you are led away thus."

CHAPTER III.

RIGHT OVERCOMETH MIGHT.

You will remember the I.O.U. that Wright telegraphed to Merriman when the coming of Mr. Frankson into the play-ground prevented the payment taking place at the time. A day or two after, both boys being in the play-ground (as, indeed, most of the boys were), Wright called Merriman to him, and he quite unsuspiciously came at the call.

*Wright.*—"You were impertinent to me the other day!"

*Merriman.*—"When?"

*Wright.*—"Why the day Frankson came."

*Merriman.*—"I only told you the truth."

*Wright.*—"No, you didn't; and, even sup-
yielded. And this exhibition took place before the whole school, enlisting the sympathies of every boy—some on the worse side, some on the better; but all on a wrong side, because of the side of violence which might be avoided is always a wrong side.

The fight commenced. Wright fought nobly, as those who are entirely in the wrong generally do. At first he gained an advantage, having struck Norman a severe blow unawares before the first round had fairly commenced. This entirely unnerved Norman throughout the whole of that round, and caused him to fight loosely, and made Wright fancy he would have an easy victory; so that he came up jauntily and carelessly to the second round, which Norman perceived, and having entirely recovered his self-possession, he struck a blow which brought Wright to the ground, turned the scale of success, and elicited the cheers of all the partisans of the better cause. A third and a fourth round followed, at the end of which Wright confessed himself beaten. No more than Norman went up to him and said—"Now, Wright, I have no spite against you; promise you won't hit a little boy again, and let's shake hands and be friends."

This offer, as most boys will expect, was entirely declined. Mr. Frankson came up, and as it was unmistakably evident that something was wrong, he inquired what it was. Bit by bit he learnt the whole story from beginning to end. As soon as he knew all, he turned to Wright and said—"As you don't like me, Wright! Why not?"

No answer.

Mr. F.: "The first day I was with you, you didn't like me. Why not?"

Still no answer.

Mr. F.: "Well, I must try if I can answer for you. As you hadn't known me many hours, it would be strange if you had lost any particular liking for me. But you pretended to dislike me! I am not sure that you really meant this; I am not sure that it was anything more than mere idle talk and 'tong,' as you boys call it. Still, I dare say, the fact of my being your master was reason enough to cause you to dislike me. Some boys think that all masters are people to be disliked. I am not going to preach you a sermon about this; we shall all of us be able to tell better what to think of each other by and by. I am inclined to think that masters are very useful people in their way."

"Well, then, Wright, I heard you say that I think myself 'somebody.' If by that you mean that I expect obedience and respect, and will have nothing like impertinence, you are right.

"That it was a mean and cowardly action to strike a little boy when he told you truly that you were boasting and talking nonsense, you do not need me to tell you. That no boy shall strike another with my knowledge in this school, I do now tell you. Go to your room, and if, by-and-by, you can come to me and promise a new kind of conduct in the future, you will not find me anxious to remember old scores."

Then, turning to Norman, he said—"I don't pretend not to understand and sympathize with your notion for fighting; but your method was wrong. Your true way of protecting Merriman was by appealing to me. If all such questions were settled by fighting, might would prevail, not right. Do you see?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said Norman, readily and heartily.

Mr. F.: "And you will think of this in the future?"

Norman: "Yes, sir."

Mr. F.: "You, Douglas, I blame more than Norman. You knew what I have been saying to him, and you were cool; so you ought not to have suffered yourself to be over-persuaded. Now I want all you boys to promise to join with me in trying to prevent this sort of thing. It is a disgrace to us."

Douglas and several others promised. And I may tell you that, though several fights were commenced after this, none were allowed to go on; all were stopped by the boys themselves.

Towards the end of the day Wright came to Mr. Frankson to give the promise that was asked of him. Mr. Frankson received him kindly, and spoke encouragingly to him; and though for a long while he continued often to get into the wrong, and had many bad habits and wrong ways of thinking and feeling to trouble him, yet any one might see he was trying to get right, and as he tried, he gradually and finally succeeded.

I expect some boys will think that Douglas didn't shine in this affair. They would have liked him better; had he been as ready to fight as Norman. I am only going to give you proof that it wasn't fear that restrained him.

He was one day walking along a street of the town in which the school was, when he saw a little girl very much frightened by a great dog which was barking furiously at her. The child ran away, the dog followed, and, catching hold of her dress, threw her down. The child's terror was extreme, and the dog was beginning to worry her, and was likely to injure her severely; so Douglas without hesitation ran up and struck the dog a blow which quickly caused it to leave the child and fly at him. As a shield, he held up his arm, into which the dog set his teeth in a cruel manner. Nothing daunted, however, Douglas struck another blow at the animal, which compelled it to leave go. Following up his success, he advanced and once more aimed so effectively that the dog gave in and ran howling off. You may see the scars on Douglas's arm to this day. You will not fancy he was a coward after this.
Towards the close of the thirteenth century, Scotland, then a separate and independent kingdom, was torn by the conflicting claims of a dozen competitors for the crown. To avert the horrors of civil war, the question in dispute was submitted for arbitration to King Edward of England. Such a step was fraught with danger to the national independence, and its intent was construed by Edward into an acknowledgement of his own sovereignty. He requested the barons and clergy of Scotland to meet him at Norham, a town on the English side of the Tweed. The summons was obeyed, and the conference took place on the 10th of May, A.D. 1291. Here Edward declared his intention of disposing of the succession to the Scottish throne as lord paramount of the country, and he required that his title and authority should be immediately recognized. No open refusal was given, but the sittings were adjourned, and it soon became evident that the assumed right of the English king would not be acknowledged. On the 2nd of June the adjourned conference was held on a plain called Holywell Haugh, where the candidates for the kingship are said to have given their assent to the title claimed by Edward. The decision, however, was postponed until the 17th of November in the following year (1292), when the King of England gave his award, at Berwick Castle, in favour of John de Balliol. Balliol was crowned at Scone on the 30th of November, and on the 26th of December took the oath of allegiance to King Edward at Newcastle.

Balliol soon learned that this oath was no mere form. The allegiance he had sworn to render was rigidly and roughly exacted. The people complained of their new king’s rule, and to their complaints the Lord Paramount bent an attentive ear, calling Balliol sharply to account for offences real or imaginary. The submission rendered by Balliol was complete, and although he was at length goaded on to offer some show of resistance, his utter want of energy and ability was none the less conspicuous. Taking advantage of the new war in which the English were engaged with France, the Scots at last threw off their allegiance, banished the English lords resident in Scotland, and excluded an alliance with the French. The vengeance inflicted by Edward was signal. He marched against the Scots with a powerful army, took Berwick by storm, and massacred the whole of the garrison and inhabitants without regard to sex or age. The Scots attempted to retaliate, and some border towns and villages belonging to the English were burnt to the ground; but the subjugation of Scotland was rapidly completed. The independence of Scotland seemed to be completely destroyed. Balliol and his youthful son were imprisoned in the Tower of London. Bruce, the Earl of Carrick, though nominally declared King of Scotland, was prevented from exercising authority. The government of the country was in reality vested in three Englishmen, appointed by the King. The very stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned, and which tradition pointed out as the stone on which Jacob rested his weary head and saw the blessing vision of angels, was taken away, together with the regalia of Scotland, and placed in Westminster Abbey.

But a change was at hand. The simmering fires of patriotism were about to be kindled into a blaze. The man destined to rouse his countrymen from their apathy was Sir William Wallace, a poor but noble gentleman, young in years, physically strong, a spirit keenly sensible of the wrongs endured by the Scots, and fretting for an opportunity to hurl upon the English his scorn and hatred.

Who is it walks beside the river Ayr, this bright sunshine morning? He has a fine, open, sagacious countenance; his eyes are full of fire and intelligence; his lips firmly compressed; his figure tall and well proportioned; his long, light hair hanging in rich profusion round his neck; his doublet is plain, but admirably fitted, and he carries a fish-basket and a fishing-rod. It is William Wallace, of Elderslie. Watch him as he plies the spore until the basket is well filled. He is a skill
WALLACE.

command openly ravaged the country, plundering and slaying all the English that fell into their hands. King Edward was then in Flanders, and when the news was conveyed to him of the rising of the Scots, he issued orders for collecting an army to be placed under the command of Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford. These distinguished commanders advanced at the head of 40,000 men to meet the forces of the patriots. To apply this term to the Scottish chieftains, however, seems a desecration. On a proposal to negotiate, the whole of the leaders, with the exception of Wallace, laid down their arms!

Wallace still held together a strong band; his fame extended throughout the countries both sides of the Tweed, and vast numbers of people flocked to his standard. He renewed offensive operations against the English; captured the castles of Brechin, Forfar, Montrose, and other fortresses; he was engaged in the siege of the castle of Dundee when the English advanced upon him. Wallace took up a strong position on the banks of the Forth—a position so strong, indeed, that the Earl of Surrey, who commanded the English, sent messengers and proposed to treat. The answer was bold and decided. "Return," said Wallace, "to those who sent you, and say that we are not here to waste words, but to maintain our rights, and give freedom to Scotland; let them advance, and we will meet them beard to beard."

Exasperated by this menace, the English troops were impatient to be led forward; and the Earl—contrary to his better judgment—was induced to yield.

"Early on the morning of the 11th September the English began their passage across the narrow wooden bridge, which was the only means of communication with the opposite bank of the river. It is evident that a large force would occupy many hours in crossing the river by this means, and during that time they must lie, in a great measure, at the mercy of a determined enemy. Wallace did not neglect the opportunity thus afforded him. He suffered the English to transport about one-half of their forces, and then took possession of one end of the bridge, thus effectually cutting off their further advance. He then surrounded the body of the enemy who were thus separated, threw them

Shrewd, and handles the rod with the air of one who loves the "gentle art;" but all this time you notice the serious expression on his face, his mind is bent on higher things than trout-fishing; he is thinking of Scotland, his dear, his native soil—thinking of her brave days of freedom and of the dark adversity which is overclouding her glory. Suddenly four or five English soldiers make their appearance. They advance towards the youth and lay their hands on his trout-baskets. He bids them stand off. Stand off! Nay, that will they not do for all the slaves in Scotland! Take then the fish, but take it at their peril. Their peril! fire armed men against a stripling! Down with him; lash him with your bow-strings like a bound! They rush upon him. He has no weapon but the butt-end of his fishing-rod. He seizes the foremost man with it under the ear and kills him on the spot, then leaping on the body he gets possession of a sword and fights with so much fury as to put his four other assailants to flight. Then he shoulders his trout and returns to Ellerslie, whistling in a low key a tune of Old Scotia that wakes up memories deep and tender.

From that time William Wallace was a marked man. He was hunted from mountain to valley, chased from forest to forest, and for months lay concealed on craggy heights where eagles built their nests.

One day—he was then married—Wallace walked in the old Market-place of Lanark. He was dressed in green and had a jewelled dagger by his side. An English soldier, probably unacquainted with the man whom he addressed, called him a Scotch slave, and asked how dared he sport so costly a weapon. Wallace killed the man. This act was witnessed by several other soldiers, who pursued Wallace to his home and broke in at the front while he escaped at the back. Hastily, the English sheriff, seized the wife of Wallace, and in a spirit of brutal and unmanly vengeance put her to death. Wallace, who was hiding among the Corland Crags, having heard this news, laid wait for the sheriff and slew him. For this deed he was outlawed.

Among the first men of note who joined the outlaw was Douglas. His example was followed by many other chieftains, so that the name of Wallace soon became a word of terror to the English. The Scots under his
into confusion, and gained a bloody victory. Many thousands of the English fell by the sword, or perished in the water, and among the dead was the treasurer Cressingham. This man, during his administration, had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to the Scottish people; and they now revenged themselves after a barbarous fashion, by stripping the skin from the dead body of their enemy, and cutting it into small pieces to be worn as the North American Indian of our day carries the scalp of his fallen foe."

The result of this victory was no less than the restoration of the country to freedom. Pushing his successes with wonderful rapidity, there soon remained in Scotland not a single castle in possession of the English. An invasion of England followed, and Wallace was declared Governor of the Kingdom of Scotland and Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish army. All this time King Edward was abroad; but when the news reached him, his rage was ungovernable, and assembling his fine army, he marched into Scotland. Wallace was undeterred by the advance of the English army. He encountered the King near Falkirk, and prepared for the attack.

A fine sight was the English army—the soldiers in their coats of steel, mounted on stately horses, armed and accoutred for the fight, forming a body of the finest cavalry in the world; and then the archers, the celebrated English bowmen, each one of whom was said to carry twelve Scotchmen's lives under his girdle, because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow; and more than all, Edward, the hero of the Holy Land, as strange to defeat as he was to fear, inciting his men by his own example of bravery—rarely, indeed, was seen such a spectacle as the English army presented. Nearly all the Scotchmen were on foot. The bowmen from Ettrick made a goodly show, and were under the command of that doughty champion, Sir John Stewart, of Bonkil; the spearmen were placed thick and close together, and presented a wall of steel, laying their spears point over point, and offering what seemed an impenetrable obstacle to the enemy. And Wallace was with them, the lion-hearted Wallace, who cried out in the hearing of his men, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how nimbly you can dance."

The battle which ensued was ably sustained on both sides—a long, hard, bloody fight; but the Scots were at last defeated, and Wallace only escaped with his life by concealing himself in the boughs of a ways. Some time afterwards, when renewed efforts to free their country from the English had met with signal failure, the Scottish chieftains, without any exception—save one—accepted the terms offered by Edward, and acknowledged his authority. Wallace alone refused, and a reward of 500 marks was offered for his head.

The siege of Stirling, the last stronghold that held out against the English, was reduced by famine; and among those who had held out so bravely in the very jaws of death was found one infamous traitor. This man knew of the hiding-place of William Wallace, and betrayed him into the hands of his foes.

Wallace—the brave enemy, whose heros deserved far different treatment at the hands of a chivalrous king—was lodged with chains, and sent as a prisoner to London. Crowds thronged the city streets as he passed through on his way to trial for treason at Westminster, where he was insultingly crowned with laurel. Sentence of death was passed upon him, and he suffered in West Smithfield on the 23rd of August, 1305. His head was stuck on a pole on London-bridge; his body was quartered: one of the quarters was exposed at Newcastle, another at Berwick, a third at Perth, and a fourth at Aberdeen.

This disgraceful outrage aroused the indignation of the Scots. Robert Bruce rose up to avenge him, and to finish the work he had so nobly begun. It seemed as if the mantle of Wallace had fallen upon Bruce; henceforth he spurned the blandishments of the English king, and lived but to reign and to defend the liberties of his people.

Who for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand or free-man go?
Caledonia! on wi' me!

By oppressive woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will draw our dearest veins,
But they shall, they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!
DEAR MR. EDITOR,—What I says is “Hooray for Punch!” Shallalalah chirruping up outside the verandah door. I rush to the window, and flatten my nose against a pane of glass. “Hooray,” I say, “for Punch! Make it a long pitch, old fellow, and the odd pence of the Odd Boy is all your own.” Hooray! It is holiday-time, and I’ve got no work to do. A clever bit of hop-scotch business, round the parlours, back and front, bumping up against the sofa, carefully coasting round the table, cleanly shaving the pianer-sixty—no pianer-forty for me!—brings me to the window.

One, two, three and here we are, and how d’ye do, Toby? and the sajigious brute wagglily responds, “How’s yourself?”

Don’t I like Punch? Methinks I do a little bit, and it seems to me it would be a jolly thing to have a Punch’s show of one’s own—to be the impresario of Punchinello, and “hold the mirror up to nature,” quite correctly, I’m sure, as at the legitimate theatres; and show virtue her own plain, vice her own ditto, with all the rest of it, including a “realistic” real live dog; with a full orchestral accompaniment of drums and pipes Pandean! Whack row-de-dow. Oh, to penetrate the mystery of the green bains; to learn the recognized professional call; to be well up in the business—tragic, comic, sentimental; to be the intimate companion and chosen friend of Punch,—Punch, with his nut-cracker nose and chin; his dashing villany; his consummate hypocrisy; his gushes of repentance; his exhilarating good humour; his inimitable voice. It would be nice to have nothing to do but play for your living; to keep at it through winter days and summer nights, and summer days and winter nights, and to make a thumping “k’lection” after every performance.

I have sometimes wondered how the stuck-up show people would like this sort of payment. I wonder what the man with the Punch’s show in Covent Garden would say to it. That after all his characters have chirruped up—his Punch, his Judy, his child, his scaramouch, his beadle, his nobody, his executioner, his doctor, his what’s-his-name, and his Merry Andrew,—after they have all played, and sung, and shrieked, and let down their back hair, and died or got married,—after they have done all this, how would he like to come round collecting, and how many coppers do you think he would count in his treasury after the dispersion of the well-dressed crowd? No, sir, it would not suit his book. Try ‘em before you buy ‘em would not answer with him. You would not catch him, in the easy, trustful confidence of the genuine showman, coming on between the acts, before the daggers were blessed, or the bullets cast in the wolf’s glen, or the sleep-walker entered the count’s chamber, or the statue was asked to supper, or Leonora took to screaming outside the prison windows of her young man—and saying, “Now, gals and boys, look up your gardens, it ain’t half over yet!” And I guess it is not only the manager of the Squeaky Squalay who would fight shy of the what-you-may-please remuneration. Do you think that—but there, we’ll name no names. They all get their money in advance. They won’t let their Punch even show his nose or squeak a squeal; won’t even give one note on the pipes, or one tap on the drum, till they have the “ready.” And see what shifts they are obliged to resort to to get anybody to stand their cackle. Punch would not condescend to do as they do. Did you ever hear of Punch bragging about having everything quite real: a judy in a real sanctuary; a beadle in a real beadle’s coat, with a slip from the real parochial cane for a stick; a real gallows, beautifully modelled after the real original of the Old Bailey? No; nothing of the sort. Punch goes in for high art, and does not rely on scene shifters, costumiers, and property-men.

And Punch has had a rather long run. We hear about sensational dramas running three hundred and four hundred nights, but what is the greatest success ever achieved by any of them compared with the enduring popularity of Punch and Judy?

Say that this drama has been familiar to town and country for the last sixty years—
it has been known much longer than that. Say that it has been played in ten perambulating theatres (which is much below the average), ten times every day (which is again exceedingly low down beyond a moderate computation), and you have—let's see—three hundred and thirteen days, Sundays omitted, for every year. That is 18,780 days in sixty years, no account taken for leap years. Now let us multiply this by ten, for daily exhibitions—sometimes one show will exhibit twenty times in a day!—and we have 187,800 exhibitions in one theatre alone. Now multiply this again by ten, as a nominal total for the Thespian (Punch denomination) temples in Great Britain, and we come to the astounding sum of 1,878,000 representations of the pure and unadulterated Punch drama. Put this total—which is far below the truth—in small caps, and survey it at your leisure—ONE MILLION EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND! What tremendous run of a sensation drama can compare with this? And, mind you, Punch has had no artificial wings to fly with, no cork jackets to float with. Sensation dramas depend a good deal on their wings, as well as their fins; their jackets, as well as other articles of wardrobes; and they have generally several sticks to help to support them. The press does something for them, but Punch knows of no press except that of the crowd around his baize. The big houses depend a good deal on their sofa-lounges, padded stalls, their balconies and private boxes. Punch recognizes no such distinction. He plays to the people, for the people, by the people's leave, and his play is the play—no novelty, no innovation, and no penny trumpery of one wooden-headed actor over another, and, therefore, no heart-burnings or jealousies in the box or green room.

The play! Well, the play's the thing—I thank thee, Dane, for teaching me that word. Rooti-too ti ree-to too. There's the hero of the piece, with his nose beautifully coloured. There is he, making his bow to the company, and ready for a dance. A right jovial fellow, that few can blame and many pity. He is singing out for Judy—his own little dear of a wife—and here she is. Come, play up something lively: we—Punch and Judy, partners in the dance of life—love merry music. But where's the baby? bless the baby. Run and fetch it, Judy, there's a dear! and my word for it, it is worth fetching! A blessed, bouncing baby—mammy's pet and daddy's joy! What can be a more charming picture of domestic happiness than this family group? Has it no influence on the minds and hearts of the beholders? It has! I feel that every boy who gazes on the scene resolves that his home shall be as the home of Punch—his wife shall be a Judy, and he will accept the responsibility of looking after the baby as readily as does Mr. Punch. While Mrs. P. goes off to dish the dinner, Mr. P. uses his child, and sings to it—

'Id be a butterfly, born in a bower, Making apple-dumplings without any door!' Or something of that sort, quietly humorous, to show that cheerfulness is allied with virtue. But the baby is fractious; babies will be—perhaps it is teething, perhaps ailing for the hooping-cough or measles, perhaps it has the nettle-rash, at all events it cries, and gradually—very gradually, mind you—it irritates its revered parent. He speaks sharply; harshly; he scolds; he rocks the baby, as if it were in a sea storm; he proceeds, alas, so far as to strike it; he threatens to do worse—he throws it out of window. This frightful act is the result—gradually worked up to step by step—of indulgence in being a little bit angry. What do I learn but that we should never be cross, even under the most trying circumstances: good humour and patience triumph over everything. "Grin and bear it," let the motto be written in letters of gold. Step by step, inch by inch, goes on the "lemoncholy" story of Punch. Mrs. P. returns; asks for her baby—their baby; there is evasion—aggravating silence—blunt defiant confession. Is this the Gentlemanly Punch who sings the National Anthem all by himself, without anybody to help him? is it the Punch voice that is raised in angry defiance? Alas, alas! such is the rapid growth of ill weeds in that bit of garden ground the human heart, that I can readily believe it. And Judy—forgetful of her duty to her liege lord, and forgetful also of that gentleness which is the brightest jewel in a woman's diadem—strikes Punch. Punch strikes her—a fatal blow; and the double murderer, reckless of consequences, har-
the career of Punch, domestic and public, one of successful and unpunished villany from beginning to end? Does he not break the laws, threaten his wife and dog, murder his infant offspring, bellow at the magistrate, cheat his tradesmen and the gallows, hang the hangman and even worse? And yet—humiliating reflection!—no sooner does the raspy penny trumpet sound at the corner of a London street or square, than every soul within sight or hearing, between the ages of seventy years and seven weeks, even the professional mute who is hired and paid to look grave, sets a grin upon his face in mere anticipation of the enjoyment he is about to receive, or has before experienced, in the exhibition of the doings of the infamous adventurer. But I have no patience with the inconsistency of human nature, and no temper to continue so irritating a subject."

This is literally a very heavy charge, a punch on the head for Punchinello, who I wot cares not a broken button for his censor. Punch is everybody's favourite and can afford to laugh. Shallabah, Shallabah— the election's going to be made.

Lubby Ross, Sambo come,
Don't you hear the banjo
Tum, tum, tum!

Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, thanks for your patronage and support. Bless you all.

I remain, your still most obedient and humble servant to command,

THE ODD BOY.

P.S.—I say—hallo there, stop the press! I want to say, that while I have not anything to complain of, but much to approve in Punch, the conduct of one Punch's showman is abominable. Here is what he says about us—says it straight away—says it right to our teeth, "The boys is the greatest nuisances we have to contend with. Wherever we go, we are sure of plenty of boys for a hinderance; but they've got no money—bother 'em! And they'll follow us for miles, so that we're often compelled to go miles to avoid them. Many parts are swarming with boys, such as Vitcehapel, Spitalfields—that's the worse place for boys I ever come a-near; they're like flies in summer there, only much more thicker. I never shows my

* Punch calls it "giblets." He does, upon my word. Isn't it awful!
THE FATE OF RASHLEIGH.

A SEA YARN.

It's more than fifty years ago
My messmate Rashleigh sail'd with me,
A braver lad could not be found
In war, or on the sea.

We weather'd many a dreadful gale,
And fought together side by side;
He never blanch'd in danger's hour,
Nor paled when comrades died.

And many a tale was told of him,
The pet and darling of the fair;
Antinous' form was not more grand,
Nor brighter curling hair!

And such a racy wit had he,
One's heart would warm to hear his speech;
And peerless was his courtesy,
Rich in a gift no art can teach.

But spots there were to darken all—
He scorn'd religion's still small voice;
Blasphemed the holy name and word,
And sceptics made his heart rejoice.

My very soul grew sick to hear
His rich voice mock at God's control—
Enough of that! The hand of death
Claim'd payment from poor Rashleigh's soul.

Not in the battle's furious din
Came death to him, nor stormy blast;
But as the silent hours crept on,
Crept in his heart a deadly blast!

Mad fever raged, his eyes grew wild,
Unfetter'd spake his parching tongue;
Strange tales of wrongful deeds he told,
Whilst round his cabin messmates hung.

'Twas as we sail'd near Sicily,
And Etna rose 'mid clouds of snow,
One moonlight night we talk'd of him,
And paced in sadness to and fro.

The deck all white with moonbeams fair,
That shone o'er vineyards fresh and green.

'Twas silence solemn! yet his voice
Rose high at times—the name "Lucille."

Chain'd up with touching histories
Of woman's love turn'd to despair.
My blood grew cold to hear his words,
So frightfully they echoed there.

"Oh God—if God there be!" he yell'd,
"My soul is scorch'd, I burn to death!
'Lurline!' press not so hard on me,
You turn to flames my stifling breath."

God help him! 'Twas a fearful scene,
And sound—to hear him shriek "Lurline."

Then fell a stillness deep and deep,
Succeeded by a blazing crash.
Proceeding from Mount Etna's gulf,
Throw'n out with glare and lightning flash.

Great Heaven! what vision met our gaze?
Poor Rashleigh's shadow, ghostly fair,
A female clinging to his side,
With drapery of golden hair,

Was borne along: a dusky form,
Dim coloured as a smoky cloud,
Impelled the twain to Etna's gulf,
And ashes form'd his awful shroud.

What mortal sickness bent us low—
For 'twas not I, alone, who saw;
Three of us watch'd the dreadful sight,
Three of us felt that fearful awe!

And on night's silence rose a sound
No beast or bird ne'er hear'd that cry.
The wail of a lost soul alone
Could make such means of agony!

Not months nor rolling years have power
To chase those memories from me;
As then it happen'd, even now
The sound I hear, the sight I see.
"The next instant the unsuspecting Fiji-man was hove into the water."
WILLIAM MANLEY;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN INTRODUCTION.

The house of the old chief was situated a short distance from others in the village, and at the back of it was a piece of ground cultivated with the ava plant and papas apple, shaddock, and other trees.

My plan was to enter this plantation with the sailor without our being seen by any of the inhabitants of the village.

We were then to boldly enter the chief's house, when I should claim his protection for my new acquaintance.

As long as the seaman was under the chief's roof, he would remain unharmed.

The introduction to the tribe (which is ever most to be feared) would then be passed without the slightest danger.

Should my friend be seen entering the village, or before being established as a guest, the chief, or any other member of his tribe, would not hesitate to rob or even kill him for the sake of obtaining a hat or a shirt, but a Fijian man never robs or kills a man in his own house. A man who claims hospitality will be protected at any cost by the person who grants it, while the man continues his guest.

Although knowing that Fiji honour does not require this protection to extend one minute beyond the time a stranger ceases to be a guest, I was quite confident that the chief's friendship could be bought with the sailor's clothing, and that after having an opportunity of willingly and quietly giving up everything in his possession, my new-made friend would be in but little danger of being molested.

The greatest danger to be feared in the introduction of an unarmed man to a tribe of Fiji savages is the strife that takes place amongst them for his clothing. Two or three will be trying to obtain a shirt, and two or three more the trousers, and the victim of this scramble will be fortunate if some one of them who is unfortunate in obtaining any article of dress, does not give him a blow with the hope of getting a dinner.

We reached the plantation or grove at the back of the chief's house soon after dark, and just as we were about to enter it I saw a man and three women, who were passing around the grove and evidently on their way to the stream, where they were going to catch fish by torchlight. One of the women was within twelve or fifteen paces of us, and the night was not so dark but that she could distinguish the presence of a person dressed as a European. I heard her say something to the others, but only distinguished the word "papalangi" (white man).

That was enough, and exclaiming, "Run; run for your life! Follow me!" I started for the chief's house at the top of my speed.

We had only a little more than a hundred yards to go, and having about twenty yards and a few seconds the start, we were in but little danger of being caught by those who had discovered us. We were threatened, however, by another danger. The man and women in pursuit shouted an alarm that could be heard all up the village, and I was afraid that the chief would meet us outside of his door. Honor would not then command him to protect the sailor, and, from my knowledge of his character, I had not much hope that he would do so. In this fear, however, I was happily disappointed, for the chief was out, making an evening call on one of his nearest neighbours.

On reaching the door of the house, I bade the sailor enter, and he obeyed without the slightest hesitation.

Looking in at the door, I saw that the house was deserted, the favourite wife being absent as well as the chief. I told the sailor to sit down on the floor, and then seated myself on the threshold to await the return of the chief.
At that moment the man who had been pursuing us came up, wild with rage and disappointment.

The young chief with whom I resided next appeared, and was soon followed by his father and several others.

Being one of the members of the tribe, etiquette forbade my entering the chief’s house, but, standing by the doorway, I told him that a friend and countryman of mine had come to claim his protection and to make him presents.

I then told the sailor to give the chief his bundle, the sheath knife, and everything else in his possession.

Mr. Harris handed the bundle and knife to the chief, and then asked me if he must strip. “Yes,” I replied, “give up everything, and then they will have no object in seeking to harm you.”

The sailor gave up all his clothing, and in exchange the chief gave him a piece of an old sail that had been picked up from the wreck.

The man who had pursued us through the grove thought that he was entitled to something for first starting the game and driving it to cover. The chief gave him the shirt the sailor had just taken off, and he left apparently well pleased. Harris then accompanied me to my lodging-place, a former residence of the chief’s, and near his present abode.

The sailor was now initiated as a member of the tribe, and had but little cause to fear molestation from any of its members.

Several days passed, in which I tried, without exciting suspicion, to learn from the young chief the distance and direction of Ovalow, or any other island of the group where white men were living, or where whalers and trading-vessels often called.

Any simple inquiry bearing the most distant reference to this subject brought upon the dark features of this young man an expression of distrust, and I only heard evasive answers, and sometimes the inquiry of why I wished to know. I then tried to gain some information of others, but met with no success.

I only learned, from these endeavours to gain information, that the natives were not willing we should leave them, and that the more knowledge I tried to gain from them of the neighbouring islands, the less I could learn, and the less would be our opportunities for escaping.

For nearly two weeks my friend Tom amused himself by making a large fish-net. The materials used in this work were rattan, cocoa-nut fibre, and some ropes saved from the wreck.

The idea of a fish-net was not wholly new to the natives, but anything of the kind, of the dimensions and utility of that made by the sailor, they knew nothing about, and were highly pleased with our first trial with it. In two hauls at the mouth of the stream, we caught enough fish to supply the whole village.

“This will not do, Tom,” said I. “You are making yourself too valuable to the tribe, and we shall never have a chance of escaping.”

“I don’t think so,” answered the sailor, “for it is only to get a chance for getting off that I made this net. It is a new thing with ‘em now, and when it is used, all hands want to be with us. They’ll soon get tired of it, and we shall have trouble in getting a man to help us. Then will be our time.”

I could then see truth in that reasoning, and that he had taken the very best plan that could be adopted in enabling us to leave the island. The use of the net gave us an excuse for using a canoe, and in no other way could we obtain one without having to steal away in the night—a feat that would be very difficult to accomplish, and one that would probably bring death upon us should our attempt be discovered and defeated.

To escape in the night we should have to leave a house in which others were sleeping, pass through the village and launch a canoe. The danger of detection was too great in trying this, but by using the net we could get from the shore in a canoe without exciting suspicion. In using the net the old chief allowed us the use of a small canoe of his own, and during the first week it was used several of the natives used to accompany us in other canoes, and all were anxious to assist in setting and drawing it.

Tom’s prophecy proved quite correct, for in a few days we had to perform most of the work in using the net.

The demand for fish continued. The Fijian natives seldom become weary of eating, although they may lose all interest in the method by which their food is obtained.
CHAPTER XIX.

TOM HARRIS.

About two weeks after the net was finished, the old chief was to receive one day a large party of natives from a tribe living on the other side of the island. The visitors were coming to pay an annual tribute to the tribe with which I was residing—a tribute due for the trouble they had once given in resisting an attempt to conquer them in war.

As is usual on such occasions, a feast was to be given, and Tom and I were called upon to furnish the fish.

A large supply of cocoa-nuts and other fruits had also to be procured, and as most of the island in the immediate vicinity of the town had been gathered by the women and children for the daily use of the inhabitants, the required amount could not be so readily obtained near the village as at a short distance from it.

Two or three small canoes were despatched by the chief to a place on the coast, about three miles to the south, for bringing what was required.

Tom and I accompanied this expedition, and took the net with us for the purpose of making a draw in a new place.

The young chief and another native went in the canoe with us.

We landed at the outlet of a little rill, and on the shore found eight or ten houses, occupied by subjects of the chief of the tribe with whom we were living.

Two or three days before an order had been sent to these people to gather a supply of fruit, and the pile of cocoa-nuts we saw lying by one of the houses gave evidence that the command had been promptly obeyed.

The natives who had gathered the nuts were anxious for us to take in freight and depart, for they were preparing to visit the village, witness the ceremony of tribute-paying, and partake of the feast.

They assisted in putting the cocoa-nuts and other things into the canoes, and, while all were busily employed, Tom and I put between twenty and thirty of the cocoa-nuts into our fishing-canoe, and covered them over with the net.

So anxious were all to return to the scene of the approaching revelry, that the young chief who commanded the expedition told me there was no time for trying the new fishing-place, and that we must return and draw the net opposite the town. I made this communication to Tom, who received it with some sailor-like expressions of disappointment.

We were compelled to obey his wishes, and reluctantly paddle back with the others to the town.

The young chief was in the canoe with us, but when about half a mile from the village, he shouted to the men in another canoe for them to come up and take him aboard. He was too much interested in the preparations being made for the great ceremony about to take place ashore, to assist us in drawing the net.

We were told to be ashore by the time the sun was halfway down the sky, and to bring with us as many fish as possible.

The native who left with us in the morning remained to assist us, but he did so with much reluctance. He also wished to be ashore, and we would willingly have done without his assistance.

While setting the net we saw the others reach the shore and haul the canoes on the beach.

The first draw we made with the net only brought to the surface a few fish of an inferior quality.

The native looked disappointed. He was impatient to reach the shore, and, in his opinion, present appearances threatened to keep him some time from it.

Tom had a different opinion.

We must make a draw in another place, and, in order to do so, we took the canoe further south, and from the village.

Soon after the canoes were beached, no natives were to be seen on the shore. They were probably all busy about the embure in the centre of the town.

When we had proceeded as far south as the native was willing to go, we stopped and prepared to cast the net again.

"Bill," said Tom, "did you ever read the history of 'Robinson Crusoe'?"

"Yes."

"And do you remember what he did when in a boat with two others, and only one of them was wanted?"

"Yes; I remember every incident in 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

"Well, it's fortunate we've read it, 'cause we know what to do. Come forward."
I passed by the sailor to the head of the canoe.

Tom seized hold of a part of the net, and, lifting it up, placed it in the hands of the native.

The next instant the unsuspecting Fijian was hove into the water.

Each of us seized a paddle, and used it with all the energy that hope and fear could command.

I had often seen men who had the appearance of being angry, but never before or since did I witness an expression of rage so wild and strong as was upon the features of that man when he rose to the surface and turned towards us.

For a minute or two, blind and frantic with anger, he swam after the canoe, but on recovering his senses sufficiently to see that he was losing space, he turned for the shore.

"I knew that fellow was very anxious to return to the village," said Tom, "and that’s why I’ve given him a chance of going. You know we can’t go there until we’ve got a cargo of fish, and it would be a pity to keep him away until we get that."

Being somewhat afraid that the old chief might order the war canoe to be launched and manned for a pursuit, I urged Tom to industry in the use of his paddle.

For about two hours we both pulled with a will, or fear, that left us at the end of that time nearly exhausted with our exertions.

We were then eight or ten miles from the town, and no canoe was in sight. Our escape had been discovered too late for a pursuit, and we were free.

Relinquishing the paddles for awhile, we each tapped a cocoa-nut, and drank success to our voyage.

"So far all is well," said Tom, "but I shall not like going out of sight of land in this craft. You see it’s got no capstan or windlass."

"Capstan or windlass!" I exclaimed.

"Surely we have no use for them in a canoe."

"Well but there’s not a chain or bower."

"Very true, but they are not wanted out of sight of land, especially in a canoe."

"Perhaps not; but don’t you see there are no main-topsail sheets, and nothing to make them of."

I was about to make the original and sagacious remark that main-topsail sheets were not wanted in a canoe only propelled with paddles, when it occurred to me that the fact of our being in a canoe was the reason why Tom did not wish to lose sight of land. This was what, in his own peculiar style, he had been trying to make me understand.

I had as strong an objection as himself against getting far out at sea, but saw the necessity of our reaching some island of the group, where we could land in safety, while Tom seemed to think that anywhere was just the place we wanted.

"Now that we have got fairly away," said he, "I should like to know why we left, or wished to leave. It is strange I never thought of this before. We were all right there; with no night-watch, and not much to do in the day. I hope we’ll not land in a worse place. Why were you so anxious to get away from a place where you were so well used?"

"Because I did not wish to become a savage," I replied. "We should try to live for something more than we can find in a place like that; and, besides, I want to go to London."

"Yes, sartin; London is a place every one ought to see. It’s a wonderful city, and you’ll say so when you have seen it."

"Tom," said I, as we again commenced using the paddles, but less energetically than before, "what can be your object in wishing to deceive me in a matter so unimportant? I do not believe you were ever in London in your life."

"This is a subject on which we shan’t quarrel," he replied, "because it’s not worth having a row over, but let us compare notes again, and perhaps we can understand each other. Now, if you have ever been to London, tell me of some other places you’ve seen there. Those you mentioned the other day I never heard of before, and never expect to again, unless amongst the natives here, where you must have learnt ‘em. The names of those places you told me were in London sounded to me very much like Fiji’s words."

On one occasion, when going to the docks with my father, he had pointed out to me Sailor’s Home, the Tower, and the Mint, and I now mentioned those places as some that I had seen.

"You are quite right in believing those
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

buildings are in London," said the sailor, "for you have heard and read so. Every boy who talks English, in any part of the world, knows that the Tower of London is in London."

I could not agree with Tom in the belief that the subject could be further discussed without quarrelling, and therefore remained silent. I was quite certain that the man who thought Piccadilly the name of some place in the Fiji Islands was not a native of London, and, thinking that he was only trying to annoy me in saying that my knowledge of the great metropolis was all second-hand, I would say no more.

CHAPTER XX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

During the night we made but little way on our voyage, for one slept while the other kept watch, and only used a paddle to keep the canoe from drifting back through the channel.

The next day we turned around the island of Malolo, the one we had left, and seeing land further to the south and east, we pulled towards it.

The day was very warm and unprotected from the burning sun. We felt very uncomfortable, and the sailor highly dissatisfied with himself for having undertaken the voyage.

"This will be a warning to me hereafter," said he, "that will learn me better than to go to sea in a canoe without knowing what I am going for. If ever I get under the shade of a bread-fruit tree again, I'll not leave it without some reason."

I said but little towards calming his excitement, for, believing that he had been a seaman for many years, I knew that he could not help growing at something.

The land we saw was low, which had made it look far away; but we came near it in the afternoon, and found that it was of no great extent, and was but a reef encircling a large lagoon.

Only a few trees were growing on one side of it.

Bearing around it to the east, we again saw land a-head.

From the height that some of the moun-
tains appeared above the horizon, I believed it to be a large island, and if such it should prove to be, we had every reason to hope that on some part of the coast we could land amongst those who would not receive us as enemies. If it was a large fertile island often visited by ships, the natives would certainly have acquired a taste for "puaka dinner," or proper pork, and we should find domesticated pigs. In such a place I should not hesitate to land.

The introduction of swine into Fiji and New Zealand has done more towards abolishing the horrors of cannibalism than many persons are willing to acknowledge.

The New Zealand natives ate human flesh, not because they preferred it to anything else, but because they had a natural appetite for flesh, and could not procure it without eating each other.

The introduction of swine to the islands removed that difficulty, and cannibalism gradually became extinguished.

The land we saw was too far away to be made that afternoon, and as I did not wish to land in the night, we did not weary ourselves by trying to make it.

During the night we took turns in keeping the head of the canoe to the east, and the work of doing this moved us gently through the water, not more than a mile per hour.

At day-break in the morning the island was before us and about five miles away.

The top of an hour placed us so near that we could see no convenient place for landing, and we pulled along the coast going south.

On turning around a point of high land we saw a sight that caused each to give a simultaneous cheer of joy. It was that of a vessel lying at anchor off the shore.

The anchor was then being weighed, and had we been an hour or two later we should not have met the vessel.

Tom having just left a ship, and not being so weary of island life as I, was not so much excited at the prospect of again finding a home amongst civilized people.

I was nearly blind to everything but the fact that a brig was before me, and that I had found an opportunity of sometime leaving the Fiji Islands.

Tom was more observant, and in a few moments after I heard him exclaim, "What does this mean? Those devils in the canoe mean to stop us."
Glancing towards the shore I saw three or four canoes coming off to the brig. One of them, a war canoe, manned by about thirty men all yelling frantically, were pulling with great speed towards us.

A sail of matting was spread, and from its shape and colour I knew that we had been pursued by the chief of the tribe we had left.

We had been guilty of the crime of leaving the tribe without permission of the chief. We had stolen ourselves away, an offence in the opinion of the natives deserving the punishment of death. We had also taken away a canoe belonging to the chief, and had thrown from it the brother of his favourite wife. But what perhaps was our greatest crime was the fact, that we had neglected and deserted from an important duty, that of supplying fish for the feast.

Under all these circumstances the blood of the chief had become hot for vengeance, and he had pursued us. Having been some time without an excursion, our offence had undoubtedly been received by him as a welcome dispensation of fortune.

We must have been passed by the chief in the night, and in place of being very fortunate in meeting a vessel, as I at first thought, we had followed the chief, and were in great danger of again falling into his hands. Those in the war canoe had probably just embarked to resume the search when they heard the loud cheer with which we hailed the view of the brig, and one glance to seaward told them that they had no farther to seek.

We were much nearer to the brig than the canoe was to us, and there was yet hope.

"Tom! Tom!" I exclaimed, nearly frantic with fear, "we must board that vessel before they overtake us, or die. Pull! pull! if you wish to live."

We did pull, but while doing so I did not neglect shouting to those on the brig for assistance.

Under force of sail and the stroke of many oars, the canoe was fast coming up with us.

We were rapidly drawing nearer the brig, but in doing so we were not moving from the canoe to lengthen the chase, for the course of the two canoes was nearly at right angles with each other in making for the vessel.

Those on the brig apparently took little or no notice of us, for after the anchor was weighed, men were seen running aloft to shake out the sails. We were but a few yards from it, and there was yet hope of getting alongside before the brig got fairly under weigh.

This hope was counterbalanced by the fear that the war canoe would reach us as soon as ourselves, and that we should be captured when just within one minute of escaping.

Much to my surprise and disappointment, I saw that the crew of the brig were making every exertion to get off as quickly as possible, apparently with the idea of witnessing the result of the chase at a convenient distance without the trouble of looking down over the bulwarks.

While the sails of the brig were filling, and before it could be got fairly under weigh, we came up to it on the starboard bow.

The war canoe at the same instant came up astern, and in their haste to grasp us did not strike the sail on the canoe.

I was afraid that they would seize us before we could ascend the side, for although Tom had called for a line, none had as yet been thrown to us.

Just as the bow of the chief's canoe passed the stern of the brig on the starboard side, a familiar voice on the deck of the brig shouted, "Pull around to the port side and you'll be all right!"

We did pull around, but as the brig had begun to move, we had a narrow escape of being run under in doing so.

Three or four lines were thrown over, and before the natives could strike their sail and turn in pursuit, we reached the deck just in time to see the bow of the brig strike the war canes in the waist and throw it nearly perpendicular as the stern was borne under.

As we left the two canoes astern, I saw the old chief, who had already established himself in the canoe we had just left, and was raving and gesticulating wildly about the loss of two canoes.

I shouted to him the words "Sa tecklo! Sa tecklo!" (You are staying there. You are staying there,) the parting salutation of the Fijians, and then turned my attention to what was on the deck, for I then remembered, that a minute or two before I had heard a familiar voice.

I turned around and saw my companion Tom shaking hands with Mr. Thompson, whom I had last seen in New Zealand.
The next instant, I was by his side grasping his other hand. Joy at having met him again, and shame for the manner I had treated him, kept me silent, while for a moment he stood gazing on my features.

"What Willie! little Willie!" he exclaimed: "thank God I have found you again. Forgive me for having left you. I am afraid that you have suffered much."

"No more than I deserve, Mr. Thompson," I replied. "It is I who should apologize for the folly, or something worse, that prevented me from appreciating your kindness."

"Harris," said Mr. Thompson, turning to my companion, "this is Captain Manley's son. Did you know it?"

"What! our old skipper's boy?" exclaimed the sailor, grasping my hand and shaking it, as though we had once been old friends and had met after a long absence.

"And Willie," continued Mr. Thompson, "this man has sailed with your father and I two long voyages."

I was just about to inquire if anything had been heard from my father since we lost him, when Tom, in his earnest emphatic manner, seized Mr. Thompson by the shoulder and said—"Avast a moment. Tell me, Mr. Thompson, if it is true that this lad has lived in London?"

"Yes, certainly," answered the officer. 

"That was the place Captain Manley called home, and where Willie here lived until he unfortunately sailed with us on the voyage the ship was lost."

"Now, one thing more," said Tom, "is there such a place in London as, what d'ye call it? What is it Bill—the name of that street you told me?"

"Piccadilly," I answered.

"Piccadilly?—certainly," replied Mr. Thompson.

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, very," said Tom, "for it grieved me to think that had had been telling me a lie."

During the time this conversation was taking place, the brig was moving from the cove, and as we passed out beyond the high point of land, the breeze became stronger, and the vessel glided through the water with a speed that I hoped would not be checked until the Fiji group were left many leagues astern.

I was further gratified by the information that I once more had an opportunity of returning to England.

"I am on my way to London, Willie," said Mr. Thompson, "and, of course, you go with me. We go a roundabout road, as we have to call at two or three places to take in cargo, and then go to China to sell it: nevertheless we are on the way home."

"Have you not the slightest news for me?" I asked; but the question was put without the least hope, for I well knew that, had Mr. Thompson heard that my father was alive, he would have made no delay in telling me.

"No, William," he replied; "I have been cruising about the islands ever since we parted. For the present we can only hope, that there will be some welcome news for you when we reach England."
SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.

We imagine that the Soane Museum, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, is a place entirely unknown to the majority of our readers. We fancy, indeed, that we might count upon our fingers those of them who have actually seen it; for the Soane Museum, although the property of the nation, has never yet been a public exhibition in the general meaning of the term. Admission, until very recently, could only be procured by ticket previously applied for, and these tickets were available only on certain days of the week during six months of the year. The trustees have now displayed a more liberal spirit towards the public, by removing the necessity of previous application for admission, and throwing the Museum open to all comers for two or three days in each week during the spring and summer.

Prior to this new regulation the Museum possessed one peculiar advantage over every other place in London. You only had to obtain a ticket, when you might go and enjoy for hours the most perfect solitude in the heart of the busy metropolis. Wandering from room to room, not a soul would meet you, and you might stroll all over the place without seeing more in the shape of humanity than an attendant dozing in his chair. We have a fondness for escaping occasionally from city bustle into quiet spots, and used to fancy a London morning service bore away the pain for loneliness. You were not likely to find more than the curate in his desk, mumbling through his task, and the beadle in the aisle, finishing his night’s sleep, with an occasional snore for the magnificence of the magnificence constituted in your own person the entire congregation; if you chose to remain downstairs, you might take up your position in the very churchwarden’s pew; if you liked to go in the gallery, you had it all to yourself. But one occasionally gets tired of the faces of mankind, even of a curate and a beadle. In such a mood you might well have sought the Soane Museum.

Things are somewhat changed under the new rules. We know not how they may work as the summer advances, and the sight-seeing public begin to start forth on their expedition; but at present we are bound to chronicle that the change is but a slight one. Still, it is sufficient to have altered the character of the building. Robinson Crusoe, with a task for art and antiquity, can no longer go there and find himself “monarch of all he surveys.” We have visited the place recently, and find the people are flocking in. Yes, we were there only the other day, and met—some one else! Struck by the unusual phenomenon, we went again, and this time counted no less than three other people. We came away shocked, with all our previous ideas of this Museum thoroughly revolutionized. For art and antiquity it may still be all very well, but its character for solitude is gone for ever.

Sir John Soane’s Museum is undoubtedly an interesting place. The stores are highly valuable, and the whole collection is one that the nation should prize, and the public visit again and again. But the Museum, as at the same time, one of the queerest places in the world. The building contains two or three rooms of fair size, but beyond this it is made up all of nooks, and crannies, and recesses, and lobbies, and ante-chambers, all of them filled to overflowing with the articles which the founder—an eminent architect, who died in 1837—had collected together during many years, and with immense labour and outlay. We will give a brief description of the place and its contents for the benefit of our readers.

The principal apartments in the building are the dining-room and library, on the lower floor, opening one into the other. These apartments, like the rest of the building, are preserved as they were at the death of the founder. All the stores of the Museum remain as they were arranged by his own direction. There are some beautiful paintings on the ceilings of these two apartments, especially that in the library. It represents a subject of a kind much in favour in the last generation—“Phoebus in His Car, preceded by Aurora and the Morning Star, led on by the Hours, the Zephyrs sporting in his Train!” The popular taste for allegory has died out, but all can still admire the rich glow of this picture, with its beautiful and tasteful grouping. It was painted by Henry Howard, R.A.

The dining-room contains a very large model, in cork, of the ancient city of Pompeii, as brought to view by the excavations made prior to 1820. Above this are ranged a series of models of ancient Greek and Roman buildings, the Parthenon, the Pantheon, &c., with copies of monuments at Palmyra and Baulbec. A number of architectural drawings, including the original design of Sir William Chambers for Somerset House, are deposited in the base of the stand. Among the other interesting objects in these rooms are a portrait of Sir John Soane, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, “The Snake in the Grass.” There is also a beautiful slab inlaid with rare marble and precious stones; this is placed on a library table which formerly belonged to England’s Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. The visitor should also notice, between the rooms, a large Greek vase, the design finely painted, and in remarkable preservation. Several other Greek and Roman vases, urns, &c., surround the apartments.
Leaving these rooms, we pass into some of the reception rooms and smaller apartments previously mentioned. Each is dignified by its own particular name, but the fact is that the diminutive size of these chambers is rendered the more apparent by the multitude of objects with which they are everywhere crowded. Freestanding architectural models, bronzes, natural productions, all crowd upon each other that not an inch of space is left vacant. With this immense multitude of objects before us, it would require a week properly to inspect the Museum, rather than a day.

We pass on to the Picture-room, where are collected some very choice and valuable specimens of art. Among them is a head by Raffaelle, which formed a portion of one of the twelve celebrated cartoons designed for Leo the Tenth. Seven of these are now in the Museum at South Kensington; the other five are said to have remained for several generations in the family of a weaver, who copied them in tapestry, and, when they were worn, threw back the same as the drawings. One of these is now before us; two others are copied in a drawing by Flaxman, which hangs close by. There are also some beautiful paintings of Venice by Canaletti; one of these, a "View on the Grand Canal," said to be the painter's masterpiece.

But we turn from foreign to English art, for here are the four celebrated "Election" paintings by William Hogarth. They represent, first, the Entertainment; second, the Candida; third, the Polling; and fourth, the Member. The pictures are full of drollery, especially the third and fourth of the series. The polling-boat is surrounded by voters, with a struggling crowd in the distance. One of the "free and independent" is an old campaigner, his arm only being replaced by a hook. The polling clerk is evidently about to administer the oath, but it is necessary that the elector should "take the book in his hand," and how is this to be done? They are just settling the question between them. A dying man is being brought to the poll—for the contest runs very close; such things happened, they say, only last year at the election of some of our members. In the Chairman picture the successful candidate seems in imminent danger of his life. The streets are full of a noisy and drunken throng, who belaunab each other unmercifully; while even the supporters of the chairmen member, in their unsteady efforts to proceed, appear about to pitch him over an adjacent garden wall. The four pictures of this series were painted by Hogarth between 1753 and 1758, and purchased by David Garrick for £200.

At the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1828, they were bought by Sir John Soane for £1,500 guineas.

Be not in haste to leave this picture-room, after you have inspected what appears to be its entire contents. There is yet much more to see. To your surprise, the attendant brings forward two sides of the wainscoting, by a simple arrangement, and you notice that the paintings are hung on moveable wooden planes, overlapping each other, and now unfolding a second series of pictures to view in the same apartment. The walls, as we may term them to make our meaning clear, are, in fact, double, and folding back one upon the other. The effect of this arrangement is, that in a room of the dimensions of about 14 feet by 12, as many pictures can be exhibited as in a gallery 40 feet long by 20 broad. We admire the ingenuity with which space has been thus economised, and feel increased respect for the architectural skill of the founder of the Museum.

Many examples of this skill adorn one side of the room now unfolded, and also a recess which is disclosed by the moving of the planes. They consist of a variety of architectural drawings from his designs, and of buildings erected under his superintendence; also a model of the Board of Trade and Council Offices at Whitehall, and of the south front of the Bank of England, rebuilt from Sir John Soane's designs in 1825. In the centre of the recess is the statue of a nymph, by Sir R. Westmacott; at the sides, a portrait of John Kemble as Coriolanus, painted by Sir F. Bourgeois, the founder of the Dulwich Gallery; a sketch by Sir James Thornhill of his original design for the ceiling of the Great Hall at Greenwich; a painting by Watteau, &c.

A small staircase near the Picture-room leads to the Students' Room, containing a number of plaster-casts, antique fragments, and models in wood. We need not tarry here, but will descend to the lower part of the Museum, where we find a chamber called "the Monk's Parlour." Here is a wooden bureau, designed as an altar, and filled with drawings and designs by Sir John Soane. The windows are composed of specimens of ancient painted glass, and looking out into the "Monk's Yard" we see a number of Gothic fragments picturesquely arranged to resemble the ruins of a cloister. These formed a portion of the old Palace at Westminster, which was partly rebuilt by Sir John Soane, and destroyed by fire in 1834. In a recess called the "Oratory" in this Monk's Chamber is an elaborate specimen of Flemish carving in wood, representing the Crucifixion. In cases adjoining are speciments of antiquities from Peru, vases found in ancient tombs, &c.

We now come to a number of small corridors and passages which encircle what is termed the sepulchral chamber. A bust of Napoleon the First, and a mask of Mary Queen of Scots, are among the most noticeable objects here. In an ante-room adjoining is a very fine cast of the celebrated statue, the Venus de' Medici; in an upper portion of this chamber is one of the Apollo Belvidere. With curious incongruity, the same small room which contains the Venus statue, contains also the skeletons of two cats and a rat in a glass case, which were
found nearly together during the rebuilding of a portion of the Bank of England. In the crypt are some models, in cork, of ancient tombs discovered in Sicily and elsewhere. The remains of the deceased are seen surrounded with vases, &c., and the walls of the tomb are decorated with painting and sculpture.

Before entering the Sepulchral Chamber, we have before us the most interesting and important relics which the Soane Museum contains, and perhaps the most valuable of its kind in Europe. This is the sarcophagus discovered by Belzoni in 1817, in the valley of Behan el Malek, in Egypt. It is formed of one immense block of the stone dug from the quarries of Alabastron, on the east side of the Nile, and thence called alabaster. The sarcophagus is transparent when a light is placed inside it, and, indeed, its transparency may be noticed in the sunlight near the edges. It is profusely adorned, both inside and out, with hieroglyphics, which cover the entire surface. In all there are several hundred figures, most of them only two inches in height. They were supposed by Belzoni to represent chiefly the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased; but later students of Egyptian antiquities consider that they form an elaborate representation in symbols of the religious faith of the Egyptians and their theories as to the origin of the universe, the nature of the gods, the immortality of the soul, &c. The figures were originally filled in with blue paint; this has since fallen out, or been discoloured by the influence of London smoke, which has tinged the white alabaster with a yellowish hue. The length of the sarcophagus is about nine and a half feet, and its depth two and a half. The sides are from two to three inches thick.

Sir John Soane purchased it in 1824 for £200.

There appears to be no doubt that the sarcophagus was that of Oinomethap, sometimes called Amenophath, father of Ramses II., the Greek Setosiris, Egypt's mighty king. Several monuments of this Ramses are in the British Museum. Oinomethap reigned about 1200 years B.C., and the sarcophagus appears to have been commenced in his lifetime and finished under his successor. Most of the authorities on the subject are of opinion that the body of the king was actually deposited within it, the mummy first of all being placed in wooden cases like those now seen in Bloomsbury. The sarcophagus appears made to fit the cases exactly, the outline of the human form being distinctly followed in its formation. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, however, has considered that it was merely a cenotaph to the monarch.

The circumstances under which it was found were very peculiar. Belzoni, in the course of his explorations, gave orders that a pit should be dug in the very bed of a.


watercourse, and the diggers soon came to a chamber leading into a small labyrinth of passages and a deep well, by which the approach to the innermost recess was apparently guarded. The searchers were astonished to find that one had left traces—probably centuries before—of having been here before him, perhaps on a similar errand; for from the sides of this well depended two ladders, by which access had been gained to the tomb. On making their way into the tomb itself, the impression that this former visit had been paid for unlawful purposes was decidedly confirmed. The sarcophagus was empty; the cover had been taken off, and was found in fragments immediately before the entrance. Considerable violence had evidently been used in wrenching off the cover; the indications of this are to be seen on the upper edges of the sarcophagus, which are broken and chipped, as if by the force of some iron implement used in wrenching off the lid. Several fragments of the cover are deposited in the museum.

It is remarkable that the sarcophagus are to be found in the last resting-place of Oinomethap—if such indeed it was—by difficult passages and sunken chambers, should have so utterly failed. The first depredators had sufficiently violated the sanctity of the tomb. Ages after ages, when the spot had been long covered by accumulated dust and sand, and when even a stream of water had formed its bed across the surface, came the explorers from Europe, and not only to prevent once more the passage of the white sarcophagus, designed to do him honour, brought it to its present destination.

But we have had enough of the "Catacombs." Let us proceed upstairs, where objects of an entirely different description await our inspection. In the room called the "South Drawing-room" we find that celebrated series of paintings by Hogarth, "The Rake's Progress," arranged upon a screen. These pictures were painted about the year 1734, and were formerly in the possession of Alderman Backford, of Panthill. They were purchased by Sir John Soane in 1802, for 570 guineas. They exhibit all Hogarth's great qualities as a painter, and as a teacher too. They tell their own story, and its moral is distinctly marked.

We see the young spendthrift just coming into the inheritance of the store which the
miser, his father, has hoarded and scraped together. The character of the old man is told by a touch; for there, in the background, some golden guineas are falling from their place of concealment behind the wall. The searchers are finding money everywhere, but your Wildrake will soon sound it flying! Look at him in the next scene; with a crowd of hangers-on around him, he is rapidly becoming initiated in the "fastest" ways of his time. Then we meet with him deeply sunk in vice, and robbed mercilessly by his companions. In the next scene find him arrested for debt, on his way to a presentation at Court; for the rake is already in difficulties. A flash of lightning which plays for a moment on a gaming-house hard by, reveals that gambling has helped him, with his other vices, on his way to the sponging house, instead of to the king's chamber.

We next find him trying to retrieve his fortunes by marrying a rich old maid, shockingly ugly; but the following scene shows him again at the gaming-house, his money gone, himself giving way to the most furiously despair. Thence to the Fleet prison, where his ancient wife, now diabolical in feature, comes to visit and worry him. He has been trying to write for the stage, but on his table lies the note—"I have read your play, and find it will not do." A boy brings in some frothing porter, but is evidently determined to have payment before delivery. The rake fares badly now. We pause to notice a fellow prisoner, who carries in his pocket a document of whom we can read the inscription. "A scheme to pay the National Debt. By J. L., a prisoner in the Fleet!" Last scene of all, we find the rake ending his miserable career in a madhouse. Naked, with scarcely a rag to cover him, he lies upon the straw showing himself wildly. It is evident his hands are fast running out.

The room in which these pictures are deposited contains also a noticeable series of medals illustrating the career of the Emperor Napoleon I., which were collected for the Empress Josephine. There is in the same case a neck ornament of jewellery elaborately worked, which was found in the baggage of Charles I. after the battle of Naseby. Near at hand are a carved ivory table and some chairs found in the palace of old Tipoo Saib after the storming of Seringapatam.

In the adjoining room are several interesting paintings, but some more interesting books enclosed within glass cases. Here are the early editions of Mr. William Shakespear, bearing date 1623, 1632, and 1634. There is an original copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," in the poet's own handwriting, beautifully distinct and clear; with two sketch-books of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

A number of paintings, drawings, and models, are displayed in the floor above. We cannot stay to dwell upon these and many other objects of attraction of which the Museum can boast. As we descend the stairs we notice the "Shakespeare Ode," containing a cast of the bust of Shakespear from his monument in Stratford Church; a small picture of "Lear and Cordelia," in which the grief of the old man is well portrayed; and an elaborate allegory by Howard, "The Vision of Shakespeare." A few lines form the description of this painting, very well illustrating the character of those fanciful productions once so much in vogue:—"The Bard, resting on the lap of Fancy, contemplates the Visions of Glory which she invokes, while Lyrical Poems, rising from the Earth, invites him to ascend the brightest Heaven of Invention." This is rather "tall," as an American would say, but there is much more in the same style. We greatly prefer the picture from "Lear" to this more pretentious production.

Our readers will judge from this brief sketch that there is very much to interest in the Soane Museum. We recommend all who can to go and see it for themselves.

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**WORDS OF WISDOM.**

**BETTER** to be alone than in bad company.

Make no friendship with an envious man.

Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.

Despatch is the soul of business, and method is the soul of despatch.

Be ever vigilant, but never suspicious.

Liberality makes friends of enemies; pride makes enemies of friends.

Where avarice rules, humanity is absent.

Wisdom is the parent of security.

To say little, and perform much, is noble.

The conquest of evil habits is a glorious triumph.

Avoid a slanderer as you would a scorpion.

Conveniences have their inconveniences, and comforts their crosses.

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Money is the servant of some men and the master of many others.

Let your anger set with the sun, but not rise with it.

Revenge may gratify a malignant feeling, but it cannot repair an injury.

Mean men admire wealth; great men seek true glory.

Generosity would act oftener if she was oftener trusted.

Command your temper, lest it command you.

Praise not the day till night comes.

Great barkers are no biters.

One good head is better than several hands.

Judgment is the child of observation.
A BAD BOY'S STORY.

My mother was dead, but I had still a father, a grandfather, and a sister fifteen months older than myself. I was well taken care of, I had a good home, I had excellent instruction; but I was a bad boy.

Yes, I write the words with regret now, and am sorry when I look back upon those days, but the words are true, I was a bad boy, and there is no mistake about that.

When my mother died I was only five years old, yet I recollect my father crying bitterly, and I recollect crying too, and I recollect my grandfather coming in and saying we must not give way, and then giving way himself in such a flood of tears as I have never since seen an old man shed. My father said he had now no tie to earth, and grandfather pointed to us—‘I mean sister and I—and said, were we nothing, and then said something about having felt the same when his own wife, my mother’s mother, died, but how he had felt that he had a duty to perform to his child, and so he was content to live for her sake and because it was God’s will. Then my father fell to kissing us, and we cried together, grandfather and all.

Well, it was years after that, three or four years, that I became a bad boy; I was idle, careless, bad-humoured, and not over particular about speaking the truth, all of which things, you know, are very bad for boys or men. Now, my sister was very different from me; she was so good and gentle, so docile and tractable, that everybody liked her. My father had an elderly woman to manage the house, and she was to instruct us both in the first part of our education. Lydia—that was my sister—got on very well, but I made little progress, just because I did not care to take the trouble.

My father was out all day on business, and my grandfather, who was a music-master and used to play the violin at concerts, came in only late in the evening, so we were left a great deal to the training and discipline of our housekeeper, and she was never very strict with us, and we did—that is, I did—pretty much as I pleased.

But my father was annoyed at my not making greater progress with my studies. The chapter out of the Bible, on the Sunday afternoon, disclosed my ignorance. I could not read such words as belief or beginning, while Lydia never stumbled at Nebuchadnezzar or Belshazzar. My father and my grandfather talked the matter over, the result of which was that I was sent to a day-school kept by a Mr. Trimmer.

Mr. Trimmer’s commercial academy for young gentlemen was an excellent establishment, and I could not then even urge anything against my grandfather or my master. The boys were good fellows enough, less given to mischief than many schoolboys I have known since, and Mr. Trimmer was a scholarly gentleman, mild and placid, but positive and precise; you must do what he told you to do, must learn what he told you to learn; nobody ever thought of disputing his authority or disobeying his command. Under his instructions, I began to make progress. I learned to read better, to write better, to cast accounts better; I knew that Alfred the Great was not a descendant of William the Conqueror, and that Bengal was not in the West Indies; about which, and similar subjects, I knew nothing before I went to school. My father and my grandfather were greatly pleased with my success, and my sister, Lydia, did all she could to help me in my studies and to cheer me with my work.

But I was a bad boy, and I did not like study, and hated work; I crept “like a snail unwillingly to school,” and sitting down to the tasks was to me a heavy punishment. Here was grammar put into my head when I wanted to read Jack and the Beanstalk; here a slate with an addition sum when I wanted to play at noughts and crosses; here a copy-book and a new pen when I wanted to be scamping over the fields or playing in the garden. I thought it very hard. I wished I was all sorts of things to escape from school: I wished I was a bird—no schooling then; I wished I was a sheep—no schooling then; I wished I was a mast, and fancied—sily child—that there was no schooling then; wickedly enough, I wished I was ill, for then I felt sure there could be no schooling.

One Sunday, I thought I would ask my father how long he thought I should have to stop at school. So I did, and he said, till I was fourteen or fifteen, perhaps older. I was dreadfully alarmed and much annoyed, and said, why? He said, because I must be properly educated; I said, why need I be properly educated? he said, if I was not, I should never make my way in the world; I said, suppose I was a lawyer; he said, that would require much learning; I said, suppose I built bridges and houses; he said, I must study geometry and architecture; I said, suppose I was a minister; he said, I must learn Latin, and Greek, and theology; I said, suppose I was a soldier; he said, I must learn mathematics and a good many other things; I said, was there nothing I could do without going to school all my youth; and he said yes—I could have a porter’s knot and carry loads!

Well, I was very sullen all day, and kept thinking to myself what should I do to escape going to school. I thought I should like to be at home again for a whole week, and I knew it was no use asking my father’s leave, so I cast about for a plan to carry out
my object, and, like a bad boy as I was, I made up my mind to pretend I was ill.

We did not go to church in the evening; it was snowing heavily, and grandfather, who had come to tea, was reading out of the big Bible. I sat with my hand to my head; I gave a little start as if a sudden pain had touched me; I rose once or twice, and, going to the side board, drank eagerly of cold water. I saw Lydia watching me with anxious eyes, and felt a secret pleasure in fancying that I was interesting somebody. Lydia went across to my father and whispered something to him; he seemed surprised, and turning to me, said—

"Are you unwell, Benjamin?"

"I don't know," I said; "my head feels very hot."

He placed his hand on my brow and changed colour.

"It is hot indeed," he said. "Have you much pain?"

"Not very much," I said; "but a kind of cold shooting feeling through my chest."

My grandfather came to me and seemed much concerned; I saw the tears stealing out of Lydia's eyes: my plan was certainly succeeding.

I pretended to be a little better, then to be a little worse. Our housekeeper suggested warm water to my feet, which was accordingly done, and I had some hot gruel. My father and grandfather sat beside me, with Lydia, all the rest of the evening; and when it was very late and they had all gone to bed, I saw my father creep into the room and look at me so tenderly that I could not help feeling—bad boy as I was—that I was doing a shamsful trick.

This feeling, however, did not last. I did everything to make myself look bad that I could, and when my father came in the morning I told him I was very ill; so I told Lydia, and Lydia was affected to tears—poor child, how she loved me, and how little she suspected how bad a boy I was! I made a pretence of wishing to get up to go to school, but my father would not hear of it. He sent for the doctor, and when the doctor came he felt my pulse, made me put out my tongue, shook his head, looked at his watch, said I was feverish, but that he could not well understand what was the matter; however he would send me something round, and that I must keep quite still and take nothing all day but a little nago. I was annoyed, for this was not what I wanted: better be at school than detained a prisoner in bed, with nothing to eat and something to take. My poor father was very much affected; he wrote a note to my grandfather and kissed me affectionately before he went off to business. Then our housekeeper was all attention, and Lydia brought her prettiest toys for me to play with, and offered to read me some nice story-book; but I was getting very uncomfortable, and beginning to feel that I was really a very bad boy. I felt this the more as Lydia and the housekeeper were more and more kind. I turned my head away from them and cried; they thought I was crying with pain, and Lydia cried too. Then, when I had my made, Lydia saw I did not like it, and, to make me think it nice, asked if she might have some too, and so had it instead of dinner. I felt this very much, and made up my mind two or three times to tell her how bad a boy I was, but felt ashamed to do so—what would she think of me?

My feeling of shame and regret began to make me really ill; my head ached, I felt hot and flushed, and an extreme terror came upon me lest God should punish me for my sin. Then my father came and grandfather came with him, and they had their tea served in my room to keep me company. Lydia, sitting by my side, grew tired at last of watching, and her head fell forward on the coverlet, and she slept. I pretended to sleep, and then I heard my father and grandfather talking about me. My father expressed his fear that I was dangerously ill; my grandfather told him, "We must hope for the best, and put our trust in God." In God! Oh, how wretched I felt! I was deceiving my kind friend the housekeeper, deceiving my grandfather, and deceiving my father; but I could not deceive God. "Thou, God, seest me." What should I do? I pretended to wake, and said I was a little better. My grandfather was cheerful, and, coming to my bedside, patted my head and asked what would I like. A tune, I said, a tune on my violin. He was afraid it would only make me worse, but I begged him to play, and so he did. What should be play? I don't know why I asked it, but I said, "Down among the Willows"; "twas an old song I had heard my mother sing, and as he played it, it seemed to make me better, seemed as if my mother were speaking to me through the music, and I rose up straitway and knelt down at my father's feet and told him all. He turned so pale, I thought he would have died; my grandfather ceased to play; my little sister threw her arms round my neck and wept bitterly.

So I told them all; told them how grieved I was for my folly and my sin, begged my father to punish me if he thought it right, and promised with all my heart to be a better boy henceforth. "Father," said my father, "what shall I say?" And my grandfather said very solemnly—"What did the prodigal's father do?" And my father kissed me, and I felt a load from my heart. I never have forgotten my experience that day, and its influence upon me has been for good.—J. T.
THE every-day sports of the wild woods include many feats of daring that never find a pen of record. Constantly, in the haunts of the savage, are enacted scenes of thrilling interest, the very details of which would make the denizen of enlightened life turn away with instinctive dread. A great hunter among the Indians is a marked personage. It is a title that distinguishes its possessor among his people as a prince; while the exploits in which he has been engaged hang about his person as brilliantly as the decorations of so many orders. The Indian warrior of any tribe, among the haunts of the grizzly bear, finds no necklace so honourable to be worn as the claws of this gigantic animal, if he fall by his own prowess; and if he can add an eagle’s plume to his scalp-look, pinched from a bird shot while on the wing, he is honourable indeed. The Indian’s “smoke,” like the fireside of the white man, is often the place where groups of people assemble to relate whatever may most pleasantly while away the hours of a long evening, or destroy the monotony of a dull and idle day. On such occasions the “tale” will sometimes relax from his natural gravity, and grow loquacious over his chequered life. But no recital commands such undivided attention as the adventures with the grizzly bear; and the death of an enemy on the war-path hardly ever wins a more respectful hearer.

We have listened to these soul-stirring adventures over the urn, or while lounging on the sofa; and the recital of the risks run, the hardships endured, have made us think them almost impossible, when compared with the conventional self-indulgence of enlightened life. But they were the tales of a truthful man; a hunter, who had strayed away from the scenes once necessary for his life, and who loved, like the worn-out soldier, to “fight his battles over” in which he was once engaged. It may be and is the province of the sportsman to exaggerate; but the “hunter,” surrounded by the magnificence and sublimity of an American forest, earning his bread by the hardy adventures of the chase, meets with too much reality to find room for colouring—too much of the sublime and terrible in the scenes with which he is associated to be boastful of himself. Apart from the favourable effects of civilization, he is also separated from its contaminations; and boasting and exaggeration are “settlement” weaknesses, and not the products of the wild woods.

The hunter, whether Indian or white, presents one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of the singular capacity of the human senses to be improved by cultivation. He has the sight so keen that experience at last renders it so keen that the slightest touch of passing object on the leaves, trees, or earth, seems to leave deep and visible impressions that to the common eye are unseen in the path of the bird through the air. This knowledge governs the chase and the way; this knowledge is what, when excelled in, makes the master-spirit among the rule inhabitants of the woods; and that man is the greatest chief who follows the coldest trail, and leaves none behind by his own footsteps. The hunter in pursuit of the grizzly bear is governed by this instinct of sight. It directs him with more certainty than the hound is directed by his nose. The impressions of the bear’s footsteps upon the leaves, its marks on the trees, its resting-places, are all known long before the bear is really seen; and the hunter, while thus following “the trail,” calculates the very sex, weight, and age, with certainty. Thus it is that he will neglect or choose a trail; one because it is poor, and another because it is small, another because it is with cubs, another because it is fat, identifying the very trail as the bear itself; and herein, perhaps, lies the distinction between the sportsman and the hunter. The hunter knew the object by his own knowledge, while the sportsman employs the instinct of domesticated animals to assist in his pursuits.

The different methods to destroy the grizzly bear, by those who hunt them, are as numerous as the bears that are killed. They are not animals which permit of a system in hunting them; and it is for this reason they are so dangerous and difficult to destroy. The experience of one hunt may cost a limb or a life in the next, if used as a criterion; and fatal, indeed, in the mistake, if it comes to grappling with an animal whose gigantic strength enables him to lift a horse in his huge arms, and bear it away as a prize. There is one terrible exception to this rule; one habit of the animal may be certainly calculated on, but a daring heart only can take advantage of it.

The grizzly bears, like the tiger and lion, have their caves in which they live; but they use them principally as a safe lodging-place when the cold of winter renders them torpid and disposed to sleep. To these caves they retire late in the fall, and they seldom venture out until the warmth of spring. Sometimes two occupy one cave, but this is not often the case, as the unsociability of the animal is proverbial, it preferring to be solitary and alone. A knowledge of the forests, and an occasional trailing for bear, inform the hunter of these caves, and the only habit of the grizzly bear that can with certainty be taken advantage of is that of being in his cave alive, if at a proper season. And the hunter has the terrible liberty of entering his cave single-
A GRIZZLY BEAR HUNT.

banded, and there destroying him. Of this only method of hunting the grizzly bear we would attempt a description.

The thought of entering a cave inhabited by one of the most powerful beasts of prey, is calculated by the hunter to make his heart sick; and when it is considered that the least trepidation, the slightest mistake, may cause and probably will result in the instant death of the hunter, it certainly exhibits the highest demonstration of physical courage to pursue such a method of hunting. Yet there are many persons in the forests of North America who engage in such perilous adventures with no other object in view than the "sport" or hearty meal. The hunter's准备工作 towards "beard the lion in his den" commences with examining the mouth of the cave he is about to enter. Upon the signs exhibited, he decides whether the bear is alone; for if there are two, the cave is not entered. The size of the bear is also taken, and the time of the last search of food. The way this knowledge is obtained, from indications so slight, or unseen to an ordinary eye, is one of the greatest mysteries of the woods. Placing themselves at the mouth of the cave containing a grizzly bear, the hunter, armed himself, the last was not out for a great length of time, for the grass and the earth have not been lately disturbed. The bear in the cave, for the last tracks made are with the too much fear, because the tracks are regular and of the same size. He is a large bear; the length of the step and the size of the paw indicate this; and he is a fat one, because his "knead feet do not step in the impressions of the forefeet, as is always the case with a lean bear." Such are the signs and arguments that present themselves to the hunter; and mysterious as they seem when not understood, when explained they strike the imagination at once as being founded on the unerring simplicity and the certainty of nature. It may be asked, how is it that the grizzly bear is so formidable to numbers when met in the forest, and when in a cave can be assailed successfully by a single man? In answer to this, we must recollect that the bear is only attacked in his cave when he is in total darkness, and suffering from surprise and the torpidity of the season. These three things are in this method of hunting taken advantage of; and, but for these advantages of wild beasts, say no strenuous effort of nerve, or forest experience, would protect for an instant the intruder to the cave of the grizzly bear. The hunter, having satisfied himself about the cave, prepares a candle, which he makes out of the wax taken from the comb of wild bees, saturated by the grease of the bear. This candle has a large wick, and emits a brilliant flame. Nothing else is needed but the rifle. The knife and the belt are useless; for if a struggle should ensue that would make it available, the foe is too powerful to mind its thrusts before he is dead. Boarding the candle before him, with the rifle in a convenient position, the hunter fearlessly enters the cave. He is soon surrounded by darkness, and is totally unconscious where his enemy will reveal himself. Having fixed the candle in the ground in a firm position, with an apparatus provided he lights it, and its brilliant flame soon penetrates into the recesses of the cavern—its size of course rendering the illumination more or less complete. The hunter now places himself on his belly, having the candle between the back part of the cave where the bear is and himself. In this position, with the muzzle of the rifle protruding in front of him, he patiently waits for his victim. A short time only elapses before Bruin is aroused by the light. The noise made by his starting from sleep attracts the hunter, and he soon distinguishes the black mass, moving, stretching, and yawning, like a person awakened from a deep sleep. The hunter moves not, but prepares his rifle; the bear, finally roused, turns his head towards the candle, and with slow and waddling steps approaches it.

Now is the time that tries the nerves of the hunter. Too late to retreat, his life hangs upon his certain aim and the goodness of his powder. The slightest variation in the bullet, or a flashing pan, and he is a doomed man. So tenacious of life is the common black bear, that it is frequently wounded in its most vital parts, and will still escape, or give terrible battle. But the grizzly bear seems to possess an infinitely greater tenacity of life. His skin covered by matted hair, and the huge bones of his body, protect the heart as if encased in a wall; while the brain is buried in a skull compared to which Adamant is not harder. A bullet, striking the bear's forehead, would flatten, if it struck squarely on the solid bone, as if fired against a rock; and dangerous indeed would it be to take the chance of reaching the animal's heart. With these fearful odds against the hunter, the bear approaches the candle, growing every moment more sensible of some uncommon intrusion. He reaches the blaze, and either raises his paw to strike it, or lift his nose to scent it, either of which will extinguish it, and leave the hunter and the bear in total darkness. This dreadful moment is taken advantage of. The loud report of the rifle fills the cave with stunning noise, and as the light disappears, the ball, if successfully fired, penetrates the eye of the huge animal—the only place where it could find a passage to the brain; and this not only gives the wound, but instantly paralyzes, that no temporary resistance may be made. On such chances the American hunter perils his life, and thoughtlessly courts the danger.
THE BASKET OF FRUIT.

It was half-holiday, and Dr. Goodman’s boys were making excellent use of the opportunity. The playground was large and convenient—a capital place for any sort of game you like to mention, especially if you take into the account the adjoining field—a first-rate field for foot-ball and cricket, and which, together with the playground, was at the service of the Doctor’s pupils.

The Doctor was a clergyman—a kind-hearted, Christian man, a father as well as a teacher to the lads placed under his care. His house was more like home than school, and the boys were all exceedingly comfortable.

And a pleasant sight it was to see them at play on this sunny day, half-holiday, merry as crickets—crickets never were half so merry—they were cricketers, and capital cricketers, too, I can tell you. Of course, there may be one or two exceptions. For instance, young Ralph Camelford never could catch the ball, though the ball sometimes caught him; and Ned Dobson was no hand at the bat. But these were exceptions; and the rule was that Dr. Goodman’s young gentlemen were such splendid cricketers as only Eton or Westminster could match.

Ralph Camelford, on this afternoon, was on the look-out, and sharp enough he had to look out, for two or three times the ball nearly caught him. He was a ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed lad, of a plump figure, with a good deal of light hair very carefully curled. He was rather proud of his hair; so was his excellent aunt, who had been mother, father, everything to him since he lost his own parents in his early infancy. It was his aunt who had intrusted his education to Dr. Goodman, of whose ability and character she entertained the highest opinion. She did not forget her nephew while he was at school, nor fail to send him many a kind note and agreeable present. For instance, on this same afternoon, just in the middle of the game, while he was scampering after a ball, a tall thin man—the doctor’s servant, Jowler—came into the field, with a basket in one hand and a letter in the other, and called out, as loud as he was able—

"Master Ralph Camelford!"

"Here, Ralph! Ralph!" shouted a dozen voices. And flushed and almost breathless, Ralph soon came up, and received from the hands of the said tall serving-man the letter and the basket, with this remark:—

"Master Ralph Camelford, these are from your aunt, and Dr. Goodman told me to bring them to you direct. Thank you."

Jowler had an odd way of saying thank you at the end of every message or remark, and a mode of saying it as singular as the use of the expression.

But the Doctor’s pupils were in no humour to care about what he said; all their care was taken up in ascertaining what Camelford’s aunt had sent him; and when he opened the letter and said, "Shall I read it? every boy cried "yes," and so he began:—

"My dear Nephew,

"I am much pleased with the progress you have made in your education under Dr. Goodman. I therefore send you a large basket of fruit. Continue to merit my favour, and I will not fail to encourage your exertions."

"Hurray! hurray!" shouted the boys; while Ned Dobson, peeping into the basket, and catching a glimpse of the apples, pears, and pears inside, cried, "Here’s a basket of encouragement. Now, Ralph, be generous. Share and share alike!"

There was a little cloud on Ralph’s face at this suggestion—perhaps he would have preferred keeping the fruit to himself, or, at all events, keeping it till he could keep it no longer. However, he made up his mind to be what he called generous, and, opening the basket, began to distribute his favours. But he did not do it graciously. He sat with the fruit before him, and the group of schoolfellows all round, and tossed an apple to this one and a pear to that one, or a plum to another, as if he was doing them a great kindness in letting them taste the fruit at all. For my part, I am rather surprised the boys accepted it; but we do love fruit, and this particular fruit was exceedingly tempting. So there sat Ralph, feeling himself a king, consulting his preferences and indulging his caprices in regal style. Sometimes, along with his gifts he would make some sharp, half-witty, half ill-natured remark, which would cause a blush or angry look; but all were so intent on sharing the contents of the basket, that they permitted him to do as he pleased without question. Even when he threw a bunch of grapes in Ned’s face, Ned wiped his cheek, ate the grapes, and never said a word. The boys laughed. Ralph was gratified; he felt himself popular, and was pleased at the flattery he received.

By-and-by the basket was nearly empty, and then Ralph found his popularity decrease. His schoolfellows accused him of partiality. They complained of the treatment which they had received, declared that his conduct had been bad, that he had said and bitter things, for which no soft, sweet fruit would make amends; and so his angry replies only produced more angry words, the cricket was given over, the good humour banished, and a pleasant holiday spoilt.

Ralph was much annoyed. His companions shunned him, and he was taught the lesson
our home.

that there is a wonderful difference between prodigality and true generosity, and that a gift, however valuable, loses much of its worth if given rudely or unwillingly.

Dr. Goodman observed all this, but said nothing to Ralph concerning it.

About a week after this incident there was another half-holiday, another game of cricket, another basket, and another letter. As before, the boys gathered round, and Ralph was debating with himself how he should act, when he remembered that he had not looked at his aunt's letter; so he opened it, and read aloud:—

"My dear Nephew,

"The accompanying basket of fruit I had intended for you. As I was about to send it off I received a letter of complaint. I therefore request that the fruit be divided taster amongst your schoolfellows, without your taking any part at all."

Ralph could scarcely believe what he saw. He turned pale and red, and then burst into tears. The schoolboys opened the basket, appointed two of their number as distributors of its contents, and, more generous than might have been expected, wished to include Ralph in the division. This, however, was overruled by Dr. Goodman, who at that moment came up. He insisted that the injunction to exclude Ralph was positive, and must in honesty be observed. So Ralph sat down on a bench, and cried as if his heart would burst.

When the contents of the basket had been distributed, and the lads had each taken his portion, Dr. Goodman slowly approached the humiliated boy, and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Come," said he, "dry your tears, and profit by the lesson."

"It is a hard lesson, sir, and I really do not think I deserved it."

"Indeed, my dear boy, you brought it on yourself."

"Ah!" said Ralph, "it is just the way of the world. Wealth makes many friends. While I had something to give, I was courted; and when I have nothing, I am scorned and neglected."

"You judge harshly, and mistake the lesson. We should use our prosperity so as to retain our friends in adversity. If we only make friends by what we can give, we lose them when the giving is over. But if we show kindness and goodwill, we attach those to us who could never be won by our gifts. He who would meet kindness and forbearance, must show them towards others. He who would have friends must show himself friendly. There is a delicacy in giving which enhances the value of the gift, and a manner which deprives it of its worth. You chose the latter course, and you are tasting the penalty."

Ralph was a wiser and better lad in after days; he never forgot the lesson which the Doctor taught. When he grew up and took his place in the world, God blessed him with prosperity, but it was always remarked of him, that he made a proper use of all he had, and that in all his generous and benevolent actions he was most tender of the feelings of those he benefited, and, in giving, let not his left hand know what was done by his right. If any allusion was made to this, he had but one answer—"I follow an old receipt," he would say, "that my aunt sent me in a basket of fruit."

our home.

Not a palace or castle hall,
With marble floor or ivied wall,
And ancient parks of grand old trees,
All waving proudly in the breeze—
Our home, it is an humble spot,
The passer-by might mark it not,
But Love dwells here.

The lowly roof is thick with moss,
And vines of roses wind across;
And there in sweet, glad summer-time,
When the flowers are in their prime,
A little bluebird builds her nest;
She knows she is a welcome guest,
For Love dwells here.

The room within is low and small,
A single picture decks the wall—
And there's a garden just below,
Where fruits and flowers in plenty grow;
A gentle river rolls along,
And sings a happy, glad'd'n'ing song,
That Love dwells here.
OUR SPHINX.

51.—CRYPTOGRAPH.
15, 5, 8, 4, 8, 3, 2
23, 6—14, 10, 4, 9, 21—10, 9—20, 4, 10, 10, 5, 21
23—6—9, 2, 15, 7, 11, 3—9—16, 10, 19, 5, 21
25, 6—12, 5, 7, 16, 2—10—12, 2, 2, 11
8, 21—2, 27, 2—10, 9—9, 2, 9, 11.

W. H. WOOL.

52.—PUZZLE.
I consist of nineteen letters.
My 16, 10, 7, 17, 8, 9, is over our heads.
My 5, 9, 6, 12, 15, 4, is a boy’s name.
My 1, 10, 10, 10 is in every mansion.
My 4, 10, 13, 5, 6, 14 is a noun.
My 3, 10, 2, 5, 13, 7 is a soldier.
My 11, 10, 16, 4, 9 is used in making bread.
My 18, 13, 14 is an animal.
My 7, 10, 10, 4, 6, 13 has done much for England.
My 1, 10, 10, 10, 3, 6, 18 succeeds.
My 10, 17, 14, 9, 8, 18, 17, 7, 14 is very bright.
My 13, 7, 14, 10, 19 is spoken of but not seen.
My 8, 9, 17, 12, 1, 10, 10, is used by females.
My 12, 3, 5, 9 is an insect.
My whole is the boy’s favourite.

G. H. CLARDYCE.

53.—PROBLEM.
A city barge, with chairs for the company and benches for the rowers, went a summer excursion with two bargemen on every bench; the number of gentlemen on board was equal to the square of the number of bargemen, and the number of ladies was equal to the number of gentlemen, twice the number of bargemen, and one over.
Among other provisions, there were a number of turtles equal to the square root of the number of ladies, and a number of bottles of wine less than the cube of the number of turtles by 361. The turtles in dressing consumed a great quantity of wine, and the party, having stayed out till the turtles were all eaten, and the wine all gone, it was computed that, supposing them all to have consumed an equal quantity—(viz., gentlemen, ladies, bargemen, and turtles)—each individual would have consumed as many bottles as there were benches in the barge.
Required—the number of turtles.

54.—SCIENTIFIC REBUS.
Procyon lotor.
Felis uncia.
Aristox cabaz.
Capra ibex.
Nycteris.
Rhinoceros.
Lutra.
Portax pictus.
Viverra corveta.
Lupus cuniculus.
Capromy Fournieri.
Mustela Zibellina.
Felis Parialis.
Aloeas falcata.

The initials of the common names of the above animals name one of the most favourite works for boys.

55.—REBUS.
1. A conserve of fruit.
2. An English university.
3. An instrument for cutting wood.
4. A Jewish measure.
5. An ocean.
6. A small sea-fish (cod kind).
7. A luscious fruit.
9. A small vessel.
10. The name of a flower.
11. An inflammable mucous liquid.
The initials, read downwards, will give you the name of a celebrated architect.

56.—BOTANICAL REBUS.
The initials of the common names of the following plants, read downwards, will give the name of a parasitical plant, which at one time was an object of adoration in this country.
1. Calendula.
2. Cauna Indica.
5. Cyperispermum.
7. Biguiosa.
8. Quercus Robur.
9. Iaula Helenia.

G. J. HIND.

57.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
A town in Germany.
A town in Spain.
A town in England.
A town in Germany.
A town in Scotland.
A town in Russia.
A town in North America.
A town in Holland.
The initials, if read downwards, will give the name of one of our most famous sailors.

CONUNDRUMS.

58. Why is the letter T like a cost-taff?
59. Why is a post-box like the alphabet?
60. Why is a mansion like a book?

61.—NUMBERED CHARADE.
I consist of 15 letters.
My 1, 2, 14, 10, 9, 6, 11 were followers of William the Conqueror.
My 1, 2, 14, 3, 2, 15, 9, 11, 4 is a point in the compass.
My 8, 15, 9, 14, 4 is part of the body.
My 7, 9, 15, 4 is profit.
My 4, 14, 9, 11, 12 is rubbish.
My 11, 3, 9, 5, 1 is a blot.
My 10, 2, 4, 9, 16, 14 is a parent.
My whole is a county of England.

H. MAGEE.
ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

The best treatment for parrots?—Let your parrot be placed in a cage of considerable height; not low, because it is apt to make it stout, which is the worst thing possible. Let its food be composed of bread and milk. Avoid much Indian corn. It causes them to be subject to fits. Avoid parsley, for it is a parrot’s deadly poison; meat also makes them ill.

H. C.

Who was the inventor of the thermometer?—The invention of this instrument is ascribed to several scientific men of antiquity, all of whom are not mentioned in the manner in which they are generally supposed to be. The first mention of its use is to be found in the treatise of Galileo, "Libri," written by Dribel of Alhambra, A.D. 6000; Boerhave, written by Paulo Serpi, in 1609; Pulgentino. Written by Santorio, in 1630; Borelli.

H. C.

Where was the first institute called?—In China, in the tenth century.

H. C.

Which interpolation is more correct?—For whom is this book? or, whom is this book for?—Sentences should not conclude in the same way as the latter does, with a small word like for, nor should the proposition be formed from the word which it governs; therefore, for whom is this book? is more correct. Another instance is—Whom are you writing to? To whom are you writing?

H. C.

What is the best preservative of sea-sickness?—There is nothing like eating a good substantial meal before going on board.

H. C.

What is the meaning of the term "normal"?—As applied to schools or other institutions?—The word "normal" signifies teaching the rudiments.

H. C.

What is an heptarchy?—An heptarchy is a government consisting of seven kings, as the Saxon heptarchy.

H. C.

The principal bridges across the Thames are as follows:—London bridge; railway bridge; Southwark bridge; London, Chatham, and Dover Railway bridge; Blackfriars bridge; Waterloo bridge; Hungerford railway bridge; Westminster bridge; Lambeth bridge; Vauxhall bridge; Victoria railway bridge; Chelsea suspension bridge; Battersea bridge; Wandsworth railway bridge; Putney bridge; Hammersmith bridge; South Western Railway bridge; Kew bridge; Richmond bridge.

C. DAY.

Which interpolation is more correct?—For whom is this book? or, who is this book for?—Lennius says, "The proposition should be placed immediately before the pronoun which it governs; as, To whom do you speak? The proposition is often separated from the relative; but though this is, perhaps, allowable in familiar conversation, yet in solemn composition the placing of the proposition before the relative is more picturesque and elegant."

What is the difference between a lake and a pond?—A pond is a small collection of standing water, whose area is larger than a pond, and is enclosed in some inland place. H. FLEMMER.

The cheapest edition of "Valentine Vox"?—The cheapest edition of "Valentine Vox" is published by George Routledge & Sons; price 5s. H. FLEMMER.

What causes Thunder?—Thunder is caused by the explosion of a flash of lightning echoed back from the inequalities on the surface of the earth in the same way as the noise of a cannon is echoed, and in particular circumstances forms a rolling lengthened sound. S. BENNET.

What is the meaning of "Arrah-na-Pogue," the title of the celebrated drama by Dion Boucicaut, Esq.?—Arrah-na-Pogue means Arrah of the Kiss, and the heroine of the play is so called because she is supposed to have given a written message to an Irish rebel through the bars of his prison. S. BENNET.

How to remove freckles from the face?—Dissolve, in half an ounce of lemon-juice, one ounce of Venice soap, and add a quarter of an ounce each of oil of bitter-almonds and deliquated oil of tartar. Place this mixture in the sun till it acquires the consistence of ointment. When in this state, add three drops of oil of rhodinum, and keep it for use. Apply it to face and hands in the following manner:—Wash the parts at night with elder-flower water, then anoint with the ointment. In the morning cleanse the skin from its oily adhesion by washing it copiously in rose-water. S. BENNET.

When was mahogany first introduced into England?—Mahogany was first brought to England in the end of the last century. It is a native of America, and is also found in the Islands of Cuba, Jamaica, and Hispaniola, and in the Bahama Islands. S. BENNET.

Who was the inventor of the thermometer?—It is impossible to say for certain who invented the thermometer. It was invented in the beginning of the 17th century; it has been ascribed to Cornelius Drebelle, of Alhambra, Pulgentino, and Galileo; and perhaps the best way is to suppose that it was really invented by different persons at about the same time.

S. BENNET.

What is gutta percha?—Gutta percha, or caoutchouc, is the concrete juice of a large tree, and is brought to Europe in irregular masses of a brown colour; it was unknown in Europe until quite recent times, though it is said to have been in common use for a long time before our discovery of its utility among the natives of the Indian Archipelago. S. BENNET.

What is the best cure for baldness or falling off of the hair?—Rau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of lavender or rosemary, of each, ten drops. These applications must be used once or twice a day for a considerable time; but if the scalp becomes sore, they must be discontinued for a time, or used at longer intervals. S. BENNET.

What is the most secure kind of secret correspondence?—Write what you have to say in milk instead of ink; it is quite unapparent until it is warmed before a fire, when it becomes a distinct dark brown. S. BENNET.

What is the cure for baldness or falling off of the hair?—Rau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of rosemary, nutmeg, and lavender, each of ten drops. To be rubbed on the bald part of the head every morning. R. FLETCHER.

What is the name of the largest ship in the British Navy?—The Royal Albert. R. FLETCHER.

How many crusades were there, and who were the leaders of each?—There were nine in all, the last being the Crusade of the Holy Land. The leaders of the first were Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless; the second, Godfrey of
Bouillon; and the third, Richard I. of England and Philip of France.

R. FLETCHER.

How to make the leeches bite. — The leech, though not so accurate an index of the weather as is commonly believed, is yet sensible of atmospheric changes, and in some (probably peculiarly electric) conditions of the atmosphere cannot be induced to bite. In such cases time ought not to be wasted, for the patient exposed injuriously or kept in a fatiguing position, but some other mode of blood-letting should be had recourse to. Moreover, if the leech be sickly, it can rarely be made to bite. Certain states of the patient also hinder or dispose them to bite. Notwithstanding that, the leech, if refusing to bite, should be taken out of the water and allowed to creep for some time over a warm dry cloth; in the meanwhile the part where it is intended to apply them should be washed with plain (not perfumed) soap-and-water, then with water alone, afterwards with milk or porter. It is difficult to make them fix themselves on the particular spot wished, but a leech-glass will generally be found preferable to holding the leech in the hand. When they still refuse to bite, slightly puncturing the place with an awl, may, in some cases, enable a little blood to ooze out, is a useful expedient also.

A. F. HOLT.

What is the best cure for baldness of the hair? — The best cure for baldness and weakness of the hair is the use of quinine pomade, composed as follows: — olive oil, 9 oz.; lard, 1 lb.; disulphate of quinine, 45 grs.; palm oil, 1 oz.; essences of bergamot, 8 grs.; one ounce of lecithin, and oil of verbenas, 1 dr. To be used as an ordinary pomade.

The quickest and easiest way of curing birds' skins! — The quickest way of curing birds' skins is by means of corrosive sublimate (a deadly poison), composed as follows, and rubbed over the skin immediately the bird is skinned, when it will be ready for stuffing. Put a teaspoonful of pounded corrosive sublimate into a pint and a half of alcohol (spirits of wine). Let it stand over night, and the next morning draw it off into a clean bottle.

EDWIN THOKE.

To prepare gun-cotton! — Steep pure, finely-divided liqueous matter, such as cotton wool, in a mixture of equal parts of strong, fuming nitric acid (NO₃), and common good oil of vitriol (H₂SO₄), for forty-eight hours. The proportions are 60 grs. of cotton wool to 2 oz. of the mixture. The top of the vessel containing the mixture and the cotton wool should be closed to keep in the fumes. At the end of forty-eight hours the cotton should be taken out and thoroughly washed, after which it should be allowed to steep for three weeks in a vessel containing cold water, the water being changed every day. After washing for three weeks the cotton should be spread out to dry. In doing this the cotton should be teased out below the surface of the water, then carefully lifted out and spread on a cloth. The water should not be squeezed out of the cotton, as it causes the cotton to become knotty. The cotton should then be slowly heated by gentle heat. Gun-cotton thus prepared is exceedingly inflammable. It explodes at a temperature of about 300°, gunpowder requiring a temperature of 540° for explosion. It burns without smoke or residue.

G. A. PATTERSON.

What is a Baronet? — A dignity of inheritance created by letters patent, and descendable to the male line, all knights, except Knights of the Garter; and it would even take the precedence of them, were it not that Knights of the Garter are always very numerous. The title was first instituted by James I. in 1611, and was then a purchased honour for £1,000, the money being applied to pay the troops sent to quell an insurrection in the province of Ulster, in Ireland. The number was at first 200, but now much increased. They are allowed to charge their coat with the arms of Ulster, which are a sinister hand, erect, open, and courted at the wrist, gules (red), in a field, argent (white). The title "Sir" is prefixed to their name. The first baronet ever created was Sir Nicholas Bacon, of Redgrave, in Suffolk, whose successor is therefore styled Prinimus Baronetorum Angliae.

THOS. M. BURNS.

What is the Court of Arches? — A court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the judge of which is called the Dean of the Arches, because his court was anciently held in the church of St. Mary-le-Boy (Sancta Maria de Arcbus), so named from the steeple, which was raised upon pillars, built archwise, like so many bent bows. It is now held, as are also the other principal Spiritual Courts, in the hall belonging to the College of Civilians, commonly called Doctors' Commons. Its proper jurisdiction is only over the thirteen peculiar parishes belonging to the Archbishops of Canterbur:; but the office of the Dean of Arches having been for a long time united to that of the archbishop's principal official, the judge of Arches, in right of such added office, receives and determines appeals from the sentences of all inferior Ecclesiastical Courts within the province.

THOS. M. BEAUS.

What are the names of the Colonial dioceses? — The Colonial dioceses are the following:

North America. — Montreal (Metropolitan of Canada); Quebec; Toronto; Huron, Canada West; Ontario, Canada West; Nova Scotia; Fredericton; Rupert's Land; Newfoundland; Columbia; New Westminster (designate).

West Indies. — Jamaica; Kingston (Jamaica); Nassau; Antigua; Barbadoes.

South America. — Guiana.

Africa. — Cape Town; Graham's Town; Natal; St. Helena; Sierra Leone; Mauritius.

Asia. — Calcutta (Metropolitan); Madras; Bombay; Colombo; Victoria (vassal); Labuan; and a Bishop resident in Jerusalem.

Australasia. — Sydney (Metropolitan of Australia and Tasmania); Melbourne (vassal); Newcastle; Brisbane; Goulburn; Adelaide; Port Phillip; Tasmania, New Zealand (Metropolitan of New Zealand); Waipu, New Zealand; Wellington; Nelson, New Zealand (designate); Christchurch, New Zealand; Dunedin, New Zealand (designate).

Europe. — Gibraltar.

Missionary. — Melanesia; Honolulu, Central Africa; Orange River Territory; Niger Territory.

F. C. COX.

What is the name of the largest ship in the navy? — Her Majesty's ships Agincourt and Minotaur are the two largest; they are both of 6,621 tons burthen.

What is the best book on shorthand, its price, and where may it be had? — The best book on shorthand is Pitman's "Teacher and Manual," 2s. May be had of Mr. Pitman, Phonetic Institute, Bath.

How to make a machine to wind silk from cocoons? — I think the following little machine the easiest to make: — A square piece of wood a foot long and six inches wide for the stand, two square pieces of stick about eight inches long, should be stuck in either side of the stand. Now get two pieces of wood about three inches square, fasten a piece of wire to each end of a piece of stick about nine inches long, so as to form a square reel; then make a hole through the middle of the piece of wood, with the reel for an axle for it to revolve upon. The axle should be a piece of stick about ten inches long, put it through the holes, and fix it on the stand, so that it will turn round easily, when, by
piling the wires out at one end, you can dip the silk out of the water as in warm water for a minute or two previous to winding. Pull all the loose silk, then find the end, fasten to one of the wires, and turn, not very fast at first. JOHN COOK, Jun.

How many crusades? leader of each.—In all there were nine crusades:—

The first was led by Peter the Hermit, in 1096. Godfrey de Bouillon, his two brothers Eustace, and Baldwin, the Duke of Lorraine, and the barons of France, Germany and Lorraine, Hugh of Vermontois, Robert, Duke of Normandy, Robert, Count of Flanders (surnamed "the sword and lance of the Christians") and Stephen, Count of Chartres, Blois, and Troyes, may be reckoned among the noblemen at the head. It was successful, and Jerusalem was taken. The second was undertaken by the Emperor Conrad III., and the French King Louis VIII., in 1147, and returned in 1148, defeated.

The third, in 1167, was conducted by Frederic l. of Germany; whose example was followed the next year, by Philip Augustus, King of France, and Richard Coeur de Lion of England. This crusade ended with a treaty for three years, three months, and three days.

The fourth was undertaken by the Teutonic Knights, an order ordained by Celestine III.

The fifth was excided in 1189 by an illiterate priest of the neighbourhood of Paris—Fulk the Stump.

The sixth was set on foot by Honorius III., in 1217, when 200,000 Franks landed at the eastern mouth of the Jordan, and succeeded at first, but ultimately were worsted.

The seventh was led by the Emperor Frederic II., about 1226. As soon as he landed in Palestine, he concluded a treaty for ten years with Mele Camel, Sultan of Egypt.

The eighth was undertaken by Louis IX., King of France, in 1248. He was obliged to leave Palestine, on account of famine and pestilence in his army, in 1250.

The ninth was renewed by the same monarch. Pestilence again attacked his army, and Louis himself died of it, August 26th, 1270.

E. PFEIFFER.

How to play backgammon.—Backgammon is a game played by two persons with dice, upon a table divided into two parts, upon which there are twelve points of one colour and twelve of another, and the rules are as follow:—Let you take a man from any point that man must be played; the same must be done if two men are taken from it. 2nd. You are not understood to have played any man till you have placed him on a point and quitted him. 3rd. If you play with fourteen men only there is no penalty attending it, because by playing with a lesser number than you are entitled to, you play to disadvantage, by not having the additional man to make up your tables. 4th. If you bear any number of men, before you entered a man taken up, and which, consequently, you were obliged to enter, such men, so borne, must be entered again in your adversary’s table, as well as the man taken up. 5th. If you have mistaken your throw, and played it, and if your adversary has thrown, it is not in your or his choice to alter it, unless both parties agree to it.

A. F. HOLT.

Who was Charon?—Charon was the native of Lampscus, on the Hellespont; one of those numerous Greek historical writers, now only known by their names and fragments. Charon lived before Herodotus, who was born B.C. 494, and he was younger than Hecateus, who was born B.C. 500. Charon wrote a history of his native town, a history of Persia, a history of Crete, and other works. The loss of the Cretan history is to be regretted, as we possess so few, but materials for the ancient state of that island. A. F. HOLT.

What is the Court of Archers?—The Court of the Archers is the supreme court of appeal in the archbishopric of Canterbury. It derives its name from having formerly been held in the chapel of St. Mary-le-Bow (de Areubus), from which place it was removed, about the year 1557, to the Common Hall of Doctors’ Commons, where it is now held. The acting judge of the court is termed Official Principal of the Court of Archers, or more commonly Dean of the Archers. This court has ordinary jurisdiction in all spiritual causes arising within the parish of St. Mary-le-Bow, and twelve other parishes, which are called a deanery, and are exempt from the authority of the Bishop of London.

A. F. HOLT.

Where to get a cheap chemistry book, and how much?—The best and cheapest book on chemistry I have ever seen is "Beeton’s Book of Chemistry," price 1s. It consists of 183 experiments, about 500 notes, and various tables of symbols, equivalent numbers, &c.

JOHN MASTERS.

Is oxygen gas heavier or lighter than common gas?—Oxygen gas is heavier than the combusted hydrogen which is burnt in the streets.

John MASTERS.

The best treatment for parrot’s food?—Bread and milk should form the chief diet for these birds, and this is how it should be prepared:—Take the best white bread, moderately new, cut it into slices, and place it in hot water; let it stand for a short time, then draw off the liquid, and pour it over it as much boiling milk as it will absorb without being too moist; place this food in the feeding-vessel, which should be of porcelain or glass, and give it fresh twice a day, taking care that the vessel is carefully washed each time before the food is put in. In the winter time this may be done for the whole day may be made, but in hot weather it should not be more than ten or twelve hours old. This kind of soft food should be exclusively employed, but have occasional variations in the shape of biscuit (broken small), farinaceous grain, and nuts of any kind; fruit, both soft and hard. If Indian corn be given, it should first be boiled, then drained, and suffered to cool. This is for the larger kinds of parrots. To the smaller give, besides bread and milk, soft fruit, with hemp and canary seed, and millet. Meat should be avoided: and so should sweets and pastry generally. They should not be overfed. Let them have plenty of water, both to drink and bathe in, and be sure that at all times it is clean and sweet. A parrot requires a good roomy cage; if he be kept in one; the bell-shape is the best, made of metal wire, not painted; a loose ring to swing on above and a perch or two below. Bear in mind that parrots are mostly tropical birds, and carefully guard them from exposure to cold. Let them have as much sunshine as possible, and whenever the weather will permit, place them in the open air, amid flowering shrubs; at other times, where a greenhouse is available, let them go there. For the larger kind of parrots, the open perch is the thing; let the chain of attachment be of a good length, and as slight as is consistent with strength; no silken cord will do, for the strong mandibles of the bird will soon sever this. Tin vessels for food and drink should be used.

RUG.

How to make an electric battery?—Take a sheet of thick writing-paper, soak it in milk or honey, and with some paste affix it to a thin leaf of zinc. Coat the other side with binoxide of manganese, in a minute state of subdivision, well washed, and combined with some greasy sublimate. Take a piece of the church and punch it into circles about an inch in diameter. Pleat them together, the zinc side of each being in
OUR SPHINX.

contact with the manganese of the next. Place a copper dice at each end; combine the whole together with silk threads. The positive pole will be on the copper in contact with the manganese, and the negative where it touches the zinc.

GEORGE ROBERTS.

How to remove freckles from the face.—Take 4 spoonsfull of burnt seawater, may dew gathered from corn, or elder-flowewater, and add to it 1 spoonful of oil of tartar freshly drawn; mix it well together, and wash the face frequently with it, and let it dry on the face. This will remove all freckles; but I should advise every person that has freckles to let them alone.

E. T. J. DAUNT.

What is the meaning of the term "normal," as applied to schools or other institutions?—Normal, or training-schools are schools for the education of teachers. The first was organized at Stettin, in Prussia, in 1735. Another was opened by Frederick the Great in Berlin, in 1748; the next at Hanover, in 1757; and others followed in various parts of Germany. In the course of the present century they have rapidly increased in numbers, and been greatly improved in their internal organization. The course of instruction generally extends to three or four years. In England the Borough Road was originally founded by Mr. Lancaster, in 1809, for the training of teachers. To Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, however, belongs the great merit, if not of creating, at least of giving an extraordinary impulse to the modern movement of providing training-colleges.

J. A. BLINKShTER.

What is an heptarchy?—The word "heptarchy" is derived from the Greek—"hepta," seven; and arché, government—a sevenfold government. The Saxons heptarchy lasted for nearly three centuries. After a contest of nearly 150 years, the Saxons gained possession of the whole country, which they divided into seven independent states. These were as follows:

1. Cantia, or Kent (founded by Hengist, A.D. 457).
2. South Saxony (by Ella, 480), Sussex, and Surrey.
3. West Saxony, or Wessex (by Cerdig, 519), Hants, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, and Devonshire.
4. East Saxony (by Ecgwealh, 527), Essex, Middlesex, and a part of Herts.
5. Northumbria (by Edwin, 587), Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland, Durham, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and a part of Scotland.

These seven Saxon kingdoms were governed by as many kings, who were constantly at war with each other until Egbert, King of Wessex, subdued the other states, and became the first sole monarch of England.

E. J. O. DUGDALE.

Who was Charon?—A god of hell, son of Erebus and Nox, who conducted the souls of the dead in a boat over the river Styx and Acheron to the infernal regions for an obolus. Such as had not been honoured with a funeral were not permitted to enter his boat without previously wandering on the shore for one hundred years. If any living person presented himself to cross the Stygian fates, he could not be admitted before he showed Charon a golden piece, which he had received from the Sybi; and Charon was imprisoned for one year because he had ferried over, against his own will, Hercules, without this passport. Charon is represented as an old, robust man, with a hideous countenance, long white beard, and piercing eyes. His garments are ragged and filthy, and his forehead is covered with wrinkles. As all the dead were obliged to pay a small piece of money for their admission, it was always usual to place under the tongue of the deceased a piece of money for Charon. This fable of Charon is borrowed from the Egyptians, whose dead were carried across a lake, whose sentence was passed on them, and according to their good or bad actions they were honoured with a splendid funeral or left unnoticed in the open air. There were other Charons besides the ferryman, viz., Charon, a Theban, who received Pelopidas and his friends into his house when they delivered Thebes from tyranny. Charon, an historian of Lampascus, son of Pytheus, who wrote two books on Penia, besides other treatises, n.c. 479. Charon, an historian of Naucratis, who wrote a history of his country and of Egypt. And there was a Carthaginian writer of the same name.—Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. H. C.

Shakespeare uses Charon and his office as a metaphor in Troilus and Cressida, Act iii. sc. 2.

"I talk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. Oh ! be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance."

J. B. BAILEY.

Virgil's description is—

"Terribili squamis, crassa phalera, membra
Canities inula jacet, stant luminis flammi,
Sordidis ex humeris nodo dependent amitolus.
Jasae ratem conto subigit, vesuina ministrat,
Et ferrignae subveclast corpora cymba,
Jam senior; sed cruda Deo viridisque securus."

Aenid. vi. 298, et seq.

What is a beadle, and what are his duties?—The messenger of a court, or an appraiser of a court, who informs the persons to appear to what is alleged against them. Spelman, Sommer, and Watts all agree in the derivation of beadle from the Saxon bygdal, a cryer, and that from bid, to publish, as in bidding the hands of matrimony. The beadle of a forest, as Lord Coke informs us in his "Fourth Institute," was an officer who not only warned the forest courts and executed process, but made all proclamations, Bishop Kennet says that rural deans had formerly their beadles to cite the clergy and church officers to visitations, and execute the orders of the court Christian. Beadle is the name of an officer in the English universities, who in processions, &c., precedes the chancellor, bearing a mace.

8. G. WILLS.

How to remove freckles from the face!—Into half a pint of milk squeeze the juice of a lemon. Pour a spoonful of brandy, and boil together. Skim it well, take it off the fire, and set it aside for use. Add a dram of rook-alum, and wash the face with it.

G. S. WILLS.

Muriate of ammonia, 1 dram; dissolved in spring-water a pint, to which add 2 drachms of lavender water. Apply with a sponge twice or thrice a day.

Sweet cream, 1 oz.; new milk, 8 oz.; juice of 1 lemon, brandy or eau de Cologne, 1 oz.; sugar, 1 drachm; oil and skin. This may be used as the preceding, and is an innocent and efficacious remedy.

The principal naval stations in Scotland?—The principal naval stations in Scotland are Inverness, Leith, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, Irvine, Montrose, &c.

G. A. R.

How to make beeswax bite.—The beechn in some (probably peculiar) cases on the surface of the atmosphere cannot be induced to bite, and rarely if it is sickly. When the skin is very thick they cannot puncture it, or if the person has been using sulphur, the exhalation of the sulphurised hydro-
gen is disagreeable to them. Even the fumes of tobacco, vinegar, &c., will prevent them biting. The leeches should be taken out of the water, and allowed to creep for some time over a dry, warm cloth, and meanwhile it is intended to apply them should be washed with plain (not scented) soap-and-water, then with water alone, afterwards with milk or porter. It is difficult to make them fix themselves on the particular spot wished, but a leech-glass will generally effect this. When they still refuse to bite, the part may be slightly punctured, so as to cause a little blood to ooze out; or if a feather be plucked from a bird's wing, and the end being cut off, the liquid contained in it be dropped on the spot, the leech will bite readily.

John A. French.


What is the derivation of the word calico?
What is the origin of the British navy?
What course of study should I have to pursue in order to take the degree of M.A. at the London University?
When were bricks first made?
What was the sacred banner called under which William the Conqueror led his army into England?
What is the derivation of the word bachelor?
What is a Radical?
What is the best and cheapest work on natural history, and its price?
The best and cheapest work on book-keeping, and its price?
What is a special pleader?
What is a serjeant-at-law?
How to make a volcano.
The best mode of breeding silkworms?
The manner in which plaster casts are made?
Which is the best and cheapest book on heraldry? stating price, and where to be procured?
What is the origin of the name weather-cock?
When was London first supplied with water by means of leaden pipes?

Une Jeune Française.

What is measurability?
What is the population of Great Britain? and also the population of London?
What is the number of soldiers in the British army?
What is the origin of the word "cockney"?
A good and cheap History of Scotland, and the price?
A sketch of the history of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumfarton Castles?
A list of books for learning the Hindustanee and Latin languages, and the prices?
A good and cheap History of India?


What is the Recorder of London?
What is the Koran?
What is the meaning of the word lagotrophy?
What is a synod?
What are Radicals?
How much does an apprentice in the merchant service have to pay according to the size of the vessel? Does he earn anything? Does he learn navigation during his apprenticeship?

Angry Questioner.

What is the Golden Number for this year? the Dominie Letter? and is there a rule for finding the same?
Which is the best and cheapest book or guide to any person wishing to enter the War Office?
How many changes can be rung on a peal of eight bells?
How often does the moon change?
What is a "Monstrum"?

W. C. Cox.

Who gave the Arms of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and when?
Who erected the Deasery of Bristol, and when?
Give an anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Success.
Can any of your readers give a good receipt for making the hair grow rapidly? Also a good depilatory for removing superfluous hair without injuring the skin?

William.

The best book to learn the art of ventriloquism; price; and where to be got?
When were four-wheeled cabs first used publicly?
Were there any fire-shilling pieces issued during the reign of King William IV.?

Wm. Churchill Crosskey.

Where can I get a printing-press for about 21s.?

U. B. W.

What is the value of a Spanish rupee?
What is the value of 1 anna?
What year was Ireland taken by Cromwell?

David Quirk.
ADJUDICATION ON OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

The meaning of the word "Beef-eaters," and why is it applied to the men who precede her Majesty on State occasions?  WALTER COOPER.

What is the meaning of the word metallurgion?  JAMES FRAM.

What is the best book on leather-work for information, and expense?  B. W.

What is the best recipe for indelible marking-ink?  G. A. GIBBS.

Was the surname of the Prince Consort Joseph?  If not, what was it?  JAMES FRAM.

What are the best transparent objects for a microscope which can be got anywhere?  Give English names.  JAMES FRAM.

Where can I obtain a Gunter’s scale, about two feet long, and the price?  G. A. GIBBS.

Where can I obtain a parallel ruler, about a foot long, and the price?  JAMES FRAM.

Where can I buy a cheap second-hand navigation-book, and the price?  B. W.

What kind of glass ought to be used for magic-lantern slides?  JAMES FRAM.

Who was the “Man with the Iron Mask”?  Whether is fresh or salt water best to learn to swim in?  JAMES FRAM.

In what year was the battle of Bothwell Bridge fought?  JAMES FRAM.

What is the meaning of the word “Fenian”? Is the sun a hot or a cold substance?  JAMES FRAM.

Who was the first to invent glass?  JAMES FRAM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent says:—Dear Sir, in your February number, “George Thomas Miller” says, in answer to the following question:—Which interpretation is more correct. — For whom is this book or, Whom is this book for?  “They both are quite wrong: who is this book for” is the correct form, because the subject of a sentence must always be in the nominative case, and who is in the nominative case to be, and book objective to for.”  G. T. M. is undoubtedly correct in asserting that the subject of a sentence must always be in the nominative case, but he is very far from being so when he informs us that who is the nominative to be, that book is the objective to for. In order to determine in what case who and book really are, invent the order of the sentence, and read—This book is for whom? By this means it is proved without a doubt that book is the nominative to be, and that whom is in the objective case, governed by for. In answer to the original query, both forms of interrogation are correct; but I think that “For whom is this book?” is more elegant than the other.  “Who is this book for,” is more generally used in conversation than either of them, although it is incorrect.  G. A. GIBBS.

INQUIRY.—The “Hearty the Fifth” should be simply written as a prose narrative, Shakespeare being the only authority taken.  IMAR I. TRAYNER.—We shall be glad to hear from you on the subject.  W. LADDER.—Send us your manuscript. We cannot pronounce any opinion on it without seeing it.  W. TOPHAM.—Essay not received.  A. O. JAMES.—The epitaphs should be collected.  They are not expected to be original.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES IN No. 28.

46. Fox glove.
47. Canit, naif, Cain, if, fl! fin.
48. Thirty feet.
49. Cricoline.

ADJUDICATION ON OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

COMETS.

TRUE Essays forwarded to us on this subject are of very unequal merit; but there is not one—not even the best of all—which in this instance is the last of all—but shows careful reading and an earnest effort to write well.

It has been a "close run" between the prizeman and the best competitor on our list. The exigency of the second best over the winner of the prize is seen in the case he had bestowed on the composition and execution of his Essay, but the prizeman wins because he is more familiar with his subject and more popular in his style.

THUS STANDS OUR REPORT.—

1. John Kelly, aged 13, Cairnhill, by Airdrie, Lanarkshire, North Britain.
2. Mark Wicks, aged 13, 49, Thornton Street, Birkenhead, Mersey.
4. John Haddow, aged 16 and 4 months, Rupert Street, Radcliffe, near Manchester.
5. George B. Malesworth, Coston Rectory, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.
7. Alfred Gattledge, aged 14, Tamworth.
9. No name or address received.
10. Alfred Thomas, aged 13, Kentish Town, London, N.W.
12. David Langton, aged 13, High Street, Putney.
15. J. H. Hawley, aged 17, Chatham House, Brixton Hill.
17. Joseph Beecham, aged 17, St. Helen’s.
21. Ernest Emont, aged 17, St. John’s, Jersey.
22. Alfred Wilson, aged 16, Canterbury Road.
23. Ernest Chester Thomas, aged 15, Peshalton, Manchester.
26. F. J. Herbert, aged 15, William Street, Limerick, Ireland.
27. Ernest Poweass, aged 15, Blackheath.
29. Benjamin Stone, aged 14, Loomington.
“Tara la, tara la, tara la!”
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.
By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XI.

Which tells of the attack on the Spanish lines, and what came of it; and how I helped to spike a gun, and how Jack Strap came to grief. Guatelama's performance on the guitar, and other matters all of which have more or less to do with him.

I was a little flurried, that I am bound to confess, before the time came for our attack on the Spanish lines. There was first of all the busy preparation, none the less busy because it was done quietly and stealthily, of getting ready; then, after that was over, there was rather more than a clear hour to think about what the next few hours might bring forth.

Shell was not to be found by me, so I had the hour to myself, and honestly I own it was not the pleasantest hour in my life. If I could have gone in for the fighting straight off it would have been jolly enough to my thinking; even though I had been speedily knocked on the head, but to wait—sixty moments to the minute, sixty minutes to the hour, was, to say the least of it very, very, dreary.

Now if I was a book maker I dare say I might spin out some pages here telling you what I did not think about; I might "launch out into the deep" and let down my nets for a draught of thought, that I might have thought about—small fish, large fish, and sea drift; but I do not feel equal to that sort of business, so with your leave I will say freely I do not know what I thought about. I know I stood looking over the side of the ship at the blue water and thinking. There, that's all I know about it.

Blue water had turned to grey, silvered, or gilded by a setting sun, and grey water to black, when the signal ahead was passed that we men were wanted.

The boats were below, all hidden in the darkness. Down we slipped to take our places, then away we sped.

A few strokes only it seemed to me, and we were ashore. All dark. A glimmering lantern here and there—and there and here quite wide apart—that's all.

"Steady men."
Wait.
Wait.
Wait.

I was half standing, half leaning, hard by a bit of rock perhaps thirty feet high, when I heard a strange whisper through the darkness. "Sailor!"

Certainly it was a human voice, and probably meant for me; there was nobody very close to me to whom it would be likely the voice should be addressed, though why it should be addressed to me was perhaps the most unlikely thing of all. Well, I listened, and in less than a couple of minutes, says the voice again—"Sailor!" I made bold to answer—"Who calls?" just in a subdued whisper to attract no attention. I thought at first that my remarkable caution had been so very cautious as not to convince the person who addressed me that I knew I was addressed; however, I waited. Suddenly a hand touched me, and I seized it, seized it with a firm grip and held it fast.

"Who are you?"
"Hush!"
"Speak—who are you?"
"A friend."
"Then tell plainly what you want."
"Your ears!"
"Be off with your nonsense—I must keep them for myself—they are long enough, however, to listen—come, what is it?"
"An enemy is plotting mischief."
"No news in that."
"Your expedition to-night is known of by one who can bring about the utter destruction of you all."
"Perhaps!" said I.
"I mean a wicked, treasonable spy."
"Name," said I.
"Guatelama!"
"And you——"
"I hate Guatelama."
"'n you expect me to——"
“Remember that Guatelama is planning mischief, that he purposes to destroy you all to-night—beware of him.”

I let go the hand in my surprise, and when I tried to seize it again it was gone.

Guatelama a spy! No doubt of that. His betrayer, as I sagly suspected, no other than the goatherd’s pretty daughter. But what was I to do?

Just then one of our fellows came along, and I ventured to tell him—not that I had been talking with a stranger, but that I had heard a rumour that our guide was not sound.

“Do you mean the Don?”

“Yes—if you call him so.”

“Well, who trusts him without good reason?”

“Can’t say—but I don’t believe he means any good to us. Mine and countermine.”

“The Don’s all right.”

“You think we may trust him?”

“I would trust him as I would myself—he is all loyalty—he is a Catholic, of course, but swears by the red cross of St. George.”

So my chum passed on, but he had not been gone long before the heavy tramp of feet told us the soldiers were coming. There was the word given to fall in, and though we tars were not over well used to red coats’ lingo, we “fell in” well enough to pass muster. And it was all in the dark. However, I had just the chance, in moving this way, and moving that way, and moving I don’t know how, of speaking to Shell. I told him, just in a hurried way, what I have put on paper, and it troubled him less than I thought it would do.

“All right,” he said, “I know.”

“But it may be all wrong,” said I, “though you do know.”

“No fear,” was his answer—“all that need be known is known.”

“Sure?” said I.

“Sure,” said he.

Well that was all satisfactory so far, and I looked about me, as sharply as the darkness would let me, to see if I could clap my eyes on Guatelama. No: I could not see him.

Just as the moon was rising we were ordered to march.

It was a dark, dreary, I should say dangerous, march; at all events I know it was a long one. We were all a little spent when the whisper ran through the lines “We’re on ’em.”

For my own part I could scarcely distinguish anything, it was all so dark, but suddenly a rocket shot up into the air, and by its burning light I saw a long range of earthworks and fierce-looking fellows behind them, and before them, and upon them. Then the light went out, and there was a hurried movement forward, and then came “the tug of war.”

I have seen accounts of what we did that night which seemed all news to me; just for all the world as if I had had no more to do with than you, my reader, and you, I take it, were not in the mêlée. But I suppose it is the same always; a soldier, or a sailor either, if he be on land, and in a great fight, can tell but very little of what really goes on. I know the grey of the morning found us all battering down the enemy’s batteries, spiking their guns, and playing old gooseberry with their entrenchments. As for the Dons, they did not seem to expect us, and were not in fighting trim. Of course they made a show of fighting, and screeched like so many niggers out for a holiday, likewise they floured their culasses and popped away at us—just a few of their shots taking effect, but not doing us much harm. Bless you, the to-do those rascals made over a mere scrimmage was enough to put one out of conceit with all the foreigner fellows from Calais to Cadiz. Two of us—I and another—made a rush on a big gun that half-a-dozen Dons were trying hard to fire. Perhaps they were not the regular gunners, I am content to give them the benefit of that doubt; but whether they were or no serves as a very poor apology for the lubberly way in which they handled that gun. They shrieked, they got in one another’s way, they caught hold of everything by the wrong end, and when they saw us running at them they set up a shouting, and grimaced, and twisted their wretched little bodies about like so many monkeys. We took the gun, and they helped us to spike it. The lubbers were so mortally afraid of being hurt, that they begged for mercy, and did just exactly as we told them!

When the fighting was all over, and it lasted little more than an hour, we had spiked their guns, set their batteries on fire, broken down their earthworks, and completely routed them from their entrenchments. And we had done all this with no greater loss to ourselves than twenty-six men wounded, four killed, and one missing.

That missing one, I was right sorry to find, was Jack Strap.
Poor Jack! he was a thorough good fellow. Afloat or ashore, his messmates said of him, he was every inch a sailor; and I should like to know what can be said better of any man?

Poor Jack! if he had been wounded we should have patched him up again, and soon at him riding easy in smooth water; if he had been dead—gone clean off to the long reckoning, well, then we should have done our duty by him and given him over to the waves’ safe keeping; but missing—a prisoner, most likely, in the hands of those bloodthirsty, treacherous Dons—this was a blow to us all—poor old Jack, we were all sorry enough on his account.

Two or three days after the fight I was ashore strolling with Shell through one of the rocky passes.

Suddenly the jingle of a mule’s bell, and the soft tinkle of a guitar. We both stopped and listened. The sounds were approaching us.

“Let’s come under cover,” says my chum.

“What for?”

“Not to be seen,” said he. “That is Guatela, I tell you, and in don’t care to meet him.”

“What, Guatelama doing the music?”

He nodded, held up his finger for silence, and showed me how to scramble into a hiding-place which commanded a view of the road.

Looking out from our place of concealment, I saw a fine black mule gaily trapped, picking his way carefully over the rough road, as if he knew a false step might pitch him over, and send him unsurprisingly into the next world. Well, on the mule’s back, lazily lounging, was Guatelama, thrumming an old guitar, and singing a song with a tara la chorus, which woke up the echoes.

I thought as he came along that I should dearly like to stop his music, but Shell held me fast, and would not hear of it. As the rascal went by and, descending the pass, was soon out of sight, though we could still hear his thrumming, I said to Shell,—

“Why not stop the Don and have it out?”

“No,” Shell answered, “that must not be yet.”

“Tara la, tara la, tara la!” sang the Don.

“It would be better done at once,” said I.

“No—I have a deeper game—a little bit of engineering work that will blow up the Don’s stronghold.”

“What is it?”

“A secret!”

“Tara la, tara la, tara la, tara la! tara la!”

And Shell would not tell me what his purpose was, that is to say, not in full. What he did tell me only showed me more plainly that Guatelama was playing a double game; that he was a traitor to both friends and foes, and that either Dons or Britshers would be quite justified in hanging him up on the first tree that offered.

“I suspected,” said Shell, “that something would come out of the attack on the Spanish lines. My little fairy—”

“What, the Spanish girl?”

“Yes—had promised to give a clue—she could not do it. She says she gave me notice of something or other just as our lines were forming, and that I cannot understand at all—she certainly told me nothing.”

I remembered the voice that had spoken to me on that night, and the little hand I had hold of; how it happened that I had forgotten to mention it to Shell before I cannot tell; now I saw at once, or thought I did, a clue to that mystery. So I told him all about it. However, he warning had come to nothing, and no clue had been found to make Guatelama’s treason clear. We were sure he was a traitor, but Governor Elliot was said to have a good deal of confidence in the man, and it would not do to shake that confidence on a mere suspicion.

“I am as clear,” said Shell, “that the rascal is a traitor as I am of Elliot’s loyalty.”

“I am sure of it, too,” said I.

“And I am determined to ferret him out,” said Shell; “it may be a long day first, but the longest day ends at last, and—”

“Tara la, tara la, tara la!”

We could still hear the rascal’s music.

CHAPTER XII.

In which I dream a dream, and wake up to hear more about Guatelama. Also I am chosen one of a secret expedition, and find there is no honour without danger. How something happened to me before our secret expedition ended—a something which caused me some mortification and painful surmisings.

Guatelama! His name seemed always to be ringing in my ears. I dreamed about him. He was a sort of nightmare to me,
and sat on my breast in my berth conjuring up all sorts of disagreeable images.

I am a great dreamer; always was. I have told you how I dreamed about father soon after he disappeared—now it was all this Spanish fellow. Somehow it seemed to me that I had seen his face elsewhere, and when I dreamed of him the familiarity was very striking indeed. One night I fancied myself in the jungles of India. There I was all alone on the top of a milk-white elephant. I was sitting cross-legged in a sort of showy little pavilion all gold and crimson. It was a hot day, but the shadowy nest I sat in was deliciously cool, and I was enjoying myself wonderfully. But my comfortable feelings were presently all upset by the strange movements of the animal. I rode. Evidently he smelt mischief, and I expected a tiger would suddenly emerge from the long grass, and bound upon us. But no tiger made its appearance, only a long, formidable looking snake—a wonderfully big creature, and monstrously dangerous. It was of all the colours of the rainbow, and shone as brightly as so much gold. I felt in my sleep a cold shiver creeping over me as the deadly creature coiled itself about; and lifting its head almost as high as the elephant's, looked out of its fiery eyes into mine. That face—surely that face was not strange to me; it was aunt's; then it changed to that of Black Jove; then it changed again to that of Bob Bannister; lastly it took the semblance of Guatela, and it put out its forked tongue as if in derision. Then it began to wind itself round the elephant, and the poor brute's limbs were crushed in its mighty folds; then it held me in its terrible embrace, and I tried to shriek, but could not. Then I saw the faces of old friends coming to my rescue. There was my father; there was old Timbertoes; there was Jack Strap, and there was Shell. They had all guns with them, and were all ready to shoot the snake, but the risk was, that in firing they might hit me instead of the monster. It was an awkward pickle to be in, and the snake seemed to understand it all, and enjoy it thoroughly, as it made off with me by slow degrees towards a fairy cavern, where I saw the little Spanish girl dancing, as if she enjoyed it too. All my friends began to shout lustily, and old Timbertoes, unstrapping his wooden leg, pulled it right off, and heaved it, well aimed, at the snake. It hit the rascal plump on the sconce, and I—well, I woke up in the dark, and heard the tramp of feet on deck overhead, as if something was the matter.

Shaking off my dream, and shaking myself hastily into my togs, I bundled on deck, and found that something special had happened, and that we were busily getting ready for action.

I knew next to nothing about what the news was at the time, but I learned it afterwards. It seemed that the Spaniards had projected another attack upon us; something to pay us off for our little affair in the trenches; that our friend Guatela had got hold of the news, and had apprized our admiral. Well, they believed him, made all straight for a surprise; but the Spaniards did not attack us, so that we were saved the pleasant excitement of a fight.

Said I to one of our fellows, as we were looking out over the bay, all rippling with a sort of playful innocence in the rays of the early sun, said I to him,—

“Do this Spanish fellow has spun us another yarn with nothing in it.”

“Ah,” my mate answered, “but there is more in it than you and I know. He's a 'cute one, he is.”

“Is he honest?” said I.

“Honest to us,” said he; “if so be you talk of sheer up and down honesty, well, that's different; but he is true to our colours.”

“I am not sure of that.”

“Well,” said he, “we are sure of nothing, except that every man must go into the locker when his turn comes; but as to the Don—well, as I said before, he is true to our colours.”

“We shall see.”

While we were still talking, an officer passing by called to me,—

“Sailor!”

“Ay ay, sir.”

“You were one of the hundred in the attack on the Spanish lines. This way.”

The way he pointed me to take was straight to the captain's cabin. He went with me, knocked, received permission to enter, and opening the door showed me in.

The captain was sitting at his table with despatches before him, and I own it, I felt a little queer. Smoothing my hair with my hand, and holding my hat behind me, I made my bow and waited the captain's pleasure.

He looked up and looked at me. After a short pause he told me I had done well in the
attack on the batteries, and that I had been chosen, with seven others, for a dangerous expedition. We were to go ashore, and, under guidance of a "trustworthy mulatto," penetrate the Spanish lines, and make such report as we might be able on their strength and position. It was a great honour to me, for among the other fellows that were chosen there were no less than three warrant officers, and all except myself were ordinary seamen. I owed my preferment to a certain shrewdness I was said to have, and perhaps a little to the pluck I had shown in the spiking of the gun.

The time appointed for us to leave the vessel and go ashore was sun-down; and at sun-down we pulled off, landed at an unfrequented part of the shore, and there waited for our guide. I suspected who our guide would be, and I was not mistaken. Creeping out of the shadow of the rock came Guatelama.

He had with him a small lantern, and the light, as he came towards us, fell full on his face. Well, he did look like the snare of my dream. If I had not doubted him before, I should certainly have doubted him then, as he smiled upon us, showing all his teeth, bidding us in an undertone to be cautious.

Following his lead in Indian file we passed slowly along the winding path; now sharply, now gradually ascending the rock. It was not altogether a strange path to me. One or two objects on which the guide's light fell convinced me that he was leading us to the cavern where dwelt the old goatherd and the little Spanish girl.

It might be all right, but I had my doubts. By-and-by we stopped, just as I expected we should do, at what seemed a mere wild thicket. Guatelama thrust aside the branches and showed the entrance to a cavern. He elevated the light, and motioned us to enter.

Boatswain Bailey was first man, and he hesitated.

"Why not keep the road?" he said.

"This is the road," was the answer.

"I don't half fancy it."

"Fool," said Guatelama, "you are unfit for the work. We want men, not children."

The boatswain grumbled and conferred with the man who followed him, another officer. The delay irritated the guide, who vowed that we should all repent it. At last we all entered the cavern, and then Guatelama, still the lead, hurried us forward.

We passed through several passages, the light falling on the quaint form of the stalactites, making them glow and seem to move as if they were alive. Branching off to the right he led us quite away from the portion of the cavern which I had previously visited, and presently we came out into the open air on what was entirely new ground to me.

The descent was very abrupt, and we had to proceed with great caution. I was the last. As I was cautiously following the rest, my jacket caught on a piece of jagged stone; I turned to unloose it, and was instantly seized in a strong grasp.

I tried to cry out, but a thick cloth was over my face; I tried to struggle, but the grasp in which I was held rendered me powerless. I was literally carried off, and almost stifled before the cloth was taken from my face.

I was a prisoner. Two regular Spanish fellows had me fast. They jabbered to one another, and gesticulated a good deal, as well as I could make out, the object perhaps being what they should do with me now they had me.

My idea was, that Guatelama was of course at the bottom of it, and that he meant no good to me personally, though what his motive could be puzzled me not a little. What was I to him, or he to me? If I was Shell instead of Shot, he might have had some reason for it on the score of the Spanish girl; but what had I to do with that?

My captors, when they had run themselves out of breath in their palaver, turned out my pockets, and coolly appropriated all I had. Next, totally regardless of all I said—maybe they could not understand me—confound those foreigners, why don't they talk English?—they pinioned me, and then, one before and one behind, they marched me off between them.

If I could only have had a fair hit at them! If—but what was the use of if? I was a close prisoner, and one of the fellows had let me feel the cold rim of the muzzle of his pistol on my forehead, intimating, I suppose, by that bit of pantomime, that he was quite ready, if necessary, to empty my skull of the little brains it contained.

A dreary march of an hour, and then we were challenged by a Spanish sentry. I suppose.

Three or four fellows in uniform came
round us with lanterns, and my presence seemed to give them considerable amusement. It was cruelly aggravating to be tied up while these Dons were cutting their capers, making mouths, and talking gibberish. Cruelly aggravating, I say, not to have the chance of giving them a fair licking all round. When they had done talking about me, I was marched off again to a wooden building, that looked so old and black and grim, that it might have been built by the Cid, and never mended. I was taken inside, and shut up in a little room. A miserable cage it was! There I was left with a bunch of bread, a couple of onions, and a tin can of water. Not a word was said to me; but I could hear the rascals chattering outside and making merry. They were enjoying themselves, while I,—well, I was a prisoner, and might presently be hanged or shot. It was not a comfortable thought, but not unnatural. Now, thought I, these Dons will be wanting me to tell them this, and that, and t’other. I won’t! No, they may pull me to pieces first. I won’t tell. They will say to me, “Tell us all you know, or hang.” “I will hang,” is my answer. “Tell us all you know,” they will say, “and there is a fortune for you—a bag full of money.” “Not if it were ten times what it is,” is my answer. Thus thinking, and guessing, and surmising I fell asleep, and when I woke—but there, we must keep that for another chapter.

FORWARD, BOYS! FORWARD!

Forward! The shout of the valiant soldier, as he leads his men, through shot and shell, to victory!
Forward! The wild shriek of the vanquished warrior, as he waves his broken sword on high, and falls into the arms of death.
Forward! The statesman’s cry, while he presses through mountain obstacles, till he reaches the goal, and wins an everlasting name.
Forward! The word emblazoned on the banner of the Christian, as he grapples with the world, and aims for the golden crown.
Forward! The watchword of the patriot and philanthropist, whilst they struggle amidst gigantic perils, striving to lessen the miseries and woes, the vice and the wretchedness of their native land, and to strike the fetters of bondage from the limbs of their countrymen.
Forward! Ambition’s gentle whisper into the ear of the aspiring student, who, with aching eyes and throbbing head, plods beyond the weary midnight hours, till exhausted nature can bear up no longer, and falls into sweet repose.
Forward! The motto of the schoolboy, as he delves in unbounded mines of wealth, and, amidst fierce competition and numerous hardships, contends for the glittering honours which await the youthful victor. “The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity,” are the words of one of England’s greatest parliamentary orators; but if the nation’s “youth” are content to waste their young life on the gayeties and delusive follies of the world, not satisfied with a medium in rational amusement, but rushing to extremes, shame on them for thus blighting their future glories! They spend the costly moments in trifling, senseless conversation; in parading the streets and the promenade, beclouded in coxcombical tawdry, sucking a “Manilla,” “Havana,” or “Veery Fin,” and so playing the parts of “walking chimneys. Like the butterfly, flitting from flower to flower, they seek for pleasure at every pretty, redolent gaiety. They grovel in the dust of idleness, instead of pressing forward to Wisdom’s holy shrine, and at last they discover, when too late for amendment, that their mental, physical, and moral powers are irreparably shattered.
If you live in London, or any other great city, you may find proofs of this close to your very doors. Then, boys of England, let us scorn such trifling youths. Join hand in hand, advance our colours, and make war against these poor young British boys! Drive them to sober reflection, and bid them remember what great men are made of, and what they once were! Robert Stephenson, John Kite, Richard Cobden, Humphry Davy, Michael Faraday, Richard Arkwright, David Livingstone, Walter Scott—what a galaxy of cultivated, brilliant intellect! Ask them how their young days were spent. Not in trashy novel-reading, romantic, foolish pleasures, wasting hours and days by chattering small-talk, and building “air-castles,” destined to be destroyed by the first zephyr of wisdom. They worked hard, through troubles and temptations, and some through pinching poverty; but the secret of their success was perseverance! The word imprinted on their hearts was “Forward!” They grasped the sword, and, having once taken it, determined never to lay it aside till the prize of honour, wisdom, and fame should be triumphantly won!
Once more, boys, forward! Wriggle in the dust no longer! Up, and be doing! Buckle on the armour of steady, unfaltering will, seize the shield of a clear conscience, and the sword of determined zeal—charge for the dazzling crown! Forward, boys, for ever!

H. J.
GALL-FLIES, SAW-FLIES, WASPS, ETC.—(Order Hymenoptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

That in conversation often "one thing leads to another" is universally known: we begin with politics, and end, it may be, with potatoes. It is equally certain that in the individual mind there is the same connection of thought with thought, and the same ultimate arrival at fresh fields and pastures new. Yesterday the line was running in my head:

Still its ashes lives its wonted fires,
And this drew after it the thought,—Ah! this ink, which is manufactured from galls, may dry into words that shall be gallng for their quill or pen. Still in the writing lay the bitter power. And there is even a sense, thought I, in which the gall-fly herself, who punctured the tree and made the gall-nut, may be said to live in this ink-bottle before me. In the consequences of her acts she is still alive, though in actual fact most likely long since dead—dead without hope of resurrection. But stop! without hope of resurrection, did I say? I am aware that Wesley and many others have maintained the contrary: it is an open question, and I will not decide. Nevertheless, I should like to see the case decided, if that were possible, by incontrovertible argument or fact; for instance, by the return of a gall-fly from the grave. At this moment there was a splitting, splashing, and sputtering, and to my great astonishment out bounced a gall-fly from the ink-bottle and crawled over the sheets of paper, rivaling my own performances on the same. When my surprise had somewhat abated, I settled myself to listen to the message which there could be little doubt my visitor had returned from "that bourne" to deliver.

Speech of Gall-fly.—"My name is Cyampa; my family is numerous, but as yet very imperfectly understood by your naturalists; and my body is, as you perceive, about half an inch in length. My cradle is the oak-apple or some other form of gall, found in various shapes on oak or rose or poplar, as the case may be. In June usually I issue forth, a little four-winged insect, the image of my mother; and your early naturalists were puzzled to account for the entrance of life into the centre of an imperforate ball. Redi, the Italian entomologist, imagined that oak-apples and other galls were animated, and were brought into being by a soul in the plant itself—a vegetative soul, of course, but still a soul, creating the larva found in galls!

Galls are very varied in shape. Some are globular, of a bright red colour and smooth fleshy consistence, resembling beautiful fruits. Some are like mushrooms, some like artichokes, and others may be taken for flowers; while their sizes vary from that of a pin's head to that of a walnut. Their situation is not less diversified. Some are found on the leaf itself, others on the foot-stalks only; some upon the roots and others upon the buds. Some of them cause the branches on which they grow to shoot out into such singular forms that the plants producing them were esteemed by the old botanists distinct species. One of the most simple and very common instances may be found in abundance during the summer on the leaves of the rose-tree, the oak, the willow, and many other trees, in the globular form of a berry, about the size of a currant, and usually of a green colour tinged with red.

When this pseudo-apple in miniature is cut into, says Rennie, it is found to be fresh, firm, juicy, and hollow in the centre, where there is either an egg or a grub safely lodged and protected from all ordinary accidents. Within this hollow ball the egg is hatched, and the grub feeds securely on its substance, till it prepares for its winter sleep, before changing into a gall-fly in the ensuing summer. The well-known oak-apple is a very pretty example of the structures formed by our family. It is, as you know, commonly as large as a walnut, rounded, but not quite spherical, with smooth skin, tinged with red and yellow, like a ripe apple. Cut one across, and you bring into view a number of oval granules, each containing a grub, and embedded in a fruit-looking fleshy substance, having fibres running through it. Reaumer found us to issue from such galls, as perfect insects of a reddish amber colour, in June and the beginning of July.

"But I have not yet told you how we construct these galls and manage to enclose the eggs. The truth is we are provided with an instrument as potent as an enchanter's wand, and—"

Lo! at our fairy touch at once springs forth
A magic growth of seeming fruits and flowers,
Fair to the eye, and animates within.

"The author of the 'Spectacle de la Nature,' may not be far wrong when he says that with my curious spiral sting I pierce into the heart of a leaf or bud, at the same time injecting a drop of corroding liquor, and immediately laying the egg. The heart of the bud being wounded in this manner, the circulation of the nutritious juice is interrupted, and by the mixture of the infused poison is thrown into a fermentation that burns the contiguous parts and there changes the natural colour of the plant. The sap, turned from its proper channel, flows round the egg; after which it swells, is dried by the external air, and hardens in a form that resembles the binding of a vault. Certainly the little egg in a few hours after its deposition, becomes surrounded with a fleshy
chamber, which not only will serve for shelter and defence, but also for food; the future little hermit feeding on its interior and there undergoing metamorphosis.

"You have heard of the celebrated Dead Sea fruits—the apples of Sodom, the mad-apples—which have given rise to so much controversy among Oriental scholars and Biblical commentators, the—

Dead Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.

Josephus says of them:—'There are still to be seen remains of the divine fire, &c., and moreover ashes produced in the fruits, which indeed resemble edible fruit in colour, but on being plucked by the hand, are dissolved into smoke and ashes.' Yococke supposed these apples to be a fig-tree. In the year 1787, Dr. Robinson and others have pronounced in favour of the fruit of the 'asher; but my sisters have put in a claim to their origin—

—a claim supported by Mr. Walter Elliot in the 'Transactions of the Entomological Society' (Trans. ii. p. 1437—1840).

"I believe, sir, that the ants of Spanish America have been complained of by Humboldt for destroying manuscripts to such an extent that no written document of a hundred years' standing can be found. 'What development,' he asks, 'can the civilisation of a people assume if there be nothing to connect the present with the past—if the depositaries of human knowledge must be constantly renewed—if the monuments of genius and wisdom cannot be transmitted to posterity?' Now, sir, I am not here to defend the ants or ants, but as part of the insect community. I belong to the class, and I wish to point out that if some members of the class do mischief to man, others do him essential service, and on the whole he should not complain. Our family, for instance, in giving birth to the gall-nut, from which ink is made, confers almost infinite benefit on man. We enable him to converse with his friends at a distance, and supply the poet, philosopher, moralist, and divine with the means of embodying their thoughts for the amusement, instruction, direction, and reformation of mankind."

To put an end to this strain, I requested the speaker to favour me with some account of the ink-making process. With what appeared to me disrespectful irrelevance, she began talking about the dyeing of clothes and stuffs, and it was some time before she came to the point. "Almost all vegetable substances," she said, "having an astringent taste, contain gallic acid, but especially the oak tribe. It is from the abundance of this acid in the gall-nut that it takes its name. The nuts are usually pounded and then boiled in water, in which the cloth is steeped, and this is afterwards placed in a solution of iron, termed copperas, by which a bluish-black substance, the gallate of iron, is formed. The colour may be improved by logwood, which is boiled with the copperas; and the stuff should have been previously dyed of a deep blue with indigo. A similar process is employed in the manufacture of common black writing-ink, which essentially consists of gallate of iron suspended in water by means of a small quantity of gum, and logwood is here also added to improve the colour. ('Carpenter's Vegetable Physiology.')"

"Then I may gather my galls and make my own ink," said I. "Oh, it is not the English galls that are made use of," said my informant, "the galls of commerce are found on the Quercus infectoria, a species of oak growing in the Levant, and exported from Smyrna and Aleppo."

"I mentioned ink and dyes as matters of greatest importance, but it is true also that in the Levant some of us are strung together with a thread and placed on such fig-trees as do not produce flowers or early figs, in order to hasten their maturity, and were supposed by the people to be magical knots. It is also a very old notion that every oak-apple contains either a maggot, a fly, or a spider; the first foretelling famine, the second war, and the last pestilence."

The gall-fly was making off, when I called after her to inquire about other members of the family, and to extract a promise that she would send me several of the more prominent. While awaiting their arrival I took down a volume on zoology, and turning over the leaves, casually lighted on the following information:—The Ichneumon is a member of the carnivorous class of animals, bearing a close resemblance to the weasel. It feeds upon birds, small reptiles, and animals, and is particularly serviceable in restraining the multiplication of the crocodile, by devouring its eggs. A very good thing too, I thought to myself, and I daresay some species of insects require restricting in the same way.

My reflections were cut short by the arrival of the gall-fly's relatives. Foremost among them I noticed a bee, but suspecting that her story would be a long one, I declined receiving that she had a more convenient season, and ascertaining that the next in order called herself the Ichneumon-fly, I begged her to give some account of herself.

Speech of the Ichneumon-fly.—"I am a four-winged fly, taking no other food than a little honey, and my great object is to discover a proper nidus for my eggs. Our family is extremely numerous, probably more than 3,000 species existing in Europe alone. Scarcely any tribe of insects is free from our attacks, although the Lepidoptera are the chief sufferers. Our food, as I have intimated, is solely the
GALL-FLIES, SAW-FLIES, WASPS, ETC.

juices of flowers, and our object in attacking caterpillars, spiders, and other creatures, is to secure proper situations for the deposition of our eggs. We are furnished with a sharp-pointed instrument called an ovipositor, which is long or short according as we are intended to reach caterpillars beneath the bark and in the crevices of wood, or those of access.

"Suppose now that I am on the business I refer to, and want the caterpillar, or a butterfly, or a moth, as the appropriate food for my young; you see me alight on the plants where they are most usually to be met with, run quickly over them, carefully examining every leaf, and having found the object of my search, insert my sting into its flesh and there deposit an egg. In vain my victim writhes its body, spits out an acid fluid, menaces with its tentacles, or brings into action the other organs which it is provided with, for none of these is it to be afraid of. I have every danger, not desisting till I have ensured subsistence for one at least of my future progeny.

"My corpulent victim, it may be, is feeding at his ease, and dreams as little of approaching danger as an alderman at a city feast—an alderman I mean, imbuing the green fat of turtle while a sparkling chandelier hangs, perhaps suspended by an all but severed chain, over his devoted head. No, I was not thinking of Damon, but quoting the author of the Epistles. To continue: I stoop, my weapon enters, is withdrawn, and leaves behind it a germ of nascent torture. In a few hours the deposited egg becomes a gnawing worm, which thieves and fattens on the inside of the caterpillar. One circumstance you will consider remarkable: viz., that although the larva gnaws every day for months till it has devoured almost every part except the skin and intestines, the caterpillar continues to eat, digest, and move apparently little injured. The larva, as if aware that its own existence depends on that of the insect on which it preys, carefully avoids injuring the vital organs.

"On one occasion, as Gilbert White will tell you, I attacked a spider much larger than myself on a grass walk. When the spider made any resistance, I applied my tail to him and stung him with great vehemence, so that he soon became dead. Then, running backwards, I drew him very nimbly over the walk into the standing grass. Of course I wanted to get him away to a hole that he might afford food for the larvae when the eggs I should deposit were hatched.

"The ovipositor I have spoken of—the piercing weapon or sting—attains the length of three or four inches in some exotic species of the genus Pimpla. When not in use it is enclosed in two long channelled filaments, which unite to receive it like a sheath.

During these remarks I observed another insect flourishing a most ingeniously contrived weapon, so I bade it step forward for examination. Taking it between the finger and thumb, I submitted it to gentle pressure, when, at some distance from the apex of the abdomen a narrow slit opened, and a short, pointed, and somewhat curved body, of a brown colour, and horny substance, was protruded. On submitting it to microscopic examination, I discovered that it was a very finely-contrived saw, adapted for penetrating branches and other parts of plants, where eggs are to be deposited. It was much more complicated than any of those employed by our carpenters, the teeth themselves being denticulated with finer teeth, and the instrument (or rather instruments, for there are two, used alternately) being curved in the Ov form. The backs of the saws are lodged in a groove, formed by two membranous plates, similar to the structure of a clasp-knife. This prevents them from becoming bent or separated while in operation. On my requesting my little friend to explain her method of depositing eggs, she began.

Speech of Saw-fly.—"When I have selected the branch of a tree—a rose tree or any other—I protrude my saw and work it. Having made the groove as large as I wish, I place an egg in the cavity, withdraw the saw for about two-thirds of its length, and at the same moment drop over the egg a sort of frothy liquid, similar to a lather made with soap. This may be for the purpose of gluing the egg in its place, or of sheathing it from the action of the juices of the tree. If I tell you all, there will be nothing left for you to investigate. In the same manner I saw out a second groove, and a third, and so on to the number sometimes of twenty-four, depositing an egg in each. The grooves are generally in a line, at a small distance from one another on the same branch. When finished they have little elevation above the level of the bark, but there is that in them, sir, which will grow." "You mean," said I, "that the bark swells, or that when the egg is hatched the larva increases in size." "I mean," said my little informant, "that the eggs themselves grow! In the course of a day or two after the deposition the part becomes first brown and then black, while it also becomes more and more elevated. The egg increases in size, raising the bark more and more, and widening the slit at the entrance. When the grub is hatched therefore, it finds a ready opening into the wide, wide world.

"I dare say you may know these grubs, since they frequently strip your rose, gooseberry, raspberry, and red-currant trees of their leaves, and are no less destructive to birch, alder, and willows, while turnips and wheat suffer still more seriously by their ravages. You may know them from the caterpillars of moths and butterflies by their having from sixteen to twenty-eight feet, by which they usually hang to the leaf they feed on, while they coil up the hinder part of the body in a spiral ring. I, being a perfect insect and a saw-fly of a common kind, have a flat body of an orange colour, with head and shoulders of black, while I am distinguished by my four transparent wings.

"A sister of mine at Hobarton, Van Diemen's Land, was observed to sit upon the leaf into which she had inserted her eggs, about eighty
in number, till they were hatched. This takes place in a few days; and afterwards the mother carefully feeds them in the larva state, in which the brood keeps together, whether eating or sleeping, in an oval mass. She sits upon them with outstretched wings, shading them from the heat of the sun, and protecting them with admirable perseverance from the attacks of parasites and other enemies, for a period of from four to six weeks, until her death.

Next there advanced to the front of the table a band of brothers, all sufficiently alike to deserve one name, but so far distinctive in habits, &c., as to claim separate consideration. Their family name was Vespaide, their more specific designations social wasp, mason wasp, hornet, &c. I observed that when at rest their wings were folded throughout their entire length, which is not the case with the other Hymenoptera.

Speech of Social Wasp.—"You may know me, sir, as a thief, but while I must plead guilty to the charge, let it be said in extenuation that I steal in order to supply the wants of the poor and the helpless of the community to which I belong. Not a grain of sugar nor a drop of honey or peach juice do I swallow of which a portion is not disgorged into the hungry mouths of our infant population; while not a morsel of meat is pilfered or a fly carried off of which the whole or part is not made over to the younger and stay-at-home members of our horde.

"You will gather from this statement that I am what is called a wasp neuter. I am not a male wasp, nor a female, but it has been said in my favour that I possess the best qualities of both sexes—the tenderness and patience of the one, the bravery and activity of the other.

"Concerning our ancestral origin, Isidore affirms that wasps come out of the putrid carcasses of asses." But Topsey and Monet remark, 'Rather are we of opinion, with Pliny and the Greek authors, that they are sprung from the dead bodies of horses, for the horse is a valiant and warlike creature. Hence is that verse frequently and commonly used among the Greeks:

Wasp come from horses, bees from bulls are bred.

And, indeed, their more than ordinary swiftness, and their eagerness in flight are sufficient arguments that they can take their original from no other creature.' If this be so, Mr. Thomas Carlyle must have been right when he said at Edinburgh the other day, 'There is a good deal more in genealogies than is generally believed at present.'

"The truth is, sir, that wasps have waspmothers, and if you would like to know a little concerning our homes and home affections, I am your servant. —You would like to hear?—Very well.—A few females that have survived the winter awake in early spring, when each, taking her own separate bent, chooses a favourable site for her new nest. Of this she is the architect; and at this she works, wholly unassisted, until the eggs which she takes care to deposit in its first cells, furnish her with assistants in the building and peopling of her colony. She does not receive the name of Queen, but a queen she is none the less because she puts her hand to honest work. True, that in the same nest there will by-and-by be a swarm of children, but surely the foundresses of communities are deserving of double honour. While the queen-bee does nothing, and never moves without a numerous train of obedient retainers, the mother wasp is at first alone, and is obliged to perform every species of drudgery herself.

"You may see her in the spring prying into every hole of a hedge-bank, particularly where field-mice have burrowed. Should she allow herself of such an opening, it requires to be afterwards considerably enlarged in the interior chamber, and the entrance gallery very much narrowed. Having constructed a few cells, she deposits in them the eggs of working wasps, covering them with gluten, which fixes them so strongly to the sides of the cells that it is not easy to separate them before they are hatched. Before they are hatched the mother puts her head into the cells many times in a day, as though they required some care; and after the hatching it is amusing to witness the activity with which she runs from cell to cell, putting her head into those where the grubs are very young, whilst those that are more advanced in age thrust their heads out of their cells, and seem to be asking for their food. As soon as they receive their portion they draw them back, and remain quiet. Thus are the grubs fed till they become pupae, and within twelve hours after being excluded in their perfect state, they eagerly set to work in constructing fresh cells, and in lightening the burden of their parent by assisting her in feeding the grubs of other workers and females which are by this time born. In a few weeks the society numbers several hundred, and both workers and females apply themselves to provide food for the growing grubs, now become exceedingly numerous. One party goes out to attack a hive of bees, a sugar hogshead, or a ripe peach or pear. Another wages war on bees, flies, and butchers' meat, joyfully returning to the nest laden with spoil. Distribution is made of the sweets to the most tender grubs, of the solid food to those of larger growth. In the autumn, when the colony has reached 20,000 or 30,000, and grubs in proportion, you may guess there is plenty to do. For a longer account I must refer you to Kirby and Spence.

"You have a curiosity to know what materials are used in building? So had the Chevalier in the Abbé De La Pluche's book, and the answer given by the prior is in accordance with the discoveries of Reaumer. The materials are wood and glue. The neeter wasps are despatched to cut the former out of window-frames, lattices of arbours, and extremities of house-roofs. They saw and carry off a vast number of minute shivers, and when they have hacked them very small, and amassed them into little heaps with their paws, they pour in a few drops of a glutinous liquor, by
the aid of which they knead the whole into a paste, and then round it into a ball, in which shape it is carried home, to be applied to the building.

"I have spoken of the industry of our mother-fondness, and I may be allowed, I hope, to contrast our males also with the male bees. The drone bee lives on the labour of others, is tolerated only as a necessary evil, and got rid of as soon as possible; whereas our males are active and good natured, disposed to do all they can, and make themselves generally useful. Huber describes them as sweeping the passages and terraces of the nest, removing thence all things that offend, and even as undertaking to dispose decently of the dead.

"One vespiary contains as many as 16,000 cells, and each cell may serve as the cradle of three generations in the same year, we have 40,000 as the possible number of vespiaries being annually from one nest. It would not be advisable to put your hand into the hole or home of such a colony.

"Reamer and the younger Huber both studied our domestic economy, by means of glass tubes. They will tell you both of our sagacity and our affection for our young. Though you carry off our nest, cut it in pieces, and expose it to the light, we never abandon it, nor relax in our attention to our progeny. The nest being mutilated in the manner stated, we repair the breaches, remove the ruins, fix it to the glass by columns of support, and altogether display an ingenuity, savouring of something beyond the limited powers of instinct."

Assuring my little informant that I thought his remarks very reasonable, I called upon his brother mason to give some short account of himself.

Speech of Mason Wasp.—"You will understand, sir, that various species of us have been called masons by different naturalists. Reaumer gave me the designation, and I am otherwise called Odynerus saturnius. You may find the nests of my kind in most sandy banks exposed to the sun. Our practice is to bore a cylindrical cavity with our mandibles, which may be regarded as double pickaxes capable of good work. A hard sandy bank, however, is not a difficulty to be despised, and we should not be able to make our way but for a glutinous liquor which we pour from our mouths, as Hannibal used vinegar to soften the Alps. In September, 1828, J. Renne observed a sister of mine excavating a hole in one of the bricks of a house at Lee, in Kent. The remarkable circumstance was the care she took in removing to a distance the fragments which she succeeded in detaching. With her strong jaws she severed a piece, usually about the bigness of a mustard seed, and carried it right away. A heap of brick chips at the bottom of the wall would have been as good as a finger-post to the Ichneumon-fly, and therefore they were carried away. The fragments detached in the process of my own excavating I knead together into a pellet about the size of one of the seeds of a gooseberry. With the first pellet I lay the foundation of a round tower as an out-

work, immediately over the mouth of my nest. Each new pellet is brought from the interior, and added to the wall of this outer round tower, which advances in height as the hole in the sand increases in depth. I am not at the pains to join the pellets nicely, but the vacancies left between them give the whole the appearance of filigree work. The fact is, I intend it only as a temporary structure, to protect myself whilst excavating, and as a pile of bricks for future use in the interior. The Ichneumon-fly has been seen to peep into the mouth of my tower, and then retreat, apparently frightened at the depth of the cell, which he was anxious to invade.

"Another species enters at the open windows, and with graceful industry stops up the keyholes and similar apertures with clay, in order to build in them a cell. Into this it thrusts the pupa of some other insect, within whose body it has previously introduced its own eggs. An ugly Ichneumon-like practice it may be, but one of your own poets has said, 'Whatever is right'; besides, the practice is pretty general among us, and that being the case we can encourage one another by the argument "ex post facto," etc. Solitary bees furnish their cells with pollen and honey, but we take living caterpillars, fixing them together in a spiral column, so that they cannot alter their position, although they remain alive. We lay in the exact quantity of provision necessary to the growth of the grub, before he quits his retreat. All that the young fellow has to do is to eat, and when the provision is gone, to spin a case, change into a pupa, and become a wasp."

I could not spare time to listen longer to what my little friends had to say, and I will only detain my readers by adding a few gleanings concerning the Vespidae.

It appears that while mankind were arriving by slow degrees at the art of making paper, the wasp was manufacturing it before their eyes. Wood, stone, brass, leaden tablets, papyrus, bark, and rudely prepared skins—all we tried before we obtained our present writing materials. But the wasp all along knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size or glue, spreading the substance out to a smooth and delicate leaf; and this is exactly the process of paper-making.

Topsell says, with reference to hornets, that they serve as good almanacks to country people, to foretell tempests and changes of weather. If they fly about in great numbers, he says, and be often seen about any place than usually they are wont, it is a sign of heat and fair weather the next day. But if about twilit they are observed to enter often their nests, as though they would hide themselves, you must the next day expect rain, wind, or some stormy, troublesome, or boisterous season. From the same writer we learn that in the year 190 B.C. an infinite number of wasps flew into the market at Capua, and sate in the temple of Mars. "They were with great diligence taken and burnt solemnly, yet they did foreshew the coming of the enemy and the burning of the city."
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

CHAPTER IV.

FIND OUT.

THERE is no time that a boy finds it so difficult properly to dispose of as the leisure that he has to spend indoors. Many, even industrious boys, don’t care to find their amusement in reading, and, moreover, the feeling of restraint is always irksome to an animal that is reputed to be “made of springs.” Yet all the winter evenings must be passed in the schoolroom; and even in summer there are many wet evenings. Mr. Frankson, who understood how to play the game well, felt this difficulty, and determined to see what he could do to remove it. You can say at the end of the chapter how you think he succeeded.

First, then, as the school had no library he set about forming one. “Ah, but how?” say you. Very simply. Among his own books he had some half-dozen which were suitable for boys’ reading. Mr. Johnston had as many, and the twenty boys had an average of two each. All these were lent, not given, for the half year, and as these were fifty-two in all, there was a small library at once. Then he and Mr. Johnston gave each, in money, 5s., and the boys among them gave about £1, which, judiciously laid out, bought twenty volumes, and this formed the nucleus of a permanent library, and made, with the lent books, a total of seventy-two volumes; a very good number for the reading of twenty boys. At the end of the half year several of the lent books were given, and by adhering to this simple plan, in the course of a couple of years the school had a permanent library of nearly 200 volumes.

I would recommend this scheme to all school-boys who have not a library, for no school should be without this important part of its furnishing, and it is, moreover, a part that boys should supply for themselves.

The library being formed, one of the boys was appointed librarian; and a time for changing the books fixed, and as the matter was carried on in an orderly manner it worked exceedingly well.

As soon as the library was fairly started Mr. Frankson began to teach the boys to play chess and draughts, and similar games to these. He encouraged them to play at proverbs, too, because this is not only capital fun, but a game to sharpen the wits, if played with a will. All these games become silly when people grow lily over them; but when, in proverbs for instance, each one tries to give the best answer he can, I say it is excellent practice for the wits. You may be surprised to learn that he had no objection to riddles; stipulating only that they should not be stale, or silly, or vulgar, which three faults riddles so often have. He liked them to make riddles for themselves. There was a small medal which the maker of the last approved riddle took possession of and kept until it was claimed by the maker of a still later one. But the prince of all the games was charades. Everybody liked these, and I can tell you they were often well done. In this, as in the rest, Mr. Frankson showed that “he meant it.” He would have everything done thoroughly, whether work or play, because he knew quite well that whatever we half do we soon grow tired of; but whatever we do in earnest pleases and benefits us. So he would have the charades well acted. Mr. Johnston had two little daughters, and these were begged for on the charade nights, and generally obtained, because the boys were always courteous and kind to them, as right-minded boys will ever be to girls. I think I must give you an account of one charade that caused a good deal of fun and laughter at the time it was produced. The word was of two syllables, so, of course, there were three scenes.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The curtain rises upon Bacon and Jessie (the younger of the two little girls) in a huge clothes-basket, which is to represent a boat. Bacon has a couple of cricket-bats for oars. At a distance stand Douglas, Norman, and Ella, the two former with fishing-rods, the latter on a camp-stool, with a book.

Dialogue in the boat.

**Bacon.**—“Look, dear Jessie, at those two gentlemen angling.”

**Jessie.**—“Angling? Why, they’re fishing.”

**Bacon.**—“Yes, my dear, we call that angling.” (Bacon was always very affectionate in his conversations with the little girls.)

**Jessie.**—“Why do you call it angling?”

**Bacon.**—“Why, you know, it comes from the Saxon word _angel_, a ‘hook.’” (Bacon had picked up this fact the day before, and thought himself very ’cute for directing the conversation so as to have an opportunity of using it.)

**Jessie.**—“Oh, well, never mind about that. Let’s go a little nearer, so that we may see them. What a beautiful bay this is; and how pretty that cottage is overlooking it!”

They steer towards the shore.

**Triology on shore.**

**Ella** (looking up from her book).—“Why, here’s a boat, with a lady and gentleman, coming into the bay.”

**Norman** (savagely).—“Lady and stupid. They’ll frighten all the fish away.”

**Ella.**—“Why, it’s our old fisherman’s boat, the Britannia.”

**Douglas.**—“Oh, then, you must hold your
peace, Norman, for 'Britannia rules the waves,' you know."

Norman.—"Oh, bother! I wish—"

On the instant the gallant seaman's hat is blown off; he springs to catch it, thereby upsetting the boat, and precipitating himself and his lady into the water, which, however, is very shallow. Consequently by the help of the anglers, they are soon deposited safe on terra firma.

Curtain falls.

SCENE THE SECOND.

Enter Mr. Frankson and Merriman. The latter hands up a Latin Grammar.

Mr. F.—"Well, sir, what have you to say?"

Merriman.—"The prepositions, sir."

Mr. F.—"Which."

Merriman.—"Those governing the ablative, sir."

Mr. F.—"Well, go on."

Merriman.—"A, absque, cum, ad, &c."

Mr. F.—"Does a assume any other forms?"

Merriman.—"Yes, sir, ab, ad, ap, &c.

Mr. F.—"Does cum?"

Merriman.—"Don't know, sir."

Mr. F.—"For 'join with' do you say 'conjoin'?"

Merriman.—"No, sir, 'conjoin.' Ah, I see, it assumes the form 'con'."

Mr. F.—"Good, That'll do."

Curtain falls.

Between the first and second scenes there was no time for gossip, but now there is a little delay, and so the talk begins. Most thought the last scene rather dry, but the bookish boys were amused with it. There were endless guesses with regard to the syllables: "Fish," "water," "boat," and a host of other words were argued for, and the second scene was about to be discussed when the bell sounded, and the curtain drew up on—

SCENE THE THIRD.

The breakfast room of an hotel. Several parties seated round separate tables, all waiting for breakfast. Enter Bacon as waiter.

Boy (from farthest table).—"Waiter!"

Bacon.—"Yes sir!" Walter starts along the room, but finds himself arrested mid course by some one taking hold of his coat. He looks round.

Boy.—"Waiter, when are we to have breakfast?"

Bacon.—"Dreckly, sir. What did you order, sir?"

Boy.—"What did I order! Why isn't it ready?"


Boy (from farthest table again).—"Waiter! Didn't you hear me call?"

Bacon.—"Yes sir; going to fetch ham, sir; coffee, sir." Exit waiter. Re-enters hurriedly with tray, catches his foot in a lady's dress, falls, and precipitates tray, coffee, bacon, eggs, and butter on to the floor in sublime confusion, amid the laughter of the audience.

Curtain falls.

And now what's the word? No one can guess. So it has to be told.

First syllable—"Bay."

Second syllable—"Con."

Word—"Bacon."

Here the blushes of the veritable "Bacon" (who hadn't known the word though he had acted the part prescribed to him) and the laughing of the rest were, as the books say, "beyond description," so I shall not attempt to describe them.

Of course the charades did not come very often. The reading, and chess, and proverbs were much more common.

Mr. Frankson also taught his boys to recite; not in the absurd manner in which boys often recite, but naturally and intelligently. Several of the boys became familiar with a great number of the finest pieces of Shakespeare, and many other of the English poets and prose writers. Then he would often read aloud to as many as liked to come around him, the rest being only expected not to make so much noise as to interrupt. He would often write stories or pieces of poetry for them himself, and encourage the elder boys to do the same.

Once a week he would give them a singing lesson in the evening, and most of them liked this very much.

CHAPTER V.

SELF-DENIAL.

I SAID in the last chapter that Mr. Frankson often wrote stories for the boys. I must tell you, too, that, whenever he could, he contrived to make them bear upon some question or difficulty that had arisen in the school. Now it happened one day that they were talking about self-denial, and one of the boys asked whether hermits and some of the stricter monks in the olden times were not the most self-denying of men.

Mr. Frankson seldom cared to give a direct answer to a question of this kind; but preferred to help a boy to think it out for himself. So he asked—"How much bread and butter had you for breakfast this morning?"

Boy.—"Three slices, sir."

Mr. F.—"And how much did you eat?"

Boy.—"I ate it all."

Mr. F.—"Why?"

Boy.—"Because I was hungry enough to want it all."

Mr. F.—"Suppose I had proposed to you to leave one slice by way of self-denial, what should you have said?"

Boy.—"I should have asked you what use there would be in doing so."

Mr. F.—"Well, I say, for the sake of self-denial?"
HO\NEW_M\MASTER_KILLED_THE\SNAKE.

Boy.—"But it would not have done any
one any good."

Mr. F.—"Then you don’t think mere self-
denial is of any value?"

Boy.—"No, sir; unless it is for the good
of some one."

Mr. F.—"Suppose, for instance, a school-
fellow had no breakfast supplied him, and
it was found that there was no more bread in
the house?"

Boy.—"Then self-denial would have been
of some use, sir."

Mr. F.—"Is the self-denial of these hermits
of use to any one?"

Boy.—"I think not, sir."

Mr. F.—"Can one exercise self-denial for
one’s own sake?"

Boy.—"I don’t see how, sir."

Mr. F.—"Let us try. Suppose there were
a cake which you were very fond of, but which
always made you ill, and some were offered
you, would you eat it?"

Boy.—"Not if I were wise."

Mr. F.—"And if you refused it, you would
be exercising self-denial; for whose sake?"

Boy.—"For my own, sir."

Mr. F.—"Would this self-denial be a duty
as well as the other?"

Boy.—"I think so, sir."

Mr. F.—"So do I. Try again; suppose
some favourite game kept you from preparing
your work, and so hindered your improvement.
Ought you to give up this game?"

Boy.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. F.—"Self-denial again, for your own
sake! Once more; suppose you find some
special habit tends to make you a worse boy—
less truthful or obedient—ought you to get
rid of that habit?"

Boy.—"Yes, sir."

Mr. F.—"And for whose sake?"

Boy.—"For my own."

Mr. F.—"Just so. You see, then, there is
self-denial for the good of others, and self-
denial for one’s own good—and in both cases
the self-denial is a duty. But self-denial that
does no good either to another or oneself has no
meaning in it. Of this kind, for the most part,
is the self-denial of the old hermits and monks.
There is, however, just one thing to be thought
of. A man who feels he has very little power
of self-denial may try to acquire the habit by
involuntarily denying himself things that are
harmless. I do not doubt that many of the
hermits had this thought in their minds."

It was, then, out of the foregoing conversa-
tion that the following story grew—I give it
you as a specimen of the kind of thing Mr.
Frankson did for his boys.

SELF-DENIAL.

On the deck of her Majesty’s good ship Oriel
stood a young midshipman, outward bound, on
his first voyage. He had but just come on
board, and, being a new hand, had little to do
but keep his eyes open as shrewdly as might be.
This he did until nightfall, when, taking up
his position on the bowsprit of the vessel, he
suffered his mind to drift back to the scenes
and the loved ones he had just left—he
thought of the last evening at home, and his
father’s earnest and thoughtful words—“My
boy, above all things learn to command your-
self—to deny yourself—to deny, that is, your
meaner, lower self; cultivating the higher
and the better that is in you. Whenever two im-
ulses essay to move you, choose the higher
and the nobler as your guide, and deny the
baser. This is true self-denial; not self-denial
at all, in fact, but self-elevation—only sin and
shame denial.”—And the boy, as he sat there
looking dreamily into the blue waters, feeling
somewhat strange and sad under the influence
of his new position, and the moon’s pale light,
pondered in himself how he might be able to
apply his father’s teachings. Then he fell
from reverie into sleep, and dreamed over again
the paring and the last words of advice. In
the morning, though not quite cheerful, he felt
strong, for he had resolved, as far as in his
lay, to make his father’s words the rule of his
conduct.

A week passed over, during which he became
acustomed to his new companions and duties.
There were, of course, several midshipmen on
board besides himself, and he soon found that
between some of these and the second lieu-
tenant, feelings far from the most harmonious
existed. He was informed too, by the dis-
fected, that they had in hand a scheme of
boyish revenge, by which they hoped at once
to make things square between themselves and
the lieutenant, and at the same time to expose
him to the ridicule of the whole ship’s crew.
The lieutenant was a man remarkable for an
unflinching insistence upon all the outward
forms of respect and discipline. The young
rebels knew of this weakness, and determined
to adapt their plans for revenge to it.

A deputy was sent to Bruce, our midship-
man, to invite him to join in the plot, and,
with all a boy’s hearty love of fun, he at once
accepted the invitation. But he soon began
to doubt whether he was right to have done
so. Was not this a case for self-denial,—a
slight,—yet a real one? Was he not, for the
mere sake of fun, countenancing a plan of
petty revenge, conspiring to pain the feelings
of another, and doing what he could to weaken
the discipline of the ship? These thoughts
determined him to withdraw from the plot and
counsel its abandonment. He was, of course,
laughed at for his pains; for his own with-
drawal he was called a weak-spirited fellow,
and was told that he must alter considerably
before he could be taken into good fellowship
again; and as for his advice—it was suggested
that it might be as well for him to keep that
until it was called for. The communications
between the conspirators and Bruce had been
carried on through the deputy, and as all the
midshipmen were not concerned in the affair,
he only knew of the one with whom he had
had direct communication.

The plot was, that at the giving of any order
by the lieutenant some one of their number
should laugh, and this should be repeated each
time an order was given. The coincidence would appear accidental at first, and indeed could never be proved otherwise, while it would still have all the effect of a studied insult. Next morning this plan was carried out. At first the lieutenant only started and looked sternly round; then a rebuke was administered to the next laugh for laughing so loudly; but at last the lieutenant began to fancy the coincidence was too frequent to be accidental, and as he became convinced of this, so his passion grew higher and higher, until, unable longer to bear it, he appealed to the captain.

All the midshipmen were summoned to the quarter-deck and interrogated; some had not laughed, not being in the plot; and all had avowed that their laughing had no connexion with the lieutenant's orders. At last Bruce was asked if he knew anything about it.

"Yes, sir."  
Captain.—"What do you know?"
Bruce.—"I'd rather not tell, if you please, sir."

Captain.—"You'd rather not tell, sir?"
Bruce.—"Yes, sir."

Captain.—"Then perhaps, Mr. Bruce, you'll go up to the mast-head."
He went up and remained all day; and at evening was called down, cold, benumbed, and terribly dejected. But he had endured his punishment, and had not flinched; he had defied his dread of physical suffering; he would not be a coward. But now that all personal inconvenience from his conduct was at an end, he began to doubt whether he had acted rightly. He saw the midshipmen, presuming upon the success of their scheme, behaving with less respect to their superior officers than was proper; he saw this also having its effect upon the seamen; and he found his own usefulness in the ship almost gone. What should he do? Should he tell the captain all he knew about the affair? Would he not, by so doing, make enemies of all the other midshipmen? Would they not call him sneak, and such names as might injure him. Would he not be now a mooral coward if he suffered his fears to deter him? Must he not deny these impulses and weaknesses, and do the right thing? Yes! He did it; the midshipmen were punished; the incipient insubordination was crushed, and all went well. Was, indeed; but not for him. Every midshipman on board was insipient with him, and entirely shunned him; and he who had been the deputy, and upon whom the heaviest punishment fell, became his deadly enemy. Poor fellow, every hour the day he had to bear some indignity. No one would sit near him at mess; no one spoke to him except to taunt him; to his face and behind his back the bitterest things were said, until he became thoroughly wretched.

The deputy especially went out of his way to annoy poor Bruce; said the most insulting things to him; and one day went so far as to lay his hand upon him roughly. Human nature is not iron; boy-nature especially, though it have some iron in it, yet that iron is unfortunately cast-iron, and therefore very brittle—

the hand laid upon him was the climax to Bruce. In an instant his blood was up; he turned sharp round, flew at his antagonist, and his enemy lay at his feet. He turned on his heel and walked rapidly to the other end of the vessel. Already his blood was cooling, and he felt half sorry for what he had done. True, he had silenced one of his annoysers, for the deputy was a thorough coward, and dared not actively annoy one who had laid him prostrate. But this made Bruce still more sorry that he had struck him; he felt he had almost degraded himself by the act. There was, however, one advantage about the matter; now he had shown his superiority, he could make advances for a reconciliation. This he would do; and this he did. They were not absolutely rejected, nor were they accepted; but listened to in a sullen, dogged manner. Bruce felt there was nothing noble about the other, and that, although active warfare had ceased between them, he had still an enemy in the deputy.

The next morning, just after the men had been piped down to breakfast, Bruce was standing aft leaning on the bulwarks and thinking somewhat sadly of his position, when he was suddenly startled by a cry from the sailor on watch—"A man overboard!" The cry was instantly taken up, and "A man overboard" rang through the ship. Immediately the captain was up from his cabin with his prompt orders, "Bout ship," and up flew the men into the rigging. "Lower the larboard boat," and as quickly half a dozen hands were loosing the cable and manning the boat.

Rapidly as all this was done, it could not but take some time, and meanwhile the "man overboard," who evidently was unable to swim, had gone down and risen again, down again and to the surface once more, and now he descends for the last time; is it to rise no more? But what is that? A swimmer close to the drowning man! See, he is all but within grasp of him as the head disappears for the last time; he divs—a moment of dreadful suspense—he rises—his head is up of him, and is keeping his head well above water. A sigh now of almost relief instead of a groan, but no shouting; the excitement is still too great. Who is the second man? Bruce! And the drowning man! His enemy! Yes; there he is supporting his enemy in the water; he is growing exhausted, but the boat rapidly nears them. It pulls alongside, they are taken on board, and then there arose a cheer fit to rend the air, and well worthy of so great a deliverance and so heroic an act.

And what was his reward, do you ask? Would you wish a higher reward than the consciousness of having performed a grand action? True, he obtained the high esteem of all his shipmates; true, he had killed an enemy by saving a man; but his highest reward was in the strength he had gained for continuing the battle of self-denial; for he well knew that the value of his act lay not so much in risking his life for another's, as in the victory over his worse impulses—in the denial of the only part of his nature that should ever be denied.
COMETS.—WHAT ARE THEY?

VARIOUS are the answers that have been given to this question. Aristotle tells us that they are fires kindled in the atmosphere; Burnet describes them as the dead bodies of the fixed stars; Kepler supposes them to be monsters generated in celestial space; Brown talks of them arising from "the effluxion of other stars;" and nearly all the old writers agree in regarding them as portents of evil. A comet in the sky was supposed to indicate an approaching pestilence, famine, war, fire, earthquake, flood, revolution of the sun, any great convulsion in the natural or moral world. It has been held by many writers that the shock of a comet was the occasion of the Deluge, and that another shock from another comet would destroy the world by fire as it was of old destroyed by water. Popular terror has been excited on various occasions by the predicted appearance of a comet or by its actual appearance in the sky. To the disordered imagination it has worn the shape of an avenging sword, a bended arm, a javelin; and credulity has associated its approach with an infinite variety of calamities, and trembled lest it should make one deadly swoop upon the earth and burn it to a cinder.

But what is a comet? It is not an atmospheric phenomenon, it is not the dead body of a fixed star, nor a monster generated in celestial space, nor the effluxion of other stars, but it is no doubt formed of ponderable matter. This is proved by the form of a comet's orbit. The fact of its moving in a certain direction, so that the rate at which it travels may be ascertained, and its reappearance predicted, shows clearly enough that it is subject to the laws of gravitation: hence comets are known to be of material substance. I will now briefly notice—

1. The Shape of Comets.—The forms they assume are very various, but their common characteristics are the bright spot, or nucleus, or head, and the nebulous haze, tail, or brush, which extends from the nucleus to a considerable distance. Around the head there is also a nebulous haze, similar to that which forms the tail, and it is from the singular aspect of this vapour that the word "comet" is derived—κομήτης, a hairy star. Comets are sometimes globular and have no tail. The tails are always of various forms—some straight, others curved, others double, treble, sometimes sixfold. Donati's comet, it will be remembered, was discovered at Florence on the 2nd June, 1858, and on the 3rd September following became visible to the naked eye. On the 11th the tail was just observed; on the 16th a double tail was noticed; on the 23rd the nucleus was singularly large and brilliant, and the tail extended to a length of nearly 25 degrees. The comet was observable till towards the close of October, and the transformations it underwent were of the most striking and singular character.

II.—The Appearance of Comets.—Xenocrates called comets "clouds of light," on account of their confused and cloudy appearance. They make their first appearance as small, faint, and slowly-moving bodies. In a little time they quicken their motion and augment their splendours, throwing out their tails behind them, and rushing towards the sun. Having been lost for a while in the solar effulgence, they again emerge from it, moving more and more slowly, and gradually lying aside to their glory, as they got further away into immensity. Comets are always the most striking and beautiful objects immediately after their passage near to the sun. They then shine with the brightest light and have the longest tail. The comet of 1843 was seen the day after its perihelion passage from the deck of the "Owen Glendower," then off the Cape of Good Hope, just before sunset, in full daylight, and close to the sun.

III. The Dimensions of Comets.—Comets are often of enormous size. The tail of the great comet of 1880 spread out to a length much exceeding the distance of the sun from the earth. The tail of the comet which appeared in 1811 was one hundred and thirty millions of miles in length. The comet of 1843 had a tail which measured two hundred millions of miles.

IV. The Substance of Comets.—Comets are composed of thin vapour, infinitely more ethereal than the finest whisk of cloud. Stars of the faintest lustre remain perfectly visible through the densest portions of comets, although a slight fog, extending but a few feet from the earth's substance, is sufficient to obscure their light completely. The nucleus of a comet, as well as the tail, is composed of gaseous matter. When the nucleus of a comet is viewed by the aid of a powerful telescope it gets more and more misty, instead of becoming a more clearly defined body, as it ought to do if composed of shining solid substance. In some comets a very minute star-like point has been seen by powerful telescopes, but this has rarely chanced. Comets nearly always look like atmospheres that is, kind of vapid globes.

The cometic substance is as light as air and transparent. Lexell's comet of 1770 passed within six times the moon's distance of the earth, and was considerably retarded in its motion, in consequence of the terrestrial attraction for its mass. But it did not in return produce the slightest effect even in the tidal rise of our ocean.
the comet's mass been equal to the earth's, the length of the year would have been increased, by its retarding power over the earth's motion, three hours. The length of the year was not, however, increased so much as the smallest fraction of a second, and hence it can be shown that the comet's mass could not be so great as a five-thousandth part of the earth's mass. The extreme thinness of the comet's substance seems to be due to the absence of any central dense matter capable of controlling the elasticity of the cometary material. If the earth were to retain its present size and yet be reduced to one-thousandth part of its actual mass, the atmosphere would leap out to considerably more than one thousand times its present dimensions. Newton has shown that a globe of air of an inch diameter, if reduced to the density it would have when removed four thousand miles from the earth's surface, would be sufficient to fill a sphere exceeding in its circumference the orbit in which Saturn moves. A few ounces of matter may be perhaps sufficient for the construction of the largest comet's tail.

V. Speed of Comets.—Some comets go very fast; others go very slowly. Most comets move very quickly when close to the sun, and very slowly when far away from it. The comet of 1572 passed through a space in the sky equal to eighty times the sun's apparent breadth (40 degrees) in a single day. The comet of 1843, when in perihelion, travelled at the rate of 306 miles in a second. It would seem surprising that bodies so light should be able to move so fast, if we did not remember that their motions are not performed through resisting substance like the air. They travel in space that is almost void.

VI. The Tails of Comets.—The comet's tail is evidently produced by the direct influence of the sun. The part of the nucleus which is nearest to the solar orb is powerfully excited, and may be first seen streaming out towards the sun, and then flowing backwards away from it to form the tail, as if suddenly heated by some intense flame. The comet's tail cannot be an emanation drawn out by the sun's influence, for it always proceeds away from the sun. Neither can it be matter left behind during the comet's rapid motion, for, after the perihelion passage, it goes back to the nucleus, instead of following it. It seems rather to be some mysterious exhalation raised by the power of the sun's influence, and then subjected to the rule of a strange, and as yet unknown agency, which must, however, be of far more energetic nature than the force of gravity. It is hardly possible to conceive that matter shot out with the rapidity of the comet's tail, and through such enormous distances, could be drawn back by the attraction of a mass so light as the comet's body. Much of it is probably dissipated for ever into space, the comet growing really both fainter and lighter with each return towards the sun.

VII. The Orbits of Comets.—The orbit of the comet has mostly the form of a very elongated ellipse, one end of which lies near the sun, and the other end very far away from it. Whenever comets are seen, they are either advancing towards, or receding from, the sun. When a comet's progress in the sky is watched, it is found that it approaches the sun within a certain distance goes round it, and then moves off from it again into distant realms. The ellipses in which comets move are generally so immensely lengthened out, that they are considered by astronomers to have an infinite (or endless) length, instead of a measurable one; that is, the comet seems to move, as long as it is visible, along a parabolic instead of a line along an elliptical curve. All comets that move in ellipses must reappear after a certain length of time, provided, no accidental disturbance influences their motions in the interval. Some tail comets, however, are known not to move in ellipses. Three, at least, are ascertained to have hyperbolic paths. These are Borchardt's of 1728, Encke's of 1771, and Rosénberge's of 1818. The comets which move in hyperbolic paths visit the sun once, and then sweep off for ever into space. A comet moving in a hyperbolic path, may come so near to some planetary body, as to have its velocity of motion retarded, and its hyperbolic progress converted into an elliptical one. It is known that one comet (Lexell's of 1770) has been in this way whisked into a new path, in consequence of having passed very near to Jupiter. As comets move in more eccentric ellipses than planets, or else in hyperbolic paths that run completely away from the sun, they must suffer much greater variations of heat than the planets. The great comet of 1843, which formed so brilliant an object in southern latitudes, and whose tail was just seen whirling above the southern horizon in England, as large as a beam of light, passed so near the sun when it was in perihelion (i.e. its nearest point of approach), that it was then within a fourteenth part of the sun's breadth (between sixty and seventy thousand miles) from its surface. It must then have suffered forty thousand times more heat than the earth's equinoctial regions ever experienced, an intensity twenty-four times greater than would suffice to melt rock-crystal. The great comet of 1680 was three times farther away from the solar surface than that of 1843, when in perihelion. Yet the sun would then have seemed from it large enough to reach from the bottom to the top of the vault of the sky (from the horizon to the zenith nearly). But this wanderer goes at least so far away that the sun's apparent breadth dwindles down to half the breadth of the planet Mars; at this distance the solar heat must be inappreciable, the temperature in which the comets then float
ENDURE WHAT YOU CANNOT AMEND.

Endure what you cannot amend,
'Tis madness to fret and repine;
The short-lived are ever the men
Accustomed to murmur and whine.
What! though the bright hope be obscured
By clouds which your ruin portend,
'Tis folly, not wisdom, to chide,—
Endure what you cannot amend.

Endure what you cannot amend,
'Tis futile to menace and swear,
No sunlight was ever educed
From out the dense glooms of despair:
The rainbow that whispers of hope,
Illumes with its beautiful bend,
The soul that bears meekly the ills
She knows she can never amend.
CONCERNING SOME FREE EXHIBITIONS.

HERE at my window, as I sit busily engaged on my "History of Things Unknown," I am compelled to cast my eye from time to time upon some of these remarkable exhibitions or entertainments which one sees in every large town, but nowhere so often or in such variety as in London. I have before discoursed to my young friends on one of these, and endeavoured to explain the history of that curious comedy, tragedy, or melodrama, known as "Punch and Judy." My friend, the editor of Mr. Bottle's Monthly, has been kind enough to say, that "his boys would like to hear from me again," so for the present I will lay aside my cherished labour, and say a little about some other spectacles which I see through my own from my first-floor window.

I must premise that the need to be hood in which I reside is understood to be "very quiet and genteel"—at least, I was assured by the landlady when I first saw the apartment, that "a more quiet and more genteel place" to be found anywhere, as well it's known; and if it wasn't that some people "will let their places to poor curates and sich like, there wouldn't be a more respectable street all round London." For my own part, I saw no objection to the vicinity of poor curates; and as the good landlady's appearance and that of her house were more in her favour than her speech, I was willing to take her word for the rest. I must say that, after seeing the apartment, I was soon tempted to overcome my natural repugnance to domestic changes, and to quit the spot where I had once more settled down. From morning till night I found the place was haunted by a series of cries or wails, sometimes abrupt and startling, sometimes plaintive and prolonged, until they faded away in the distance like the note of a banjo. On inquiry I was informed that these were nothing more than the cries of itinerant vendors of labour or provisions; that the early morning call to "Wee-e-e-op" was no signification that any distressing calamity had happened, but simply, as Keziah, our maid servant, observed, that someone had come to "sweep that part of the district," that when I had taken to be another Solomon Eagle pacing the land with a deep bass cry of "Woe! woe! woe!" was only a poor Israelite endeavouring, by a call of "Clo, clo, clo!" to effect the purchase of worn-out apparel; and that the voice of a female who appeared to be in deep distress proceeded merely from a seller of "Watercress-e-e-e-es!" I presently became reconciled to these calls, and ceased to regard them; but a far more formidable source of annoyance to one who wishes to pass his days in quiet study, but is yet compelled to reside in town, appeared in some of the street entertainments. Many of these came nearly opposite my window, day after day, and week after week, with somewhat more than the regularity of "clock-work," which I have observed is occasionally imperfect. Nevertheless, I have been long enough in the world to have acquired some facility in adapting myself to circumstances. I soon learnt to regard most of these exhibitions in a tolerant spirit. They obviously afforded some degree of interest, and even pleasure, to certain classes of what newspaper writers term "the British public." Moreover, the young people appeared especially to delight in them; and although I should not share this feeling, yet, let us be praised! I can always delight in young people, and sympathise with their amusements.

So, positively, after at first entreating Keziah to bribe the policeman to send all street performers away, I came not only to be willing to let them remain undisturbed, but even made an occasional appearance at the window to watch what was going on.

To pass on to my subject without further preface, I have remarked that the entertainments and exhibitions of the street may be divided into several classes or groups, each of which has its own peculiar and characteristic audience. Some attract more particularly the very juvenile public; and of this kind are the performing animals of all descriptions. There is an inborn taste for natural history on the part of all young people; and even the poor Italian boy who travels about with a hurdy-gurdy and a guinea-pig, can always secure an admiring audience by means of his little animal. Somewhat higher in pretension as an exhibition of this kind is that of the man with the barrel-organ and performing monkey. "Jacko," taking the organ as a stage, goes through a number of feats, which elicit the rapturous applause of the juvenile group around. He appears to execute the polka and other fashionable dances with facility, and in his "grand pas" his curly tail performs an extraordinary number of gyrations. Presently the exhibition is varied; Jacko is dressed in a somewhat novel uniform, consisting of a loose shirt or petticoat and a cocked hat; he is then armed with a miniature rifle, and put through various descriptions of military exercise. The climax of popular approval is reached when the gun has been fitted with a real percussion cap, and Jacko courageously fires it off, then looking eagerly round for his reward in the shape of nuts or apples. The rapidity with which he makes these disappear is truly surprising.

*See "Tool! Tool!" in the number for January, 1855.*
CONCERNING SOME FREE EXHIBITIONS.

A more pleasing and instructive exhibition, well known as the "Happy Family," commands a thorough of adult as well as juvenile spectators as it is a great favorite with both. Something like it has been met with in the streets of London for very many years, for I believe there are several of these "happy families" in existence. The one to which I particularly allude claims the honour of having been presented before her Majesty, at Windsor Castle. It consists of a number of cats, mice, and birds, which dwell together in a wire cage on the most friendly terms, and are trained to take part in various ingenious performances. There is a mouse which performs on the tight-rope like a disciple of Blondin; another that climbs a pole; several birds which harness themselves to little carriages, and draw them about until their trainer gives a signal, when they fly back into their cage; and a cat which goes through the form of eating a mouse, and appears to have swallowed its tail, when it allows the little animal to be withdrawn— all appearances neither frightened nor hurt. Evidently, as much care has been bestowed on the training of these animals, and as much labour involved in their education, as would be required in a rather large school of boys and young children. Nor can I think that care and labour thrown away. It is something to gain an idea of the degree to which these little creatures may be educated. Philosophers, watching this exhibition as I do occasionally, may acquire fresh hints for their discussions respecting instinct and reason; and even the thoughtlessurchins who loiter on their errands to gape at the performances with wonder, learn to recognize the fact that there is an intelligence in the brute creation which entitles the most insignificant animal to be treated with consideration and kindness.

But there is another exhibition of performing birds even more suggestive and attractive than this. Many of my young readers may have seen it, for I observe that its proprietor takes a rather wide range in his excursions. It is an old acquaintance in our "quiet street" in London; and recently, after I had missed it for a short time, it again appeared opposite the window at my favourite watering-place, St. Winifred's. There are altogether, perhaps, forty or fifty birds— canaries, finches, "love-birds," and the real Cockney sparrow. They go through all the bird-performances of the last-named exhibition, and many others besides. The most remarkable is what would be termed on a playbill, the "grand spectacular drama of the Battle of Waterloo, with new costume, dresses, and decorations." The play consists, in fact, of the Battle of Waterloo, "with variations," as the musicians say. In the first place, the battle itself is left out, there being no attempt to represent any contest between opposing forces. But as the proprietor of the exhibition invariably announces the spectacle as a representation of "Waterloo," and the public appear quite content to accept it as such, I do not see why anyone else should complain.

The chief points of interest in this drama, which is eagerly followed by an admiring audience, are found in the incidents which take place between two characters called by the exhibitor, "Marshall Blushar" and "Shenereal Vellington." The historical foundation for these incidents I have not yet discovered in any of my inquiries into things either known or unknown. I have not the least doubt that they are accepted, whenever the proprietor exhibits before the juveniles in his native land, as a strict representation of actual fact, and that many have gained their impressions of the "world's earthquake" entirely from these performing birds. When we know that in our own "enlightened" country there are boys 15 years of age who have "never heard of Queen Victoria, and don't know whether she is a woman," others who "have heard the name on it, but can't tell what it means;" and others again who say they "don't live in England—think it is a country, but didn't know before," we may well conclude that the youth of other lands have occasionally very vague historical impressions.

But to return to the performing birds. "Vellington" is represented by a canary in a cocked hat and gorgeous uniform; "Blushar" by one of those small green and yellow parakeets popularly known as "love birds." Each in turn is seated in a triumphal car, and drawn across the stage by a group of three or four "staff officers," who, at a signal from the exhibitor, run from the cage and place their little heads in the harness arranged for that purpose. After this some graver incidents take place. Wellington, still in his car, and looking as serious as the Iron Duke himself, also resembling him in a somewhat prominent feature, which, in this instance, may be termed, without vulgarity, the "beak"—is placed at one end of the stage. Blucher has meanwhile retired to his private perch. A small brass cannon, of a kind perfectly familiar to some of my young friends, and properly mounted, is then produced, and loaded, with many flourishes and much formality. The excitement among the juvenile spectators at this period is intense. The proprietor of the birds now calls again for "Marshall Blushar," who comes forth this time, we remark, with some reluctance, as if entering a protest against what is to happen. "Now," cries the exhibitor, "you shall see Blushar fire his shot cannon at Wellington, and shot him dead." This announcement, far from jarring on the feeling of Young England assembled around, is received with something like a cheer; at least, as much of a cheer as the juveniles can give when they are holding their breath with expectation. The bird advances to the cannon, but having, apparently, some feeling for his comrade, turns

*These examples of the lamentable ignorance existing amongst us are found in the recent report of the "Children's Employment Commission."
CONCERNING SOME FREE EXHIBITIONS.

away again and again. At last, however, he is induced to remain steady at his post; a match is struck, and a long piece of paper lit; the other end of the paper is quickly placed to the bird's claw, and the lighted portion dexterously, at the same moment, applied to the touchhole of the little gun. A loud report, and away scampers Blucher, while Wellington falls from his triumphal car, and lays stiff and motionless as a stone. The accuracy with which the little canary fulfills this part of the programme entitles him to rank as a first-rate performer.

"Now," we are informed, "you shall see a less lewd birds come for General Wellington and carry him away to be funeral." A little hearsae with black velvet trappings is brought forth; Wellington, still motionless, allows himself to be picked up and deposited inside. Then some three or four birds are induced to leave the cage; they run towards the hearse, slip their heads in the harness, under the direction of their master, and drag the little vehicle rapidly back to the cage, when they eagerly detach themselves and fly in. The hearse is now opened, and Wellington brought out, when, to the amusement of some of the spectators, he jumps gaily from the exhibitor's hand, and takes a few triumphant hops before going to join his companions.

These are some of the more pleasing exhibitions of the streets—always productive of innocent gratification to many persons, and annoying none by unseemly sights and sounds. The age has advanced since the only performing animals exhibited in this way were the "dancing bears," and an occasional "learned pig." I remember myself to have seen a bear, heavily muzzled, led about the streets by an iron chain, and made to prance to the sound of a drum and pipes. The process by which the animal was taught these capers was, I believe, a cruel one, and consisted in gradually heating the floor of his cage or den, causing him to rear on his hind legs and lift his paws as the floor became hotter and hotter. Hence the occasional comparison sometimes heard to "a bear on hot bricks."

The clumsy performances of bears thus led about were for centuries a favourite source of amusement in England. A very ancient drawing, copied by Strutt, shows the mode in which the exhibition was conducted in the times of the Anglo-Saxons. The principal figure holds a stick in one hand, and the bear by a strong cord in the other. Two men are in attendance, one of whom plays on a rude flageolet, and the other performs a grotesque dance. The bear is seen at the moment lying down, as if261

The performance, we are told, took place on an elevation, and a large concourse of spectators is represented in the original drawing as standing round, wrapt in wonder and admiration. The performing birds of our own day are an excellent substitute for a sport so uncouth and even brutal.

But I must for the present say no more about street exhibitions. Kesiah has just intimated that tea is ready, and, if I am not mistaken, I hear in the distance the furious and discordant notes of that dreadful German band which takes up its quarters in the street about this time in the evening. There is no help for it then. I must drop my book or my pen and retreat into my innermost chamber—away as far as possible from the concourse of harsh sounds. Why the inhabitants of quiet streets should be constantly discomfited by a German invasion of this description, I cannot for the life of me understand. I can tolerate a good deal on the part of "natives" who attempt to treat the public to melody or harmony—from the extraordinary individual who wanders up and down byways whistling the "Loss of Richmond Hill," and who appears to have whistled all the flesh off his bones, poor fellow! so that I have heard even Kesiah speak of him disrespectfully as the "whistlin' skillington," up to that highly-accomplished band who came from Lancashire during the cotton famine, and made such a good thing of it that they have wandered about the metropolis playing "Vital spark" ever since; I have become reconciled even to "a tune tied to a post," as the "music" of the Scotch bagpipes has very aptly been termed; but of all sounds in creation preserve me from listening to those emitted by a German band, especially in their frantic attempts to execute "Home, sweet Home." Each of the players appears to start off on his own account; and if he occasionally wanders into the tune by accident, he is away from it again as quickly as possible, leaving the rest to introduce the remaining bits according to their own sweet will. This is one of the street "entertainments" I have a particular aversion to. I may talk about some others of the same class at a future time.
DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have lately been to the real old original, long-established, wax-work shop, and had my six-pence worth of "extra"—you know what's the extra—horrors! Now, when I was taken to the show a long, long while ago, the luxury of murder was denied me. I was not taken to see the dreadful things in the dark room for fear I should be seized with nervous terror. I know I wanted to go through the turnstile, and was very ill-satisfied with everything else, because I was not allowed to do it. It was the yearning aspiration of my noble soul to pierce the mystery—to know the unknown—to rise face to face with the grim terror that lay beyond. There was a boy I knew who had been let in. I thought I was regularly let in by being kept out; and that boy, whose name was Barnstable, disgusted me by stating that the sight was "a jolly sell!"

"A cell!" said I, mistaking his meaning; "is it a real cell with stone walls and chains, like those that are outside Newgate?"

"Get out!" said he, "who meant a cell? I meant it is a 'do.' It aint a bit horrid—not really horrid. I wanted to shiver, and was much higher laughing. I know I should like to have got my sixpence back, and laid it out in jam pudding."

"But," said I, "aint all the dreadful murderers there—don't they look horrid?"

"Not half so horrid as my schoolmaster's wife when you look as if you did not like her resurrection Saturday pie."

"Well, I should like to go in, and I will."

He stopped me with an atrocious grin, and said,

"Yes, little boy, you shall go when you are old enough, and can be trusted with yourself and a sixpence."

I was very indignant. It is exasperating for fourteen to do the venerable to eleven and a half.

Well, age and sixpence came in time. Excellent moral—only wait—everything comes in time to those who can wait; even the last omnibus—full inside, and full out! I went with a friend to the wax-work show, and being in evening togs, and dressed like swells, we expected to be treated as such. We were disap-

pointed. Proceeding up the illuminated staircase—bah!—a crusty old customer that we had at first mistaken for one of the horreo shouted to us, "Not that way." He was imperious, as if we were going to perdition, and it was his mission to set us right. We stopped in amazement as he shook his head at us in a manner which intimated, that if we did not mind he would not let us in at all; his stern finger pointed to the pay-box.

The pay-box was a sort of table, behind which a used-up sort of gentleman was lounging lazily, as if he was the identical monarch, whose only business through life was to sit in his counting-house and count out his money. He did not look at us when we paid—an initialling alpaca, before we could hope to tender our tester for horrors—he did not thank us; he looked severely at the ceiling, and stopped to attend to a little private business of his own—the readjustment of his moustache before he gave us our change out of half-a-crown. All this time the elderly customer—a regularly born and bred Cerberus with one head—kept his eye on us; then, as we turned towards the dazzling halls of light, he remarked, gruffly, "There, that way." The spasmodic way in which he spoke still further impressed the idea of his automic origin on my mind. My friend's opinion, like my own, was that he was not a man, but a wax-litened horror moved by clockwork. Should we stick a pin in the calf of his leg as an experiment? I think he saw this lurking design in our furtive looks, for he followed us pretty closely to the entrance of the palatial splendour, and was only recalled by somebody else going wrong on the staircase.

We looked at the group of reigning sovereigns, and were of opinion that the majority of them bore a strong resemblance to the dolls' heads in a barber's window; but the dresses were gowns. Such velvets, such silks, such broadcloth, such paste; they were right royally attired. The old countryman in the song says, when he stands in the presence of Georges Quatros:

"I've seen a chap at Bartlemy fair,
More like a king than that chap there!"
He would not have said so of the wax-work royalty—old Bartlemy was quite outvilled. Satisfied with our look at the crowned heads alive, we turned our attention to the crowned heads dead—uneasy heads, that, laying aside the crown, had gone to sleep as soundly as commoners on an earthen pillow. Here was the history of Europe in wax. In armour, and in robes of state they stood, as grand and natural as the mailed heroes in a Lord Mayor’s show. We could not very well tell t’other from which, and were wondering whether we could get a catalogue, when, spying a fellow with pamphlets in his hand, I took the liberty of asking—

“Can you oblige me with a catalogue, sir?”

He did not look at me—it was not the way of the house—but, glancing contemptuously at the effigy of King John, as if he was ashamed of him for signing Magna Charta, he uttered the one word—

“Sixpence.”

He did not let us have the book till he was sure of his sixpence.

The book itself gave us about as little information as a book could. It professed in its title to be issued for the current month, and yet it sent you looking for things not to be found, and was obstinately silent about things to be seen. Never mind, we found the kings and queens of history mixed up, the exigencies of grouping defying chronology—never mind, again; there was lots to see. Mr. Cobbett sitting amongst the audience, and twisting his head round occasionally in a very ghastly way. Was he one of the horrors? There were Father Mathew and Lord Brougham, and Garibaldi, and Cardinal Wolsey, and Mr. Liston, and Mrs. Siddons, and Sir Walter Scott in a kilt. There was also—we stopped and looked at it with great curiosity, not unmixed with nausea—a refreshment department.

“Are they wax?” said I, “are they the waxen images of state turnovers? No doubt of it; and capitally done too. Not a bad idea, is it? And the individual pretending to look after them too, no doubt.”

“She’s getting wax,” said my friend, who was always trying his joke, “and will perhaps turn out a tartar!”

“She’ll turn out a shilling’s worth of impudence if she turns out you,” said I; “but I stick to my opinion; I believe that pastry is a horror.”

We made our way as fast as we conveniently could towards the Room of Horrors, stopping just to have a look at the musicians who were piping up, and were set down as automata by some of the visitors. I saw a man stooping down and cautiously examining the feet of the man at the piano; he was trying to discover the springs which set him in motion.

Horrors, sixpence! Here we are; through the turnstile, and we stand face to face with murder.

Murder in the dock, of course I mean murderers, but the general idea was murder. As far as looks were concerned, those dock of murderers might have been mistaken for the boxes of the juries who condemned them. There were all sorts of people; some good-looking, some ill-looking, some well dressed, some ill dressed, but not any one of them, in my mind, stamped with the mark of murder. I confess to a feeling of blank disappointment. Those murderers—all, they do look exceedingly like other folks. I had thought to see the black deed marked on their features—a Cain brand—to be read of all men; I had thought to see their very clothes spotted with blood, and other evidence of crime; I had thought to see some of them in the very act of destroying their victims; and, instead of this, I saw a quiet company standing in black peas.

“Well,” said my friend to me, “now, what d’ye think of your horrors—ain’t that old hoss at the door-way and the gummy turnovers, a good deal worse?”

“I don’t know what to say,” I answered. “I thought murder was rather more atrocious. Perhaps, however, they’ll begin to work presently.”

“What, stabbing, and poisoning, and garroting, eh? No, they won’t—I have been here before, and there is no such luck.”

“Well, I confess I am disappointed.”

“Never mind, there’s lots to see. Look at that brute behind the door—that’s Burke”—

“What, the ‘Sublime and Beautiful’?”

“Oh, yes—the harmony of murders, and always the correct pitch—what an advantage that man was to science! Dead bodies in request by science for anatomical purposes—not to be had! Burke supplies ‘em—nabs the living and turns up the dead. Look there—a quiet-looking fellow who would take your measure civilly; that’s the gent who beat the life out of an old man on the railway, and flung him out
on the line to die. This swell in top-sawyer fig.—his hair in exquisite order—the barbarism of civilisation—that's a clever medicine man, who knew how to kill scientifically. You see, all doctors are licensed to kill, but they generally do it in a bungle; are themselves rather taken aback when the patient's toes go up; he studied it—was he rewarded? No! Sus per col—circumstances halter cases!"

"Well," I said, as I had said before, "they don't look like murderers."

"No, of course not. What is murder? The problem of the room of horrors illustrated by 'That.' Look about us, shall we make wry mouths, shut our eyes, and turn up our noses? Thanks to what we see, murderers are really excessively like other people."

I did not like it a bit.

"Why not?" he said; "this is the sight to be seen by people who would not see a play or an opera on any account. Quite the proper thing. Here are the heads of this, and that, and other; casts taken when the bodies were brought in, all warm, from hanging outside Newgate. It is a nice idea when you think about it. Something to give you an appetite for the refreshments. Talking of refreshments, here is a knife to carve them with, knife used by the late Mr. Greenacre in disposing of the body of Hannah Brown."

"What, that horrid knife?"

"Yes, it is a pretty trophy of criminality, isn't it? worth the whole sixpence to look at. But come, there is much more to be seen. There is a model of the house where somebody was murdered up at Hackney. Here is the model of Stanfield Hall, which you may have heard of in connection with the London Journal a long, long, long, long, long while ago. Now, there is the guillotine—an exact model of what the thing was in the French revolution. You went up here—saw dust, and sand, and red paint. You put your head through there—the little window, as they jocosely call it. Presto! Not so long as that, and down came the knife, and off went your head—clean shaved by the National Barber."

"There," he continued, for he had it all his own way, "there is the identical knife which has cut off no end of people's heads. Beautifully interesting, is it not? What a regret that we have not so much as a slip of Tyburn tree—so much as a fibre of the rope which—almost—swung Captain Macheath!"

"But what are these prints?"

"A charmingly interesting collection, I assure you; pretty pictures, showing you how people were or are served—good wholesome whipping, severer than the Eton birch; whippings for both sexes, gracefully portrayed and coloured. The bastinado; how felons look while they are taking it—how they are carried off—pick-a-back when they have taken it. And here you see are amputations; cutting and slicing, hacking and sawing, and quickening with red-hot pincers. And here are all sorts of ways of dismissing abruptly Vital Spark, without Bellew and an harmonium accompaniment. Well, you would rather not have any more! Then, tender heart, come down these steps, down which your headless trunk would have been brought if you had but looked through that window, and here we are by a cage—no, a cell—in the Bastille with an aged prisoner—uncommonly like Mr. Webster, of the Adelphi, in the 'Dead Heart'—and here is a monster rat. Ah, well, you would rather go out."

We saw a lot after that, but I had seen enough. It was sixpennyworth of horrors, but, cui bono, where was the use of it? I believe a lot of people enjoy it, smack their lips at it, and discuss it while they discuss their supper; but to me it was sickening and revolting.

"But don't you see," said my friend, "making an exhibition of these murderers, Greenacre's knife, &c., is so good a moral lesson?"

"I do not see it," said I, "and I do not believe it. I think it is bad every way, and does and must do harm."

"Come," said he, "I like that; you'll be saying Jack Ketch is not a public instructor next, nor a hanging match a moral lesson!"

Endorsing which sentiment, however rudely expressed—

I have the honour to be,
Yours to command,

THE ODD BOY.
"Phillip! Phillip!" I exclaimed, "is that you?"
CHAPTER XXI.

CANTON.

Before being on the brig an hour I learnt that it was under the command of Mr. Thompson.

Since leaving Sydney the captain of the brig, which was trading for biche-le-mer and sandal-wood, had died, and Mr. Thompson, who was first officer, had received orders from the owner to complete the lading of the vessel, and proceed to Canton, where the merchant had agents to whom the cargo was consigned.

Captain Thompson expected to lose command of the vessel when it reached Canton, but this, he said, would not interfere with his determination of going to London.

Tom was supplied with clothing by some of the sailors, and the sailmaker was set to work at translating a large suit into a small one for me.

Tom found a home in the forecastle, and I with the carpenter and sailmaker.

The first island at which we called after I joined the vessel was Esparito Santo, where a large quantity of biche-le-mer had been accumulated for us to take aboard.

This substance commands a high price in China, where it is used in making soup.

That which we took aboard had been pressed and dried, and was all ready for cooking. As some of the men expressed a desire to try a little of what the Chinese regard as a great luxury, the cook one day resolved to gratify them by getting up a dish.

The disgusting-looking substance was first boiled for half an hour, and was then found too tough for eating.

It was then stewed for an hour, and was on examination much tougher.

Despairing of cooking it in that manner, the cook fried it with a little oil, but at each operation he pronounced it more like the hide of a rhinoceros than before.

Determined not to be thought inferior in anything to John Chinaman, the cook submitted the "sea-slug" to the process of boiling, baking, broiling, stewing, frying, and roasting; but he did not succeed in preparing any of it in a manner that he dared place before us.

He declared that on reaching Canton he would sign indentures of apprenticeship, binding himself for seven years to some Chinese cook, and cheerfully pay all the money due to him for wages as a premium, for the sake of learning how to cook biche-le-mer.

We called at two or three other islands after leaving Esparito Santo, but nothing occurred worthy of notice during these visits.

The lading of the vessel was at last completed, and it was put on the course with a fair breeze for Canton.

Not till then did I begin to realize that I was on my way home, or rather that I was leaving that part of the world where I had resided so long and with so little profit to myself.

At the time we reached the Canton river, hostilities had again broken out between the English and Chinese, and we had to anchor under the protection of the English fleet, and wait for peace before our cargo could be disposed of.

A treaty that had been made a few months before with Chinese commissioners had not been ratified by the emperor, and war had again commenced.

English merchants had learnt by experience that importing opium into China was a profitable business to them, and therefore should be carried on, whether the Government of China approved of the demoralizing results of the trade or not. The merchants engaged in this trade were nearly all of them connected with trade in and from India, and commanded an influence that caused the East India Company to engage in hostilities with the Chinese to enforce the continuance of the unholy traffic in opium.

The home government of England had
expensed the cause of the Company, or rather of the merchants.

A few days after we reached China, the heights back of the city of Canton, with ninety-four guns, were taken by the English.

This was on the 25th of May, 1841, and six days after Canton was ransomed by the payment of 6,000,000 dollars. We were then expecting that trade would be immediately reopened, and that our cargo would be delivered to the agents to whom it was consigned; but such was not the case.

A month passed, and still we had to wait, while one day of hope and uncertainty followed another in a very weary manner.

We were not permitted to go ashore, and there was not the usual excitement of work in making progress on a voyage.

We were imprisoned on a vessel anchored in a river, and were enduring what to sailors is agony, for we were lying at anchor gazing at the land on which we were not allowed to "plant a hoof."

On the 16th of July trade was re-opened, and three days afterwards the brig was taken alongside of a wharf, delivered with the cargo to the agent, and the crew paid off.

Our next business was that of getting a vessel for London. This was not difficult, for several were in the river waiting for freight to England.

Mr. Thompson was more anxious than myself to return, for he had left a family in London, and his long cruise amongst the islands had been made for the purpose of procuring money to take home.

Although Tom Harris had no relatives or acquaintances in his native place whom he cared about seeing, he resolved to go with us.

This determination was made known to me in his own peculiar manner.

"Yes, Bill," said he, "I shall go with you to London, just out of curiosity. In the first place I want to see Piccadilly and Brompton, and then I wish to learn whether you will hear anything of your father there or not. Now if I should join a ship for some other port and never see you again, I should always be wondering whether you ever found him or not. I never could stand such a state of doubt, and so I must go with you."

This seemed to me a very trifling cause to direct the wanderings of a reasonable being for thousands of miles; but when I came to reflect that Tom was a genuine sailor, and that his home was on any ship where he was earning seaman's wages, wherever it might be bound, I could not doubt that he had told me the truth.

One day I went with Mr. Thompson, Tom, and three or four others, to have a view of Canton.

We were obliged to go in a party, for such was the ill-feeling of the Chinese for those whom they called "barbarians"—an ill-feeling caused by the war—that a European walking about the city alone would not have been safe.

We were accompanied by a man who had resided in an English factory in the city for several years.

He could speak the language, and had kindly consented to show us the lions of the city.

Before we had proceeded two hundred yards from the river, the inhabitants of the city commenced showing us some very particular attentions.

All beyond the immediate reach of us had something to say which might, as far as the most of us were concerned, have passed for a welcome to the city, had not their words been accompanied by the significant gesture of drawing their hands across their throats.

"What do those fellows want?" said Tom to our guide. "Are they inviting us to cut their throats?"

"No, of course not," answered the simple guide; "they are only showing how they would like to serve us if they dared."

We wandered about the narrow streets for an hour or two until we came to a small square near the outskirts of the town.

At this place we saw a small crowd gathered, and our guide told us that some offender against the law was to be punished.

Drawing nearer, we waited awhile to witness an uncelestial administration of justice.

Soon after our arrival, a man about sixty years of age, and of somewhat imposing appearance, was led into the square, thrown upon the ground, and bound with his face downwards.

Two men then proceeded to beat him with long, flat, bamboo sticks.

The old man made many loud complaints at this treatment, but from the manner in which the blows were inflicted we could well excuse the nuisance of his noise.
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

Having some curiosity for knowing why the old man was subjected to this punishment, we requested the guide to inquire what crime he had committed.

In complying with this request, our guide learnt from a bystander that the old man a few months before had married a young wife, and that after living with her awhile they resolved, by mutual consent, to separate.

This was the only point upon which they could agree.

The old man, in place of disposing of the lady in what the Chinese would call an honest manner, sold her to another man as his daughter, and thereby obtained for her a larger price than had he sold her as a second-hand wife. This dishonesty had been discovered, and a court had awarded the old man one hundred blows, besides making him pay a smart sum for the trouble of having them administered.

After hearing this story we returned to our boarding-house, still entertained on the way by those who expressed their sentiments towards us by the peculiar salutation of drawing their hands across their throats.

CHAPTER XXII.

I RETURN TO LONDON.

Three weeks after being discharged from the brig we sailed for London in the ship Minerva.

Mr. Thompson shipped as second officer, Tom Harris as able seaman, and I as sailmaker's assistant.

One day was so much like another on our voyage to London, that time seemed to pass very slowly, and I thought the voyage would be an event to be long and often remembered; but later experience has taught me that those periods of our existence that are passed with the least events or excitement, in after years are but dimly reflected on memory's glass, and appear so brief that we feel as though we had in some way lost a portion of the time appointed for us.

Highly excited with hope and fear, I stepped ashore at the East India Docks, and started for Brompton.

Everything worth possessing in the future seemed depending on the intelligence to be obtained in the next two hours.

I reached the house that had once been my childhood's home, and on taking hold of the knocker, so great was my agitation, that not the slightest exertion was required in producing the sounds that summoned a servant to the door.

I asked for Mrs. Graham.

"She don't live here now," answered the servant. "She moved out about a year ago."

"Can you tell me where Mr. Graham now lives?" I asked.

"Mr. Graham?"

"Yes."

"Don't know. Never 'eard of 'im. Missus Graham as used to live 'ere was a widder."

"And do you know where she is now?"

"No, I never 'eard; but I'll hash missus."

The girl went away, and presently returned and told me that Mrs. Graham had left without leaving any address.

The Grahams, when I lived with them, were intimately acquainted with a family named Robinson, living in Chelsea, and hoping to learn where the widow could be found, I hastened away, and in a few minutes after knocked at Mr. Robinson's door.

I had some difficulty in making Mrs. Robinson believe that I was the child called Willie whom she had often seen at Mr. Graham's but little more than four years before; but when satisfied on this point, a smile came over her features that awakened the hope in my mind that she was still a frequent visitor of those I wished to find, and that she could give me that intelligence I was most anxious to hear.

Never was a person more deceived by a smile than I was then. The woman had some news for me—something that apparently gave her much pleasure in communicating.

It was, that soon after my departure from London, Mr. Graham became so deeply involved in difficulties that he had to resign his situation, and remain concealed from creditors. After trying for some time to extricate himself from trouble by dissipation, he at last succeeded, and died of delirium tremens.

Mrs. Robinson believed that Mrs. Graham was living somewhere, and somehow in great poverty, but she knew not where.

She had heard that Mr. Graham's children had been taken to a workhouse.

"I always knew that the Grahams would have a fall," said the woman who had once professed much friendship for those of whom she was talking: "and they deserved it. She
used to take too many airs to suit me; but I
expect her pride is taken down a little now,
for she don’t let any of her old acquaintances
know where she is, or how she’s living.”
I returned to London and joined Tom Harris
at the sailor’s home.
The next day I saw Mr. Thompson.
“William,” said he, “I suppose you have
been making some inquiries to learn whether
your father has returned or not, and I fear that
you have been disappointed.”
I told him the result of my visit to Brompton.
“You can have but very little hope now,
William, of ever hearing from him again,”
continued Mr. Thompson, “for I too have been
making inquiries, and am satisfied that he has
never returned to London. I have been to see
some merchants who were his friends—men
who owned the vessel he commanded. They have
heard nothing from him. I am sorry, William,
that I cannot give you hope, but duty com-
mands me to tell you there is none. You
must war with the world alone; but that you
are able to do, for you are a child no longer.
I shall go to sea no more. During my absence
my wife has had a little money left her—enough
to start me in a little business, and I will try
to find some employment for you if you are
willing to live ashore.”
I thanked Mr. Thompson for his interest in
my welfare, but was at the time unable to
form any opinion as to what I should do in
the future.

My father was undoubtedly no longer living.
A life of toil was before me, and I must imme-
diately choose a field of labour.
Most boys of my age would have been in-
capable of earning an independent living, and
would have had just cause for serious appre-
hension for the immediate present.
This was not the case with me, for fortu-
nately I had been educated and had a profes-
sion.

I was a seaman, free and able to travel,
while thousands less fortunate must remain
chained by fate and ignorance to one place,
and live in hopeless drudgery.
I was still somewhat inclined to find Mrs.
Graham, and learn from her the name of my
mother’s father.
There were also two large boxes, full of things
that had belonged to my parents, left in care
of the Grahams, and I wished to learn what
had become of them.

Another day was passed calling on people
whom I knew that Mrs. Graham occasionally
visited, but none of them knew anything of
where she could be found, and all seemed well
satisfied with their ignorance.
There was a ship waiting for me somewhere,
and my next business was to find it.
Since my arrival in London I had found
much difficulty in keeping away from other
people, for many of those met in the street
seemed possessed with the determination of
running over me, and were only prevented
from doing so by my exhibiting an unusual
display of activity.
I fancied that cabmen and others driving
light vehicles through the streets seemed pos-
sessed with the idea that foot passengers were
only trespassers in the streets, and that it was
not necessary to take the least care in keeping
from running over them. I daily saw cabmen
and others, when in imminent danger of run-
ning over some one in the street, give a shout
that might pass for an alarm, but also had the
effect of increasing the speed of the horse, and
I could even fancy that the driver seemed
much amused at the display of agility he had
caused in any one who had to make a sudden
and tremendous effort to avoid being knocked
down and run over.

One day I was going up Ludgate Hill to-
wards St. Paul’s, and on the left-hand side of
the street, when a cabman driving a horse at
a sharp trot came suddenly upon me from the
street called “Old Bailey.”
The usual warning was given me to suddenly
leave a place that belonged equally as much to
those who walk as those who ride, and I hasten
to obey.
I should have had no trouble in avoiding
danger had I been free to move, but as there
was not time for me to check my pace and
spring back, I could only rush forward, and in
doing this I found the way blocked by two
heavy, inactive men, who prevented my escape.
I could not run over them, and consequently
was knocked down and run over myself.

CHAPTER XXIII.
AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

After being knocked down by the cab, one of
its wheels passed over my right leg. The driver
of the vehicle drove rapidly away, and on st-
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

Hastening to rise, I found that the injured leg was of no assistance, but rather an incumbrance in the undertaking. It was broken.

A crowd gathered around me, and all uttered exclamations of sympathy for my misfortune, and indignation for its cause.

I was borne to a hospital, where three or four surgeons gathered around me, and the fracture was reduced.

I was then put into a cot and made to swallow a mixture that soon sent my fancies far away into the land of dreams.

When I awoke a few hours after a young woman, a "sister," came to my bedside and held along and not an unpleasant conversation with me.

She inquired about my relatives and friends, and in my presence wrote a letter to Tom Harris at the Sailors' Home, and another to Mr. Thompson at his residence in Poplar.

It is a great misfortune for any one to be placed in circumstances requiring a home in my charitable institution, but fortunate indeed is the homeless, penniless, and afflicted person who finds a home where he meets with so much kindness and attention as I received in that hospital.

To those who contribute so nobly to the charitable institutions of London my life-long thanks are due. They know not, and never will know, of half the blessings they confer.

The day after being taken to the hospital I received a visit from Mr. Thompson and Tom, both of whom expressed much genuine sympathy for my misfortune. Both of them had come well loaded with fruit and other things which they thought I might require, and of which I was not allowed to partake. Before leaving Mr. Thompson promised to call and see me twice a week as long as I remained in the hospital.

"That is more than I shall do," said Tom, "for I have come to bid you good-bye. I was thinking that we might be shipmates again, but that can't be at present, for you'll not be out of here for a couple of months, and I can't wait for you. I've not money enough, and must go to sea without you. I shall sign articles to-morrow and be off."

The old sailor then nearly crushed one of my hands as he bade me farewell, and left the ward followed by Mr. Thompson.

Tom had been my companion so long, and had ever conducted himself in such a plain, honest, and manly way, that notwithstanding some eccentricities in his character or opinions, I felt for him much respect, and witnessed his abrupt departure with a strong feeling of regret.

Two days after Mr. Thompson came again, and I was nearly as pleased at seeing him as when meeting him on the trading brig at the island after our long separation.

I had already learnt something of the loneliness and dull soul-aching misery of lying ill hour after hour in one position, without the pleasure of gazing on the familiar features of an old friend.

I formed two strong resolutions while in that hospital.

One was, that when I should become wealthy enough to give a part of my money to some institution similar to the one in which I was then an inmate, and the other was, that if ever I had a friend brought by misfortune to such a home, to call and see him as often as I possibly could.

While amusing myself by watching the daily progress of those around me towards health or death, I could fancy that those who had friends call upon them on visiting days appeared much better on such days than others, and that the kindness, sympathy, and evidences of affection they received from friends and relatives was as beneficial in restoring health as the surgeon's art.

I could also fancy that the lone and friendless—the waifs and strays of society—who were in the ward day after day without seeing one old familiar face; who received not even a smile, or the least token of kindness, except from those who were paid to be kind to all, either recovered very slowly from their injuries, or daily became worse.

One day, about a week after my entrance into the hospital, there entered the room in which I was lying a nurse belonging to another ward of the building.

She came with a message to the surgeon who was at the time attending me, and as the woman came near my cot, I recognised her as an old acquaintance.

I had again met Mrs. Graham. On calling her by name, and telling her who I was, she "descended," as she would have said, to take my hand and acknowledge that we had met before.

She did more than this, for she promised to
come again in the course of the day and have a talk with me. This promise was fulfilled. She came in the evening, sat down by my bedside, and commenced complaining bitterly over her fallen fortunes, although her complaints were disguised by her own peculiar style of representing herself a martyr to the kindness and benevolence of her disposition.

"William," said she, "you see that I do not occupy the position I once did, and yet I fancy or hope that I am making myself useful to my fellow creatures. You know what a sacrifice I made of happiness and liberty in marrying Mr. Graham. The path of duty is ever leading me to toil and sorrow. I will make no complaints of the conduct of those who are no more, but after fulfilling my duty till the death of Mr. Graham relieved me from any further toil or care in guarding and protecting him from himself, I was for some time at a loss how I could best make myself useful to the unfortunate and distressed. This difficulty was removed by Lady ———, whose companion I once was. She contributes nobly to this institution, and procured for me the humble situation I hold here. She knew that I was willing to sacrifice my time—my life for the good of the afflicted, and knew that in no place could I have a better opportunity of doing so than here. But, William, I am one who does not wish the world to know the good I do, and, therefore, I hope that when you leave here, you will meet any of my old acquaintances, you will not let them know how or where I am now engaged."

It was impossible for me to make any inquiries until she had made this explanation, and I waited patiently. When she had done I asked her if she had heard or seen anything of my father since I had left her house to go with him to sea.

"No, certainly not," she answered; "do you not know where he is?"

I then told her under what circumstances we had become separated, and that I now had not the least hope of ever seeing him again.

After condescending to say that she had much pity for my misfortunes, Mrs. Graham rose to leave. She had made in her own opinion a satisfactory explanation of the cause of her being in the hospital, and having, as she thought, convinced me of her disinterested kindness of heart, she was ready to go.

I was not willing to part with her thus.

"Mrs. Graham," said I, "I have a favour to ask you. Will you tell me who is my grandfather?"

"How do you know that you have one?" she asked.

"My father told me so."

"And did he not also tell you your grandfather’s name, and where he lived?"

"No, he would not tell me that."

"Now, William," said Mrs. Graham, "can’t you see that I should be doing wrong in giving you any information that your father does not wish you to have?"

"But my father would not have always concealed that information from me. He is dead now, and I am sure you are too kind to refuse my request."

"You are mistaken, William," replied this self-sacrificing woman. "I know my duty better. I’ll see you again some time. Good bye."

She then left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I SEE A GHOST.

In the ward where I was confined, and opposite the cot where I was lying, was a young man whom the nurses called Phillip.

He had been brought to the hospital about two months before badly wounded, by having become entangled with or grappled by some steam machinery.

On visiting days I used to observe Phillip with painful interest. His eyes would be fast earnestly on the door of the ward, catching the first appearance of every one who entered; while on his features was an expression of hope and anxiety that showed his whole soul was engaged in the watch for some expected acquaintance.

A majority of those in the ward would receive visitors, and be cheered by the kind words of one or more friends, but no one came to see poor Phillip.

The hour for visitors to depart would arrive, and Phillip, after having been for a long time in an agony of expectation, would turn his eyes from the door, and, with a long-drawn sigh or moan of mental anguish, close his eyes and apparently fall into a deep reverie of bitter despair.

Week after week passed, and no one called to
see Phillip, and as time slowly passed away so seemed his strength to depart, until early one evening he ceased to live, and his body was taken out of the room.

I have ever since been of the opinion that had Phillip occasionally received a visit from a friend or friends whom he expected, he would have recovered.

This may be all fancy, but he certainly seemed to suffer more mental than bodily anguish.

I had been much interested in the hopes and disappointments of Phillip, and for an hour or two after his body was removed I was thinking about him.

His sufferings were over. He could no longer suffer for the neglect or ingratitude of others, and I had no strong regret that such was the case.

After a long and profound slumber that night I awoke, and immediately after heard the clock of St. Paul's strike one.

The next sound that engaged my attention was a low moan, something like the expressions of agony Phillip used to utter in the despair of not having received a visitor.

The sound came from the direction of Phillip's bed, and opening my eyes and gazing towards it, I beheld seated on the side of the bed once occupied by Phillip a form the sight of which filled my soul with fear and horror.

It was enveloped in a white garment like a winding sheet, and was swaying slowly backwards and forwards uttering low moans.

There was nothing wonderful in this, but it was the shape and expression of the features that alarmed me.

I thought they certainly could not be human. The forehead, cheeks, and general colour of the face was as white as snow. One eye was about an inch higher on the head than the other.

The nose was on one side of a face on which the lines of the mouth were set at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

I rubbed my eyes, shook my head, and gave my nose a tweak to find if I was really awake. I could not possibly be sleeping. The thing before me was no dream.

I had not been removed from the ward, for by the dim light of the gas nearly turned off, I recognised many things that had become familiar to my sight by having been long and constantly before it.

But what was the horrible looking object I saw seated on the side of the bed from which I had a few hours before seen the body of Phillip removed? Was there really anything there? Might not the cause of my alarm be but a vision or creation of my own mind in some way disordered?

I looked about to see if others noticed the form or thing that had taken possession of Phillip's bed. Two or three on the opposite side of the room were apparently awake, but neither of them gave any evidence by which I could think that anything unusual was in the room.

I began to doubt the evidence of my own senses, and this doubt was confirmed by the evidence of another. I heard the man in the cot next to me moving, and whispered,

"Mr. White, do you see anything sitting on the side of Phillip's bed?"

Mr. White partly roused up, and looking across the room, said—

"No, of course not. What the devil ails you?"

I knew that the man was the wag of the ward, but did not think that he would try to deceive me on what I thought an occasion so serious.

"Heaven help me!" I exclaimed, "I must be mad."

I partly rose up, and staring intensely at the form on the bed opposite, I tried to throw the supposed horrible vision from my view.

The effort was in vain. It would remain before me with its horribly distorted and ghastly features.

The sense of hearing as well as that of sight was evidently disordered, for I could still hear low moans apparently uttered by the frightful and ghastly-looking thing at which I was gazing.

"Phillip! Phillip!" I exclaimed, "is that you?"

The question was answered by a low moan.

"I saw you taken out dead," I continued, "and why are you here again? Why do you not stay where you belong? Be off with you."

"Lie down!" "Shut up!" "Silence, you fool!" exclaimed several in the room.

I buried my head under the blankets to shut out the horrible sight, and suffered till morning, not knowing whether I was in my right senses or not.
The next morning the mystery that had nearly driven me mad through the night was easily explained.

While I was asleep in the fore part of the night, a man burnt by an explosion of gas had been brought to the hospital and placed in the bed from which I had an hour or two before seen Phillip removed. The man's face being badly injured, the doctor had applied to it a piece of linen wet with a lotion. Holes had been cut in the cloth for the eyes, nose, and mouth, but had been hastily and awkwardly done, and to make its appearance on the face more frightful, it had become somewhat displaced after being applied.

The idea of my having thought the man to be Phillip's ghost was a very amusing one to most of my fellow sufferers, and many of them seemed determined that I should not forget the affair while remaining in the hospital.

My recovery from the injuries I had received was very rapid, and in a few weeks I was able to leave the hospital with Mr. Thompson, who took me to his home in Poplar.

Before leaving the institution I asked to see Mrs. Graham, and again asked her to tell me the name of my grandfather.

"I have been thinking seriously of this matter since seeing you last," answered Mrs. Graham, "and have arrived at the opinion that duty to myself and others requires me not to give the information you wish."

"How so?" I asked.

She then talked to me for a quarter of an hour about duty, self-sacrifice, the much she had done for me without the slightest compensation, the necessity of providing for the future, the folly of people losing opportunities of benefiting themselves, and many other things; but I failed to understand how the reasons she was giving could answer the question I had asked, and told her so.

"Well, William," said she, "I suppose that I may as well be plain with you. If your father is really dead, you are probably the last of your race; and I have no doubt that your grandfather would give me twenty-five or perhaps fifty pounds a year rather than have me tell you who he is, for I have good reason for thinking that he don't want to be annoyed with you."

"I want nothing of my grandfather," I indignantly exclaimed; "and whoever he may be, I have too much pride to acknowledge him as a relative. The man who has treated my mother with neglect and contempt is unworthy of my acquaintance; and if you will let him know this I will never again ask his name. I have the firm determination of acting honestly, and am ever guided by that resolution. Such being the case, if there is a man on earth who has any reason to be ashamed of my acquaintance, my thanks and scorn are both due to the one who would give, and the one who would receive a bribe for keeping me from the degradation of any acquaintance with him."

I then left the hospital with Mr. Thompson.

CHAPTER XXV.
ALL CLUB LOST.

On the way to Poplar I told Mr. Thompson all the particulars of my talk with Mrs. Graham, and in the course of the conversation between us on the subject, I mentioned having forgotten to ask her about the two boxes of property that had been left in Mr. Graham's care.

"We must attend to this business immediately," said Mr. Thompson, "and obtain possession of the boxes. In them may be found letters or something that will give you the name and address of your grandfather."

"But I don't care about learning who he is now," I replied, "although I had some curiosity to know at one time. It was not my father's wish that I should know anything about him, and his wishes I shall now obey. However, I am anxious to obtain the boxes."

Acting under the advice of Mr. Thompson, I wrote a note to Mrs. Graham requesting her to give me some information of the property left in her care by my father.

In reply to this note I received another from which I learnt that the boxes were left by Mrs. Graham in care of the people who took the house in Brompton when she left it. The next day I again visited the house where I had passed so many unhappy hours in childhood, and was informed by its mistress that the two boxes for which I inquired had, after being advertised for some time, sold to pay the expenses of keeping them. They had only been sold the week before.

Determined to trace the property, if possible, I inquired the name and address of the person who had bought the boxes.
"Certainly," answered the mistress of the house. "I made a note of that, thinking that some one might wish to find them again. I could not afford to keep them any longer, as I am going to let the room in which they were kept."

The address given me as that of the person who had purchased the boxes was, "Mrs. Gray, No. —, City Road."

To that address I went the next day, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, but there was no such person as Mrs. Gray in the house, and had not been there for years.

"I understand it all," said Mr. Thompson after we left the house. "Mrs. Graham has been the purchaser of the boxes, and she probably suggested the idea of their being sold, and they were only sold last week," I replied; "and Mrs. Graham knew before then that I had returned."

"It is because you have returned without your father that she has wished to possess the property," said Mr. Thompson.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because she is not afraid to rob a boy, and because she was afraid that you might find out who your grandfather is, should you obtain what is your own. Mrs. Graham has now possession of a secret you wish to learn, and has got hold of the evidence by which you might have learnt it. It is possible that she may accomplish her wishes in obtaining money from your grandfather. He may fear that you would annoy him with importunities, bring discredit upon his name, and expose him to censure for his heartless neglect of your mother."

"But I should never trouble him."

"Of course you would not, but he is not to know that. He will suppose you to be like thousands of others—without soul enough to have the least independence."

I remained with Mr. Thompson's family a month, and was then able to engage in some business, and anxious to do so.

"Well, William, what would you like to do?" said my old friend on being told that I was weary of an idle life.

"Go again to sea," I replied. "That was the business of my father, and the life of a seaman I prefer to any other."

"I shall say nothing to dissuade you from that intention," said Mr. Thompson, "for I am a sailor myself. My only reasons for passing the remainder of my days ashore is that I am past the prime of life, and have a wife and family. If young again, I should go to sea. One reason why I do not advise you to remain ashore is, that I have more influence in the shipping business than any other, and can obtain for you a position in a ship from which you can easily rise in the profession. You can go as a midshipman in an East India liner. You will then be taught navigation, and have every prospect of rising in a few years to the command of a vessel.

I was quite willing to accept any situation on a ship Mr. Thompson could procure for me, but to go as a midshipman, I should require an outfit that would cost several pounds. I had no money, and he had often tried to impress upon my mind a knowledge of the freedom and happiness of being independent of others.

I told him that I would go one voyage as an ordinary seaman, and save my money for an outfit for any better situation his influence could procure for me.

"You are quite right as a general thing to depend on your own exertion," said he, "for that is the way to become a man as he should be; but I have five pounds of yours in my possession, and you cannot refuse the loan of a few pounds more from an old friend of your father's."

"Five pounds of mine!" I exclaimed. "How came you by that?"

"It was left in my hands for your use by Tom Harris before he went to sea. He knew that when you came out of the hospital you would want some money, and he preferred leaving some for your use, and starting on another voyage, to staying ashore and spending it as most people would."

This evidence of kindness in the old sailor gave human nature a great elevation in my mind, and enlarged my reverence for the Supreme Being who had created it.

I would not insult that high sentiment of generosity by refusing its offering, and as Mr. Thompson claimed the right of doing more for me than another, I was fairly compelled to accept of his assistance in providing me with what was required for the "billet" he wished me to take.

Two weeks later found me doing duty as "reer" on the Dublin Castle, an East India merchantman.
PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

THE laws of natural harmony would seem to demand that the outward form and case of a great soul should correspond to its admirable qualities; that the body should be worthy of the spirit it enshrines; the temple not unsuitable to the grandeur of the god. But as if to impress upon us the perishable and transitory condition of humanity, and to teach us to look for the completion of the Divine scheme in another world, the Creator has seen fit to ally—very often—the dwarfed stature and shrunken limbs with the most aspiring soul and the largest brain, and it is seldom that the internal graces are reflected by the external body. On the contrary, most great men—men taller than the world by the whole intellectual head and shoulders—have been marked by some physical peculiarity, as if Nature had set her signet seal upon them to identify and recognize them, as fond mothers identify their infants by a mole, or blemish, or characteristic mark.

In noting some of these physical peculiarities our attention is particularly drawn to the size of the nose,—that most useful but least honored of our features. A large nose, however ungraceful, seems a distinctive sign of mental vigour. The anonymous author of Nugas Venalis inquires, "Which is the best kind of nose?" And answers, "The large. Look at all the portraits of the Roman emperors. The nose of Numa was half a foot in length, a circumstance which obtained him the surname of Pompilius, that is to say, a superlative nose." According to Plutarch, Lycurgus and Solon enjoyed the same advantage, as did all the Italian kings, except Tarquinius Superbus, who, by the way, was deprived of his crown. A large nose is always a proof of wisdom, and Homer's, which was seven inches long, may be accepted as a proof. Homer proceeds the two most popular proverbs, that prudent men smell from afar off, and that fools have no nose.

Vigneul Marville observes that a large nose is honoured over all the world, except in China and Tartary. A snub nose is universally disliked, and esteemed of bad augury. Who could believe in a snub-nosed Tennyson, or a Napoleon the Great with a snub nose? Yet two historical personages of some celebrity were burdened with this unlucky appendage; the chivalrous Constable Anne de Montmorency, and the gallant Duke de Guise—son of him who was killed at BLOIS. On the other hand, among the large-nosed heroes, were the Roman historian, TITUS LIVIUS, the poet VIRGIL—witness his surname Naso,—the elegant scholar Politian, Boccaccio, and Camoes, the unhappy poet of The Lusiad.

An English writer, who is little thought of now-a-days—Richard Kett—was the subject of the following epigram:—

Perfidious critic, see this nose,
And you'll with justice say so,
That Kett may not an Ovid be,
But surely is a Nose!

François Duke d'Alençon, Henry III.'s brother, had been so ill-treated by the smallpox that his nose was cleft into two. Accordingly, after his treacherous but unsuccessful attempt, in 1583, upon Anvers, a town belonging to his allies, the Flemings, an attempt which is historically known as the "Folly of Anvers,"—a satirical quatrain was indited in his honour:—

Good Flemings, well may ye admire
That Francois should two noses grace;
For reason, use, and right require
Two noses on a double face.

The nose of Cyrano de Bergerac had attained to such dimensions that its master clapped his hand to his sword every minute to chastise the insolent who dared look at it too long!

Madame de Genlis, the confidante of the infamous Philippe l'Égalité, gifted with a nose less voluminous than those of the worthies already mentioned, looked upon it as a model nose, if we may judge from some passages in her Mémoires. The engraver having depicted an aquiline nose upon a medal cast in her honour, "Is this then," she exclaimed, "my dear little nez retroussé?"—the nose that has been panegyrised in prose and verse! It was very delicate, and, in truth, the prettiest in the world, and, like all noses of its peculiar kind, had a small boss for its termination. Then she proceeds to relate, with all the weariness of detail that would disgust our readers, the history of the Descline and Fall of her nose!

A French writer, whom we have already quoted, gives expression to some sufficiently original ideas on the configuration of the human countenance:—

"We admire with reason," he says, "that of all the human beings in the world there are not, perhaps, two who resemble each other exactly in the countenance; but we do not so often observe another thing quite as marvellous, that each face is so formed, however ugly it may appear to us, provided it be not disfigured by any accident, that we could not change any feature in it to render it more handsome without rendering it hideous; because, in its ugliness even, Nature has observed a symmetry so exact that we can find nothing in it to blame with any justice. For instance, if we pretended to lengthen a snub nose, I say that we should
PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN. 275

accomplish nothing worthy of the trouble; for the nose being elongated would no longer harmonize with the other features of the face, which, being of a certain size, and having certain elevations, or depressions, require that the nose should be proportioned to them. Thus, according to certain rules very perfect in themselves, a snub nose ought to be a snub nose; and according to these rules, it is a symmetrical visage which would become monstrous if we stuck upon it an aquiline profile. I will go further, and say, that it is sometimes as necessary a man should have no nose as it is necessary in the Tuscan order (for example) that the capital of the column should have no volutes. The volute is a handsome ornament in the Ionic or Corinthian order, but would be an anomaly and a deformity in the Tuscan.

“A small nose, small eyes, a large mouth which would ordinarily shock us, belong to an order of beauty which may not please our taste; but we ought not to condemn it, because it is, in effect, an order which has its principles that it does not become us to criticize. [What a consolation for the ugly!] These principles are so well defined, that it is only through the perfect acquaintance with them possessed by skilful artists, that they can render likenesses of the portraits which they paint after nature. And it is this which the incomparable Ranteculli meant to say, when he boasted of always seizing the resemblance, and of doing this by very certain rules. I have heard him assert that there are certain traits of the face which require the most careful consideration, because they serve as the standard for all the others; and that when once these traits have been accurately defined, failure with the others is impossible. I asked him, one day, if he could paint the portrait of an absent person from the description which I could give of him. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘if you were sufficiently skilful to answer with accuracy the questions which I should put to you, in which consists all the secret of my art.’

The author of an Essay upon Deformity, published in 1754, a Mr. Hay, thus expresses himself:—“Corporal deformity is very rare. Among five hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen who compose the House of Commons, I am the only one who has cause to complain of his figure. I thank my worthy constituents for never having alleged anything against my person, and I hope that they shall never have anything to allege against my conduct.”

Among illustrious worthies whose physical graces have by no means equalled their intellectual excellences, a few may be enumerated:—Leonard Pilato, a celebrated Greek scholar of the 14th century; Giotto, the artist; Campagni, an Italian writer of the 15th century; De la Trémouille, the friend of Madame de Sévigné; Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the inventor of so many wonderful and voluminous romances; Deile, the poet of La Jardins; Gibbon, the great historian; Clavelin, the bitter adversary of the Je-
suits: Mirabeau, whose genius, had he lived, might have given a different direction to the torrent of the French Revolution; Grassi, an Italian poet and historian of great merit; and finally, the celebrated comedian Matthews, who was almost as ugly as Le Kain, his French rival.

Pelisson, another French comedian, was a man of colossal ugliness. It is said that a lady bagged of him one day to sit to a painter whom she had commissioned to represent the Evil One. He was so ugly that when they hesitated to propose to the Duke of Burgundy for his confessor the Jesuit Martinet, a man of repulsive figure;—“Bah,” said the prince, “nothing can frighten a man who has seen Pelisson!”

The moralist Vaubouargues was so disfigured by the small-pox that he durst not return into the world of society, and it was to this compulsory seclusion we owe his remarkable works. Bekker, a German author, of a hideous figure, having denied the existence of Satan in his “World Enchanted,” La Monnol hurled at him a biting epigram:

Oui, par toi de Satan la puissance est bâtie;
Mais tu n’as, cependant, pas encore assez fait!
Pour nous dier du diable entièrement l’odie,
Bekker, supprime ton portrait!*

The translator of the Metamorphoses of Ovid, St. Frian, better known under the name of Saint Ange, exposed himself to ridicule by his literary pretensions, and the wits made free use of the opportunities afforded by his appalling ugliness. On the appearance of his version of Ovid, they satirized him in some pointed lines. Ovid, they said, had told us how the king of heaven deceived by his numerous disguises the fair ladies he wished to subdue, and now Jupiter revenged himself by resuscitating Ovid in the form of Saint Ange!

Scarron, one of the few lights of the French school of humour,—for wit is commoner in French literature than humour,—has left us the following portrait of himself:—

“Reader, who hast never seen me, and who perhaps dost not care to do so, inasmuch as there is nothing to profit thee in the sight of one who is made as I am, know that I too should not care whether thou ever sawest me, if I had not learned that some excellent facetious spirits make merry at the expense of my miserable self, and paint me otherwise than I really am. Some say that I am a cripple; others that I have no thighs, and that they put me on a table in a thimble, where I talk like a magpie; and others that my hat is fastened to a cord which passes through a pulley, and that I raise and lower it when I would salute those who visit me. I think myself compelled in conscience to hinder them from lying any longer, and it is for this reason I have had the portrait

* It may be that you have broken the power of Satan, but you have not as yet accomplished enough. To free us entirely from the idea of the Evil One, Bekker, you must suppress your own portrait!
drawn which you see at the beginning of my book. You will murmur without doubt, for every reader murmurs, and I murmur like the rest when I am a reader; you will murmur, I say, and find fault because in my portrait I only show my back. Cæteris, this is not done to turn my back on my company, but only because the convex of my back is fitter to receive an inscription than the concave of my stomach, which is wholly covered by my drooping head, and because, on this side, quite as well as on the other, you can discern the situation, or rather the irregular plan of my figure. Without pretending to make a present to the public (for, by the Nine Muses, I have never hoped that my head would become the original of a medal), I should have been well pleased to be painted if any painter had dared to undertake the task. But in default of a picture, I will describe to you as closely as I can how I am formed.

"I am more than thirty years old, as you may see at the back of my chair. If I live until forty, I shall add many evils to those which I have already suffered ever since eight or nine years of age. I was once a good figure, though small in stature. My baldness has shortened me a good twelve inches. My head is rather too large for my size. My face is sufficiently full for a very emaciated body; my hair is thick enough to need no peruke; I have plenty of white hairs, despite the proverb; my sight is very good, although my eyes are very large; they are blue, and one is more sunken than the other, on the side on which I drop my head. My nose is tolerably well formed. My teeth, formerly square pearls, are of the colour of wood, and will soon be as black as ebony. I have lost one and a half of the left side, and two and a half on the right, and I have two a little decayed. My legs and thighs made at first an obtuse angle, and then an equal one, and finally an acute one. My thighs and body form another, and my head inclining forward on my stomach, I do not badly represent the letter Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fine, I am an epitome and abridgment of human misery!"

"Since I have progressed so far, I may as well make you acquainted with my disposition; although this preface is written but to swell the size of my book, at the prayer of the bookeller, who is afraid he may not clear the expenses of bringing it out. But for this reason it would be very useless, as well as many others; but this is not the first time that one has committed follies out of complaisance, besides those one is guilty of on one's own account."

"I have always been a little choleric, somewhat idle, and something of a gourmand. I often call my valet a fool, and a little afterwards 'Sir.' I hate nobody. God grant that everybody should be treated in the same manner. I am very much at ease when I have plenty of money, and should be still more so if I had my health. I am very fond of company. I am not discontented when I am alone. I bear my misfortunes patiently enough; and it now appears to me that my preface is long enough, and that it is time I finished."

Scarron, indeed, bore his physical evils with as much equanimity as our own Hood. In a Lilliputian ode, which affords some hints, he sings—or prattles—of himself thus good-humouredly:

Un pauvre, 
Tres misere, 
An col torse, 
Deux pieds de corps. 
Ses cheveux, 
Tout tortus, 
Sous le nez. 
Dont ses joues, 
Sont devenus 
Dehors, 
Ses yeux 
Sont bandés, 
Ses oreilles, 
Sont cloquées 
Ses lèvres, 
Ses dents, 
Sont décolorées 
Ses ongles, 
Ses cheveux, 
Sont déliés 
Ses rêves, 
Ses pensées, 
Sont écrites 
Ses songes, 
Ses rêveries, 
Sont paiées.

In his address to the queen he describes himself in a similar fashion:

Jo ne garde plus qu'en bas,
Je suis torticolis; j'ai la tête penchante;
Ma nuque devient si plaisante,
Que quand on en rit j'ai m'en plaindrain pis.

"I can only see under me; I am wry-necked; my head hangs down; my appearance is so droll, that if people laugh I shall not complain."

An affliction to which many great men have been subject, or in spite of which many men have become great, is that of blindness. Next to the deprivation of reason, we believe it to be the bitterest, under which humanity groans. How the heart yearns for a sight of the loved one's face! What an exhaustless fund of thought! Fancy is opened to the mind—through the agency of vision—in rippling stream, shady wood, and starry sky! Homer was blind; and Milton, who has painted the greatness of his affliction in most noble verse. So were Blacklock, and the poet Delille, Asconius Pedianus, the Italian scholar Pontanus, and the Piedmontese philologist, Grassi. Saumerson, struck with blindness when an infant, attained to great scientific eminence in spite of his ineradicable misfortune. He lectured on mathematics and optics with wonderful success. His sense of touch attained an exquisite delicacy. It is said of him that in a collection of Roman medals he could distinguish the true from the counterfeit, although the latter were often so skilfully executed as to deceive connoisseurs who had the advantage of sight. By the different feeling of the air upon his face, he could determine when an object was placed before him. Thanks to the keenness of his hearing, which permitted him to detect and appreciate the lightest sounds, he could judge of the height or size of a chamber into which he was introduced, and the distance at which he was placed from the wall.

The Prussian Louis Dulong, a flautist of great ability, was afflicted with blindness.
in his eighth year. One Wolfe, or Wolt, director of a primary school at Dresden, invented him a machine ingeniously cast in relief and movable, so that in time he was enabled to compose his autobiography.

Laurent de Jussieu, the botanist; Huber, the naturalist, whose researches first made us acquainted with the peculiar economy of the bee-hive; the astronomer Cassini; the American historian Prescott; and Madame de Pompadour, a celebrated Viennese pianist, occur to us as persons who obtained eminence in spite of their severe affliction. We have even heard of a blind actor, though in no other art can it be so difficult for the blind to win reputation. This was Louis Giotto, who at the inauguration of the theatre of Vienna played, not inappropriately, the role of Odysseus, the blind king, in the tragedy of Sophocles. Who can forget the brave Venetian doge, "blind old Dandolo"? He led a division of the Crusading army at the capture of Constantinople in 1204; or Jean de Troesow, better known by his nickname of Ziska (a Bohemian word for "blind"), who played so heroically a part in the religious war of the Hussites. "After he had lost his sight," says Lefant, the historian of the Hussites, "they placed him in a chariot near the principal banner. Then he caused his attendants to explain the order of the battle, the peculiarities of the locality, its valleys, rocks, mountains, forests, and according to these instructions, he drew up his army in battle array, and gave the signal for the combat." As for him there was neither day nor night, so would he have it for his warriors. One evening, when about to give the word to charge, his officers represented that the darkness would prevent them from moving. He immediately caused a village to be set on fire to give light to his army, who thereupon rushed to the fight, and were, according to their wont, successful.

Another blind old hero was John king of Bohemia, who perished at the battle of Crecy, in 1346. Having learned that the battle was lost, he caused his knights to conduct him into the thick of the mêlée. "They said they would do his commandment; and to the intent that they might not lose his desire, they tied together all the reins of their bridles, and set the king in advance to accomplish his desire, and so they spurred against their enemies. The lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, called the royal arms, came in good array to the battle; but when he saw that it went against his side, he departed. I cannot tell you," says Froissart, "which way. The king, his father, was so far behind, that he struck a stroke with his sword,—yes, and more than four, and fought valiantly. And so did his companions, and they attempted so much in advance that they were all slain, and in the day they were found in their places about the king, with their horses tied to one another."

Talleyrand, the historian, was afflicted with blindness in his later years. Tyrtaeus, the Greek warrior-poet, was blind. So were Philip of Macedon, Hamilcar, Phalaris of Agrigentum, Antioch of Antioch, Camoens, the sweet singer of "The Lusis," Galilee, Didymus, Eusebius, Euler, Potemkin, the infamous favourite of the Russian Czarina—Catherine II.---Lillo the dramatist, and Arendt, the Danish antiquary. It would be easy to prolong the list.

"The eyes of Tiberius," says Suetonius, "were very large, and,—a thing most astonishing!—they saw clearly in the night and darkness, but only for a short time, and when he had just waked up; afterwards his sight became gradually obscured."

To pass to another physical peculiarity: Tyrtaeus, Parini, Shakespeare (according to some authorities), Byron, and Walter Scott, were lame. His club foot was with him as a powerful agent in the misdirection of his energies and the perversion of his great intellectual vigour. The poet himself asserts that the soul is more ardent in a deformed body, because of the efforts it makes to triumph over the physical imperfection. The beautiful Mademoiselle de la Vallière, Benjamin Constant, Zolius, Aegis, Gersenne, Tamerlane, all were lame. Many notable characters carry a hump in history and literature. The gallant Marechal de Luxembourg, William III. (slightly), Cecil, the crafty minister of Elizabeth, and Richard III., if the new school of historians will permit it, must rank among illustrious hunchbacks.

It is not generally known that Holbein, the painter, made use of his left hand. Souvenet, Rugendas, and some other artists, have also been left-handed.

Another physical imperfection against which the will has often been called to contend successfully, is that of stuttering. Moses was a stammerer; so were Demosthenes the orator, and Claude the painter; Louis, king of France, surnamed Le Bégue; the French Admiral, D'Annebont, who commanded the French fleet in the reign of Henry VIII., and was met by Lord Lisle off Spithead; Darwin, the exponent of "The Loves of the Plants;" graceful, ingenious, frank-hearted Mrs. Inchbald, the author of "A Simple Story;" Camille Desmoulins; the critic Hoffmann; and the Jacobin painter Davis.

Among the famous deaf we must place the Spanish painter, Fernandez Navaritte; the military tactician Folard; La Sagne, the protector of "Gil Blas;" the phisician La Condamine; and Beethoven. La Condamine, when elected a member of the Académie Française, improvised the following epigram:

La Condamine est aujourd'hui
Rien dans la tresse immortelle.
Il est bien sourd, tant mieux pour lui !
Mais non n'est, tant pis pour elle !

["La Condamine is receded to-day into the immortal band; he is very deaf—so much the better for him; but he is not dead—so much the worse for them! "]

Athenaeus has devoted a lengthy passage
to those worthy who have been distinguished by their obesity. He quotes, from an ancient writer, an amusing description of Dionysius, the tyrant of Herculaneum:—

"Having succeeded his father in the government of the country, he gradually grew so corpulent through his daily excesses, that he was almost suffocated by his enormous mass of flesh. For this reason, his physicians directed that he should be pierced in the side and stomach with needles, every time he fell into a heavy sleep, and that they should be driven through the fat until they reached the flesh, and he gave some indication of feeling them. If he had to discuss any business with a visitor, he concealed his body with a screen so that only his face was visible; and in this guise he discoursed with those who were presented to him."

Referring to other sovereigns, Athenaeus says of Alexander, the son of Ptolemy, that "he is so increased in fat as to be unable to walk unless supported by two persons. Nevertheless, when at his entertainments he joined in the dance, he sprang without shoes from lofty couches, and executed the various movements with more vigour and agility than those accustomed to them."

In the Middle Ages, corpulence appears to have been considered by some writers as a Divine blessing. The monk William, in his curious life of the abbot Suger, remarks,—

"In the midst of all the different kinds of favours which he received from heaven, one only failed him: that of becoming, after he had assumed the reins of government at Saint Denis, fatter than he had been as a private monk, while almost all the others, however lean they had been before, had no sooner received the imposition of hands, than they ordinarily grew fat in their cheeks and paunch, to say nothing of the heart."

Among obese personages of more or less celebrity, we may name—William the Conqueror, whose corpulence provoked a rude jest from Philip of France, that had led to a war resulting in William's death; three fat French sovereigns, Charles le Gros, Louis le Gros, and Louis the 18th, whom his flatterers sur-named Le Dévité; the Duchess of Kendal; Alphonso II., king of Portugal; the Italian poet, Bruni; Dillenius, the German botanist; and Prince George of Denmark.

Mutila-i-parvo is an excellent old adage, whose truth has been signally illustrated by many dwarfish heroes, such as those famous ancients, Licinius Calvus the Roman orator, and Lucius the Roman actor. It is said that Alypius of Alexandria, a celebrated philosopher, the contemporary of Iamblichus, was but two feet and a half in height. We are told that he thanked God for only having burdened his soul with so small a portion of corporelle matter. Amongst the moderns, our praises are due—either on account of valour, genius, or virtue—to the little great men, Althia, the Scourge of God; Pepin le Bref; Philip Augustus, an able king and a brave soldier, whose love for the fair Melusine is one of the romances of history; Albertus Magnus, whom, it is said, the Pope, on one occasion, several times requested to rise, in the belief he was still kneeling; the Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope; Erasmus; Guitton, the Protestant, who so stoutly defended Rochelle against Cardinal Richelieu; Gibson the painter, whose wife, too, was a dwarf, three feet high but the mother of nine children; Prince Eugène, the worthy comrade of our great Marlborough; Maria Teresa, the mostres of loyal Hungarian nobles; the Spanish admiral, Gravina; and that wild and mysterious romancer, the German Hoffmann.

To this list, let us add the medieval chronicler, Gregory of Tours; the historian, Procopius; Pomponazzi, the Italian philosopher; the jurist, Balde, Dumoulin, and Cuja; the Dutch painter, Duss; the chemist, Boullée; one of the Girondins; the painter of the National Convention; Delacroix; the savant; and David Garrick.

Nature, however, has not suffered her little men to monopolize intellect, imagination, and virtue. Many of our heroes have possessed the true heroic stature; that stature, at least, which was essential to a hero in the days of Force and Strength. William Wallace; Edward III.; Godfrey of Bouillon, the famous Crusader immortalized in the Gesta Hungarum Liberatis de Tasso; Fairfax; the Roundhead general; the French generals, Mortier, Moncey, and Kleber; Huss, the Reformer; Christopher Columbus; the witty and dissolute Earl of Rochester; Nielson, the late Czar of Russia; Sir Joseph Banks, the naturalist; Gall, the phrenologist; the painter, David; Gustavus Adolphus; and the lamented Thackeray.

Leaving the giants and the dwarfs to turn our attention to illustrious men whom Nature endowed with remark, we may proceed with Edmund Ironsides, King of England; Baldwin the iron-armed, Count of Pander; William, significantly named The Bully, Duke of Aquitaine; Scaunberg, the warrior chief; Leonardo da Vinci, the famous artist; and the invincible Marshal de Sax.

Here we must terminate our desultory notes. Fragmentary as they appear, they are not without a moral; for it is obvious that no physical deficiency or imperfection can prevent the clear brain and firm heart from acquiring reputation, or successfully accomplishing their mature and well-considered projects. And perceiving the powerlessness of the body as compared with the soul that animates it, who but will look forward with hope and confidence to the coming of the time when the spirit shall be released from its burden of matter, and attain to a fruition of knowledge in the glory of the Eternal Father?

W. H. D. A.
WILD TURKEY OF THE BACKWOODS.

Originally the wild turkey was found scattered throughout the whole of the North American continent, its habits only differing where the peculiarity of the seasons compelled it to provide against excessive cold or heat. In the "clearing" it only lives in its excellent and degenerated descendant of the farmyard. In the vast prairies and forests of the "far west" this bird is still abundant, and makes an important addition to the fare of wild life. It is comparatively common on the "frontiers," but every passing year lessens its numbers, and as their disappearance always denotes their death, their extermination is progressive and certain. In Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, and the southern states, there are fastnesses, in which they can find support and protection for a long time to come. The swamps and lowlands, that offer no present inducement to "the settler," will shelter them from the rifle, and in the rich productions of the soil they will find a superabundance of food. The same obscurity, however, that protects them, leaves the hole of the wild-cat in peace; and this bitter enemy of the turkey wars upon it, and makes its life one of cunning and care. Nor is its finely flavoured meat unappreciated by other destroyers, as the fox and weasel select the young for an evening repast, according to their strength. The nest, too, may be made, even the young bird in peace may have broken its shell, and, frightened at its own piping note, hid insistently away, when the Mississippi will rise, bearing upon its surface the waters of a thousand floods, swell within its narrow banks, and overflow the lowlands. The young bird, unable to fly, and too delicate to resist the influence of the wet, sickens and dies. Upon the dreariness of the season the turkey-hunter builds his hopes of the plentitude of the game.

The wild-turkey hunter is distinct and peculiar. The eccentric habits of the bird, its excessive wildness, is sympathized with and enjoyed only by a class of persons who are themselves different from the ordinary hunter. As a general thing, turkey-hunters, if they are of literary habits, read Izaak Walton and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and all, learned or unlearned, are enthusiastic disciples of the rod and line. The piscator can be an enthusiastic admirer of the opera, the wild turkey-hunter cannot be, for his taste never carries him beyond the simple range of natural notes. Here he excels. Place him in the forest with his pipe, and no rough Pan ever piped more willingly, or more in harmony with the scenes around him. The same tube modulates the note of alarm and the dulciest sound of love; it plays plaintively the complaining of the female, and in sweet chirps calls forth the lover from his hiding-place; it carols among the low whisperings of the fledgling, and expresses the mimic sounds of joy at the treasure of food that is found discovered under the fallen leaf, or hidden away in the decayed wood. And all this is done so craftily that ears on which nature has set her stamp of peculiar delicacy, and the instinct, true almost as the shadow to the sunlight, are both deceived.

It is unnecessary to describe the bird, though we never see it fairly represented except in the forest. The high mettled racer that appears upon the course is no more superior to the well-fed cart-horse than is the wild turkey to the tame, in fact, nothing living shows more points of analogy than in purity of blood than this noble bird. Its game head and clear hazel eye, the clean firm step, the great breadth of shoulder, and deep chest, strike the most superficial observer. Then there is an absolute commanding beauty about them when they are alarmed or curiouts, when they elevate themselves to their full height, bringing their head perpendicular with their feet, and gaze about, every feather in its place, the foot upraised, ready at an instant to strike off at a speed, that, as has been said of the ostrich, "scorneth the horse and his rider."

The wild turkey-hunter is a being of solitude. There is no noise or boisterous mirth in his pursuit. Even the dead leaf, as it falls in circuitous motion to the earth, intrudes upon his caution, and alarms the wary game, which, in its care of preservation, flies as swiftly before the imaginary as before the real danger. Often, indeed, is the morning's work destroyed by the cracking of a decayed limb under the nimble spring of the squirrel. The deer and timid antelope will stop to gratify curiosity; the hare scents the air for an instant, when alarmed, before it dashes off; but the turkey never speculates, never wonders; suspicion of danger prompts it to immediate flight, as quickly as reality.

The implements of the turkey hunter are few and simple: the "call," generally made of the large bone of the turkey's wing, and a sure rifle, complete the list. The double-barrel fowling-piece is used when the game is plentiful, and requires little or no science to hunt it—aim being taken at the head. A turkey, wounded elsewhere than in the brain, although a rifle ball may have passed through its body, seems to retain the power of locomotion in the most remarkable manner, and will, when thus crippled, run long enough, unless pursued by a dog, to be lost to the hunter.

Where turkeys are plentiful and but little hunted, indifferent persons succeed in kill-
ing them; of such hunters we will not speak. The bird changes its habits somewhat when the hunter is close at hand. As described in the last chapter, the turkey is more wary as it is most pursued; it may therefore be said to be the wildest of game. Gaining in wisdom according to the necessity, it is a different bird where it is constantly sought for as game, from where it securely lives in the untrodden solitude. The turkey will therefore succeed at times in finding a home in places comparatively "thickly settled," and be so seldom seen, that they are generally supposed to be extinct. Under such circumstances they fall victims only to the very few hunters who may be said to make a science of their pursuit. "I rather think," said a turkey-hunter, "if you want to find a thing very cunning, you need not go to the fox or the bear or the wolf, but take a gobbler. I once hunted regular after the same one for three years, and never saw him twice. I knew the critter's "yelp" as well as I know Music's, my old deer-dog; and his track was as plain to me as the letter A. He'd travel the long, lazy track of a dusty road. I hunted the gobbler always in the same "range," and about the same "scratching," and he got so, at last, that when I "called," he would run from me, taking the opposite direction to my own foot-tracks. Now the old rascal kept a good deal on a ridge, at the end of which, where it lost itself in the swamp, was a hollow cypress tree. Determined to outwit him I put on my shoes heets foremost, walked leisurely down the ridge, and got into the hollow tree, and gave a "call," and "boys," said the speaker exultingly, "it would have done you good to have seen that turkey coming towards me on a trot, the fool looking at my tracks, and thinking I had gone the other way."

Of all turkey-hunters, our friend W——is the most experienced; he is a bachelor, lives upon his own plantation, studies, philosophies, makes fishing-tackle, and kills turkeys. With him it is a science reduced to certainty. Place him in the woods where turkeys are, and he is as certain of their bodies as if they were already in his possession. He understands the habits of the bird so well, that he will, on his first essay on a new hunting-ground, give the exact character of the hunters the turkeys have been accustomed to deal with. The most crafty turkeys are those which W——seeks hammed in by plantations, inhabiting uncuttable land, and always in more or less danger of pursuit and discovery, they become, under such circumstances, beyond any game whatever wild. They seem incapable of being deceived, and taking everything strange as possessed to them, deadly danger, whether a moth out of season, or a veteran hunter, they appear to common, and even to uncommon observers, annihilated from the country, were it not for their footprints occasionally to be seen in the soft soil beside the running stream, or in the light dust in the beaten road.

A veteran gobbler, used to all the tricks of the hunter's art, one who has had his wattles cut with shot, against whom his deflected breast has struck the escaping ball of the rifle, one who, although most startled, would walk by the treasures of grain in the "trap" and "pen," a gobbler who will listen to the plaintive note of the female until he has tried its quavers, its length, its repetitions, by every rule nature has given him, and then perhaps not answer, except in a smothered voice for fear of being detected——such a turkey will W——select to break a lance with, and, in spite of the chances against him, win. We, then, here have the best specimens of wild-turkey hunter, an exhibition of skill between the perfection of animal instinct, and the superior intellect of man.

The turkey-hunter, armed with his "call," starts into the forest: he bears upon his shoulder the trusty rifle. He is either informed of the presence of turkeys, and has a particular place or bird in view, or he has made his way cautiously along the bed of some running stream. His progress is slow and silent; it may be that he unexpectedly hears a noise, sounding like distant thunder; he then knows that he is in close proximity of the game, and that he has disturbed it to flight. When such is the case his work is comparatively done.

We will, for illustration, select a more difficult hunt. The day wears towards noon, and the patient hunter has met with no "sign," when suddenly a slight noise is heard, not unlike, to unpractised ears, a thousand other woodland sounds; the hunter listens, again the sound is heard, as if a pebble was dropped into the bosom of a little lake. It may be that woodpecker, who, desisting from his labours, has opened his bill to yawn—or perchance, yonder little bird so industriously scratching among the dead leaves of that young holly. Again precisely the same sound is heard; yonder, high in the heavens, is a solitary hawk, winging its way over the forests; its rude scream etherialized might come down to our ears in just such a sound as made the turkey-hunter listen; again the same note, now more distinct. The quick ear of the hunter is satisfied; stealthily he entrenches himself behind a fallen tree, a few green twigs are placed before him, from among which protrudes the muzzle of his rifle. Thus prepared, he takes his "call," and gives one solitary cluck, so exquisitely, that it chimes in with the running brook and the rustling leaf.

It may be, that a half a mile off, if the place is favourable to convey sound, is feeling a "gobbler," prompted by his nature, as he quietly scratches up the herbage that conceals his food, he gives utterance to the sound that first attracted the hunter's attention. Poor bird! he is bent on filling his crop; his feelings are listless, common-place; his wings are away; his plumage on his breast seems soiled with rain, his wattles are contracted and pale. Look, he starts,
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every feather is instantly in its place, he raises his delicate gamo-looking head full front, and cries "Quack!" No is, in fact, a very "deep" bird, and when he sits and plumps himself when common hunters are about, tooting away, but never so wisely as to decoy him twice. They all reveal themselves by overstaying the modesty of nature, and soon he top, three feathers of his last year's tail decayed under the weight of a splinter. 

The last quack heard by the gobbler fairly roused him, and he presses forward. At one time he runs with speed, the ideas as if not yet quite satisfied: something turns him back; still he lingers only for a moment in his course, until coming to a running stream, where he will have to fly; the exertion seems too much for him. Stately parading in the full sunshine, he walks along the margin of the clear stream, admiring his fine person as it is reflected in the sylvan mirror, and then, like some vain lover, tosses his head, as if to say, "Let them come to me.

The listless gait is resumed, expressive that the chase is given up. Gaining the ascent of a low bank that lines the stream he has just deserted, he stops at the foot of a young beech; in the green moss that fills the interstices of the otherwise smooth bank is hid away a cricket; the turkey picks at it without catching it; something annoys him. Like the slipper of Cinderella to the imagination of the young prince, or the glimpses of a waving ringlets or a jeweled hand to the glowing passions of the young heart, is the remembrance of that sound that now full two hours since was first heard by our hero, and has been in that long time but twice repeated. He speculates that in the shady woods that surround him there must wander a mate; solitarily she plucks her food and calls for me; the monster man, impatient of his prey, does not out his music so softly or so daintily. I am not deceived, and by my unquenchable fears she will be won by another. 

how well timed the call. The gobbler, entirely off his guard, contracts himself, opens wide his mouth, and rolls forth, fearlessly, a volume of sound for his answer. The stream is crossed in a flutter, the toes search themselves in the soft ground over which they pass. On, on they plunge, until their owner's caution again brings them to a halt. We could almost wish that so fine a bird might escape, that there might be but one "call" too much, one that grated unnaturally on the poor bird's ear. But not so; they lead him to his doom, filling his mind with hope and love.

To the bird there is one strange incongruity in the "call", never before has he gone so far with so little success; but the note is perfect, the time most nicely given.
Again he rolls forth a loud response, and
instantly there is no answer; his progress is slow.
The caper again greets his ear: there was a
slight quiver attached to it this time, like the
first forming of a second note; he is nearing the
object of his pursuit, and, with an energetic
"call," he rushes forward, his long neck
stretched, and his head moving inquiringly
from side to side. No longer going round the
various obstacles he meets with in his path,
but flying over them, as if impatiently, he
comes to open ground and stops.

Some six hundred yards from where he
stands may be seen a fallen tree; you can ob-
serve some green brush that looks as if it
grew out of the very decayed wood; in this
"brush" is hidden away the deadly rifle,
and its muzzle is protruding towards the
open ground. Behind it is the hunter, flat
upon the ground, yet so placed that the
weapon is at his shoulder. He seems to be
as dead as the tree in front of him. Could
you watch him closely, you would perceive
he scarcely winks for fear of alarming his
game. The turkey, still in his exposed
situation, gobbles; on the instant the hunter
raises his "call" to his lips, and gives a pro-
longed cluck, loud and shrill, the first that
could really be construed by the turkey into
a direct answer. The noble bird, now cer-
tain of success, fairly dances with delight;
he starts forward, his feathers and neck
amorously playing as he advances; now he
commences his "strut;" his slender body
swells, the beautiful plumage of his breast
unfolds itself, his neck curves, drawing the
head downward, the wattles grow scarlet,
while the skin that covers the head changes
like rainbow tints. The long feathers of
the wings brush the ground, the tail rises and
opens into a semicircle, the gorgeously
coloured head becomes beautifully relieved
in its centre. On he comes, with a hitching
gait, glowing in the sunshine in purple and
gold. The siren cluck is twice repeated; he
contracts his form to the smallest dimen-
sions; upwards rises the head to the highest
point; he stands up on his very toes, and
looks suspiciously around; fifty yards of
distance protects him from the rifle; he
then condescends to pick about. What a
trial for the expectant hunter! how does he
recollect that one breath too much has
spilled a morning's work! The minutes
wear on, and the bird again becomes the
caller; he gobbles, opens his form, and then
fully blooms out the enchanting cluck
greets his ear; on he comes, like the gay
horse towards the inspiring music of the
drum, or like a gallant bark beating against
the wind, gallantly but slowly.

The dark cold barrel of the rifle is now
not more silent than is its owner; the game
is playing just outside the very edge of its
deadly reach; the least mistake and it is
gone. One gentle zephyr, falling twig,
might break the charm, and make nature
revolt at the coyness apparent in the sup-
posed mistress, and the lover would wing
his way full of life to the woods. But on he
comes; so still is everything that you can
hear his wings, as they brush the ground,
singularly plain, while the sun plays in con-
fllicting rays and coloured lights about his
gaudily bronzed plumage.

The woods ring in echoing circles back
upon you, the sharp report of the rifle is
heard; out starts, alarmed by the noise, a
blue jay, who equals as he passes in
waving lines before you, so suddenly
wakened was he from his sleep. But our
rare and beautiful bird, our gallant and
noble bird, our cunning and game bird,
where is he? The glittering plumage, the
gay step, the bright eye, all are gone; with-
out a movement of the muscles, he has
fallen a headless body to the earth.

LABOURS

LABOUR is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever daireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust
assaileth;
Flowers drop and die in the stillness of
noon.
Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep
them in tune.

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming
billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping
willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute
will.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Labour—all labour is noble and holy.
SALEM HERPATH:

A PURITAN STORY.

T was New Year's Eve. The log-fire burning on the broad hearth of Reconcurrence Herpath cheerfully contrasted with the snow and ice outside. It was a cold, dreary, bleak winter's day in America, when America was two hundred years younger than it is now, and when from England and from Holland the Nonconformists were beginning to find a home where they might worship God in peace. Reconcurrence Herpath was the steadfast mother of many children. She loved them all dearly—her daughters Joy and Makepeace, her niece Patience, and none better than her youngest son, Salem, a well-made, handsome, serious-looking lad. He used to rough work and a rough life, "being weakly," and Reconcurrence was wont to say, "From the delicacies of the old country.

Besides being New Year's Eve, it was the Sabbath, and these old Puritan colonists never forgot the sacred duties of that day, though they had to assemble in the open fields, or beneath the forest trees. God was felt to be ever present with them; and one of their chroniclers says, "Little children, in the hour of death, became transfigured, as it were, and testifying of their faith and their assurance of immortality became a marvel to all."

They had worshipped God that day, and after prayer and reading, and after they had raised a psalm in the wilderness, singing the Lord's song in a strange land, the preacher had directed their thoughts to God's wondrous mercy towards them since the day when the Pilgrim Fathers first kept Sabbath in the new land. He had told them (for he remembered it well) how thick and fast the snow was falling on that January day.—how the Lord's hand was heavy upon them, and they seemed to have come from a paradise of plenty into a wilderness of wants—but how they had by God's grace been sustained, like Paul of old; and how still, trusting in God's mercy and humbly bearing his corrections, they had reason to make melody in their hearts, and say the Lord had done great things for them whereof they were glad.

Now, Reconcurrence Herpath and her family had been talking about all this. She, like a God-fearing woman as she was, had been what she should call catechising them about the sermon; and her niece Patience, and her daughter Joy and Makepeace, and her son Salem, all had shown that they remembered much of what the pastor said. Salem, especially, recollected the discourse, and was able to point out texts with wonderful facility; and Reconcurrence thought in her heart that her son would one day be a great preacher that should help to spread the light of truth over the darkened land. So she thought, and so she prayed in her heart; and as she looked fixedly at the burning embers on the hearth, saw many a fanciful picture, perhaps, that she would fain have realised if God would.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised, and an old man entered. He was a very old man, and his hair was white as snow, and his face wrinkled: he wore a stout coat and a black velvet cap, and supported his weight on a thick oak staff.

Reconcurrence Herpath and her children rose up as the old man entered. He uttered words of peace and blessing, and sat down on a green log that served for a bench.

"Sister," he said, "there is bad news for us all, and the great God only knows what may come of it."

They looked on the old man and waited, standing, for him to proceed. He was their pastor, and they honoured him as God's minister.

"Some of the young men," he went on, "have come into contact with the Indians. They started forth yesterday to return before night, but they have only now returned, and not all—one has been slain. They have trespassed on Indian ground, have fished in Indian lands, have quarrelled and fought with the Red Men, and roused up all the old angry feelings which we had hoped were dead and buried, and would know no resurrection."

"We are in God's hands," said Reconcurrence.

"He can make a wall of fire round about us to deliver us; he can save us from the violence of the spoiler; he can preserve us from the axe of the Red Man."

"Would we could convert these Indians, instead of slaying them! We might well give them something better than death in return for these rivers and green hills—this grass, these meadows, and fresh water. Truly, I would rather labour, day and night, at the hoe or at the oar, than wrong these wild, untutored children of our common Father; and I fear me, Reconcurrence, I fear me, we settlers have done so."

"We are in God's hands," said Reconcurrence again.

"Truly; and in God must be our defence. I have been round the settlement to certify of danger, and bade the people pray. Mind you, Mistress Reconcurrence, when Governor Winthrop gave away his last handful of meal, the provision ship was at sea at the mouth of the harbour. How, when the corn withered in blade and stalk, we called upon our God; and as we cried the rain-clouds gathered, and the showers fell, and a plentiful harvest crowned the year. Yes, let us look to God—'The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and delivered him out of all his trouble.'"
"Hark! cried little Salem. They listened. The wind was blowing strongly, nothing else but that. Hark! Was that the wind? No, it was the bark of a watch-dog. The old man arose, and leaning on his staff, prayed silently. After a few moments' pause, he spoke.

"The setting up of God's church in the wilderness," he said, "which should have been so pure and glorious, has been stained with blood. Would God we had no settlement here, no right from England to hold this land! When the rocks were our pillows our rest was pleasant."

The wind bore on the sound of many feet. Then came the sharp crack of fire-arms, then a shout—they knew too well to be raised by Indian voices — "Owannox! Owannox!"

("The English! the English!")

The quite Puritan settlement was now a scene of violence and bloodshed. Settlers and Indians fought desperately; but from the first it was evident that the Indians would prevail. The houses were fired. The village was in flames. The Indians formed a ring around it to shoot with their arrows, or cut down and scalp, all who attempted to escape. Some few did escape. Two or three were taken prisoners, among them a boy eleven years old, or thereabouts, who was seized by an Indian and dragged out of the flames. This boy was Salem.

When the work of destruction was complete, the Puritans retreated. Of the Puritan settlement they left but a heap of smouldering ruins. The boy Salem was tightly bound, and placed between two tall, strong Indians. If he had been a good deal stronger, wiser, and older than he was, he could not have escaped. So he was marched on, and on, through the thick tangled forests, over the high hills, down into the deep green valleys, out and away into the wilderness. He was weary; his blistered feet would scarcely support him; but he was hurried on till they reached an Indian village. He was then shut up in an unoccupied wig-wam, and left without any victuals till the morning. It was a sorrowful New Year's night for him. But Salem trusted in God that He would deliver him. Next day the Indians gave the boy a piece of broiled meat and a drink of water. After that they brought him out to the centre of the village. There he found the Indians, with their high feathers and painted faces, sitting in a group smoking, while the Indian women and children sat in another group at a short distance off. Now the Indians had resolved to put the boy to death, but they wanted to obtain information about the settlers before they did so; one, therefore, of their number, who understood a little English, was to question the child and report his answers to the rest.

"Let the pale face tell us his name and his age."

"This was the first question, and without hesitation the boy replied. They then asked him about the white settlers at another English village, not far off. The child suspected mischief, and refused to tell. The Indians grew angry. They no longer used soft words. They threatened frightful punishments, cruelties such as it seems hardly possible any men would inflict on a defenceless child, but which they were only too ready to perform.

"Are you not afraid, little one, of the torment?" asked the Indian who acted as interpreter for the rest.

"I am not afraid of those that can kill the body," the boy said; "I fear Him who can kill the soul."

When his reply was made known to the Indians, they were surprised at his firmness, and thought at first he bore some magical charm which would save him; so they asked in what he trusted, and he answered, "In the great God of heaven and earth, that is the Father both of the pale-face and the red-skin."

Then the Indians sent the child back to the wig-wam, and he knelt down and thanked God for his deliverance. For eighteen years little Salem continued with the Indians. He became a favourite with the tribe, and dwelt with them happily. The child-talker was a wonder to them all, and the wisdom which he had learnt from the Book of Wisdom, child as he was, he was made able to communicate to them. His religion was the means of his preservation, and that religion was soon seen in its influence on the Indian tribe. They journeyed on toward the far West, and the child went with them. He saw the mighty rivers and the broad prairies long before any other European beheld them. He mingled with the tribe freely, and grew beloved by all. He was a friend to them, though he never seemed as one of them—the pale-face was a marvel and a blessing to the red-skin.

After eighteen years, Salem died, and they buried him. But the influence of his life did not die with him. Years afterwards a Puritan preacher fell in with the tribe, and he told them the story of the cross. But they knew it already. His surprise was great, and so was theirs, that these Indians and himself should know, and hold, and love the same creed. And when he asked them how and why it was, they told him of the pale-faced child and the religion that he had taught them; and tears were on the cheeks of the red-skins as they spoke of his death. So the tribe was known as the Praying Indians. Out of the mouth of a babe God had perfected praise, and from the lips of a child these proud Indians had given up the faith of their fathers.

"Out of small beginnings," said Governor Bradford, "great things have been produced;" and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea, to a whole nation.
CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

A NOther Canadian correspondent favours us with the following additional particulars on the volunteer movement in Canada:

In all Canada there are 470,000 men capable of bearing arms, not including the regiments of the line, of which there are a great many here.

The volunteers, &c., of which I purpose giving you a short sketch, are enrolled in the city of Toronto.

There are two (2) regiments of volunteers in the city—one called the "2nd Battalion," or "Queen's Own Rifle Regiment," and are as fine-looking and well-drilled a body of men as you will see in Canada, except the "Victoria Rifles" of Montreal. The 2nd numbers about 500 or 600 men (10 companies); their uniform is dark green, faced with red. They have a particular badge, which is very pretty indeed. It consists of a maple leaf, in silver for the officers, and in bronze for the men, with a circle in the middle, in which is the figure 2. Around the rim are the words "Queen's Own Rifles." Last year the Commander-in-chief called for two (2) active service companies, of sixty-five (65) men each for the frontier, to be furnished by this battalion. A great many more volunteered than were required.

The companies were sent to Niagara with eight others from different parts of the province. The two from Toronto were under the command of Major Gilmore and Captain Brown, both of the Q. O. R.'s. The colonel of the regiment, W. S. Durie, was also appointed to command the frontier battalion. The men of the companies were for the most part the "flower" of Toronto, and I mean the young men of respectable connections, and used to good living. It was curious to see them at the frontier cooking their own food, fetching wood, cleaning rifles, and performing all the menial duties of the common soldier. Their pay was $50 per day, and with that they had to buy their own rations, &c. When they came back, they were a good deal bronzed, but said that they rather enjoyed it than other

wise. Most of the men of this battalion are engaged nightly in guarding the Toronto drill shed from any attacks that might be made by the " Fenians," who, if they got possession of it, would get a rich prize of 2,000 stand of arms. There is now a company of the Q. O. R.'s, on active service at Sandwich, under the command of Captain W. D. Jarvis, No. 7 Co., C. S. R. They were called out in anticipation of "Fenian" raids from our "friendly" neighbours in the United States. The motto of the Q. O. R.'s is " In pace paratus."

The other volunteer regiment in Toronto is called the "10th Royal Regiment of Toronto Volunteers" (Infantry). It musters about 300 or 400 men (3 companies); their uniform is like that of the regiments of the line, but is faced with white. The motto of the 10th is "Ready, aye Ready." Both these regiments have very fine bands.

In addition, there is also a "Naval Brigade," under command of Captain W. F. McMaster; it is a fine and efficient body of jack-tars, numbering eighty men. Their uniform consists of a short blue jacket with a wide collar, blue trousers in winter, white in summer. They have a white straw hat in summer, with a black band, and the letters T. N. B. on it. Altogether they have a very naval appearance, and contrast queerly, on review days, with the dark green of the 2nd, and the red of the 10th. They have a drill shed of their own, and two large guns, furnished by the Government to practise with. They have also boats of their own, which are very fine ones indeed. They have a pipe and drum corps. They are armed with the long Enfield rifle, bayonet, and a cutlass.

There is also a battery of Artillery and a company of Cavalry.

There are several "Military Schools" established in various parts of Canada, but the one at Toronto is considered the best and most thorough.

Thus you see how many volunteers, &c., in one city only, are ready to fight for their country, homes, and property.

YOUNG CANADIAN.

COME, IF YOU DARE!

"Come, if you dare!" our trumpets sound;
"Come, if you dare!" the foes rebound;
"We come, we come!"

Says the double beat of the thundering drum:
Now they change on oaks,
Now they rally again.
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.

The fainting foemen quit their ground,
Their trumpets languish in their sound —
"Victoria! Victoria!" the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run;
Then return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of the vanquish'd invaders.

Dryden.
63.—CRYPTOGRAPH.
6, 13, 11, 26—22, 1, 26
1—22, 13, 9, 6—12, 8, 2—11
1, 26, 12, 20, 17, 8, 23, 20, 11, 20, 20, 18—24, 19, 1, 7, 13
1, 18, 8, 20, 13—15, 11, 12—11, 20, 20, 13, 11, 20—1, 9
17, 18, 13—20, 11, 25, 13, 22—8, 21—12, 8, 2, 26—13, 19
7, 13, 14, 14, 13, 9, 17—15, 6, 9, 17, 18, 14, 12
4, 8, 2, 26, 9, 11, 14
1—11, 15—13, 16, 13, 26—12, 8, 2, 26, 22—13, 17, 7
11—22, 2, 10, 22, 7, 26, 1, 10, 13, 26.
E. H. D.

PUZZLES.
64.
My first is a colour,
My second is a receptacle,
And my whole is a kind of fly.
65.
My first is a place for shipping,
My second is three feet,
And my whole is a part of my first.
66.
My first is a vehicle,
My second is a prawn,
My third is used by fishermen,
And my whole is a kind of chest.

CONUNDRUMS.
67.
What is that which we say we go to, but which in reality, comes to us?
68.
When does a man eat the effigy of a sorceress?
69.
What is the difference between a small portion of frozen water hanging from the eaves of a house, and the scarf-skin of the human body?

70.—NUMBERED CHARADE.
I am a word of 12 letters.
My 2, 3, 8, is a poetical effusion.
My 6, 9, 10 is a conveyance.
My 11, 4, 5, 1, 2, 12 is round.
My 7, 10 is an English preposition.

71.—ARITHMOREM.
My initials was a king of England.
100 one(b) run — To give up.
181 and e — A country.
150 rice — A round object.
1000 harpe — A basket.
1000 Noorah — Every ship has.
1000 papasar — It is usually round old castles.
100 nude — Can't say his lessons.

72.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
The initials will give the name of a town in Sussex.
1. A town in Oxfordshire.
2. A county of Wales.
3. An island of Scotland.
4. An English fortress.
5. A town in Lincolnshire.
6. A town in Kent.
7. The capital of Rutland.
8. A country of Europe.
F. C. Cox.

REBUS.
73.
A town in Etruria, in Italy, destroyed by fire from heaven.
74.
The name of an Indian nation.
75.
A district of Switzerland.
76.
A town in the county of Galway.
77.
A deep blue vegetable dye.
78.
A famous Greek poet and grammarian.
The initials give the name of a celebrated Latin poet, the initials of an English one.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

What is menzscham — Meerschaum consists of hydrate of magnesia, with silic, carbonic acid, and water. In many parts of Turkey it is dug out of the earth, and used as soap. It is also said to be found floating on the Sea of Azov, and on the shores of Negropont and Samos. It looks something like foam before its manufacture, whence, perhaps, it derives its name, "sea-foam" (meerschaum). It is made into tobacco pipes in Turkey, and sent into Germany, and there they are soaked first in wax and then in tallow, and finally polished with shaggrass, or crapes. Artificial meerschaum is made with fine plaster of Paris baked for a few hours, and thrown while warm into melted wax, or linseed oil.
E. JOHN DUNGATE and PATRICK AULD to the same effect.

David's mother — David's mother is spoken of in 1 Samuel xxiii. 3, where it is told us that David placed her and his father under the protection of the king of Moab, while he was in danger of his life from Saul.
E. PEWTEES.
David's mother is twice recorded in Scripture. First, 3 Samuel xxii. 11, in these words, "And after him came Shammah, the son of Agur (or Ager), the Hiritite." Her name was, therefore, Agur, or Ager, as some Bibles have it. There is also a reference in the Chronicles, the exact place of which I cannot now call to mind. Both passages are very difficult to solve, and require a large amount of explanation.
EDWARD SACHS.
OUR SPHINX.

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The mother of David is supposed to be Nahash, recorded in 2 Samuel xvii. 35.

A. M. FRASER.

Why is the sea salt?—Because salt is a mineral which prevails largely in the earth, and which, being very soluble in water, is taken up by the ocean. Lakes and rivers also—even those that are considered fresh—hold in solution some degree of saline matters, which they contribute to the ocean. As, in the evaporations from the sea, the salt remains in it, while the vapours fall as rain, and again wash the earth, and carry some of its mineral properties to the ocean, the greater saltness of the sea, as compared with rivers, is accounted for. By some persons, the opinion is entertained that the sea has gradually been getting saltier ever since the creation of the world. This, they say, arises from the evaporation of water free from salt, and the return of the water to the sea taking with it the salt from the land.

J. C. BLOLG.

Which is the best book on Shortland.—Mr. Isaac Pitman, Bath. There are several books on Shortland:—"The Phonographic Teacher," price 6d.; "The Phonographic Reader," price 6d.; "A Manual of Phonography," price 1s. 6d. Although it can be learned from the "Manual" alone, the student will derive much assistance from the "Phonographic Teacher." They can be had from any respectable bookseller.

A. E. H.

What is the meaning of the word "metachromatism"?—It is derived from two Greek words, meta (change) and chroma (time), and signifies the change of time.

Which interrogation is more correct, For whom is this book? or, Whom is this book for?—For whom is this book is more correct, because the proposition should be placed immediately before the relative which governs. (See Lennie's Gram., Syntax, Rule 8, note.)

H. L. BHAMALL.

How to arrange specimens of grasses, flowers, &c.—When the specimens are thoroughly dried, they should be fixed by means of paste or gum on a leaf of stiff white paper, one specimen only on a page, and with the name of the plant, the place of growth, and the time of gathering written below. Or a still better plan of mounting them on the paper is to secure them by means of narrow strips of paper let in through a small slit cut in the margin of the mounting sheet on each side the stem, or other part of the specimen, and applied in various places as occasion requires. The stems are to be inserted in the base of the page, so as to bind the plant firmly down to the page. A very small portion of corrosive sublimate should be mixed up with it, its being used, to prevent insects, it is apt to attract, from gnawing holes in the paper. After the specimens are mounted, they should be arranged either in systematic or natural order, and deposited in a pasteboard case like a portfolio, or the binding of a book. And, above all, care must be taken to preserve them from damp, which is, next to insects, the worst enemy to the collector, and the most destructive of the fruit of his labour.

E. JOHN DUGATE.

Is it generally believed that the planets are inhabited?—On this subject people rush into extremes; some believe that all are inhabited, or that all are not. On this subject it is best to draw your own conclusions, for this much is known, that some of the planets to us are fit to be inhabited whether they are or not. In Mars and Venus, for instance, we see very bright spots at their poles, which we would naturally suppose was ice, and these are always brighter after they have been heated from the sun's rays, i.e., after their winter, as we may say. And we see patches of light and shade on their surfaces which resemble continents; we also see other things on their discs which greatly favour the presumption that they are inhabited. Mercury is too near the sun for us to be able to observe things with much accuracy, the planetoids are too small and Jupiter, Saturn, &c., are too far off, so that we cannot know much about their surfaces. But as to the two that we can observe resemble our earth so much, we may presume that they are inhabited, and if they are, why not the rest?

E. J. W.

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

The prices and publishers of the following:—

Dr. Cornwallis's School Atlas.
Dr. Livingstone's Life of James Brindley.
A good and cheap dictionary.
A good and cheap collection of comic dialogues and recitations.
A good book on collecting foreign postage stamps.
A. E. H.

What was the Utopia?—E. J. W.

What is the difference between "enquiry" and "inquiry"?—The best and cheapest chemical cabinet, and its price?

What is the Test Act?

The best book on cricket?

Origin of pomeranines?

Origin of the superstition about St. Whithan?

What is the Rubicon?

When was the London University instituted?

Does Berwick-upon-Tweed belong to England or to Scotland?

How to breed silkworms?

What is the best recipe for lemonade?

Where can I get an Aolian harp?

How many changes can be rung on eight bells?

F. C. COX.

A constant reader would be much obliged if any friend can recommend any effectual treatment for weak knees at the age of 15?

Any directions for making a cheap air-pump?

Also for making a model steam-engine?

What is pearl?

How to improve a person?

How to make a galvanic battery?

What is the best cure for ear-ache?

Who first invented watches?

W. TRIGGS.

The best method to preserve the skins of birds or squirrels?

Could you, or any of your many subscribers, favour me with the information of where I can obtain a good, useful book on the "Aquarium," and how to treat its inmates?

W. J. B.

[Beaton's, of course! EVERYBODY!!!]

How to make a simple, but powerful telescope?

What is Gregorian music? and why is it objected to by some people?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER. Selections of prize winners is exclusively reserved to Books. Any departure from this rule must be a matter of special arrangement. The selection of the books is entirely at the option of the prize-winners.—W. N. LOTT.

Prizes are not given for solutions in the Sphinx.

A correspondent (B. ROSE) says:—"I have no doubt that you have some stage-struck readers of the "Boys' Monthly": the following facts may, perhaps, amuse them. From Christmas, 1802, to the present time, no less than 46 burlesques—all but 3 quite new—have been brought out in London. Of these, 17 are by H. J. Byron, and 15 by F. C. Burnand; 13 were brought out at the Strand, 7 at the New Royalty, and 6 at the Olympic. Will our Correspondent send his MS.? We shall, possibly, be able to do something with it.—A SUBSCRIBER. The best book we can recommend to your notice on the Mechanism of the Church Organ, is that written by Mr. Hopkins, the organist of the Temple Church.
ADJUDICATION OF OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

EPIPHANIES.

"Has this fellow no feeling for his business? he sings at grave-making." The idea is Hamlet's, and the subject is the grave-digger. Well, he is used to it, but why should people who are not used to it write funny things on tombstones, the door plates of the dead, and thus, after their humour,室友 their grave-making? About ten thousand Epitaphs, at a moderate reckoning, have been sent to us this month, and among them are many of the humorous kind. It is a grim facetie for which the collectors are by no means answerable; they have done well in stringing these things together, and giving us a fair sample not only of the loving garlands, the saintly corals, but of the burlesque wreaths that have been flung upon the grave.

There are a great many people who delight in churchyard wanderings, and in gathering in their note-books singular mementos of their death. Our editors this month, we suppose, of this number; they have done their work well, and it has been a hard matter to settle to which of the competitors our prize should be awarded. Four adjudicators have "eat" upon the Essays submitted—that sounds like "crowner's guest" law—and after long deliberation have unanimously given their votes in favour of

ARTHUR OSWALD JAMES.

Our Prizeman is remarkable, in the first place—and this is important because it is the first thing that attracts the notice—for extreme neatness and excellent penmanship. In neither of these particulars is he approached by any other competitor. The next point in his favour is, that he is systematic in his arrangement. Here he has many rivals; the best dozen of our competitors are systematic, and the arrangements they have adopted are all, to a certain extent, very good indeed. Oswald James, however, is, in our opinion, the most judicious in selection and arrangement. The third point in favour of James is, that he has strictly attended to the rules given by the adjudicators. He has not, in any way, departed from their regulations, and beyond all this, by the characteristic energy, the multiplied variety, and the agreeably conspicuous absence of all that could offend, he takes his place unquestioned as Prizeman. May the prize thus won spur him on to further exertion; may his epitaph, when it comes to be written—which we trust may be a long way hence—tell of a good and brave man's life, bravely and nobly spent.

Frank Inglefield is our number Two, and his work merits a good share of praise. He has spared no labour to make it interesting and complete; his collection of royal epitaphs is singularly full; altogether he has done so well that we cannot doubt he will come in first on another occasion.

F. G. Carrington's collection is highly interesting, and is embellished with some fair drawings. The designs from Saxon memorial stones are very carefully executed. As to the arrangement of the whole collection, there is less system in it than we have in either of the preceding competitors, but the epitaph "Miscellaneous" are themselves well chosen.

William Henry London prefades his collection with a short essay on Epitaphs. The sentiments he expresses with regard to droll epitaphs are quite our own. London divides his paper into the "Serious" and the "Comic."

Next comes John Charles Spaswick, who sends in no less than "five hundred and sixty-five" correct epitaphs, collected from all sorts of sources. W. H. Beckett next follows, and his collection is deserving of great praise; but it is not written with all his usual care.

Joseph Horner's collection is much less in bulk than any of the foregoing, but the selection is well made, and the penmanship excellent.

Charles Cross, jun., sends a collection all the way from India, and we regret that we cannot give it a higher place, for it is well done so far as it goes.

A young lady—Eliza Levy—ventures to compete, and does well. All the Epitaphs she sends are good; but, alas for her success, there are so few of them.

Thus, then, stands our list:
1. Arthur Oswald James, aged 16, Pontypool, Monmouthshire.
2. Frank Inglefield, aged 14, 20, Albany Street, Glasgow.
3. Frederick Carrington, aged 17, 1, Bristol Road, Gloucester.
5. John Charles Spaswick, aged 14, 25, Bolsover Street, London, W.
8. Charles Cross, jun., aged 18, India.
9. Eliza Levy, aged 15, Union Street, Plymouth.
10. James W. O'Keith, aged 14, North Street, Manchester Square.
11. Alfred Newton Copeland, aged 17, Upper Streatham.
13. James Shepherd, aged 15, Wellington Street, Derby Road, Nottingham.
14. Charles Edward Scarso, aged 16, Camera Square, King's Road, Chelsea.
15. O. Poole, aged 15, Uphill, Wiston-super-Mare.
17. Thomas Geoghegan, aged 16, 8, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.
20. Robert Costas, aged 17, Croydon.
21. H. Smith, aged 17, King's Lynn.
22. James Kelly, aged 17, Lanarkshire, Scotland.
26. Allan Booth Harris, aged 15, Harpenden Post Office, near St. Alban's.
27. William Tillahan, Biggleswade.
28. Alfred Wilson, aged 15, Cannonbury Road North.
30. G. A. Ralles, aged 15, 63, Belgrave Park, Hampstead, N.W.
31. J. A. Bell, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.
"Behold us, then, installed as Labourers in a Spanish Dye-yard."
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XIII.

In which I wake to find myself not the only prisoner in the Spanish lines. I recognise a friend, and think I hear a murder. I have an interview with the Spanish officers, and won't do what I am told, which is likely to bring me to grief; but leads, in fact, to bringing me into company with an old comrade.

When I woke in the morning it was by hearing somebody swear in good round English: there could be no mistake about the genuine British origin of the oaths poured out. The individual was very plainly in what we sometimes call a "towering" passion, and was possibly endeavouring to relieve his excitement by this profane exercise. The gentleman—save the mark!—was not alone; he was not only swearing, but swearing at somebody, and just now and again I could catch the sound of somebody's voice.

I scarcely knew on first awakening whether I was awake or asleep. It seemed to me a sort of dream or nightmare that I could not make anything of, but yawning and rubbing my eyes, and listening and looking round my cell, and recalling all the events of the past night, I soon came to the conclusion that awake I was, and that a "real live man," and no mere creation of a dream, was expressing himself hot and strong on the other side of the wall.

Leaving out all the garnish, of which, I may again remark, there was considerably more than enough, the language of the angry man ran something like this:—

"Yes, you can afford to say that you defy me when you are at liberty and I am firmly bound. The taunt is worthy of your courage. Could I reach you, with only one hand free, you would sing another kind of song."

There was the murmur of a voice, but I could not distinguish the words.

"If you have had your way, it is not because you won it, but because you know how to creep and crawl and get out of the way when there was the chance of a sharp pay day. If you are a man, cut these ropes and let us fight it fairly. You don't deserve fair fighting, shoot-
I knew that there was no use in offering resistance, and so prepared to obey, only I asked a question.

"Who is the prisoner in the next cell?"
He showed me all his teeth, and intimated that he did not understand me.

"I tried again to find out what I wanted to know, and tried to get the fellow to let me have one peep in. He shook his head, ran his brown forefinger across his neck in an ominous way. Still there was something in his manner that made me fancy he would yield to my wish if I tried a little "palm oil." I slipped some silver into his fist, and more pleasantly than before he showed me all his teeth. On tiptoe he led me to the door of the next room, opened it, and invited me to look inside.

I looked in and found the cell empty!

"What have you done with the Englishman?"

No answer.

"You have murdered him!"

Still no response. All further questioning was fruitless. My guard motioned me to proceed. I obeyed in silence, and he led me across a sort of green—a place that would have done capital for a game at cricket.

A few brigand-looking soldiers were dotted over the ground, and there was a clumsy piece of ordnance in the middle. At the further end of the green or square was a long low range of buildings, with a couple of sentinels posted at the entrance. My guard conducted me across, gave the pass word, and I was shown into a sort of guard-room, where an officer was lounging lazily, smoking a cigarette and sipping ice-water. Two soldiers were cleaning their arms—awkwardly enough, I can tell you—they seemed, as I have heard a Frenchman say, to have "two left hands."

I stood there waiting as quietly as I could—hungry enough too—for I was in sad want of some breakfast—and wondering what would come of it.

In about half an hour, as near as I could calculate, an officer came out of the inner room and desired me to follow him.

He led me into a long, rather narrow, and very low roofed room. The rafters were black, and the whole appearance of the place dirty and miserable. A table extended nearly the whole length of the room, and at it there sat five or six gentlemen in uniform, writing busily or chatting lazily. At the upper end sat two officers—fine, handsome fellows, their uniform very costly and admirably worn—in earnest conversation. I was led close up to where they were standing, and they both looked at me with a strange scrutinising glance.

"You are an Englishman?" said the elder officer, speaking to me in excellent English.

"I am English," said I, "and I am proud of my country."

"Good, that is as it should be."
He paused a moment, and then went on—

"You are our prisoner; now it depends entirely on yourself how you fare; it may go well with you, it may go ill, but you will have yourself to thank for whatever comes of it."

"It did not depend on myself," I said "that I was brought in the position I am in; this is the work of one of your traitors."

"Softly, softly," said the elder gentleman, laying his restraining hand on his companion—a companion whose eyes flashed and whose cheeks flushed as I spoke. "Softly, softly," said this elder gentleman, "the lad speaks without consideration."

"Not a bit of it," said I, "you have trapped us—and I, and perhaps others, are your poor spoil."

"Hush," said he, "I have heard it said you Northerners are cold—that we Spaniards have the hot blood—but I suppose all young blood is warm. Now be prudent; you are our prisoner."

"Shoot me," said I.

"We are not savages, and do not slay our prisoners."

"I am not so sure of that," said I. "My notion is that one was killed this morning."
He only smiled and waved his hand, as if he would put away the subject.

"This morning," said I, "an Englishman has been killed within my hearing;"—I thought I was justified in saying it;—"barbarously, cruelly murdered."

"You are mistaken," said he. "Nothing of the kind has taken place; give me leave to set you right. Now, listen—you are a sharp lad; you know pretty well the condition of the troops in Gibraltar; the strength of the navy, the possible contingencies of protracted siege. Tell us, plainly, all you know."

"I know little," said I. "What little I do know I would not tell to you or to any enemy of my country for a lump of gold as big as Gibraltar rock."
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

He smiled his old placid smile, saying, "Ah, you will think better of this. A good lad to stand up for his country; but a foolish lad to insult officers with his gratuitous chivalry and rude expression of patriotism. Think again. There is little, you say, that you have to tell; tell us that little."

"I will tell nothing."

"Possibly, all you have to tell."

"That is as it may be. At all events, I will tell nothing."

"We will ask you no more; but here I offer you an opportunity of regaining your liberty. Bear a letter—a secret letter, sealed—from myself, Lieutenant Scarborough; giving me your faithful promise not to betray our trust. I may rely on your honour?"

I bowed to him, and said, "I thank you. Certainly, my honour you may rely on; but I will not carry the letter."

"For what reason?"

"The best. It might do harm to our cause; it might, by some means, help yours. No; I will not do it."

"You will think better of this. We have made several English prisoners."

"Not many," said I.

"Few or many, of those we have captured were so likely to serve as well as yourself. I regret that we should misunderstand each other."

"I will never aid the cause of Spain," said I, "though I be cut into ten thousand pieces for my refusal. I will not do it."

Both officers smiled at my vehemence. The older one, smoothing the one hand over the other, answered,—

"You talk the language of romance,—the language of youth. The service you could render is really immaterial, and would serve the true interests of your own country as well as ours. As it is, we are content that you should be as you are."

"Without breakfast?" said I, sharply enough; for I was hungry.

"No, no, no. I regret you have not breakfasted. We mean that if you will not—let us say cannot—accept our terms, we must find other means of disposing of you. Hands are wanted in our dockyard. You will there be able to render us some help."

"I will render help nowhere," said I.

"Pardon me," said he, with the suavity of a gentleman; "but those dockyard overseers are very rough; and when a labourer is in gang and will not work, they teach him better somewhat rudely."

"I am not alarmed," I answered. "You can but kill me."

"There, there; now, tell me plainly,—shall it be homewards; shall it be dockwards?"

"It shall never be traitorwise," said I. "I will do nothing; you may do as you will."

"Then there the matter ends."

He waved his hand for me to withdraw, and the officer who had shown me in laid his hand on my shoulder; but I hesitated.

"I have said before," I began, "that murder has been done this morning. I say it again;—my shipmate, by name Jack Strap has been killed by a rascally renegade."

The two officers looked at each other, and then the elder one asked me,—

"What is your shipmate's name?"

"Jack Strap."

"Inquire into this matter at once," said he. "I cannot for a moment believe that any violence has been done to an English prisoner; but the matter shall be fully inquired into. You shall know all concerning it before you are removed to the dockyard. There—go."

The officer led me down the room, and into the guard-room—where the gentleman in command was still smoking his cigarette and sipping ice-water, and the two soldiers were left-handedly brushing their arms—he gave me over to my brigand-looking guardian, who showed me all his teeth, and conducted me across the green again to my old lodgings.

There he served me with a breakfast. And the breakfast was really good. Say it was garlic, pig's flesh dried, black bread, and smoky coffee; it was delicious, and doubly, trebly welcome because I felt that I had played a bold part. As to the garlic, it was strong, far be it from me to say it was not; yet, in all its strength of aroma, it was not half so objectionable as the jacket of my guard. The pig's flesh might not be over-well cooked; but the flavour, I will say, was delicious. So I made an ample breakfast; and when the repast was over, and I sat down content on the floor, with my legs under me like a London tailor, I thankfully accepted three cigarettes, and smoked away as happy as a prince.

During breakfast my guard had taken a weight off my head by assuring me, in broken English, that my "Engleeze" friend was all
right. I might have gathered as much from the easy assurance of the elderly officer; but of course I was doubly certified when my guard informed me that I was to see my friend in half-an-hour.

Smoking a cigarette is pleasant work if you have nothing on your mind but music and flowers, or even the meeting of a lady by moonlight, and of course alone. But I do not think a cigarette is altogether so satisfying when something desperately urgent is on the carpet. Then, I should say,—and I am a smoker, though the practice I do not recommend to other people,—then, I should say, give me a pipe—a long pipe, with plenty of good inflammable tobacco in the bowl, and let me pull at it. Having nothing but cigarettes to smoke on the occasion to which I refer, of course I smoked them; but I candidly confess they were very mild. Just as I had lit up the third, the guard, who had withdrawn from the room, reappeared, and told me my messmate was hard by, and would see me as soon as I chose to see him.

I chose to see him at once.

"Dear, good, hearty, steady, straightforward Jack Strap! Your hand, Jack! This is jolly!—yet melancholy! We meet as prisoners; what shall be the end of it, Jack, old friend? tell me that!"

We were wonderfully glad to see each other; and as for the guard,—well, he was not so bad a chap as might have been. He quickly got himself out of the way, though he very likely stopped within ear-shot.

Jack had a good deal to tell me; and told it. But I think what he told, and what came out of what he told, ought to have a new chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

In which Jack Strap tells his story, and Guatelama turns out to be an old friend (?) of mine. Jack and I concoct a neat little scheme, at least Jack concocts it, and I follow suit. Together we go to work, helping the enemy to take Gibraltar. Likewise some particulars concerning the building of certain big vessels, and of all the great array which was brought together to do battle with us; ending with an allusion—Roast Potatoes.

Jack Strap's story was not a little singular. He told me he had been doing his share of the fighting in our night attack on the Spanish lines. I will give Jack credit for this, that he never credited himself with more than his due. He was not like a good many fellows that you and I know, who, if allowed to reckon up themselves, would fetch a pretty price in the market. Well, Jack said that while he was hammering away with the butt end of a pistol, he got, he supposed, one for himself, for he saw nothing but a thousand million coloured sparks, and then was down flat. He knew nothing more until he found himself a prisoner in a narrow dirty crib, in which, Jack said, he would not have put a dog. There he lay for a good many days, a Spanish doctor looking in upon him sometimes, but very rarely, and giving orders which the gaoler never carried out. But Jack was not going to make a die of it. He got better, and was able to stamp about; no information, however, could he get as to what was to be done with him, until one day he was called out by his gaoler, marched over the green just as I had been, and brought face to face with some of the Spanish officers, who wanted him to do just what they had wanted me to do, and of course he would not. When he was brought out, he saw a gaily-dressed, evil-looking Spaniard watching him very closely. There was something about this fellow that made him think he had seen him elsewhere, but the dress of the man was so fantastic, and his occupation—thrumming an old guitar—seemed so out of Jack's way, that he could not reconcile the man with the man he imagined he resembled. Here was a sort of a muleteer, fantastically got up, and running his fingers idly over the string of "a fiddle without a bow." And here was Jack trying to find out why, when he saw this man, he should keep on thinking of East London by the river side, and some matters of painful interest which he too well remembered.

"Did you hear what they called the fellow?" said I.

"Yes—I remember him so far—it was Guatelama."

"And a bigger rascal——"

"Stop, you don't know all—it was Guatelama and it was not—or else two's one."

I looked at Jack with a queer doubt in my mind as to whether he was not a little bit cranky.

"Jack," said I, "your talk is not over clear."

"Well, this is clear, come good or bad," said he, "this Guatelama, or whatever he is, my old foe—Bob Bannister."
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

"Can't be," said I.
"No—it can't be—but it is."
"How are you sure?"
"Because he has made me sure; he owns to it."
"Then you have spoken to him?"
"It was him I was a-talking to when you bawled out."
"But how is it possible that he can be the man you say?"
"Because his smooth tongue and his sly ways make it easy for him to do anything. They—the Dons—knew him for a spy, and put many gold pieces into his pocket, but they don't trust him all alone, nor rely too much upon him."
"This is very strange."
"He did not say a word to me," Jack continued; "when I looked at him, he looked at me, and I dare say he remembered what I had promised to give him. He took care not to come near me before I was tied up and made all secure by the other fellows; then, when he knew I could do him no harm, he showed his ugly face and smoked his cigarette while he listened to my big words. There he sat, like a mean coward as he was, enjoying the fun, I expect, of hearing an angry man threaten, when it was all bark and no chance of bite. I gave it him hot and strong, but he only smiled, and was more and more aggravating. I could have killed him, and I would, but of course he had taken very good care I should not have the chance. He reminded me of all sorts of little things which I thought I might have forgotten. He kept on, pretending to put me right in my statements, as if he was checking it off the log. It was you ended the matter—he had a gag in my mouth before I could let you know who he was, so that I suspect he did not want you to know that Banister and Guatamala were one and the same. When I was gagged, they hauled me—he and another—out of the room."
"But what can his object be?"
"To make a little ready money, idle about, and sow mischief. Why, I believe that fellow never enjoys himself without making somebody else miserable—it is meat and drink, lodgings and rations, to him."
"He must be clever," said I.
"So is old horns and hoof!"
"I don't think I should ever have found him out; his disguise was very well contrived; he looks, and speaks, and behaves like a Spaniard; while the Bob Banister who behaved so surly to me was to all appearance a thorough old sea dog."
"Well, enough of him. We'll square accounts with him one of these days; knowing what we do know, we may yet see him at the yard-arm. What we have to think about is what shall we do."
"We can do nothing."
"We may do something, and we must."
"Not to serve the Spaniards?"
"No, but to serve ourselves. Now I understand there is a big work going on in the ship-building yards. That Prince—somebody—"
"Chevalier d'Arcon?"
"Yes—that's him, is getting up a fleet that is to drive us all out of the water and put Gibraltar into the Dons' hands."
"If we could escape, then, we might be useful."
"Very little use—because we know so little about it; we must find out all that we are able before we try to run the blockade."
"But how can we find out?"
"Listen to me. You know something of the ship-building business, don't you?"
"Well, very little; I scooped out and carved a cutter when I was a boy, and floated her on the New River. She laid her larboard on the water, turned over, and would have floated with her keel uppermost if her masts had not helped to hold her up."
"Well, build a lot like this for the Dons, and send them to sea in them!"
"I should be glad to do it, but that I know is not what you mean; you mean, can I contrive to work in the dockyard? I say yes. Can you?"
"I ought to, and I'm ready to try."
"But will they let us?"
"They will most likely invite us; giving us the option, perhaps, of swinging if we don't."
"Well, I'll work."
"So will I. Come, that's settled."

In confirmation of Jack's statement, we were informed that very day that our services would be required in the dockyard, that our option was not between hanging and working, but between forced and voluntary labour. We might work as free labourers on parole if we pleased; if we did not please, we might work in chains with a convict gang: We preferred to work as free labourers.

Behold us then installed as labourers in a
Spanish dockyard, hammering away and whistling at our work, to help build up a fleet designed to strike a more fatal blow to England than that of the old Armada sent out by Philip in Queen Bess's time. It was wrong, you say. It was not open and above board. Stop a bit. Don't you remember the old saying about being at Rome and doing as the Romans do? Well, seeing we were among the Spaniards, we were forced to be sly.

The plan devised by the Chevalier d'Arcon for the final capture of Gibraltar was that of constructing out of large ships immense floating batteries—batteries that could not be sunk, and so made as to set at defiance the red-hot shot of the British.

The timbers used in constructing these batteries were astonishingly thick; nothing at all like them in our navy. The keels and bottoms of the batteries were all double, and cork and wet sand filled up every chink and cranny. A supply of water was so contrived that the cork and sand inside were kept always wet. This was a precaution against the batteries taking fire. Ten, I think, of these vessels—these monster batteries—were built, and mounted with guns of heavy metal. They were bomb-proof on the top, being provided with sloping roof, not unlike the toy Noah's ark which you may see in the toy-shop windows. The roofs were made of strong rope-work netting, over which was spread a covering of wet hides, which could be moved up or down at pleasure. A new contrivance was introduced in the firing, which was said to discharge a whole broadside at once.

The battery ships were very heavy and unwieldy. They did not readily obey the helm, and seemed too big and awkward to move through the water. It was said that the whole of the surrounding country had been swept bare of its herds to supply hides for the monster coverings; the forests had also been thinned to supply no less than two hundred thousand cubic feet of timber.

Everybody in connection with the dockyard, and I saw nobody else, was enthusiastic and very confident as to the result of the project. It was said that the King of Spain, Charles III., felt so sure of victory that when he woke up in the morning his first inquiry used to be, “Is Gibraltar taken yet?” and when answered in the negative, adding with remarkable composure, “Well, it must soon be ours.” That famous commander the Duc de Critton, the engineer, d'Arcon, and Admiral Don Bonaventure Moreno were all equally confident of success.

The troops had been increased by reinforcements to twenty-seven thousand men; the fleet had also been augmented. The batteries, on which so much was made to depend, were to be towed abreast of the British batteries, and were to be aided in this work by forty gun-boats armed with long guns, forty bomb-boats mounted with twelve-inch mortars, five large bomb ketches, and a very large raft armed like a battery. Frigates and small vessels, and three hundred row-boats were to support the batteries, and to supply them with great store of ammunition. A combined fleet—French and Spanish—was to drop anchor in our bay. Altogether it was a grand idea—quite worthy of the Spaniards, and offering, in a left-hand sort of way, a delicate compliment to British skill and courage.

“We must win!” was what one heard on every side, and to doubt it, or say you doubted it, made the Spaniards indignant. As for Jack Strap, he got along very well, never angering the Spaniards in the least, but just giving his quid a turn when they said or did something for which I knew he would like to have paid them off. I did not get on quite so well. I had not the still tongue which shows a wise head. I said that we should soon make an end of all these big works, and shoe our regiments with the hides they had been so careful in collecting. One little Frenchman, who had embraced the Spaniard's offer—real handsome pay—and who worked alongside of me in the dockyard, often got excited because I would not believe in their invincible Armada.

“We will have the rock,” he would say, “you British cannot hold it; with these batteries in your waters, you dare not.”

“We shall treat you to a feed of Roast Potatoes” (redhot shot), said I, “and blow your boats to nowhere.”

Then from a little quiet sparring in this sort of way, we got along warmly to downright earnest, and the little Frenchman was going to kill me one day with his knife, only I did not let him.

So things went on for some weeks, until the preparations were nearly all complete; and there was a rumour that the Armada would sail about the middle of September.
WHEN I was a boy there was a publication called "Heads of the People." I don't know what it was, for certain, from that day to this. But the idea it suggested to me was that of portraits of all the great people who were leaders of the people, the Moses and Aaron of our modern Exodus from this world to that. Portraits. I had a strong liking for portraits as a child; my father was a portrait painter, and that may account for it. I had seen portraits in course of progress, understood the process to some extent, had tried my own "fist" at it sufficiently to find out that I knew nothing about it in a professional way, but still I had a liking for portraits.

When the National Portrait Gallery was started—I mean the one at Westminster—I was delighted. To see the History of England done on canvas was something to think about, say, and dream about. I had read all about the great men who fought so bravely on the two sides of every quarrel, and I wanted to know what they were like. I learned for an historical carte de visite book which should give me the "correct cards" of all the leading notabilities. How rejoiced then was I when, under the direction of, or at all events at the suggestion of, the Earl of Derby, English portraiture became the topic of the time! "I have long thought," said the earl, in a letter dated May 6, 1865, "that a National Portrait Gallery, chronologically arranged, might not only possess great historical interest by bringing together portraits of all the most eminent contemporaries of their respective eras, but might also serve to illustrate the progress and condition at various periods of British art. My idea therefore would be to admit either portraits of eminent men, though by inferior or unknown artists, or portraits by eminent artists, though of obscure or unknown individuals. I have, of course, no means of knowing, or estimating the number of such portraits which may exist in this country, but I am persuaded that, exclusive of the large collections in many great houses, there are very many scattered about by ones and twos and threes in private families, the owners of which, though they could not be persuaded to part with them, would willingly spare them for a few months for a public object." The suggestion of the earl was cheerfully adopted, and the result is the National Portrait Gallery now opened at Kensington.

The galleries in which the collection of portraits is shown are the only remaining portion of the Exhibition building of 1862. They were then occupied as the refreshment rooms, and the windows command the grounds of the Horticultural Society.

Refreshment rooms! Well, they were very refreshing to me when as yet the pictures were only half hung. Painters—of a different stamp from those whose pictures were exhibited—and glaziers hard at work, and dining tables that had previously groaned and made others groan under viennois cuisine, not all removed. I saw what I could of the place while it was getting ready, and now, whenever the time will serve, I visit it in all its glory.

The entrance is by the Cromwell-road, and visitors wishing to examine the collections in chronological sequence should commence upstairs. Nothing like going upward all the world over.

The stairs lead to the eastern corridor. It contains thirty-nine pictures, very crude and inartistic productions, but purporting to be the portraits of famous people. They are old pictures, but it is probable that few of them were painted from the persons whom they are supposed to represent.

Here is a profile of Fair Rosamond, the heroine of Woodstock Bower; here is Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, his tartan scarf fastened by a brooch inscribed "Libertas." Here are Edward the Third and famous John of Gaunt, the former in a royal robe, the latter in armour. Here is Gaunt's prodigy, John Wycliffe—he who stands foremost as the first of English Protestants and the translator for the first time of the Bible into English. Here is Wykeham, who founded Winchester school, and Chaucer, father of English poetry; and here the Douglas of "Chevy Chase" and Talbot, "the Achilles of England;" and Warwick, the "kingsmaker;" and Clarence, who was drowned in his favourite wine—Malmsey; and Humphrey, "the good Duke;" and Jane Shore, the beautiful woman who bewitched Lord Hastings, and was roughly used by Crockett Richard. Portraits, so-called, of these and other famous people look upon us from the walls of the eastern corridor, but they are all doubtful portraits.

Passing from the eastern corridor to the eastern gallery is something like passing from the region of mythology to that of history. Here is Fox who founded Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and introduced Wolsey to King Henry VIII. Here are several pictures of the seventh Henry and his family; a group in which Prince Arthur, Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.), and Margaret (afterwards Queen of Scotland), are seen together playing with oranges and cherries. Here also is a portrait of Dean Colet, who founded St. Paul's School, and thought there was nothing so good for
boys as whipping, and astonished and grieved the gentle Erasmus by having boys birched in his presence while he was comfortably taking his fruit and wine. Here are several portraits of Henry VIII., the broad, bluff, bold, brave face smiling in royal dignity and confident mien, from the canvas. Here, too, is Katharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Queen Jane Seymour, Ann of Cleves, and Katharine Parr. Here is the proud Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; here the pious Fisher, who lost his head on Tower-hill; here Anne Askew—with clasped hands—who was burnt in Smithfield; here Cromwell, who tasted the headman's steel; and Wosley—the great cardinal—who learned, too late, how weak were they who put their trust in princes! Here are heroes of the battle-fields and diplomatists of the council, ambitious, learned scholars, and pious preachers; here are the men and women who formed the court of "Bluff King Hal," and here is Will. Somers, the jester, who shook his babbler at them all and indulged his privileged fooleries to their full height. There is a picture of Will looking through a grating laughing merrily, with eyes and teeth and lips! Here is an interesting picture of the family of Sir Thomas More. There is Sir Thomas and Alice, his wife, and his father old Sir John. Here is the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas, Margaret Roper; Cecilia Heron, his third daughter; behind stands John More, aged nineteen, and other members and friends of the family.

In passing through this long gallery the events of history are rapidly and forcibly recalled. We see in the faces of the men and women on the walls something that tells us of the strong, earnest feeling of the age—the firmness of martyrs, the virulence of persecutors, the wisdom of sages, the piety of saints; there is nothing ignoble about the heads.

There are no less than eight pictures of the boy king, Edward VI.; three of the twelve days queen, Lady Jane Grey; five of Queen Mary, and two of Philip of Spain. The royal actors in those sad times are surrounded by the leading spirits of their age. Here is Gardiner, of Winchester, clad in a dark furred gown and a flat cap, holding a pink in his hand. We see, or fancy we see, the love of cruelty in his eyes. Here is Old Latimer, with grey beard and white surplice, he who at fourscore was sent to the stake; and here is Cranmer, who was also burnt at a ripe old age; and here is Wolsey, who died at the age of ninety-seven, and by judicious, not over honourable trimming had won favour both of Mary and Elizabeth, "at all times of his life increasing in greatness, in honour, and preeminence;" he wears his K.G. collar, and carries his official staff with the air of a man who had a hearty relish for the "good things" of this life.

Passing on, we enter the presence of Elizabeth. We see her in her youth and in her old age, gaily decked for a masque, her dress all covered with eyes and ears, and again thoughtfully waiting for death, with time and death in the background. Here we have the beautiful and terrible Queen of Scots, and glance from the face of the one queen to that of the other with something like sadness for both. Here are the preachers Whigft, in scarlet robes; Grindal, in his bishop's dress; Jewell, and Parker, and Foxe, and John Knox looking as if the look in his right hand were a hammer with which to dash "Popery" into a thousand fragments. Here are the players, Will. Shakespeare, Ben. Jonson, Richard Burbage, and Michael Drayton. Here are the courtiers, statesmen, and soldiers, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir Christopher Hatton, Cecil Lord Burghley—riding on a mule—Leicester, Essex, Walsingham, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Drake, Martin Frobisher, and Walter Raleigh. Here, too, is Doctor Dee, the astrologer, and Buchanan, King James's schoolmaster, learned scholars, and pious preachers; here are the men and women who formed the court of "Bluff King Hal," and here is Will. Somers, the jester, who shook his babbler at them all and indulged his privileged fooleries to their full height. There is a picture of Will looking through a grating laughing merrily, with eyes and teeth and lips! Here is an interesting picture of the family of Sir Thomas More. There is Sir Thomas and Alice, his wife, and his father old Sir John. Here is the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas, Margaret Roper; Cecilia Heron, his third daughter; behind stands John More, aged nineteen, and other members and friends of the family.

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Passing on, we enter the presence of Elizabeth. We see her in her youth and in her old age, gaily decked for a masque, her dress all covered with eyes and ears, and again thoughtfully waiting for death, with time and death in the
Here in buff jerkin and steel cuirass looks out
Sir William Fairfax, a good solidly head.
Here, clad in armour, with a long wig and a
red scarf, is Colonel Hutchinson. Here is King
Charles "as he sat at his tryall in Westminster
Hall." Here is Cornet Joyce, who showed
his pistol to the King when asked for his war-
rant. Here is Bradshaw, who sat as president
of the High Court when the King was tried.
Here is Hacker, who during that time had
charge of the king's person, and who led him
to the scaffold. Here also is Colonel Tomlinson,
who surrendered the king to Hacker on pro-
duction of the death warrant. Here is Bishop
Juxon, who attended the king to the scaffold.
And whose stern face is this?—a face which
shows resolution in every line—Oliver Crom-
well the Protector!

Directing our attention to the portraits less
closely connected with the long hard fight be-
tween the king and the commons, we notice
William Prynne, who for being hostile to
"bishops, players, long hair, and love locks," let
both his ears in the pillory; here is John
Milton, Andrew Marvell, and John Bunyan;
here are Admiral Blake and General Monk,
and several of the leading divines of the
period; here is Inigo Jones, the architect, and
William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation
of the blood; and here is the famous old Parr,
who lived to the age of 152 years.
The last portrait which attracts our partic-
ular notice as we leave the lower western gal-
tery is that of George Fox, the Quaker; his
eyes and hands are uplifted, and he wears a
brown hat and coat.

In the lower gallery (east), we walk among
the wits and beauties of the court of King
Charles the Second. Sir Peter Lely figures
most conspicuously in this collection. There
they are all grouped together, those who loved
and hated, and vexed and cuffed each other,
and there is the—

Mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never did a wise one.

Here, with full sleeves, green lined, is Moll
Davis, who, enacting the character of a shep-
herdess, and singing "My lodging is on the
cold ground," won the heart of King Charles
II. Here is Nell Gwyn, who once upon a time
sold oranges to the playgoers; was born in the
Coal Yard off Drury Lane; figured in time up-
on its boards; and won the heart of King Charles
II. Here is Lucy Waters, the daughter of a
Webman, who followed his exiled Majesty
to the Hague; and, with pretty face and sweet
tongue, won the heart of King Charles II.
Here is Barbara Villiers, created Baroness of
Kensal, Countess of Southampton, Duchess
of Cleveland, &c., &c., all through winning the
heart of King Charles II. Here is Catherine of
Braganza, Queen of England, wife of King
Charles II., whose heart she never won at all.

I wonder sometimes whether the king had any
heart to win.

Here is Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton,
a cavalier of a stern, strong pattern. After
the execution of Charles I., he was one of the
four who bore him to his burial—not forsak-
ing his royal master even in death. Here is
Rochester, courtier and satirist, a witty and
daring profligate, who "died penitent." Here
is Marvell, a great man and "no marvel," as
the witlings would have said; a straightforward,
four-square man, with the ring of steel in
him. Here is General Monk, who brought back
King Charles II. to the land from which he had fled. Here is John Gra-
ham, of Claverhouse, who fell at Killiecrankie
in defence of the Stuart cause. Here is the
Cabal ministry, so called from the initials of
the names of those who formed it,—

  C lifford,
  A rlington,
  B eckingham,
  A shley,
  L auerdale.

Here is Archbishop Sharp, who, for the sake
of a mitre, forsook his people's cause, and lost
his life on Magus Muir. Here is Hobbs of
Malmesbury, the epitaph suggested for whose
tombstone was—"This is the philosopher's
stone." Here is the famous judge, Sir Mat-
thew Hale, in his red robes and black scull-
cap; and here is Jacob Hall, the noted rope-
dancer, with whom Barbra, Duchess of
Cleveland, is said to have fallen in love. Here
is Heneage Finch, first Earl of Nottingham,
the "Omir" of Dryden's "Absalom and
Abigail." Here is Killigrew, the jester, a
dull man, by all accounts, but given to joking.
Here is Isaac Barrow, the learned divine,
and Thomas Otway, the author of "Venice
Preserved." Here is Matthew Henry, who
wrote the Commentary on the Bible; and
Richard Busby, the stern disciplinarian; and Sir
Christopher Wren, who built St. Paul's; and
Matthew Lock, who wrote music to Shake-
ppeare's "Macbeth" and "Tempest." Here is
old Pepys, whose amusing diary everybody
has seen or heard of. Here is Izak, than whom
no man loved fishing better; here is Jeremy
Taylor, of whom it is said that he looked and
spoke like an angel; here is Samuel Butler,
who wrote "Hudibras;" and Boyle, the phi-
losopher; and Lord William Russell, beheaded
in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here is Elias Ash-
mole, and Flamstead, the astronomer; and
Dryden, the poet; and the infamous Jeffreys;
Evelyn, the antiquary; the pious Baxter, the
ill-fated Monk, and Sir Godfrey Kneller,
the painter. All the noted men and women
are here around us; we move amid the famous
and infamous who gathered round King
Charles II., and we turn out thoughtfully
forgetful of the present in the past.

From first to last the collection is highly
interesting, and well repays the visitor for a
few hours spent—and a shilling.
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ODD FISH.—THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

IT happened that about a mile from the school a cutting was being made through a low down, as a railway was to pass in that direction. This was just the sort of thing to attract boys, so very frequently in their walks our boys found their way to this cutting. You see the spot possessed several attractions. In the first place, it was very dirty—chalk in every state of consistence, from solidity to milkiness, abundantly—and Mr. Frankson had his work to do to prevent all the boots of the party becoming mineralised, and all the pockets of the party miniature chalk-pits. Then there were plenty of spades and pickaxes about; and, as the navvies were tolerably amiable, as (in spite of their bad character, navvies may generally be found to be), most of the boys found the means of venting a large quantity of superfluous energy by digging and shovelling among the heaps of chalk that lay all around. To be sure, they produced no particular result by their labour; but this, I dare say, was rather an advantage than otherwise, for I have not the least doubt that had the same boys been set to the same work to some useful end, and as a matter of duty, they would have felt it somewhat of a hardship.

Another great attraction about the place was, that the chalk through which the cutting ran abounded with curiosities in the form of fossils, and this led Mr. Frankson himself there with the boys.

The first time our party went the men who were at work did not seem quite to understand what they could want there, so Mr. Frankson said to one who seemed to be a foreman,

"Shall we be in your way if we come here sometimes?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. What might you want to come for? I should a thought you'd rather stayed away."

"Why, my man?"

"Well, you see, it isn't a place altogether suited for black coats; and I shouldn't a thought there was much to see."

"We come to hunt for fossils."

"For what?"

"For fossils—those shells, and things of that kind that you often see in the chalk."

"I never noticed any shells that I remember. There's plenty of flints, now, if they were any use."

"Well, so they will be."

"What do you teach those young gents how to break stones?"

"Not exactly that. But we'll show you what we find."

So presently Merriman picked up an echinus, and a flint with a beautifully formed zoophite in it.

"Here, you see," said he, "are some of the things we find."

"And what's the use of them, young sir?"

"Oh, they are very interesting. They were alive once. Our master tells us all about them."

"Does he, now? I should have thought you'd rather have been cutting about."

"Not at all. We like what he tells us. You know we are all fond of him."

"Ah, he looks a good sort. Well, you can come here as often as you like. I rather like to see you."

So as they continued to go they got quite friendly with the men, who were always civil, and often helpful to them. Merriman, who it must be confessed was an erratic sort of youth, would frequently give up his fossil-hunting to go and gossip with some of them, and was always welcomed very cordially.

Meanwhile the workers made real progress and gradually became rich in specimens. I may mention for the benefit of any a little learned in geology who happen to read this, that the chalk belonged to the Cretaceous formation of the later Secondary period. Knowing the spot to be in England, it will not be difficult for the learned people aforenamed to pretty well tell what were the kind of fossils of which our boys found the most. On any half-holiday for several weeks you might see then, some digging into the sides of the cutting with their pocket-knives, others breaking the masses of chalk that lay scattered about with geologic hammers, and others, again, splitting the flints that abounded in the chalk. However they worked, they were pretty sure of a tolerable harvest, for the field was a rich one. Some of the chalk strata contained very few fossils, and some have none at all; happily for the present party of geologists they had lighted upon a favourable field, and did not have to work without reward.

On arriving at the cutting on Wednesday afternoon they found a new surface of chalk laid bare, and Mr. Frankson quickly detected a little protrusion that seemed to give promise of something valuable. Carefully cutting away the chalk with his knife, he detected some fish scales. Cutting still further, he soon found reason to hope that they had lighted upon something like a perfect fossil fish. Several hands were called to assist, and in about two hours they had succeeded in extricating a nearly-perfect specimen about ten inches in length. This was no mean treasure, such a one as even experienced geologists do not light upon every day. The name of the fish, if any one cares to know it, was Osmeroides. They carried it home in triumph, and set it up in a glass case, in which there happened to be some spare room.

The capture of the fish suggested a new idea. They would form a cabinet; and at the
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

best specimens were brought together for the purpose. This idea gave a new zest to the hunting for specimens, and before long they had a really valuable collection, of which, however, the fish remained to the end the chief element. As in the case of the books for the library, a boy did not necessarily give up his property in a specimen because he placed it in the cabinet; he might, if he so pleased, lay claim to it when the time came for him to leave school.

During their walks to and from the cutting, Mr. Frankson would often talk to them about the way in which the strata had been formed. I think I can best make you understand how he explained it to them by telling you one of their earliest conversations.

Mr. F. — “All the part where we are now walking was once ocean bottom.”

“Then the ocean must have been much higher than it is now?” said Douglas.

Mr. F. — “Or the land must have been lower.”

Douglas. — “Do you mean all the land, sir, or this particular part?”

Mr. F. — “This particular part, to be sure.”

Douglas. — “How could it have been raised, sir?”

Mr. F. — “Well, exactly how we don’t know, but I may say it is by the same force that has to do with volcanoes and earthquakes.”

Norman breaks in. “But do you think it likely, sir, that great strips of land many miles long could be lifted such a height?”

Mr. F. — “Not only likely, but certain. I could tell you of many instances in which vast tracts have been so raised within the memory of man.”

Norman. — “Then there must have been a time when the chalk hill we have been digging into did not exist.”

Mr. F. — “Just so. It was formed gradually at the bottom of the sea.”

Norman. — “But where did the chalk come from, sir?”

Mr. F. — “The sea obtained it by wearing down some previous land.”

Norman. — “And how was that land formed?”

Mr. F. — “Probably in the same way as this.”

Norman. — “Then where did the chalk come from at first, sir?”

Mr. F. — “Find out, my boy, then you’ll be able to tell me.”

“Wait, don’t you know, sir?” breaks in Merriman.

“Positively don’t, Mr. Merriman.”

“Come, you — — !” a twinkle of the eye says the rest; and Mr. Frankson is in full chase after Merriman in another twinkle. Conspicuous punishment having been administered with such severity as to cause what I suppose must have been hysterical laughter in the victim, order is restored. The fact is, as you will guess, Merriman is a privileged person, and may say and do things that would certainly have been out of place in an older and wiser boy. The conversation is taken up by Douglas, who says,

“I suppose, sir, the fossils belong to the animals that lived in the sea where the strata were formed?”

Mr. F. — “Yes, for the most part. Some few of them may have been carried down by rivers, or may be the remains of animals that lived on the land in the neighbourhood.”

Douglas. — “Are any fossils of land animals found, sir?”

Mr. F. — “Oh, yes, a great number. These are, indeed, the most interesting and valued fossils, as a rule.”

There comes a pause here. Then Norman renewes:

“Are these strata in many parts of the world, sir?”

Mr. F. — “Yes, almost everywhere.”

Norman. — “Then almost all the land must have been ocean bottom?”

Mr. F. — “Yes, but not all at once. There was never a time when strata were being formed all over the earth at the same time. If you think a moment, you will see it could not have been so. There must have been some parts that were dry land in order that by the wearing down of these parts materials for the formation of the new strata might be obtained.”

Norman. — “The strata must have taken a long while forming, sir?”

Mr. F. — “Yes, indeed! So long that it is impossible to get the least idea how long.”

So the most thoughtful of the boys not only became tolerably rich in geological specimens, but also became familiar with many of the principal truths that geology teaches.

One day Douglas came up to Mr. Frankson with something in his hand. “Do you know anything about this specimen, sir?”

Mr. Frankson looked at it carefully, and smiled a little to himself. “Yes, it belongs to a recent formation. Where did you get it?”

“Merriman gave it to me, sir.”

“I see—take care of it for me, will you—don’t let it get damaged, you had better keep it in your jacket pocket.”

So in the jacket pocket it was placed, and as it happened to be of considerable size, it formed a very conspicuous protuberance—quite destructive of all symmetry of appearance.

“Mind no boy runs against Douglas; he is taking care of an interesting specimen of recent formation for me—you can see it in his jacket pocket.”

Several of the boys began to smile, but Mr. Frankson looked so impressively grave that they stopped short. Douglas felt somewhat comical, as the boys glanced perpetually at his jacket pocket, and the specimen pressed with uniform force against his side.

Presently—“Douglas, I should like you to make a drawing of that specimen for me, and when you have done that, you and Merriman draw up an account of how and where you obtained it.”

“But, sir—”

“I can’t stop now—make a large drawing, and write a full account, and get it done by the time afternoon school begins.”
So Douglas and Merriman have work enough for their play hour to-day.

When they assembled for afternoon school, Mr. Frankson asks, "Have you done what I told you?"

"Yes, sir," say the boys, blushing and smiling sheepishly.

"That's right—we'll look at it after school."

So after school, Mr. Frankson says to the boys, "Don't go out, Douglas and Merriman have something to show us. Just fasten the drawing up here; or, Merriman, you hold it up over your head, so that we can all see, while Douglas reads the history of this remarkable specimen."

Merriman stands with the drawing—feeling to him very much like a fool's cap,—while Douglas reads how they had pounded some chalk and made it into a paste; had moulded it into form, sticking in here and there small fossil, pieces of flint, china, and so on; making altogether a puzzling sort of specimen; how they had tricked several of their school-fellows with it, and had at last been tempted to try Mr. Frankson himself. As Douglas read on, he grew hotter and hotter, and redder and redder in the face; the while the tittering among the boys grew louder and louder. Then, as he finished, and Mr. Frankson said, "Really, Douglas, you are quite a genius!" and the boys burst out in an unrestrained roar of laughter, he felt that he would leave the next attempt at "selling" the master to somebody else.

It may be worth while to state that, for a long time after this, Douglas found himself dubbed as "the recent specimen," while Merriman bore the cognomen of "the drawing stand."

When the zest of the fossil-hunting had somewhat passed away, Mr. Frankson proposed that they should begin to collect plants and insects for their cabinet;—that in short they should make it, not a geologic cabinet especially, but a general Natural History cabinet. This idea pleased the boys of course, and it soon began to give a new interest to their walks. They began by collecting and drying the most common plants, and gradually became acquainted with the more rare ones. As they went on they picked up a good deal of Botany; for Mr. Frankson was not the man to let them be mere collectors; he could not have helped teaching them something if he had tried. For example:—he took up a specimen and asked:

"What was this before it was a flower?"

"A bud, sir."

Mr. F.—"What colour was the bud?"

Boy.—"Green."

Mr. F.—"That is to say, the outside was green. Is the green cover gone?"

Boy.—"No, sir, there it is on the outside of the flower.

Mr. F.—Just so. I will give you the name of this green outside. It is called the calyx. Do you know any flower from which the calyx falls as the flower bursts?"

Boy.—"Yes, sir, the poppy."

Mr. F.—"True. So the calyx of the poppy is said to be deciduous, while this calyx is persistent. I am afraid you may chance to forget these two words, but at all events don't let calyx slip. Notice, this calyx is not all in one—it is of several pieces, which are called sepals. The whole is the calyx, each part is a sepal. Sometimes, as in the case of the petunia, the sepals are all joined together, and then the calyx is said to be monosepalous. Now look again—within the calyx you see the coloured part of the flower; this is called the corolla, and each separate part is a petal. In the primrose, again, the petals are all joined together, and then the corolla is said to be what?"

Boy.—"Why it must be mono and petal, and then there's the termination—monopetalous, sir."

Mr. F.—"Just so. Now notice these bodies within the corolla—these are stamens. You see there is a thin stalk called the filament, supporting a thicker part—the anther. This anther is a case, and contains a dust called pollen. See, I will open one and show you. Now, having taken away the calyx, corolla, and stamens, we have only one tall body left in the middle. This is called the pistil. The little enlargement at the top is called the stigma, which is always moist until the flower commences to wither. This tall column that supports the stigma is the style, which is tubular. Now we will cut open this large bottom part of the pistil. It is called the ovary. Notice these little bodies within it. Yes, you might call them seeds, but they are not seeds yet, they are called ovules. Before they become seeds something must happen which I shall just have time to describe to you before we reach home. As soon as these anthers are ripe they burst with a spring, and the pollen flies out; some of it is pretty sure to settle upon the stigma, which, as I told you, is moist and sticky. Each pollen grain, small as it is, is a kind of bag filled with fluid. When it settles upon the stigma, the part of its skin next the stigma begins to stretch and elongate with a tube; this tube passes through the stigma, down the style, into the ovary and enters one of the ovules. Then the liquid contained in the pollen grain passes down the tube and enters the ovule, fertilizing it—that is to say, it is now a seed, able to reproduce the plant, whereas before it had no such power.

"How very curious, sir!" says Douglas.

"Yes, it is very curious and beautiful."

"I don't quite understand how the pollen grain acts," Norman says.

"Don't you? Well, let me try again. Suppose a decanter with a long, thin neck to be filled with hollow india-rubber balls, each ball having a little hole in it. The mouth of the decanter shall be covered with something sticky, and that has holes through it. Here you will have an ovary with ovules, style, and stigma. On the top of this place an egg, and suppose the shell of the egg to bulge out at one point so as to form a tube which passes
through the neck of the decanter and enters one of the India-rubber balls; then, finally, suppose the liquid contents of the egg to pass down this tube, and you get a notion of the whole thing. Do you understand now?"

Norman.—Yes, sir, thank you. But how does this fertilize the ovules, or, as you say, turn them into seeds?"

Mr. F.—"Well, very little is known about that, and what is known I could not make clear to you without telling you a good deal more first. So we must put off the answer, at all events, especially as we are just home, and Bacon is beginning to eat his fingers."

Shall I tell you what was the habit of which Bacon had not yet quite cured himself, though he was trying very hard to do it?

One afternoon, soon after they had begun to take an interest in plants, it was determined that they should start off in couples, each couple taking whatever route they pleased, and see who could obtain specimens of the greatest number of species during the two hours that was allowed them for their walk. Mr. Frankson and Merriman, Norman and Bacon, Douglas and Wright, Forster and Chapman, were the four most prosperous couples. We will first of all follow the fortunes of Mr. Frankson and Merriman. These made their way to a field, at the boundary of which was a ditch, and on the other side of the ditch a clump of trees.

Mr. F.—"Now, Merriman, set to work, this is our spot."

Merriman.—"To begin you mean, sir?"

Mr. F.—"Yes, and to finish, too."

Merriman.—"Begin and finish here, sir? Why some of them are going to walk ever so far."

Mr. F.—"Just so, and we are going to collect specimens instead."

Merriman.—"Instead, sir? They are walking to find specimens."

Mr. F.—"And we are staying here to find specimens. See now, in the field will be the species that like sun and dryness; near the ditches those that like moisture; and, among the trees, those that like shade. So now, perhaps, you'll set to work, chatterbox."

Merriman.—"I see, sir. I never thought of that."

Merriman works on steadily for the full space of two minutes, then he breaks out—

"I say, Mr. Frankson, don't you think we shall beat them?"

Mr. F.—"Yes, Mr. Organ-blower."

Merriman.—"Mr. Organ-blower! What do you mean, sir?"

Mr. F.—"Have you never heard of the organ-blower who said to the organist at the end of a grand performance 'Didn't we play it well?'"

Merriman.—"You are really insulting, sir. I won't blow any more!"

Mr. F.—"There'll be a breeze if you don't."

Merriman.—"Ah! that's not your own, sir. That's one of Hood's poems you read to us. I remember the verse—

"Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown, How could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze before, But never such a blow!"

Mr. F.—"You've never met with such a breeze as there will be if you don't go on with your work!"

Merriman begins to sing,

"Oh, let me live in freedom's land, Or die if still a slave."

They both worked busily for a while, and find themselves succeeding even beyond their expectations. Presently Merriman breaks out again—

"What a number of daisies there are, sir!"

Mr. F.—"Yes, the day ought to be able to see very well."

Merriman.—"What do you mean now sir?"

Mr. F.—"Spud daisy."

He spells it.

"Now, I'll tell you another way, day's-eye."

Merriman.—"Is that what it really means?"

Mr. F.—"Surely! And if you notice how the daisy closes at night and opens in the day, you will see the beauty of the name."

Merriman.—"Yes, it is very pretty indeed, sir."

Mr. F.—"I would recommend you to hunt out all the names of flowers which have pretty meanings."

Merriman.—"Are there many, sir?"

Mr. F.—"Yes, a good number. Several of you should join together in the hunt."

After pondering for awhile, Merriman says again—

"Mr. Frankson, sir, the see ought to be all eyes."

"I see!" answers Mr. Frankson, but I am sadly afraid Merriman didn't see the joke. I wonder if everybody else will! The two hours passed away, and they packed up their treasures and started for the rendezvous. They arrived first, and so had time to set about and arrange their specimens. They found they had nineteen species in all, several specimens of most, some very perfect ones. Merriman began to set forth which he had discovered, and if it proved that both himself and Mr. Frankson had lighted upon the same species, made no doubt that he had found it first, at all events.

Of the rest Norman and Bacon arrived first. They had been over a distance of at least six miles, and had kept to the road and lanes all the way. They were tired and a little cross, for they were disappointed. They had seen plenty of flowers, but so many of them were alike. They had only eight species. Bacon, in sheer desperation, had filled his pockets with numbers, as he could not get variety. One pocket contained nothing but wild geraniums and buttercups. These latter he had picked in a field at the end of their journey, rather than come home looking quite poverty-stricken.

Douglas and Wright had succeeded better. They had struck across the fields, and had
come to one or two lanes, and so of course had two sets instead of one. They had collected specimens of fourteen species. Forster and Chapman had twelve species.

As each couple came up and stated their numbers, Merriman very grandly announced how many he and his partner had collected. He was evidently inclined to take his full share of the honour.

"You see," he began patronizingly, "you should have done as we did."

"Indeed!" growls Norman.

"We!" says Bacon, "I dare say you had a great deal to do with it!"

"I think Merriman has grown taller since we left!" says Douglas.

"He has grown fatter in the face!" says Wright.

And which was, as I am afraid, a round-about way of saying a very rude thing; though if you want to know what the short for it would have been, how should I know!

"Oh!" says Merriman, with an air of injured innocence; "if you don't want my advice, of course I've no wish to give it. Come along, Mr. Frankson, sir, let you and I have some sensible conversation."

For which string of impertinence he was, very justly as I think, thoroughly well rolled in the grass, and fed upon the spare buttercups from Bacon's pocket.

Anyhow this excursion gave a capital start to the botany department of their cabinet. They had collected altogether thirty different species, and Mr. Frankson showed them how to press and dry the specimens. To each specimen they attached its name, and the date when and where it was found. It is always well to preserve at least this much of information about all specimens.

So, altogether, what with fossils, plants, and insects, our boys found their walks full of interest. They seldom returned home without having added something to their stock of specimens, and something also to their store of knowledge, and all this pleasure so heartily given and gladly accepted, formed one more link between the master and his boys, and knelt their hearts still more closely to each other.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THINGS!"

There was to be an eclipse of the moon at half-past eleven at night, and Mr. Frankson had given permission for the first-class boys to sit up with him in order to see it. When the time came, he and they were the only people in the house out of bed, or, at all events, out of their bed-rooms.

The playground lay at the back of the house, and alongside of it the garden. They selected their post of observation in the latter, just in the centre of a large grass plot. They had previously managed to borrow sundry carpets and rugs to spread on the grass, so they had no need of chairs. Mr. Frankson had a good telescope, a night-glass, and Douglas was furnished with pencil and paper to note down the times and anything else they might wish to remember. Thus supplied with all the necessaries and comforts of the occasion, they took up their position.

The boys were not a little pleased, you may be sure. The mere fact of sitting up after hours has a wonderful charm for most boys. I have even known some ask to sit up to work, not so much for the sake of the work, as that they might sit up. But in this case there were plenty of other things to add to the pleasure. There was the eclipse to be seen; they were with Mr. Frankson, of whom they were all fond; the garden was a very pleasant place, and the night was a beautiful one. The moon was of course full, and high up in the heavens, attended by a myriad of stars, all peering down their soft, solemn light upon the boys. The sky was perfectly clear, save a few light fleecy vapours which sailed slowly across the moon, and in the horizon a heavy mass of dark clouds standing up like mountains with silver peaks.

They chatted about many things while they were waiting. Mr. Frankson explained to one or two who did not understand it, how eclipses were caused, and then he told them all some curious stories of the notions of barbarous nations upon the subject—that notion of some of the South Sea Islanders, for instance (and which was also shared by the Chinese), that the eclipse was caused by a monster attempting to swallow the sun or moon as the case might be, and so they got drums and all the instruments of noise they could obtain with which to frighten him away. And then he repeated to them the explanation of Nokomis to the young Hiawatha concerning the shadows on the moon:—

"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

And then, although it had nothing to do with eclipses, yet he could not help giving them Nokomis' account of the rainbow:—

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there,
All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie;
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

By this time the dark shadow had begun to creep over the face of the moon, although not until some time after several boys fancied they had seen it. At the greatest obscuration three-fourths of the moon were hidden, and then as gradually the darkness passed away leaving all clear and bright again. Just at that moment a nightingale began to pour out her song, causing them all to start and cry out with surprise, and then to listen delightedly to the beautiful notes. The bird continued to sing for several minutes, and then flew away out of hearing. When she had fairly gone, Mr. Frankson began to repeat to them the
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beautiful legend of the Monk Felix which the
bird's song had brought to his mind.

"One morning all alone,
Out of his convent of grey stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer;
His head sunken upon his breast,
As in a dream of rest.
Walked the monk Felix. All about
The boughs, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care.
Under him lay the golden moss,
And above him the boughs of hemlock trees
Warped and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedictions;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild flowers, and the vagrant
Vises that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

"These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Whose he read all the meanest
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land;
And, with his eyes cast down,
In humility, he said,
'I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas! I do not understand.'

"And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song.
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet

"Fall on the golden flagging of the street,
And he would faint
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain,
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dale,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday,
And he retraced
His pathway homeward, sadly and in haste.

"In the convent was a change!
He looked there for each well-known face,
But the faces all were new and strange;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls,
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters, beltry, spire.

"A stranger and alone,
Among that brotherhood,
The monk Felix stood.

"Forty years," said a friar,
"Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face!"

"The heart of the monk Felix fell,
And he answered with submissive tone
"This morning, after the hour of Prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful white bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Moon from their noisy towers.
It was as if I dreamed,
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours;"

"'Years!' said a voice close by.
It was an aged monk who spoke,
From a bench of oak
Fastened against the wall;—
He was the oldest monk of all.
For nearly a whole century
Had he been there,
Serving God in prayer,
The meekest and humblest of his creatures
He remembered well the features
Of Felix; and he said,
In tones distinct and slow,
'One hundred years ago,
When I was a novice in this place,
There was here a monk, full of God's grace,
Who bore the name
Of Felix; and this man must be the same.'

"And straightforward
They brought forth to the light of day,
A volume, old and brown,
A huge tome, bound
In brass and wild boar's hide,
Wherein were written down
The names of all who had died
In the convent since it was edified.
And there they found,
Just as the old monk said,
That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before,
Had gone forth from the convent gate
The monk Felix, and never more
Had entered that sacred door.
He had been counted among the dead
And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour;"

"That's very beautiful, sir," said Douglas.
Mr. F.—"Do you like it?"
Douglas.—"Oh, yes, sir. I remember once
when I was in a beautiful spot, near a small
wood, where there were a number of birds, more
than two hours passed, while I thought it
wasn't half an hour!"

"Yes," said little Merriman, who was quite
subdued and quiet now, "when you are doing
anything you like very much, you seem
to forget the time altogether. But a hundred
years was a long while!"

Mr. F.—"Ah, but you must remember the
bird stands for more than a mere bird. You
must think of the power the song had to call
up pictures of heaven into the monk's mind.
But you boys know that all beautiful things
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act like this. When you listen to music, it isn’t the music only that you like, but the things the music makes you think of.”

Merriman.—“Yes, sir, there’s a piece my sister plays, it hasn’t any words, yet I can never hear it without its making me cry—not that I feel sorry—but you know, sir, don’t you?”

Douglas.—“There’s an Italian gentleman comes to our house, sir. Weel, sometimes he recites a piece of poetry that I don’t understand, but that makes me feel the same as Merriman when his sister plays that piece of music.

“Well, my boys,” said Mr. Frankson. “I want you to love all beautiful things—the blue heavens, the soft moon and solemn stars, the wonderful ocean, the fields, the flowers, the singing of birds, and music and poetry; but there is one other thing more beautiful than all these, but which these will help to lead you to if you use them right, and that is goodness; the most beautiful of all things. Try and love that, my boys.”

Then at midnight, out in the still air, under the pale moon and watchful stars, they sang the Evening Hymn, and it seemed to their young hearts as if God himself were listening; as indeed He was.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PIG IN A POKE.

One fine afternoon which was a holiday, Mr. Frankson having spoken to Mr. Johnston, called the first-class boys to him and proposed a row on the river to a little island about six miles distant, where they should land and have tea. You may be sure there were not many dissentient voices to such a proposal as this. So every one was on the alert to prepare the things for the expedition. Wood for a fire they could easily get on the island, but they must have a kettle, and some mugs (less troublesome than cups), three spoons, a teapot, and tea, and milk, and so on. Mrs. Johnston and the cook had to be coaxed for these. Vulgar bread and butter they would not have, so all the boys who had cakes stored away in their boxes brought them out, and the rest made purchases to the full extent of their finances of the old man who came with pastry every holiday. Very soon everything was ready, and they were in full march down to the boat by the river side. This was not exactly a cutter, but that was no great disadvantage, considering it had to hold ten boys and their luggage. However, there were four oars and plenty of willing oarsmen, so there was no fear of the boat going to sleep. Mr. Frankson took the rudder and four of the boys set to at the oars, while the others looked on, hoping they would soon get tired. By the enthusiasm with which they commenced, you would have thought they never intended to get tired. However, about the sixth stroke, little Merriman succeeded in “catching a crab,” which, seeing he had to go wrong way foremost to the bottom of the boat for it, didn’t seem to him an easy great catch; especially when he heard the chorus of laughter awakened at his expense. When he had reseated himself, one of the boys advised him to put his oar deeper in the water, the following of which advice resulted in his capture of a second crab in the same awkward fashion, accompanied by the same disrespectful laugh from his fellow fishermen. Mr. Frankson now proposed that as Merriman had caught two crabs he should attend to the cooking of them for tea while some one else took his oar; and the crab-fisher didn’t seem on the whole satisfied with this arrangement. The fact is, nothing but ambition had ever led him into undertaking the management of an oar, as he was the smallest boy in the boat, and the only one who had never rowed before. So the laugh against him wasn’t unfair.

Under the new arrangement they got on capitally. The river was a pleasant sound, accompanied as it was by the voices of the boys singing, “Row, brothers, row,” and “See our oars with feathered spray,” and such glee as those. The sun poured down bright and warm upon them, and the idle ones lay back in the boat, in the intervals of singing, with their caps over their faces. All this time Mr. Frankson was very quiet, speaking little; for he saw the boys were perfectly happy, and so there was no need to talk to make them so, and for himself he enjoyed it best in silence. You will not wonder that the boys all pleaded and affectionately towards him, for they knew he liked to give them pleasure, and that the happiness they were now enjoying was entirely due to him.

As they had the current with them, they reached the island in about an hour. They ran the boat into a little creek and landed, and while some made her fast to the shore, the others carried the utensils and provisions to the summit of the small hill which formed the island. Here they set up a tent which they had brought with them, planted three trees from which to hang the kettle, made a fire underneath, and set everything in preparation for tea. While the kettle was boiling, you shall look around and see the place.

The island is about half-a-mile in circumference, and is formed by the parting of the river into two. On one side the stream is narrow and the current rather rapid, as you know by the rushing noise of the water. The hill is nearly covered with trees, just the top and only one or two places down the side
being bare. There is some capital fishing in the river, and plenty of blackberries and wild strawberries grow on the island. The blackberries are just now ripe, and Merriman's face and hands form a picture, to be sure—what with the tattooing of the juice of the fruit on his hands. Poor Bacon has been less fortunate, he has got plenty of scratches certainly, but of fruit very little. Once he made up his mind that he had found a harvest. A few yards below him, down a rather steep part of the hill there stood a bush of wild strawberries covered with fruit. It never entered into his mind to ask how this had come to escape all previous depredators, so rushing incontinent towards it he found himself suddenly precipitated into a hole several feet deep, in which was water enough just to make a nice, soft muddy bed for him to fall on. Thanks to this kind provision of nature, he found himself, though considerably bewildered, and as Dialogue said afterwards, "very much sold," still not at all hurt. But how did one get out? The sides of the hole all round were quite perpendicular, so it was hopeless to attempt to climb. There was but one thing left to do, and that was to cry! either a dry cry, to cry out, or a wet cry—a cry proper. He chose the former, and soon brought Mr. Frankson and all the other boys round the mouth of his trap. Poor Bacon! It was very hard, in such a pitiful dilemma, to have to listen to such a peal of laughter as rung out from those hard-hearted creatures who being above ground could afford to laugh. Mr. Frankson was cruellest of all—he began to inquire if there were any farewell messages Bacon would like to send home to his friends. Forster proposed that they should let his tea down to him by a string, and Merriman said he was certainly a pig in a poke! Hereupon Mr. Frankson tried to look very grave, because of the name, you know; but it and the circumstances were too much for him; fun gained the day, and Merriman gained a playful box on the ears. Mr. Frankson was one of those wise people who know that even a good joke is sometimes more honoured in the breach than the observance, and none of these boys, who so well understood and liked him now, would be a bit more inclined to disobey his wishes another time because he had taken the joke laughingly.

But all this time the pig remained in his poke, and how to get him out was the point. for they had neither ropes nor planks, nor indeed anything of the kind. At last Mr. Frankson thought of a plan. He told two or three boys to climb a tree close by, and to creep out on to one of the branches that hung near the ground, so that by their weight they might break it off, while he and some of the other boys stood underneath to catch it (they could nearly reach it as it was) and to save those who were on it from falling. This plan was adopted, and they obtained a long branch, which they lowered into the poke by means of it—he holding on—lifted the prisoner out of his cell—but if his mother had only been there to see the plight he was in! mud on his face, mud on his hands, mud on his shirt, mud on his coat, his trousers, his cap; mud everywhere, nothing but mud! However, in the course of time even this was put pretty well to rights, and nobody was hurt, and everybody (Bacon excepted) had had a good bit of fun. Meantime the kettle boiled.

But now how shall I describe that never-to-be-forgotten tea? To be sure they had managed to let the fire out before they had half-finished, and so the greater part of the tea had to be made with scarce water. Of course the milk had turned sour on the road, and so they were milkless, some salt which they had brought in the hope of catching any fish (not crabs) had got mixed with the sugar; still, in spite of these and sundry other disasters that had occurred, I fancy you would like to have been one of their party. You shall hear a bit of their gossip—

\[ Dialogue. \]"Be quiet, you earth-sprite, and let the crab-catcher speak! Why, Merriman?"  
Mr. Frankson. "I won't tell you now, for calling me a crab-catcher!"

Mr. Frankson. "Merriman, my youth—Mr. Frankson says we ought to help the little ones—["Little indeed!" from Merriman], the little ones, I say, so I want to give you a lesson in derivations. Now listen! Do you know why that crustacean, the wild apple, and you, are all called 'crabs'?"

Merriman. "No! why?"

Dialogue. "Well now, listen again—Because the apple is sour, you look sour, and the crab makes you feel sour, when it happens to get hold of your toe in the water."

Merriman. "Bosh!"

[N.B.—The "little ones" (indeed!) who are reading this must not suppose that I for one moment approve of slanging only, of course, as a faithful narrator of the conversation, I must give it in full. You must hold up your hands at Merriman, not at me!]

Dialogue. "Now, Mr. Frankson, sir—isn't that ungrateful? Is it any encouragement to virtue?"

Mr. Frankson. "Yes, to the first; 'no' to the second; and to your case in general, 'Poor fellow!'"
Douglas.—"Thank you, sir—I quite feel your kindness. Let me your pocket handkerchief, Bacon!"

Bacon (fumbling in his pocket)—"Why, I haven't got it, I must have left it in the hole."

Wright.—"Hadn't you better go back and fetch it?"

Bacon (growing slightly pale)—"I think I'd rather lose it."

Norman.—"Wilful want makes woeful waste."

Bacon.—"Ye-es—what? Eh? That wasn't right, was it?"

Norman.—"What wasn't?"

Bacon.—"What you said—it ought to have been 'wilful waste'?"

Norman.—"Ought to have been 'wilful waste!' And that to me, Bacon! Where are your morals? I think it is wilful waste to leave a clean pocket-handkerchief useless and spoiling in the pit?"

Bacon (who thinks he hereby clutches the argument)—"Clean indeed, I wasn't very clean when I came up."

Norman (sighing).—"Dear me, sir, he's quite incorrigible."

Douglas (soothingly).—"Never mind, Bacon, don't fret about the handkerchief, we'll tear you off a piece all round to make up for it."

Bacon looks surprised, then doubtful, and finally breaks out into a "grin," says Merriman.

By the time tea was over they found six o'clock had arrived, and with it the necessity for turning homewards, because as they had now the stream against them they could not reckon to get home in much less than two hours, which would make it at least late enough for them to be out. So packing up their furniture and the débris of the provisions, besides a large quantity of blackberries, and sundry curiosities they had found, they set out to march from their tent to the beach. Arrived there, what was their consternation to find the boat had disappeared! They had landed on the side where the current was strongest, and the force of the water acting upon the boat had drawn the stake to which she was moored out of the ground, and she had drifted down the stream. They knew she couldn't drift above three or four miles, because at that distance there was a lock across the stream. But even three miles was too far off for her to be of any use while she remained there, so they had to take means to recover her. There was a cottage on the other side of the stream within half of the island. In answer to Mr. Frankson's call there came out a man and a boy. The boy was quickly on his way to tell Mr. Johnston not to be alarmed at their delay, and the man was posted off to recover the boat. By the time he had done so, and they were fairly ready to start, it had begun to grow dusk, and the moon had risen above the horizon, and I am inclined to suspect that nobody felt particularly sorry for an accident that had made them a present of a row on the water by moonlight.

And very pleasant it was to be skimming along the smooth surface of the silver stream that lovely night. The wind had risen a little, and now made a plaintive sound in the trees, which threw their dark shadows into the stream, and above this was heard the chirp of the grasshopper from the distant croy of the wood. The line of light upon the waters was broken into a thousand spangles by the motion of the boat, and the jewels of the heavens sparkled and glittered upon the bosom of the solemn night. They all felt very happy, yet none felt inclined to talk; silence best suited with their happiness. Every now and then Mr. Frankson would repeat to them a few lines of poetry, which they had learned to love, and which increased in their minds the quiet solemn feeling of the time.

"Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God has written in those stars above.

Then the moon in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

The azure sky a garden lay,
In which at mid-day seed was sown;
It peeped at eve, at twilight budded,
And when the day had passed away,
The buds were burst, the leaves were blown,
And starry flowers the midnight studded.
Quick bloomed they there,
Too bright and fair
Not to be taken soon away.
Thick through the air
Rained they
In blushing showers
Their meteor flowers.
And withered at the dawn of day;
They were not blasted from the sky!
They faded, but they did not die:
Each in its azure-curtained bed
In stillest slumber slept;
Whilst, glancing far,
The evening star
A wakeful Vigil kept;
Till, when the setting sun withdrew,
The appointed sign was given,
And each grew up and bloomed anew,
And glorified the face of heaven."

In order to increase their speed Mr. Frankson had entrusted the rudder to one of the boys, and had himself taken a pair of oars—while the boys who were not engaged in rowing used their hands as paddles over the side of the boat. Merriman with his usual enthusiasm must needs do more than the rest, and so leaned far enough out to dip his arm as well as his hand into the water. Just as he was doing this the boat happened to touch one of the sunken rocks that were so numerous in the river, and lurching over to his side threw him into the water. Mr. Frankson saw him go, and in a moment had his coat off and was in the water after him—within a minute, or little more, they were both back in the boat, and beyond a fright to them all, and especially to Merriman, it seemed that little harm was done. Fortunately they were close at home, and in a very short time he was packet away warm in bed, and the other boys soon followed him when they had first shaken hands with Mr. Frankson and thanked him heartily for a very happy afternoon. I should like to be able to tell you all the dreams that passed through those ten heads that night.
TRAITS OF THE PRAIRIES.

We have wandered over the Louisiana prairies, our little pony, like an adventurous bark, seemingly trusting itself imprudently beyond the headlands, a mere speck, moving among the luxuriant islands of live oak that here and there sit so quietly upon the rolling waves of vegetation. Myriads of wild geese would often rise upon our intrusion, helping out the fancy of being at sea; but the bounding deer, or wild cattle, that occasionally presented our presence and rattled off at break-neck pace, kept us firmly on the land. In the spring season the prairies are covered with the choicest flowers, that mix with the young grass in such profusion as to carpet them more delicately, and more richly, than the seraglio of a sultan. Upon this vegetation innumerable cattle feed and fatten, until they look pampered, and their skins glisten like silk in the sun. Apparently wild as the buffalo, they are all marked and numbered, and in them consist the wealth of the inhabitant of the prairie. It is easy to imagine that herdsmen of such immense fields live a wild and free life; ever on horseback, like the Arabs, they have no fear save when out of the saddle, and nature has kindly provided a "steed" that boasts of no particular blood, that may be called the "yankee" of his kind, because it never tires, never loses its energy, and makes a living and grows fat where all else of its species would starve.

The mustang pony, the invariable companion of the inhabitant of the prairie, whether he is rich or poor, is a little creature, apparently narrow-chested, and small across the loins. Its head is not finely formed or well set upon a straight neck. There is a want of compactness about the figure, and a looseness about the muscles. The hind legs are long, and form, from the hip to the hoof, a bend as regular as a bow. It is not handsome, but it gives a spring when under the saddle most delightful. The mustang is not subject to the ordinary evils of horseflesh. Sparing in diet, a stranger to grain, easily satisfied, whether on growing or dead grass, it seems to be stubbed and twisted, tough and everlasting, never poor or markedly fat; under all weathers and seasons, it does an amount of work with ease that would turn all other horses, if they lived through it, into broken-down drudges. The eyes of the mustang pony, however, tell you a tale; they are of a witching hazel, of curiously crimson-speckled blue, deep and beautiful as a precious stone, and lighted up by a bit of mischief that betrays the lurking devil within. Such is the mustang pony, adapted to the prairie as perfectly as its sunshine and flowers. Their riders cherish the trappings for them that betray old Spain; the saddle with its high pummel and crupper; dangling on either side are the enormous wooden stirrups, looking like a huge pair of mallets; the whole so disproportionate to the horse, that they appear to be an overload of themselves. The bridle envelops the head as complicated as the bandages on a broken arm, crossing and recrossing, filled with side latches and throat latches, and holding a bit that might be mistaken for some ancient machine of torture; attached to which are levers so powerful, that a slight jerk would snap off anything in the world but the under jaw of a mustang pony. Mounted by a rider that is as much a part of him as his hide, he goes rolling ahead, with the "eternal lope," such as an amorous deer assumes when it moves beside its half-galloping mate—a mixture of two or three gaits, as easy as the motions of a cradle, and in which may be traced some little of the stately tramp of the Moorish Arabian, exhibited centuries since upon the plains of the Alhambra; and pricked by enormous spurs, that rattle with a tingling sound, while the mustang's sides, so far from resenting the operation, seemed to enjoy it, as a dulled taste by luxuries requires mustard and cayenne.

The origin of the cattle of the prairies is lost in obscurity; but the wide-spreading horn, the heavy leg, and predominance of black and white, carries the mind back to the times when old Spain sent her colonies, with their rich possessions, under Pizarro and Cortez, into the western world. Their ancestors, in the troublous times of early conquest, breaking away from the restraint of their owners, in course of centuries have multiplied and spread from the Californias to the Gulf of Mexico. The wide savannas, with their elevated boundaries of rich dividing country of two great oceans, warmed by a tropical sun, and cooled by the mountain breeze, and covered by never-failing vegetation, have multiplied the cattle as the sands of the sea. Among the rancheras of New Spain, they are killed for their skins alone, their fat carcasses being left a prey to the vulture and the wolf. Those that inhabit the prairies of Attakappas and Opelousas are less wastefully disposed of, as their bodies find a quick sale, to sustain the constantly increasing population that concentrates at the mouth of the great valley of the Mississippi.

In the warm month of June commences the annual herding of the cattle. At a place fixed upon as the herding ground, a few horsemen will drive together fifty thousand head; and when once grouped together in a solid mass, from a peculiar instinct, a whole troop of cavalry could not again scatter them over the plain. It may readily be imagined that this work is not accomplished without incidents and accidents. In the excitement of the drive, horses fall, or run headlong over slow-footed cows, bulls stop to joust, enraged mothers
plunge madly with their horns, in pursuit of their calves. A sulky ox refuses to move in the proper direction; off starts a rider, who catching the stubborn animal by the tail, it at once becomes frightened into a lope; advantage is taken of the unwieldy body, as it rests upon the fore feet, to jerk it to the ground; before the ox has recovered from its astonishment, a hair rope has been passed through his nose, secured to the mustang pony’s tail, and it is led along subdued by pain. A stamped sometimes seizes the herd, and then, with upturned heads and glaring eyes, the animals rush along, making the earth tremble beneath their feet. Then it is that feats of horsemanship are performed which would delight Bedouin Arabs. The mucker, armed with an ash stick, some seven feet in length, pointed at the end with a small three-cornered file, scourcs ahead of the flying cattle, thrusting his rude weapon against their rumps, rolling them over as suddenly on the prairie as if they were shot. Or we, as this is a horse ship, with a hawthorn of a few inches long, and a heavy raw-hide thong of eight feet, will he lash their reeking sides, drawing blood from the flesh as with a knife. Should the drove, however, move kindly, as they start in the morning so they remain until night, the same plodders in the rear, the same lordly Andalusian in the van. After the cattle have been at the herding ground two or three days, their respective owners separate them and drive them off to brand. Upon the hind quarter is pressed the hot iron that marks ownership and servility. This is known and numbered as the wealth of the stockraisers of the prairies. The dowry of many a fair bride is in cattle; the announcement of the birth of a son or daughter gives rise to a gift, from some kind uncle or doting aunt, to the new-comer, of perhaps a single white heifer. When the little one is grown up, it finds in the sacredly-kept increase a fair start in the world, from which may result a fortune. Through the prairies meander no running streams, yet the cattle have beautiful reservoirs of water to slack their impatient thirst. The ponds of the prairies call forth admiration, their beauty being even excelled by the simple and perfect contrivance for their formation. The low and marshy spots of the prairie offer to the heated hoofs of the herd a cooling place for their feet; crowded in dense masses upon these places, their continual stepping lends the turf. The rains, attracted by the predisposition to moisture, accumulate in these “standing places,” mix with the earth, which is wrought into well-tempered clay, and is in this form borne off upon the hoofs of the cattle. As time rolls on, this constant loss displays itself in the incipient basin: deepening by degrees, its bottom finally grows impervious, and a pond is made, and thus they are multiplied indefinitely as demanded. Perfectly round and shelving gently to the centre, they soon become skirted with richer and more varied foliage than is elsewhere to be met with. The melumbium rests its huge leaves for a shade upon the surface of the water, and rears its beautiful flowers in the air as an ornament. The smaller water lilies spring up upon the margins of the ponds; even the wild violet is hidden away among the rank grass. Here resort the plover, the wild goose, and duck, and the delicately-plumed flamingo, that seems to have stolen from the opening rose-bed its colour. The fruit of the melumbium fascets the feathered vagrants, and the clear field that surrounds these choice feeding places protects them from the wiles of the sportsman. In the depths of these ponds, among the tangled roots and grasses, sports the gormandizing trout, the beautiful perch, and soft-shell terrapin, as innocent of snares as if there were no anglers or aldermen in the world.

But the greatest pride of the Louisiana prairie is the live oak. In these beautiful wastes, the little acorn, that vies with the thimble of the fair hand in size, swells into a vast world of itself. It would seem incredible, but from the knowledge of experience, that in so small a germ so much beauty could emerge. But it must be admitted, that the live oak is different from all others. The little rivulet that gurgles down some gentle declivity, and is obstructed by the rolling stone, or falling limb of the overhanging tree, turning into the proud swelling river, bearing upon its surface the wealth of commerce, and the rage of the driving storm, resembles the oak, that from almost nothing becomes stately in grandeur, and unaffected, meets the rattling hail of the cannon’s mouth, and frowns defiance in the glare of the lightning and the blasts of the hurricane. In “merry old England,” where the titled of the land, with a reverence that smacks of the superstitious of the Druid priests, look upon their gnarled oaks as their antiquities, and trace back their history with the same pride they do their own exalted race, they would almost fall down and worship, could they see these wonders of the new world, that overtop their favourites as the Jura does the Alps. Among them, there are none touched with age, or promising in youth; they all seem to be rejoicing in their prime, and to stand forth terrible in their strength; yet their waving branches rustle as delicately as the beaches, and the evergreen leaves glister in the sun, and at a distance from their delicacy appears like silken fringe. Stand beside the mighty trunks!—Behold the huge columns of iron grey; how hard they look, and well adapted to sustain the huge forest above them in the air!—the gigantic limbs aspire to reach the horizon!—how they have gracefully bent and bowed in their onward course, and tattered off, almost imperceptibly, to little stems! In those limbs we see the broad swell of the seventy-four, and the ribs for her sides.

What a world is above you in the noble con fusion! what a rich manother light plays in the vernal shade! The lively squirrel has found a speck in the bark wherein to make its nest; and the delicate twig away yonder, which bears that cluster of leaves, so far in the clouds,
HOLIDAYS ARE COMING.

HURRAH! the holidays are come, the happiest of the year;
Of fun and sport a jolly lot; no more of lessons drear.
Let every fellow sing and dance, and high throw up his cap,
I will, for one, enjoy my fun, and so ought every chap.

Dull boys may go to lectures slow, and studies scientific,
All that to me, who 'm fond of glee, is really quite terrific!

Yon fellows all, come sing, or squall, the tune of "Dulce Domum."

"So, little boy, you're out of school?" "Thank you, I'm going home, Mum."

And when we're home, oh! we roam through jolly meadows green;
Running, falling, laughing, squalling—fun is what we mean;
Every fellow thinks himself the happiest ever seen!

Cheer, boys, cheer! I've no fear, but what you'll all be jolly.
Oh! such fun, grubbing bun! Away with melancholy!

More delights, more fine sights, fresh with every morning,
If, in fact, you're not crack'd'd with joy before the dawning.

Now's the time that the rhyme in your ears keeps drumming—
"Golly, boys, be jolly, boys! Holidays are coming." —EDWARD ROSE.
THE ODD BOY ON OLD BOY-BOOKS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Our age may, I think very fairly, be called the Age of Books. We have called it all sorts of names, so why not bestow on it a literary stamp? "Books, sir!" says a testy old gentleman with a very red face, and his neck wrapped up in white swaddling clothes; "I suppose we always have had books—we had fewer, sir, when I was a boy—but they were of another kind—quite another kind from what you read now. Boys' books that were fit for boys when boys were boys." So I gravely look about me—here, there, everywhere—for the boys' books that were "fit for boys when boys were boys."

First of all I light upon a spelling book—spelling book, quotha—a *vade mecum*—a microcosm of human learning—a little of everything—thoroughly scholastic, and like the scholastic teaching of the age in which it was prepared, illustrated with cuts. There is a frontispiece in the *first*, or at all events an *early* style of art. A gentleman with knee breeches and a wig sits in an arm chair, with a book in one hand and a cane in the other, while before him stands a youth—a round made boy—in a very tightly-fitting pair of pantaloons, short in the legs, an equally tight jacket, short in the arms, a broad frill, and curly hair. He is saying his lesson. In the background are five scholars intent upon their books, they are flanked by a pair of globes, and over their heads on a book-shelf the birch is painfully conspicuous. The whole tableau is suggestive of the good old plan of "teaching the young idea," the full, true, and particular method adopted by the pedagogues to make boys smart.

The book contains "easy lessons in spelling," and as I look at the monumental columns I picture to myself the young hopeful who was doomed to commit to memory all the words from this half-obiterated pencil mark to that, and I wonder what has become of him. The lesson before me is entitled the "Parts of a Man." Head Hand Heart &c., &c.

I wonder whether he had the true parts of a man in him—the head to think, the heart to feel, the hand to labour. I wonder whether he grew up and fought his way through the world, or whether he went to rest early and escaped the conflict, I wonder. But I must not keep on wondering, or I shall never get to the end of my book.

After spelling I find brief lessons in natural history—the long words cut up into small portions, like a child's dinner—and I gather that the lion, correct portrait given, is "*a va-ry dan-ger-ous an-i-ma-l."

I also gather that "the bee is a *ve-ry in-dus-trious** in-sect, and makes wax and hon-ey." The portrait of the bee is just about three parts as big as that of the lion, and is only to be recognised as a bee by the introduction of a hive into the background. Next I discover a list of the Kings and Queens of England, from William the Conqueror to George the Fourth, with a "Whom God Preserve" in capital letters.

After this I am entertained with some instructive stories illustrated. The leading tale is that of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and the author dwells with terrible minuteness on the penalties inflicted on the culprits. Not a word about the dead boy, not a word about the mother's grief, the hushed despair when the body was brought home, and *she* saw it; nothing made of the inquest—all that from which *our* "sensation" writers would get their pathos and their humour passed over—but full details of execution. We are told that Paterfamilias discovered the boys bathing, and "lashed them heartily while they were in the water;" but that is not enough, a public example has to be made of them. With pedagogue—privately instructed to whip the rogues—for judge, jury, and executioner, we are not surprised that all excuses failed, and that to each were addressed the selfsame words, "Take him up," said the master, till they "were all taken up and well flogged." Altogether the book is exceedingly severe in its discipline; it is of the birch birchy, one cannot sit comfortably to read it, but I am bound to suppose that the boys were all the better for it. This
THE OLD BOY ON OLD BOY-BOOKS.

primer was to them the gateway of knowledge; it taught them spelling, history, geography, natural history, arithmetic, morals, and religion—the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, grace before meat and after—all with a stiff rod and a strong arm to enforce the lesson.

Boys' books when boys were boys were generally illustrated, but in another style of art from that with which we are familiar. Here I have a copy of "Gay's Fables," specially designed for the young, with an engraving to each fable, specially designed for the young also. They are about an inch and a half square, two are printed on a page, and the printer has been liberal with his ink. The picture opposite to me, so far as I can make it out, consists of a little boy in an entirely unspeakable condition—nothing on him in fact but a pair of wings and a bow and quiver. Opposite to him stands a "grown up," with an incomplete toilet as his own, and carrying a link or torch. The third party to the group is wrapped in a travelling rug, and has some luggage with him in the shape of bulky bags. This group represents "Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus." Strange boys these! Well up in mythology—schoolmaster sparing no pains to make them familiar with gods and goddesses. The fable accompanying this cut must have exercised a healthy influence on the minds of the young—

As Cupid in Cytherea's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love;
Some shape the bow or fit the string;
Some give the taper shaft its wing;
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould;
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Quite boyish, is it not? Boys that could enjoy that, were not the boys to be caught eating jam tarts, or doing an "over" for digestion.

I have before me another little book of fables in prose, also illustrated. The fables are remarkably simple, their meaning might be guessed by a two-year-old, but the author "gilding refined gold," simplifies simplicity, and attaches the moral. Here is a fable of my own made on the same pattern. "A little boy had two ears that often quarrelled. It is very wrong to quarrel. They called each other names, one was always being called 'All-right,' and the other 'Left-till-called-for.' It is naughty to call names. One day the little boy had said 'I won't,' when he was told to do something. His mamma punished him by giving him a box on the right ear. As soon as Left-till-called-for heard this he called out 'How do you like it, All-right?—are you comfortable, yah?' Just then, mamma not thinking her little boy sufficiently punished, gave him a box on the left ear, at which All-right called to him, 'How are you now?—there is a pair of us.' Moral.—Never mock at the misfortunes of others. What others suffer you may have to suffer. Unkind and unjust remarks on the fate of others will sooner or later return upon ourselves."

There, that was the style to improve a boy's morals and to sharpen his intellect, was it not? especially when you had a lot of charming pictures that seemed to cry aloud for the paint box, and generally got daubed with gamboge and stony lake.

I have a book illustrated with exceedingly ill-made copies of Le Brun's Passions, Admiration, Astonishment, Hatred, Despair, &c., &c. There is a story in very large type about a pattern papa and a model family. Mr. Wilcox (the papa) is so remarkably heavy in his style of instruction that the boys must have been very wide awake indeed to have kept pace with him. There are stories in the book, all of which work out such recondite views of morals as "A stitch in time saves nine."

I have a story which leads, like the staircase of a tall house, to many other stories, all about a worthy gentleman, the very pink of propriety, who bore the name of Mr. Hoaryhead. I suppose he was the original Grandfather Whitehead. It is a painful book to read—I mean for a degenerate party like myself—it is so precisely proper and so terribly untrue. There! I cannot help saying it; in all these old-fashioned model story books the people are not like real people, they are mere machines for the grinding of morals.

Here I have a book about "Wonderful Fishes," which begins with the Whale, and ends with the Crab. I suppose they were fishes when the old boys were boys! There are some cuts in the book which are terribly alarming; there is a crocodile—another sort of fish—with a black gentleman astride of him in the turbid water, with no other sign of land than a fan-palm a long way off; there is the portrait of a whale throwing a sort of Crystal-Palace fountain up into the air, and down into the boat of his would-be captors; there is a shark—more than half mouth—taking in a
single gentleman, whose legs and boots are still perceptible, apparently unwilling to take any part in the tremendous header down the shark's throat. The stories are also of a striking character, and the writer, moralising a good deal, usually winds up his moralities with a Scripture text, or a verse from Sternhold and Hopkins.

I find the “wonderful” dealt with on a more extended scale in a thick volume devoted to a description of all the wonders of the world, including the caves of Elora and the printing press; the Devil's Peak, Derbyshire, and the Nankin pagoda; Mount Vesuvius and glass-blowing, the Giant's Causeway, and the Mongol-fier balloon. Every subject is illustrated with an engraving—two cuts on a page. Here I am called upon to “wonder,” and “admire,” and “stand in silent awe,” with so many notes of admiration that they must have made quite a run upon this department of the composer's case. The quotation marks are almost equally numerous, but the authorities are usually anonymous—“A great writer has remarked,” “A gentleman crossing the Andes observed,” “A recent traveller notices.” “A recent traveller” I meet with continually; he seems to have been everywhere; he has ridden in an Esquimaux dog-cart; he has mounted to a stately howdah on the back of an elephant; he has voyaged over the sandy sea on the back of that ship of the desert, the camel; he has fallen exhausted with tropical heat; he has been frozen hard with Arctic cold; he has been shipwrecked, earth-quaked, volcanoed, whirlpooled, always turning up in the very nick of time to witness the explosive forces of nature in free action. Oh! that recent traveller, what an enormous experience he must have had! Who was he? Was he Gulliver? Munchausen? Longbow? Who shall say? The writer of the wonder book, appreciating the natural modesty of the man, preserves his incognitos, and he is known to us only as “a recent traveller.”

I find amongst other books several Guides to Youth—guides which sometimes in separate chapters, in sober, steady-going prose, and sometimes in the form of question and answer, in which “Tutor” “Pupil” occupy the place of “Q” “A,” inculcate some astounding facts in natural physics, and deal in a very lofty and complete style with moral philosophy. The guides I must own are exceedingly dull fellows, and one cannot help suspecting that they are not over familiar with the road they are travelling, but they are all guides with “well balanced minds.”

With the old boy-books about me I have tried to fancy what idea a boy would have of life who relied upon his literary guides.

The world, he would say, is filled up entirely with people of the very worst sort, or people of the very best. All the best people are the best off. Bad people go to the bad, that is, they are unsuccessful. Thomas True rides in his coach and six, and Jack Eversly is sent to prison. Parents and guardians, teachers, pastors, and masters are always just exactly what they should be, they reward the good and they punish the bad. To be good is to do as you are told, to say “sir” to your papa, and in colloquial conversation address your ma' as “honoured and revered mother.” Good people are those who get up early in the morning and who get to bed betimes; who are always busy “in books or work or healthful play,” who are always on the very best of terms with everybody, who make home, as I once heard a young gentleman remark—

Like a little even below,
and who, step by step, inch by inch, go up the ladder of fortune till they reach its topmost round.

The philosophy of these old boy-books might be pleasant if it were true, but is it so? Do the best always get the best of it? Do the bad always go to the wall? If these were the books that boys read, books that were fit for boys when boys were boys, I don’t wonder that they should throw the books away when they become men, and hesitate to give them into the hands of their own boys. These books dealt with the young as if they were so many simpletons. They never tried to set their “mental machinery” in motion. They never argued, they revealed. They were for the sound whipping of those boys who asked “why,” and never descended to a “because;” they never would realise the fact that boys were only men in miniature—that to clap blinkers on their eyes was only to make them unfit for the highway of life when they had to go without their blinkers and with no hand to guide.

But, there, I know I am getting terribly prosy—all I mean is, the old boy-book literature is not the literature for us.

Yours always,
THE ODD BOY.
“It was my Mother’s Bible!”
WILLIAM MANLEY;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE "DUBLIN CASTLE."

The Dublin Castle, of which John Clarke was master, was a fine ship of two thousand tons register. It had been for several years employed in the East India trade, and was a favourite vessel for passengers going to, and returning from, the East.

Amongst the passengers in the saloon we had a colonel and several other officers of his regiment going to India, as some of them supposed, to reconquer Cabul from the Afghans, who, according to the last news from India, had driven the English from the province of Afghanistan.

The colonel was a jolly fellow with a fire-coloured face, and had seen service all over the world.

His general appearance was evidence of his being a brave and good officer, who would be liked by all, but some of the young officers just from school, who were to serve under him, were the most conceited puppies I had yet met. Three or four were ensigns and cornets, whose commissions had not been purchased two months before they embarked, and some of the others were drawing-room warriors, whose only conquests had been over the hearts of silly women in the towns where they had been stationed in England.

Captain Clarke was a small man, but he very justly had a great opinion of any one who had worked his way up from before the mast to the command of a vessel like the Dublin Castle. He was very jealous of the opinions the military men might have on the respect due to his position, and seemed to think that a man in command of a merchant vessel was entitled to as much respect for the station he had attained as any officer of the army not above a colonel. Perhaps he was right.

The first mate, Mr. Birney, was a good officer as far as seeing that all did their duty. His knowledge was confined to the ship, and if he excelled others in anything, it was in the extraordinary ability he possessed for hailing the main crosstree.

Mr. Husey, the second officer, was a thorough seaman, and seemed to take much pleasure in performing that part of his duty which required him to act as schoolmaster to the 'young gentlemen'—the midshipmen, of whom there were four, including myself. My three companions were older than I was, but two of them had never before been to sea, and the third, although he had been once, seemed, from the little he knew of a ship, to have slept the most of the time while making it.

Before we had been two weeks out, the captain and all the other officers saw that, although young in years, I was an old sailor, and that I had not come aboard the ship to learn my duty, but to perform it. So pleased were they at this, that I immediately became a great favourite with all, and the first officer one day paid me the compliment to say that in place of being a lout of a boy always in the way, I was a very useful officer.

Mr. Husey, in teaching me navigation, found his task an easy one, for I had not yet forgotten the instructions received from Mr. Wood, who, when he could not be teaching others, had devoted his time to me.

One of the young officers going out to astonish the natives of India I disliked at first sight. His name was Arthur Manderville Knowls. I had many reasons for disliking this man, or rather youth. One was that he assumed a superiority over all others on the ship, for the reason that he was the son of a somebody. Another reason was that his claims on the reverence of others were too readily acknowledged by many of the other young officers, who were, in appearance, intelligence, and all that should make a man, superior to the conceited object of their adoration.

Another reason why I did not like him was, that he wrote his name as "A. Manderville Knowls."
There was nothing noble or manly in his appearance. His every word and act were such as should inspire contempt.

Some of the men said that he was a creature of affectation, but they were wrong. The man acted perfectly natural, for he was a fool, and talked like one.

One day, after we had been about a month out, most of the officers were amusing themselves by reading and smoking under the awning on the quarter-deck.

A light foul breeze that was passing lazily suddenly turned round and blew altogether in our favour.

In an instant all belonging to the ship were in a bustle and excitement in trimming the sails to catch the strengthening breeze.

In doing my duty on this occasion it was necessary for me to let go a weather brace on the quarter-deck.

Leaning against the bulwarks, and on the coils of the brace that hung on the belaying-pin, I found Mr. A. Manderville Knowl,.

I was in great haste, and had no time for any unnecessary words in requesting him to move.

Not liking the tone and words in which this request was made, the young “officer and gentleman,” in place of obeying, put a glass before one eye, and began staring at me.

“Look sharp there, Mr. Manley,” said the first officer, who had sent me at the duty I was waiting to perform.

“Come, sir, will you move, please?” I exclaimed to the puppy who stood in my way.

Four or five men were waiting for me to let go the brace, but I do not suppose Mr. Knowls knew this. He probably thought that there was no occasion for my being in any haste, and that I should have taken the necessary time to address him with the respect due to his high birth and social position.

To my second request for him to get out of my way, he called me an “insolent fellah;” and was threatening to report me to Captain Clarke, when, impatient at the delay he was causing me, I gave him a push, threw the coils off the pin, and let the line run.

There was not manliness enough about the dandy to seize and punish me for the insult he believed I had given him, or, perhaps, I escaped chastisement from his hands for the reason that he did not wish to soil them with one he thought so much inferior to himself.

“Mr. Clarke,” he exclaimed, “did you see that creechaw’s insolence? Positively I must see him punished.”

“Positively you’ll see nothing of the kind,” answered the captain, annoyed at being called Mr. Clarke. “I saw your unofficer-like conduct, and don’t think you have anything to complain of.”

“Excuse me, captain, for thinking differently,” said another young officer. “The fellah was guilty of positive violence. He gave the young gentleman a push.”

“I wish you all to understand,” said Captain Clarke, “that that young man is one of my officers, and a gentleman who occupies on this ship a higher position than those who call him a ‘creechaw’ or a ‘fellah.’”

The captain felt the dignity of his profession at stake, and spoke in a tone that convinced the young officers that there was one who dared to maintain an opinion very wide from their own.

Four or five of them gathered in a group to deliberate on what should be done to obtain some redress for the manner they had been insulted.

The course they determined to pursue was one that gave much amusement to all on the ship but themselves. They resolved to honour the captain no longer with their company at his table. On hearing this the captain smiled, and so did the fiery-faced colonel. The threat alarmed no one but themselves, for a few hours after the fear of suffering hunger made them reconsider the resolution, and reject it.

These young gentlemen were at the time ignorant of the ways of the world, as all who place too great a value on themselves are. Years have passed since then, and brought them, let us hope, some wisdom.

Some of them have, indeed, become good officers, who have made their services valuable to their country.

The little disturbance I have mentioned as occurring in the beginning of their career may, in the opinion of my readers, have received undue notice. Anxious to obtain and keep the reader’s good opinion, I must state that the affair I have mentioned is but an introduction to the young man, “A. Manderville Knowls,” who will again be brought before the reader’s notice.

Ninety-one days after leaving London we anchored off the city of Bombay.

The city, containing a population of more
than four hundred thousand people, composed of Europeans, Americans, Hindoos, Mahometans, Jews, and Persians, was a place of great trade, visited by ships of all nations, and afforded a fine opportunity for an observant youth to obtain some knowledge of the world. It was an interesting part of that great school to which my father had promised to take me—a school in which I was still a pupil, but in which he was no longer a teacher.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EXCURSION TO ELEPHANT ISLAND.

One day Captain Clarke gave the midshipmen permission to visit Elephant, or Elephant Island, a few miles off the coast from Bombay. We were allowed one of the ship’s boats, and four Lascars were engaged by one of my companions to man it. We were intending to have a day of amusement, and did not wish to fatigue ourselves by pulling oars in the hot sun.

We started early in the morning, well provided with various articles of refreshment, both for ourselves and the crew.

In our desire to deal liberally with the latter, we displayed much ignorance, for we afterwards learnt that they would accept of nothing to eat or drink that we could give them. They had provided themselves with some coconuts and other food, and would accept nothing from us for fear of losing their “caste.”

Soon after leaving the ship we saw another boat coming after us from the shore. It was manned by five Europeans, four of whom were at the oars, and the fifth was acting as coxswain.

They were men well accustomed to handling an oar, for, notwithstanding all our Lascars could do, they came up with us in fine style.

As they came near we saw that they were some of the young officers we had brought from London in the Dublin Castle. They, too, were out for a day’s amusement, and were now evidently intending to show us the way to Elephant.

One of the Lascars spoke what he thought to be very good English, and without knowing that we had ever before seen the men who were following us, he volunteered a little information concerning them.

“Them men,” said he, “are a fool—all of 'em. They young officer, and no live long in Bombay. Cause why? They pull boat with plenty money in his pockets, and plenty Lascars pull boat all day for sixpence.”

The Lascar was a man of observation, and was quite right.

The young officers while being educated at home had learnt to row for amusement, and, for all I know to the contrary, one or more of them may have been amongst the winners of Oxford and Cambridge boat races, for their performance before us gave no evidence that such was not the case.

They had just arrived in the country, and had not yet learnt that what is amusement in one land is only evidence of folly in another. Had four or five common sailors been going to Elephant Island for the day, they would, like us, have engaged a crew of natives to pull the boat, but these young “officers and gentlemen” had chosen to perform that laborious duty themselves.

They were about to learn something, for rowing in a boat in England is a very different thing from pulling at an oar under the burning sun of India.

As the young officers dashed past us, I observed that A. Manderville Knowles was one of the crew.

I was somewhat annoyed at seeing these “land lubbers” leaving us in their wake in the manner they were doing; and this feeling was shared by my companions.

“Boys,” said I, “this will not do. The wind is fair: up with the stick. We will set the sail.”

This proposal was adopted immediately.

A steady, stiff breeze was blowing, and when the sail was spread we began to come up with those who had passed us.

The Lascars had a rest while the breeze did their work. This was done so effectually that in a few minutes we took the lead, and gave the amateur boatmen another fine view of the name of our ship, which was painted on the stern of our boat.

By this time the sun was well above the horizon, and, notwithstanding the breeze, the weather was very warm.

We could plainly see that the young officers were much distressed by the exertions they had been making. They had expended too much energy in the commencement of their toil—a folly into which they had been led by the desire of passing us and keeping the lead.
"Boys," said one of my companions, named Burrows, "I don’t like the way we are travelling. If we sail all the way these fellows will not earn their money. That’s not fair. Let’s strike the sail, and let them man the oars."

We knew that this proposal was made with the intention of teasing those who were following us, and we readily consented.

The sail was struck in a sudden yet awkward manner, which led the officers to believe that some accident had happened to our mast.

They were undignified enough to give a cheer, and "give way" with greater energy, that brought them nearly up with us before the Lascars got fairly at work.

For a minute or two I thought the sail would again have to be set, but the physical power of the young officers was nearly worked out of them, and the Lascars, who were as fresh as when they started, were able to keep the lead.

Perspiration was freely flowing from the white oarsmen, but all their efforts to come up with us were in vain. They were too much exhausted.

We were not compelled to know that they were officers of her Majesty’s army, for they were not in uniform or on duty.

To us they were only young men like ourselves out for a holiday, and taking advantage of the occasion that might never occur again, we were inclined to have a little of what Burrows called “chaff” with those whom we had as yet seen no particular reason to respect or admire.

"The black beats the dark and light blue," shouted Burrows.

"He means the black beats the dark red," said another of my companions, alluding to the heated and flushed appearance of our perspiring followers.

"Have you any orders for Elephanta?" said I.

"What do you think of the cut of our rudder?" cried another.

The young officers immediately assumed their dignity, and were gentlemen.

They made us no answer, and evidently wished to part company, for we saw them take in the oars, and proceed to decapitating bottles. This was a sensible proceeding, for they must have been much in need of rest and refreshments.

"We’ve got all day before us," said Burrows, "and I don’t see why we should be in a hurry. Besides, our crew need a rest, I dare say.

We can’t do better than follow the good example set us by those who are older and wiser."

The Lascars were told to stop pulling, an order which they cheerfully obeyed.

We, also, partook of some refreshments, not that we actually required anything, but merely, as Burrows said, because it was at that particular time and place "quite the thing" to do so.

The Lascars followed the pleasant fashion that was set them by ourselves and others.

After having a rest, the officers resumed their oars, but made no more painful attempts to pass by us.

They pulled away very steadily without seeming to take any notice of us.

We could easily have left them far behind, but this we were not willing to do.

"They have been trying very hard to keep up with us," said Burrows, "and perhaps it would not be ‘quite the thing’ to go away and leave them. We must not disgrace our profession by acting in an uncourteous manner."

Much to the amusement of the Lascars, we kept the officers about thirty yards in our wake during the rest of the way to the island.

They reached the island quite exhausted by fatigue and heat, and much more inclined for repose than wandering about to observe what was to be seen.

Opposite to, and not far from, the landing place is a monster statue of an elephant, from which the island has its name.

We were but a few yards from the young officers as they drew near this statue, and were much amused at seeing A. Manderville Knowls raise an eye-glass to observe it.

While willing to admit that necessity may require a person with weak eyes or failing sight to use a glass in seeing some small objects, we thought the huge statue was quite large enough to be seen at a distance of ten yards with a naked eye.

This opinion I expressed to my companions, in a tone that the exquisites could but hear, and in return I was honoured by Mr. Manderville Knowls with a rude, insulting stare from behind the glass. His gaze did not produce the slightest harm, and we passed on.

The principal sight to be seen at Elephanta is a cave cut out of solid rock, and greatly disfigured by rude works of sculpture.

We visited the cave, wandered about the island, had a dinner al fresco, and then a siesta in the shade of trees.
We were then nearly ready to go home, for the only thing for which we were lingering was the departure of the officers. “They were anxious to show us the way to the island,” said Burrows, “and it is no more than right that we should return the compliment, and show them the way back to the city.”

This sounded very well at the time, but I am old enough now to know that in trying to annoy others, we acted very improperly, and justly deserved some punishment for our misbehaviour.

There was a little excuse for our conduct, for we had been shipmates with those men, and did not like them. Whatever they might be in time, they certainly were not gentlemen then, and there was no particular harm in our letting them know that we were not so ignorant as to think they were.

I have reason to believe that they delayed their departure for some time with the hope that we would leave; but, disappointed in this, they at last started, and we immediately followed them. Somewhat recovered from the fatigue of the morning, they were able to keep the lead for about half an hour. The sail would have been but little or no use to us, for the breeze was travelling the wrong way, and for awhile I feared that we should not be able to pass by.

“There’s not the least fear of that,” said one of my companions when this doubt was expressed. “They have been doing their best for some time, and they’ll not keep it up much longer. Their delicate hands are blistered by this time, and they’ll soon fall behind.”

Burrows, who was a well-grown, strong youth of twenty, took the oar from the weakest of the Lascars, and soon after we could see that the distance between the two boats was diminishing.

The officers soon noticed this, and again gave up the struggle. After taking the lead, we only exerted ourselves to keep it. The officers waited for us to leave them behind, and we waited for them to come on. Enraged at being unable to get away from us, they made another struggle to come up, and I believe that had they got within reach of us with the oars, some of our heads would have been broken. Fortunately we were able to keep at a distance that protected us from harm. There was no way in which they could avoid the escort we were willing to give them, for to reach the city they were compelled to follow a few yards in our wake. Shameful as our conduct now appears to me, we had much satisfaction at the time in thinking that we had completely spoiled their amusement for the day.

On arriving near the Dublin Castle we left the officers to go their way “sadder and wiser” men. “They have learnt something to-day,” said Burrows, “and the next time they visit Elephanta they will not pull their own boat. Each of them will hate the sight of an oar from this day.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN AUCTION AT SEA.

Time passed slowly and almost by me unnoticed. For nearly two years and a half life on the Dublin Castle was nearly as monotonous as it would have been had I been seated at a desk in a counting-house. During that period I made three voyages to India, and had risen to the position of second mate of the vessel.

Mr. Birney had obtained a command of a fine ship, and left Mr. Husey as first officer.

At each return to London I visited Mr. Thompson daily, and was pleased to see that he was prosperous and happy. My first inquiry always on meeting him was about my father, and yet I was never disappointed in learning that nothing had been heard of him, for I had long ago become resigned to the belief that I no longer had a parent living.

My next inquiry would be for Tom Harris, the sailor, but he had never returned since departing on a voyage when I was in the hospital.

On returning from the second voyage to India I visited the hospital to see Mrs. Graham, and learnt that she had left the institution several weeks before.

One of the other female nurses informed me, with what I thought an exhibition of great satisfaction, that Mrs. Graham had acquired such a taste for strong drinks, that she could no longer be trusted, and had been turned from the house.

I took no trouble to ascertain her address, for my desire to learn anything of my grandparents had now but a faint existence, and,
furthermore, I had but little hope of learning anything from Mrs. Graham.

On May-day, 1845, I saw the Hungerford Suspension Bridge across the Thames opened, and the next day sailed for India on my fourth voyage.

This voyage from the commencement promised to be an interesting one, but only interesting in a manner that displeased all. From the time of year in which we started, we should have had pleasant weather at the beginning of the voyage, but we did not.

Strong head-winds assailed us, and kept the ship beating about in a rough sea for three weeks.

Then followed a light but fair breeze for three or four days, that took us into a warm climate, where the breeze seemed to die a lingering death of general debility, and left us in a perfect calm.

The ship seemed a target for every beam of the burning sun, while there was so little air that we seemed to breathe with difficulty.

Day after day passed, and the Dublin Castle apparently remained as immovable as the building after which it was named.

Officers and men alike became impatient at this delay, and one old sailor fretted himself into a high fever, and was confined to his bunk.

I was told that he had long been an inveterate growler, but a long intimacy with unpleasant thoughts had not made him proof against the evil effects of the ill luck that was clinging to us.

A fair breeze did come at last, but too late to save the sailor, for his disease had made rapid progress, and brought him too low for a recovery.

One afternoon he sent for Captain Clarke, who immediately obeyed the summons, and stayed with him nearly an hour. That evening the sailor died.

I have called him an old sailor, and so he was, although he was not more than thirty-five years of age; but he had been rolling on the sea ever since he was a boy.

He was very well liked by the men, notwithstanding he was a growler, and perhaps the reason why he was respected by most of them was that he exceeded all others in the ability of conceiving and expressing unpleasant ideas under unpropitious circumstances.

The day after he was hove overboard all hands and the passengers were assembled on the main deck, the dead sailor’s box was brought on deck, and the captain, standing beside it, proceeded to make a speech.

“Boys,” said he, “your shipmate Henry Wilber whom we buried yesterday had a long talk with me the day he died, and requested me to do a little business for him. I am going to tell you what it is. He wanted his box and everything in it sold for the benefit of a young sister living in London. I am going to put up each article for sale by auction, and the proceeds of the sale shall be given to Wilber’s sister, who, I may as well tell you, has now not a relative living. Her brother was her only support.”

Wilber’s home had long been on a ship, and his box, which was a large seaman’s chest, contained the accumulations of many years of travel. Each article of clothing in the box was sold separately to the highest bidder, and was purchased by the crew at very fair prices.

Some shells, pieces of foreign coin, principally copper, and other curiosities were purchased by the passengers for much more than they were worth. Amongst the other articles in the box was a large Bible.

It was a larger Bible, and much better bound than such as sailors generally carry, but in stating this I do not wish to be understood that sailors generally have that book with them on their voyages, but that when the Holy Writ is in their possession it is usually a small pocket Bible, the gift of some female relative, or a small cheap edition of the Word, presented to them by some laborious member of a Bible Society.

For this book the sale was dull. All the passengers and a few of the crew had Bibles, and those who had not wished for none.

This, however, was not the case with me. I had not been the owner of a Bible, and had not read one since the loss of the good missionary Mr. Wood.

I was willing to purchase a Bible, but wished for one such as was fashionable amongst seamen.

“Come, boys,” said the captain, “give me a bid. I don’t believe all you have Bibles. At least, you don’t all talk as though such was the case. You can’t buy a better book, or lay out your money to a better advantage than on the occasion now going.”

Two shillings was bid by one of the crew.
“Two shillings I’m offered,” continued the captain, “for a book that has cost at least thirty, and is worth all the world to any man who has not a copy of it.”

“Three shillings,” I exclaimed.

“Going at three shillings. Remember, boys, that there are several reasons why this book should command a good price, and not the least amongst them is the fact that the money paid for it assists the only and unprotected female relative of the shipmate who has so lately left you.”

“Four shillings,” said one of the crew standing near me. “I’m sure the book will sell for more than that.”

Something now seemed commanding me to buy that book, and I involuntarily exclaimed, “Five shillings.”

The captain was unable to obtain another bid, and the Bible was mine.

The next day was Sunday, and on going to my box in the morning to dress for the holiday I found the Bible lying on my clothing where it had been placed the day before.

I was in no haste, and on taking up the book to remove it, I turned over some of the leaves, and in doing so found a paper neatly folded, and lying between them.

Curiosity led me to open it, and on doing so I was astonished at seeing my father’s name.

The paper was a marriage certificate, and from it I learned that John Manley and Mary Shelburne were married in London in February, 1827.

The book before me had been my mother’s Bible. I remembered it.

A flood of memory came back giving the book a familiar look that made me seem a child again.

Breathless and trembling with excitement, I turned over the leaves between the Old and New Testament, and found a record of the marriage of the same persons mentioned in the certificate, and on another page I read that William, son of John and Mary Manley, was born in March, 1829.

How came my mother’s Bible in a seaman’s chest on board the Dublin Castle? All attempts to solve this mystery by the work of thought could only have the effect of driving me mad, and I strove to avoid them.

There was one thing, however, that I had learnt, and that was the name of my grandfather.

His name was Shelburne, but I was wholly unable to perceive any real value attached to the knowledge I had gained.

During the remainder of the voyage the most of my leisure hours were passed in reading that book which had so mysteriously come into my possession.

There was an indescribable happiness in reading it, for in doing so I was gazing upon the same pages that had been perused by my mother long ago.

This at first gave me a pleasure in reading, but I soon acquired a love for perusing it for the soul-inspiring truths it contained.

Mr. Husey, the first mate, one day told me that I seemed determined to get the worth of my money from my purchase, but, without telling him my reasons for thinking so, I believe that Captain Clarke never spoke words more true than on the day of the sale, when he had said the book would be worth all the world to the person who would buy it.

Providence seemed to have placed the book in my possession, and I did all in my power to be worthy of the gift.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DISCHARGED FOR GOOD CONDUCT.

About two weeks after we reached Bombay Captain Clarke came to me one morning and said, “Mr. Manley, I think you have been with me quite long enough, and I am going to send you away.”

“Very well,” I replied, “but perhaps you will please to give me your reasons for wishing to get rid of me. Have I in any way neglected my duty? Or of what impropriety have I been guilty?”

“I don’t know that I’m bound to give you any particular reasons for my conduct,” answered the captain, “for I am only responsible to the owners. It is enough for you to know that I am determined you shall leave.”

“It is not enough,” I exclaimed in rising anger. “If you wish me to leave, I certainly shall go; but having done my duty for three years on this ship, I will know the reason why I am wanted on it no longer.”

“Very well, if you must know, then I shall be compelled to tell you. The English are going to take possession of the island of La-buan, a few miles off the coast of Borneo, and I believe that a transport has already sailed.
with a few troops for a garrison. I am acquainted with two merchants who are fitting out a small vessel to trade between here and that part of the world, and they have applied to me to furnish them with a trustworthy person for first mate, who will in fact have the whole management of the ship, for the captain they will put aboard is only a landlubber from their counting-house. I am going to give them you."

"Why?"

"Because I wish to see you get on in the world. You will earn more money than I do, and in less than a year you will probably have command of the vessel, for the captain is an old man and no sailor, and is only going as an agent to start their business."

"But will they not think that I am too young?" I asked.

"No, I have told them that you are only a youth, but that you have been many voyages, and are as competent to take the command of a vessel as I am, which I believe you are. You are a man now, in intelligence, conduct, and appearance, and must not be compared with young men of your age who have always lived on dry land. Put on your best togs and come ashore with me to let them have a look at you."

Captain Clarke was my friend and a sensible man, and I determined to follow his advice. I might be five or six years second mate of the Dublia Castle before being promoted any higher, and then I might be six or seven years first officer of a vessel belonging to the firm that owned it before having the command of a ship. People who remain in the employ of the same firm of London shipowners for years do not reach a position worth occupying until they are nearly worn out with service. They must work, wait, and hope.

Where there is little or no competition for the good things of this world they are easily seized, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity presented for acting instead of waiting.

On going ashore with the captain I was taken to an office in the city and introduced to two men.

One was a man about sixty-five years of age—the other not more than thirty. After conversing with us for about half an hour the two removed a short distance from us to hold a consultation.

The old man was a little deaf, and, apparently anxious to understand his own ideas, spoke very loud when expressing them.

"Too young, much too young!" I heard him exclaim to the other. "He can have no judgment. An old man for any responsible situation. That's my opinion."

"But not mine," answered the young man in a loud tone to make the other hear. "He is not an hour too young. I've told you a dozen times, uncle, that an old man—although he may have what you call 'judgment,' never can find it at the time it is wanted."

"A young man is never cautious, nephew, and therefore is not to be depended on."

"Caution is only another name for cowardice. The caution and judgment of which you boast so much, has only been exhibited in trying to delay and thwart all the plans and speculations by which your money has been made. Give me for business a young man who has brains and the desire to do well. His mind can act in some other way than trembling with doubt between two or three opinions."

"Mr. Merrill," said Captain Clarke, "we can hear every word you are saying."

"Yes, very likely," replied the young man. "The private conversations between uncle and me are peculiar."

The conversation between the two partners was then concluded, and on leaving the house I was in their employ, earning one hundred and twenty rupees per month.

The vessel now owning me was a brig of one hundred and eighty tons, built in Bombay by Parsee ship-carpenters, and manned by Lascars.

Before leaving Bombay I was told by the captain that he was no sailor, and that the whole business of navigating and working the vessel would have to be done by myself.

After getting out to sea he proved the truth of this by devoting nearly all his time to the study of the Malayan language. He was a man about fifty years of age, and having been a counting-house clerk for thirty-five years, he had not an opinion of his own upon politics, religion, or anything else.

He knew the money value of most articles of commerce brought to and sent from the East, and this was his only knowledge.

Unable to converse upon any subject except mercantile affairs, his mind was as uninteresting as a ledger.

During the passage the man, whose name
was Dixon, confirmed my opinion that he was a fool by every sentence he uttered, but I was mistaken.

On reaching Labuan I was better able to form an opinion of his abilities by seeing him exercising his talent for business. He was one of those small-souled men who know how to make money, but have not intellect and animation enough to lose it.

He was one of the faithful servant specimen of humanity, and probably the idea of doing business for himself had never occurred to him. His highest ambition was toiling successfully for others, and before we had been a week at Labuan I saw that Mr. Dixon had been much underrated—that he had some sense and could sometimes express it.

This change of opinion was partly caused by hearing him say, “I think, Mr. Manley, that you can take the brig back to Bombay without my assistance. It is highly necessary that I should stop here, and I think you may be trusted to go back without me.”

I thought so too; for the only duty Mr. Dixon had performed on the brig was to preside at the dinner table.

I was under twenty years of age, and had the command of a vessel. It was not a large one, and the crew were few in number and dark in colour, but I was “the captain.”

My determination to act in an upright manner—to make the best use of my time—to do the best I could for myself, and remain free from the vices by which so many young seamen become enthralled, had brought its reward.

All young men in any calling cannot meet the success they anticipate, but they can deserve it by their conduct. I had struggled to do this, and had been fortunate in early attaining the realization of my hopes.

No young commander of a first-class ship of the line ever walked its deck with more pride and pleasure than were mine on taking the brig safely to anchor in the harbour of Bombay.

Even the old deaf merchant, after reading a despatch from his agent Dixon, and learning that the object for which the voyage had been made would in all probability be accomplished, and that the vessel was safely at anchor, shouted in my ear his approval of my conduct by saying that I had evidently tried to do well, and had been very fortunate.

“Dixon is a very cautious man,” added the old fellow, “and has lived long enough to——”

“Forget nearly all that he ever knew,” said the other partner, the young nephew finishing the sentence for his uncle.

——“To trust in something besides Fortune,” continued the old man, “and if he can trust you after having an opportunity of witnessing your abilities for business, I suppose that we can.”

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A LARGE LEMONADE.

A "red and easy" Quaker once
Into a tavern wandered—
A tavern in which the pence
Of many men were squandered.
A boy did at the bar attend,
And stood prepared to serve the "Friend."

"Dost thou in this place superintend?"
He said when he did speak.
"Yes sir," he answered to the Friend,
"About six days a-week."
"And canst thou make a lemonade?"
The thirsty Quaker to him said.

Of course that thing the boy could do,
And said, "I guess I can;"
I'll make a lemonade for you,
Or any other man."
"Well, make one, for I'm dry indeed;"
"I'll tell thee how thou shalt proceed."

AIBRIE, MARCH 5TH, 1806.

Down in a chair he then did sit.
"Now take a half-pint glass,
And squeeze a lemon into it,
For nought doth it surpass;
Half fill with brandy of the best,
And then with water fill the rest.

"Now put some sugar in the drink,
And that will make it sweet;
And then the draught will do, I think."
He rose up to his feet.
Approvingly the Friend did view it,
And drank like one accustomed to it.

He then the "damage" did demand,
While he his lips did smack;
And putting over his right hand,
He clapped him on the back."
"Boy, thou art small thyself," he said,
"But thou canst make large lemonade."
BEES.—(Order Hymenoptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

I AM a Bee—a Queen Bee—and I have before me a Book of the Chronicles of the Queens of the Apiide, from which I should like to read a few passages by your leave, promising that I am so well acquainted with its contents that I shall often relate rather than read. I am aware that there is a time for everything, including a time for reading and a time to refrain from reading, but I think it is high time I was listened to, considering that ants and saw-flies have already had their turn, and remembering the old English proverb—

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

However, as I do not come on the present occasion as leader of a swarm, you will perhaps bear in mind, what is commonly believed in America, that if bees come to a house it is an omen of prosperity. You have not heard of this book which I profess to have before me. But you have heard of the Books of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel, and if Israelites may have their chronicles, why should Hivites be without?

Opening the book, then, I find it written in one of the early chapters—I suppose by some ethnologist of our race—that we are distinguished from other hymenopterous peoples by the peculiar conformation of our hind feet. I have some of my subjects here, and as this worker holds up his hind leg you may perceive that the joint is compressed and extended into the form of a square plate, and provided on the inside with brush-like tufts. These instruments are employed for collecting the pollen or yellow dust of flowers, which is carried home to be made into bee-bread for our little ones.

There are various sorts of us, some with short tongues and some with long ones; and we may also be called hermits, villagers, and citizens, according to our mode of life.

Here is a very little bee, not larger than a house-fly, of solitary habits, and with a propensity for mining. You may have heard her called the Mining Bee, though the family name is Andronide. She digs tubular galleries in the ground, very little wider than the diameter of her own body, and terminating in a thumbnail-shaped horizontal chamber. She digs, I say, and no disgrace to her; I believe Scottish women have done the same; and if necessity is laid upon them because their husbands go fishing, much more does it press on my bee sister whose husband is idle and who is not provided with labourers such as I, as a queen, can command. In the chamber I have spoken of, you may find a ball of bright yellow pollen, as round as a garden pea, with a small white grub feeding upon it.

Another individual of solitary habits is the Mason Bee, whose nest is an ingenious specimen of insect architecture. With a mixture of earth and chalk, or earthy substances and wood, or it may be with sand alone, she builds an edifice consisting of several cells, using a viscid saliva for cement. In December, 1886, J. Rennie came upon such a nest on the north-east wall of Greenwich Park, and about four feet from the ground. Externally there was an irregular cake of dry mud, but noticing a circular hole on one side of it, Mr. Rennie examined it more closely. He found in it two cells, exactly of the form and size of a lady's thimble, finely polished, and of the colour of plaster of Paris, but stained in various places with yellow. In one of these was a living bee which had probably just come to the winged state, while its whilom companions had already dug its way out.

Some of our early animals, good sir, like those of human empires, are made up of fiction founded on fact. You may remember Virgil's lines—

And as when empty barks on billows float,
With sandy ballast sailors trim the boat;
So bees bear gravel stones, whose pelting weight
Steers through the whistling winds their steady flight.

Swammerdam remarks that although he had never seen this, yet he should think there may be some truth in the matter. The fact is that our little masons must have building materials, and they have been observed in the act of carrying their little lumps of clay. Mr. Rennie discovered one of their quarries—a bank of brown clay—at Lee, in Kent, and on catching one of the carriers ascertained that the clay had been moistened with saliva, or some similar fluid, and carefully kneaded.

The Carpenter bees, also of solitary habits, have a partiality for posts, pailing, and the woodwork of houses which has become soft by beginning to decay. An old nest, needing only a few repairs, will often serve their purpose, or any hole previously drilled, provided it be not too large. As with most other solitary bees it is the female who does the hard work, excavating the wood with her powerful jaws, while the male is probably altogether ignorant that such a work is going forward. Here, by my side, is a violet carpenter bee who usually selects an upright piece of wood, and after boring obliquely for about an inch, changes the direction and works perpendicularly for about twelve or fifteen inches. Sometimes she makes three or four of these
BEES.

Résumer relates an anecdote of a visit paid to the Abbé Nollet by a French gentleman, accompanied by a gardener, whose face had an air of much concern. The gardener had come to Paris in consequence of having dug up in his master's garden a number of leaves of unaccountable shapes, and disposed in what he considered a mystical manner, indicating the employment of witchcraft. The Abbé assured his visitors that the things they had brought him were the nests of insects, and Résumer, to whom they were subsequently sent, assigned them to one of the upholsterer bees, probably our cousin the rose-leaf cutter. It is interesting to see her at her work of leaf-cutting, on the rose-tree, the birch, or the mountain ash. Placing herself at the outer edge of a leaf and turning her head towards the point, she commences near the foot-stalk, and with her mandibles cuts out a circular or oval piece as quickly as your sister could do with a pair of scissors, and beating her, I will be bound to say, in point of accuracy and neatness. Seizing the severed pieces between her legs she returns to her cell and overlays the walls of her mansion with the utmost care and ingenuity. Having completed the hangings of her apartment, the little upholsterer next stores it with pollen and honey, which being chiefly collected from thistles forms a beautiful rose-coloured conserve. In this she deposits a single egg, and then covers the opening with three pieces of leaf, very exactly circular, and so proceeds till the whole gallery is filled.

Whether the solitary bee will ever see the folly of isolation and enter into some social contract, is a question which perhaps Roux and Darwin could settle between them. Should they ever do so (the bees I mean) they will probably approach the thing gradually, passing through the stage of village life before reaching the policed state of nations. But to come to actual fact, the distance between ourselves and these solitaries is bridged over by the existence of several sorts of villagers—humble bees, carder bees, lapidaries, &c.

Humble bees form a kind of intermediate link between the wasps and ourselves (you will bear in mind that I am queen of a hive). They collect honey and make a wax, but their architecture is rude and rustic, nothing approaching our geometrical precision. The population of their nests may be divided into four orders—the large females, the small females, the males, and the workers. I will call these to the front that you may take a glance at them, when you will notice that although they bear greater resemblance to us than to wasps, they are distinguished from both by the extreme hairiness of their bodies. The large females you perceive, though like small ones in other respects, are daughters of Anak in comparison. They are, like the female wasps, the original founders of their republics, all the neuters having perished before the winter. These queens, if we may so term them, pass the winter underground, in a particular apartment separate from the rest, and rendered warm by a carpeting of
moss and grass, but without any supply of food. Early in the spring they make their appearance, and work so vigorously that to make a cell, fill it with pollen, commit one or two eggs to it, and cover them in, requires only the short space of half an hour. Her future is at first consigned only to workers, which are necessary to assist her in her labours; these appear in May and June, but the males and females are sometimes not produced before August or September. The small females or minor queens produce only male eggs. They are generally attended by a small number of males, who form their court; and a rivalry exists between themselves, while the queen-mother is jealous of them all. The males are of a size intermediate between the two sorts of queens, and may further be distinguished by their longer and slenderer antennae, their different shape, and by the beard of their mandibles. To their credit be it said that, unlike the drones of the hive, they take their share of work in repairing any damage done in the nest. The workers, which are born first, and are small, assist the queen-mother in her various labours. They construct the waxen vault which covers and defends the nest; and when the larvae have spun their cocoons and assumed the form of pupa, they remove all the wax from them. When, at the end of about five days, the pupae reach the perfect state, the cocoons are used as honey-pots, the bees on returning from their excursions opening their mouths and contracting their bodies that the sweets may fall into the reservoirs. The propriety of considering humble bees as mere villagers will appear when I mention that the workers, who are the most numerous part of the community, seldom number so many as three hundred, and in some species do not reach fifty or even twenty.

The nests of humble bees are underground in an excavated chamber to which a winding passage leads. They contain merely a few irregular horizontal combs, placed one above the other, the uppermost resting on the more elevated parts of the lower, and connected together by small pillars of wax. Each of these combs consists of several pales yellow oval bodies of three different sizes, those in the middle being the largest, closely joined to each other, and each group connected with those next it by slight joinings of wax. These oval bodies are not, as you might suppose, the work of the old bees, but the thin cocoons spun by the young larve.

While a female is engaged in laying eggs the workers endeavour to seize them from her, and after she has been killed off the murderous intruders and succeeded in her operation, she still guards them with the vigilance of Argus, for six or eight hours; at the end of which time the workers lose their taste for egg diet. When the grubs have consumed their stock of food the workers regularly feed them with honey or pollen introduced through a small hole in the cover of the cell, opened for the occasion and then carefully closed.

Humble bees are the most powerful fliers in our order, the rapidity of their flight exceeding in proportion to their size that of the swiftest bird. A traveller in a railway carriage, moving at the rate of twenty miles an hour, was accompanied for a considerable distance by a humble bee, which not merely kept pace with the train, but frequently flew to and fro and described zigzag lines.

The number of humble bees in any district is largely dependent on the number of field mice, Mr. H. Newman believing that more than two-thirds of the bees are thus destroyed all over England. Darwin, who quotes this opinion, you may remember, in his Origin of Species (p. 77), mentions on the previous page that humble bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heather (viola tricolor), since other bees do not visit this flower. It would appear then that the humblest of bees are of use in the world, and were I a maker of proverbs, and a teacher of wisdom, I would say to all timid workers—"No humble bees, no heatease!"

Our humble friends, the toilers of the honeycomb, can be angry upon occasion. Kirby says he was often amused with hearing the indignant tones of a humble-bee while lying on its back, and when he held his finger it kicked and scolded with all its might. Yet the same naturalist bears witness to their ordinary good temper; they will even give up the contents of their honey bags to my subjects, and fly off to collect a fresh supply without a murmuring note! But I regret to announce that some honest humble bees of our acquaintance have taken to drinking, and to such excess that they are daily found reeling and tumbling about their houses of call—the blossoms of the passion flower, which flow over with intoxicating beverage. And there, not content with drinking like decent bees, they plunge their greasy heads into the beautiful goblet that nature has formed in such plants, thrusting each other aside, or climbing over each other's shoulders, till the flowers bend beneath their weight. After a time they become so stupid that it is in vain to call them by their name and advise them to go home instead of wasting their time in tipping. They are, however, good-natured in their cups, and show no resentment at being disturbed; on the contrary, they cling to their wine goblet and crawl back to it as fast as they are pulled away, unless indeed they fairly lose their legs and tumble down, in which case they lie sprawling on the ground, quite unable to get up again.
All this you may verify by reference to the "Gardener's Chronicle" of 1841, quoted by Kirby and Spence in their Introduction.

Some entomologists class the carder bees with those I have just described, but others make a distinction. The carders do not generally build underground, like the humble bees, but make their nests in shallow excavations in the open fields and meadows. Their general economy is like that of the humble bees, but they have a singular method of collecting moss to make the domes of their nests. The solitary female who founds the
the prior who is talking) have frequently obliged my fraternity to take notice of this kind of discipline, which exceedingly diverted them.

I think I may now, without immodesty, come to my own community of the hive, concerning whom a great deal is written in this Book of our Chronioles, constituting perhaps the most interesting part of it. What? You hope I will be brief—you think it possible to have too much of a good thing? That last remark of yours reminds me of a story in "Butler's Feminine Monarchy." Paulus Jovius, let it be premised, affirms that in Muscovy there are found in the woods and wildernesses great lakes of honey, which the bees have forsaken, in the hollow trunks of huge trees. Demetrius, a Moscovite ambassador at Rome, tells the story as follows:—

"A neighbor of mine searching in the woods for hony slipt down into a great hollow tree and there sunk into a lake of hony yp to his brest, where he was stucke faste two daies calling out in vaine for helpe, because no bodie in the meane while came nigh that solitarius place." Too much of a good thing, was it not? But would you like to hear the sequel? "At length, when he was out of all hope of life he was strangely delivered by the means of a great beare, which coming thither about the same businesse that he did, and smelling the hony stirred with his strivings, clambered up to the top of the tree and thence began to let himselfe downe backward into it. The man bethinking himself, and knowing the worst was but death, which in that place he was sure of, beseeched the beare fast with both his hands about the loines and withal made an outcry as low as he could. The beare being thus sodainely affrighted, what with the handling and what with the noise, made yp againe withal speed; the man held and the beare pulled vntill with main force he had drawn Dum out of the mine, and then being let go, away he trotte more afeard than hurt, leaving the smeered swaine in a joyful feare."

You men can now boast that you know a great deal of our bee economy, but most of your discoveries date within the last 150 years. It is true that among the ancients Astromachus devoted fifty-eight years to the study of our ways, and that Philiscus the Thrascian spent his whole life in forests for the purpose of observing us; but what have they left you beyond erroneous conjectures? When, however, Mirdad, in 1712, invented glass hives, and when Restumer, John Hunter, Schirach, and the two Hubers took advantage of them, I confess that you stole a march upon us. It is not easy for you, however, even with your glass hives, to watch our proceedings at all times. We dislike the light and seek to shut it out, either by clustering together to cover up every chink or by using a plaster composed of propolis. Our crowding together also for purposes of mutual help, although actually regulated with admirable order, appears not a little confused to an unpractised observer, who seldom succeeds in
tracing the operations of individuals. And as though to humble your race, our people have revealed most of their secrets to a blind man—Francis Huber—who could see us only through the eyes of others. Those who thus acted as eyes to the blind were, in the first instance, Francis Burnneus, an uneducated peasant, yet his faithful friend and constant and admirable woman whom he married; and last, his son, P. Huber, afterwards so celebrated for his own researches into the history of ants. Of course he was aided by his own mental vision, which was of such surpassing clearness that the details of our economy, first ascertained through his suggestions and experiments, have all been verified by subsequent ocular observation.

It had long been known to men that the bees of a hive consist of three sorts, and Résumner ascertained them to be workers or neutrals, constituting the bulk of the population; drones or males, the least numerous class; and a single female, the queen and mother of the colony. As I cannot foreground my prerogative as a sovereign, I will now, if you please, relate the history of our royal house.

Sixteen days are assigned to a queen for her existence in her preparatory state, before she is ready to emerge from her cell. Then she remains in the egg, five more she continues feeding, when covered in she begins to spin her cocoon, which occupies another day; as if exhausted by this labour she now remains perfectly still for two days and sixteen hours; then she leaves the pupa, in which state she remains exactly four days and eight hours, making in all the sixteen days I have named.

When a hive is accidently deprived of its queen the grub of a worker can be, and is, fed in particular manner so as to become a queen and supply the loss. Being transferred from the close apartment proper to its station to a stately nursery, and supplied abundantly with royal instead of plebeian fare, it comes to perfection in the ninth week, and is ready to supply the need of its own proper period of twenty days, and is a queen in body and mind! This wonderful fact was first published by Schirach (a French naturalist) in his history of “La Reine des Abeilles,” and Huber and others proved it beyond a doubt; yet although their experiments were most carefully conducted, the asserters of the fact were for a long time laughed at and even abused.

I said that there is but one queen in our community, but I must tell you how this comes about, seeing that there are usually sixteen or twenty royal cells in the same nest. We believe with Homer that “the government of many is not good,” and we do not approve of Dr. Johnson’s plan of sending superfluous persons to a Happy Valley. As the only alternative there must be a fight for it, and I can assure you that as soon as I left my royal cradle, and before I was elected to fill the throne, I passed some moments of the greatest uneasiness and vexation. I was anxious to kill my rivals, and they were anxious to kill me,—at least they would have been only that they could not quite so forward in their development, and I was able to tear holes in their cells and inflict a mortal wound in every case. Sometimes two queens come forth together, and then one must die, unless indeed the hive is about to send forth swarms. When this happens, the most active and vigorous is spared. It may be difficult to decide which is the best queen, but you ought to admire the savage instinctive hatred of the queen bee, which urges her to destroy the young queens her daughters (or sisters) so as soon as born, or to perish herself in the combat, for undoubtedly this is for the good of the community.

From the moment that I was acknowledged as sovereign I have received constant and universal attention from my subjects, and wherever I go am greeted by a homage which proves their entire devotion. I am, I may say, the very soul of their actions and the centre of their instincts. Were they deprived of me, or of the means of replacing me, they would lose all their activity and purpose for a longer time. In vain would the flowers tempt them with their nectar and ambrosial dust, for they would collect neither. They would elaborate no wax, they would build no cells; search and find they seem to exist,—indeed, they would soon perish were not the means of restoring their monarch put within their reach.

My food is not the simple bee-bread composed of common pollen and considered good enough for common bees. I have rather put a new preparation nicely concocted from flower juices, reserved expressly for royal nourishment and denominated “royal jelly.” My duties are confined to the one important work of keeping up the population of this hive. After forty-eight hours after birth (if I have married late in the year) I lay eggs that will produce workers, and for eleven months, more or less, I continue to provide for the production of this class. After this, in the spring, the great laying of male eggs commences, lasting thirty days, in which time about 2,000 of these eggs are laid. The entire number of eggs laid in a single season by one queen has been variously stated as 37,000, 70,000 to 100,000, and the number may actually be different in different climates and under varying circumstances. When about to oviposit I traverse the combs in all directions with a slow step, seeking for cells proper to receive the eggs. Walking with my head inclined, I examine one by one all the cells I meet with, and when I find one to my purpose I introduce the egg. While thus engaged my court consists of from four to twelve attendants disposed nearly in a circle with their heads towards me. When, after laying several eggs, I repeat for eight minutes, they redouble their attentions, licking me fondly with their tongues. I have intimated beforehand that we have in the comb cells of different sizes, suitable respectively for all three classes of the community.
never confound these cells together, nor am I in any degree as to the future development of particular eggs, but invariably deposit worker eggs in worker cells, male eggs in the cells proper for them, and so on.

When our population becomes superabundantly we secludes swarms or bands of colonists, the first of which is the queen bee. As the time approaches for the emigration all is agitation and confusion in the hive: my court cease to render me homage, my subjects mount upon my back, and I, for my part, run over my subjects, traversing the whole hive, and making the agitation general. At length a louder hum is heard than usual, many bees take flight, I at their head, or following soon behind, when in a moment the rest follow me in crowds, and the air is filled with bees as thick as falling snow. At first I do not alight upon the branch on which the swarm fixes, but as soon as a group is formed and clustered I join it; then it thickens more and more, all the bees that are in the air hastening to their companions and thus rendering the hive a living mass of animals. Sometimes it happens that two queens go out with the same swarm, and the result is that the swarm at first divides into two bodies, one under each leader; but as one of these groups is generally less numerous than the other, the smaller at last joins the larger, accomplished by the queen to whom they had attached themselves, and when they are hived this unfortunate candidate for empire falls, sooner or later, a victim to the jealousy of her rival.

Come we now to the busy workers, the "masses" of the population. From these, says the author of the Episodes, the bee character has been always painted, and painted justly, as loyal and patriotic, laborious, patient, and skilful; to which may be added a maternal affectionate, for though never mothers themselves, the latter propensity possesses them so strongly as to convert their office as nurses to the queen's progeny into what would seem truly a labour of love. The worker bee is not a useful member of the body politic by a process very similar to that which renders the foot of a Chinese lady a somewhat useless member of her body natural. The baby bee, destined to become a bee labourer, finds herself, on emerging from the egg, an inhabitant of one of those common six-sided cells which (as it would appear) is so proportioned as in some measure to limit her growth, and thus prevent her from attaining her full development. To this outward restriction is superadded an inward check in the quality of the food administered by her nurses. In lieu of royal jelly her infancy is supported on the simple fare of bee-bread, which, while it suffices to bring to maturity this useful endowment of activity, affords no food for the development of queenly qualities.

It must be observed that there are two sorts of workers—the wax-makers and the nurses, the nurses being rather smaller than the others. The nurse bees collect honey, and import it to their companions; they feed and take care of the young grubs, they complete the combs and cells which have been founded by the others, but they are not charged with provisioning the hive. They are furnished with wax-pockets (whitish-coloured pouches on the abdomen), but they secrete wax only in small quantities. Queen bees and drones have no wax-pockets at all.

The wax-collectors make excursions to furnish themselves with the nectar of flowers, from which they elaborate honey and wax; the pollen or fertilizing dust of the anthers of flowers, of which they make bee-bread, serving as food both to old and young; and the resinsous substance called propolis used in various ways in rendering the hive secure and giving the finish to the combs. Observe a bee when she alights on an open flower, when the hum produced by the motion of her wings has ceased, and her employment begins. In an instant she unfolds her tongue, which before was rolled up under her head; rapidly she darts it between the petals and the stamina; at one time it extends it to its full length, then she contracts it, she moves it about in all directions so as to wipe both the concave and convex surfaces of a petal, and thus by a virtuous theft robs it of all its nectar. Réaumur calculated that each bee makes from four to six excursions every day, going, perhaps, several miles on each occasion. When they return, laden, let us say, with propolis, they are met by others, who assist them in getting rid of their burden. Some of these assistants carry the propolis in their teeth and deposit it in heaps; others hasten before its hardening to spread it out like a varnish or form it into strings, proportioned to the interstices of the sides of the hive to be filled up: nothing can be more diversified than the operations carried on. Suppose they return with pollen, which they have brushed from the stamens of flowers and collected in the little baskets with which their hind legs are so admirably provided, they deposit their booty, which is carefully stored up by those at home, and go off immediately for a new load. With regard to the wax, the older writers believed that it was collected by my subjects, not manufactured by them. The countess in the Spectacle de la Nature says, "They search for it upon all sorts of trees and plants, but especially the rocket, the single poppy, and generally all kinds of flowers. They amass it with their hair, &c., &c." But in reality wax is secreted; it comes from the rings of the body, and may be seen there in the form of scales. Huber and others fed bees entirely upon honey or sugar, and notwithstanding wax was produced and combs formed as if they had been at liberty to select their food. The wax-workers suspend themselves from the interior of the hive in necklace-like festoons, and thus remain motionless for hours together, apparently at rest, but in reality secreting wax. A person, says Réaumur, must have been born devoid of curiosity not to take interest in the investigation of such wonderful proceedings.
The wax being made, the next thing is to form it into combs: a problem beforehand, and a marvel when accomplished. As the wax-workers secrete only a limited quantity of wax, it is indispensably necessary that none of it should be wasted. In short, this difficult geometrical problem had to be solved—a quantity of wax being given, to form of it a rectangular parallelepiped of a determinate capacity, but of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of matter employed, and disposed in such a manner as to occupy the least possible space in the hive. This problem, in all its conditions, is actually solved by the bees; and he must be a dull man, says Darwin, who can examine the exquisite structure of a comb, so beautifully adapted to its end, without enthusiastic admiration! One bee, then, watched by hundreds of her companions, begins the work. Clearing for herself a space, she gathers wax from her body, kneads it with her mouth, and then deposits it against the roof of the hive, thus laying the foundation of the waxen city. Then retiring, she leaves an example for her example; then, in succession, come a third, a fourth, and so on, till a block or wall of wax is formed. Then another band of sisters form the materials into a rough sketch of the dimensions and partitions of the cells. They adjust the angles, remove the impurities, add wax, and give the work its necessary perfection. A third band brings provisions to the labourers, who cannot leave their work. But no distribution of food is made to those whose charge, in collecting propolis and pollen, calls them to the field, because it is supposed they will take care of themselves; neither is any allowance made to those who begin the architecture of the cells. Their province is very troublesome, because they are obliged to level and extend, as well as cut and adjust, the wax to the dimensions required: but then they soon obtain a dismissal from their labour, and retire to the fields to regale themselves, and wear off their fatigue with a more agreeable employment. Those who succeed them draw their mouth, their feet, and the extremity of their body several times over all the work, and never desist till the whole is polished and completed; and as they frequently need refreshments, and yet are not permitted to retire, there are waiters always attending, who serve them with provisions when they require them. The labourer who has an appetite bends down his trunk before the caterer to intimate that he has an inclination to eat, upon which the other opens his bag of honey, and pours out a few drops; these may be distinctly seen rolling through the whole of his trunk, which insensibly swells in every part the liquor flows through. When this little repast is over the labourer returns to his work, and his body and feet repeat the same motions as before. The cells, which while building are of a dull white colour, in a few days become tinged with yellow, and from being brittle the combs become flexible. They are varnished off and strengthened, in fact, by the application of threads of propolis to the orifices and interior of the cells. La Pluche also noticed that our numerous drones grow stronger the oftener they change their inhabitants, while those of men sink with the earth on which they are built, or nod with age and bend from the perpendicular. Your lodgers damage everything, while with us each grub, prior to its metamorphosis into a nymph, fattens its skin to the partitions of its cell, thus strengthening the structure, and that without in the least disturbing the regularity of the figure.

But it is high time that I spoke of the drones—their idle life, their dreadful death. There are, Mirault tells you, not more than a hundred of them to seven or eight thousand working bees; but as they are of no use except as suitors to the queen, and as I marry and am widowed in one day, and never marry again, Mr. Darwin thinks them far too numerous. The drone, says Pluche’s prior, ears and retains all for its own benefit, and contributes nothing to the common stock. It lives in plenty, and never works nor wanders in the fields, but remains always in the air, and walks in full liberty round the hive. Now you yourselves hold, that if an individual will not work neither should he eat, and we never were of a contrary opinion: only in hives deprived of a queen, or in which her majesty lays only male eggs, are the drones allowed to exist after July or August (they are born in April or May), and then only because a fresh queen may require a husband. In our own hive last August the drones were chased about, and pursued to the bottom of the building, where they assembled in crowds. The workers darted upon them, seizing them by their antenna, their legs, and their wings, and killed them by violent strokes of their stings, which they generally inserted between the segments of the abdomen. The moment this fearful weapon entered the body the poor helpless creatures expanded their wings and expired. On the following day the work of slaughter was continued, our fury then being vented on those drones which had sought refuge with us from neighbouring hives. We are not Israelites, and we have no cities of refuge; neither are we Dahomans, keeping up our “annual customary” through delight in blood; but our murderous rules, like the bloody code of Draco, are admitted to be salutary, and at all events they work well.

I see, sir, that though not disgusted you show symptoms of being tired; and therefore, though I had many more things to say unto thee, I will draw to a close. But the miracles of our workmanship, the illustrations of our intelligence, the record of our battles, the proofs of our possession of language and memory, with a thousand other interesting and wondrous things, are not written in the Books of the Chronicles, by Swammerdam and Reaume, by Schirach and Huber, by Kirby and Spence, by Rennie, and other distinguished entomologists? Read and meditate, and admire the power and goodness of our common Creator!
CARD-BOARD MODELLING.

Perhaps there is not a more amusing mode of passing long winter evenings than modelling card-board churches and other buildings. We propose furnishing a few practical hints on the subject, in order that those who wish to avail themselves of the knowledge of card-board modelling may now be able to do so in a way which, if carried out, may, in time, enable the modeller to execute something worth looking at.

In the first place, the chief tools required are a small penknife, a pair of compasses, a square, a black-lead pencil, and a rule. As to the knife, it should always be kept very sharp and rather pointed ; the compasses should likewise be pointed. The square is, perhaps, the most useful of all the instruments; for, without it, the model would be out of all proportion. It is also of use in cutting out; as, if the modeller is not strong enough in his thumb and finger to use the rule, he may employ the square, as its triangular shape gives him more power over it than over a straight rule. The pencil should be a light one, and well pointed. The rule, about 18 inches long, one eighth of an inch thick, and half an inch broad, with one edge bevelled. It should be made of some hard wood, such as oak, ebony, or box; and without joints.

The best models for beginners are Saxon towers and Norman keeps, such as the White Tower at the Tower of London, on account of their being easy; for if you undertake too great a task at first, you are sure to fail, and will not be likely to care for modelling afterwards. When you have practised on the smaller scale, you will feel more confidence in undertaking more important tasks.

It is next necessary to obtain good drawings. First, obtain a drawing of the model, and from that make others to work from, such as the front, a side, and the back. Do this with the compasses, as the parts will not fit each other if they are not all quite accurate. Next, make a ground-plan of the model on card-board; and after drawing it out, which must also be done by compasses, rule, and pencil, cut it out to the pencil lines. Very good drawings of churches, &c., may be met with at waste-paper shops.

From the drawings already made, copy accurately on to the card-board, thus:—For a front or back, square two of the edges; then take the height from the bottom, A (Fig. 1), to the top, a, and breadth from b to c at bottom, and b to b at top. Next, with the compasses, mark to a certain distance from top n c to b c, to form the lower points of the roof. Then, take the half from n to b d, doing the same at bottom a a. Now, if you draw a line from c to d and d to e, in the direction indicated by the arrow, it will form the gable of the roof.

It is as well to draw a centre line from the half d at top to e at bottom, for a guide in drawing the windows, &c., which next do, this also being done with the compasses from the working drawing. In drawing a side it is best to proceed thus:—Having squared the card as before directed, divide it with the compasses both at top and bottom, in as many compartments as there are windows (see Fig. 2). Divide these compartments in half, drawing the lines as shown; after which draw the windows. After the design is drawn on the card you may proceed to cut it out, taking care, whether you use the square or rule, to keep the knife on the lines, and hold it so as not to cut the wood at the same time. Proceed thus with each side, taking particular care to have the corners square, the edges straight, and all parts exactly the proper height.

After cutting out the sides, windows, &c., you may proceed to place any mouldings or ornaments that may be required round the doors, &c. We shall speak of the external ornaments separately.
The best mouldings for the outside of windows are strips of card of a moderate width, according to the size of model, and as long as possible. In gumming these mouldings on the model, it is best to gum part of the edge of the strip and work it round one corner, and let it get dry before working round another. For windows that seem to have a continuation of mouldings inside, it is best to make one to fit behind the other. To give this effect, place the window or door on a piece of card, and draw your pencil round, and cut it out as you did the window, allowing a proportionate piece from the pencil-line to give the effect. Repeat it as many times as you require, always placing the piece last cut out on the cardboard. Fix them to the model thus:—Gum all the pieces together first, and then gum them behind the window or door, particularly noticing to have all of them placed one behind the other, so that they may all be of the same width throughout. For mouldings to go round the roof, it is best to gum two pieces of card together, one wider than the other. Cut the strips the exact length required, and then gum to the model. In cases where battlements surmount the walls, it is best to proceed thus:—Leave sufficient card above the windows of the outer wall to cut the battlements, divide into a proportionate number of parts with the compass, and draw a line from one end to the other, to enable you to have the bottom of the battlements all level. Having done this, cut them out and place another piece of card behind, on which mark out with the pencil a counterpart. Cut these out also. This will form the back wall of the battlements. Supposing the roof to be fixed at A (Fig. 3), on the outer wall, it will be necessary to cut sufficient off the counterpart to give it a rise above B equal to C. The battlements are fixed when the roof is in its place, thus:—The counterpart is gummed to the roof at D; next, cut some strips of card the width of the battlements from E to E, allowing sufficient for the thickness of the card composing the outer and inner wall or counterpart, as these strips will be gummed between them. Cut these in lengths that will fit in between the space, sloping the upper edge to equal the height at C and X, and gum them in their places. Next, cut some strips that will fit between the battlements as given in Fig. 4. Cut these into pieces, allowing sufficient to overhang the outer edge. Gum these in their place, and the battlements will be complete.

Now prepare some stiff gum, and take your ground-plan and gum the two sides close to it, gumming the bottom edge; and when these are perfectly dry, gum the front and back separately. Be particular to have all the corners, &c., meet exactly.

It is best to make the towers of one piece of card; and if the entire building be very small, you may also do it in the same way if the card will permit. If there be a tower in the model, it will be found sometimes best to gum it to the ground-plan before fixing the other parts. If there should be any corner mouldings up the tower, viz., from the top to the bottom, it is best to cut a piece of card half way through, bend it, and gum it down the corner. This also strengthens the junctions.

Having fitted it together, you may now proceed to roof it. If it be a gable roof, you had better take the length of one side from back to front, doing the same to the other side. Then take the length of one side of the triangle or gable, from the side to the centre at top, making a dot. Do this at the other end. Now take the length of the other side from the centre dot, making another where the compass again fails. This done, draw three lines down the card-board from the points; thus, from back to front, draw a square line at each end, and cut the square, leaving the centre line, which afterwards cut partly through and bend down. Place this on the top of the model, and you have the roof. Gum it on after you see it fits, but not before.

Roofing the tower is a somewhat harder task. If it be a flat roof, you must make a slight shelf round the inside of the tower, near the top, for it to rest on; and then cut a piece of card of the proper size, and gum it in its place. If pointed or with a steeple, cut as many pieces of pointed card (Fig. 5) as the roof or spire has sides, taking care to measure them accurately. Gum these to a piece of paper, making the points and edges to meet. This, when finished, will be like a fan. Cut off all the loose edges of the paper. After joining it, gum it to a piece of card the size of the top of the tower; observing, in gumming the parts, not to allow the gum to touch the outsides of the card-board, and also to keep it quite clean.

Various methods have been applied in colouring the outside of models, one of which is ricing them, that is, splitting rice and laying it over to represent rough stones. I would not recommend this way, as I should rather think it hid part of the mouldings. But it might answer in those that have little or no mouldings. If the model is intended to be kept white, it is best to lay carefully and thinly a mixture of whitening and water, made thin, as, by laying it thickly, you are running a risk of undoing the gum-work.

The roof you may colour with a mixture of whitening and Indian ink, made to whatever shade of slate you may require. But observe, when the mixture dries it will be lighter than when in its liquid state; therefore, try it before colouring the roof with it.
OUR SPHINX.

PUZZLES.

79. I am a word of two syllables; my first is a very
meaning animal; behead it, and you have a very
meaning animal; my second is a covering for a part of
the body, behead it, and you will have the disease
which is so fatal to young persons; my whole is a
word.

B. S. GODSON.

80. The ladies are sure to have my first,
Likewise the dashing swell,
No doubt somewhere about his clothes
To give them a fragrant smell;
My second is one of nature’s flowers,
A pretty little thing
Which doth show forth its tiny robes
In the sweet gentle spring;
My whole my second happens to be,
So try and solve this riddle for me.

J. PATTERSON.

81. I am a word of 11 letters; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is used
to draw my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12; my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, is an article of confection; if you get my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, washed down with my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, you will have a very good meal, and if you venture upon my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, you will never meet with my whole.

82. A man went to order his dinner, viz.:—The best part
of a man, the highest ornament of a woman, emption tart, and mock misery.

83. A clock is placed at the 4th part of the earth, and
is its removal to the 9th part of the earth, its time
is half an hour slow; what is the length of the pendulum?

84.—ENIGME.

Sans être dorin, la beauté
Eien souvent me consulte:
Lorsque je dis la verité,
Femme lade sinistre.
Sur le sein de plus d’un tendron
Je vois la rose naiite,
Et devant moi plus d’un bicorn
Singe le petit maître.
Ingrats amants, l’hiver s’enfuit;
Sous la feuille nouvelle,
Une onde claire vous sèduit;
Vous me quittes pour elle.
L’écho peut traiter vos soupirs,
Et moi je suis discrète,
L’épée peut chanter vos plaisirs,
Et moi je les répète.

85.—WORD SQUARE.

1. A substance made from cotton.
2. What the reader is.
3. Large freshwater fish.
4. To destroy.
5. What a tired man does.

ARCHIBALD D. DURANT.

86.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a house on fire like a pig in a parlour?
2. Why ought this Magazine to be a healthy one?
3. Which is the most dangerous tea?
4. Which tea do the people of England drink most of?
5. When is a greyhound not a greyhound?
6. Why does a scolding woman keep people at a distance?
7. Why is a donkey like a whirlpool?
8. When you paint a lady’s portrait, why are you the most cruel of mortals?

87.—ANIMALS ENIGMATI CALLICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A consonant, a vowel, a preposition.
2. Part of a harness, a lithe animal.
3. A river of England, a vowel, a consonant.
4. A liquid letter, a preposition, an explanation.
5. A vessel, four-fifths of an English adverb.

88.—FLOWERS ANAGRAMMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. I call a raceo.
2. E gain rum.
3. A! his cu.
4. Thus my Po.
5. One mean.

89.—ENIGMA.

1. My colours are many, and varied, and bright;
From darkest in colour to purest of white;
Of all in the heavens, the earth, and the sea,
Oh! nothing is equal in glory to me.

2. 'Fore man became ruler of this earthly sphere
In all its bright glory, my presence was here.
Oh! I am a blessing which man can never know
Till deprived of my presence—then anguish and woe.

3. If I from this world for ever had fled,
The “blackness of darkness” would reign in my
stead,
And nature would sleep nor awaken again,
And all man's great projects would be worthless
and vain.

BARTHOLOMEW O'CALLAGHAN (Clonbeor).

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

What is the best recipe for lemonade?—A lemon-
ade, composed of two bottles of champagne, one
bottle of saltwater, three pomegranates, three
lemons, and of sugar quantum sufficient, is a princely
beverage in hot weather, only care must be taken
that the perspiration is not thereby too much en-
couraged. I forward this more as a curiosity than anything else, thinking that it would amuse your reader; but the following is really a good cheap recipe:—Powdered sugar, 4 lbs.; citrus or tartaric acid, 1 oz.; essence of lemons, 2 drachms; mix well. Two or three teaspoonsful make a very nice glass of lemonade.

THE GHOST OF JONES'S UNCLE.

What is the origin of the words bachelor, beef-eater, colic, cookery, weathercock? Bachelor: Latin, bacchaleus; old French, bachelier, bachelier, bachier, new French, bachelier; Spanish, bachiller; Portuguese, bacharel; Italian, baccalare, baccalaurio, baccelliere. The original English sense of the word is little, small, young, from the Welsh, bach; Irish, beag, beg. Beef-eater is a corruption of the word butcherer, which means a keeper of the buffet or sideboard; so called because they were originally stationed at side-tables at solemn festivals.

Colic: French, colique; takes its name from Colicuit in Hindoostan, whence it was first imported. Cockney: old English, cockney, from cocken, coksgyne; French, cocagne, cocagne; Italian, cocagna, an imaginary country of idleness and luxury. Some derive it from the tale of a citizen's son who spoke of the neighing of a cock, but that derivation is very apocryphal. This nickname was bestowed upon Londoners probably on account of their being supposed to lead a less active life than country people. In old English poetry, the word seems to signify a cook:

"And yet I say, by my soul, I have no salt bacon, No no cokney, by Christe, coloppes to make.
"At that feast were they served in rich array; Every five and five had a cokney.

Weather-cocks are so called because they were originally made in the figure of a cock, turning on the top of a spire with the wind, and showing its direction.

G. ARTHUR GIBBS.

What is the origin of the word cockney?—A term of contempt for a Londoner, borrowed originally from the kitchen. A cock in the base Latinity was called cucinator and cucunarians; from either cockney, as Christe uses it in the "Reeve's Tale," might be derived,

"And when this jape is told another day, I shall be called a daff or a cokney."

In some rhymes ascribed to Hugh Bigot, which Camden published in his "Britannia," London itself appears to be alluded to under the name of Cockney,

"Were I in my castle of Buney, Upon the river Waveney, I would no care for the King of Cockney."

From Knight's Penny Cyclopaedia.

S. G. WILLS.

How to make ink?—A good black writing ink may be made of—water, 12 gallons; green sulphate of iron, 2 pounds: gum Senegal, 5 pounds; nut-galls, bruised, 12 pounds. Boil the nut-galls in three-fourths of the water, supplying the loss by evaporation, pour off the liquid, and leave it to settle. Dissolve the gum in a small quantity of hot water, strained and added to the decoction. The sulphate of iron is also separately dissolved, and well mixed with the other ingredients. A drop or two of cresyote will prevent mouldiness.

Yours truly, E. POULTNEY.

How to make ink?—Take 2 gallons of rain water and 1 pound of perch, let them infuse for a month, stirring them daily; then add 1 pound of green copperas, logwood chips, gum Arabic, and a gilt of brandy.

W. B. CAMERON.

The best and cheapest work on book-keeping, and its price.—The best that I know of is "Book-keeping by Single and Double Entry," published by W. and R. Chambers, containing 212 pages, and price 1s. 6d.

T. R. WALLER (Leeds) kindly sends the words of the Dulce Domum.

Conchamus, O sodales,
Eja, quid silentus?
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos domum,—
Dulce domum resonamus.

CHORUS.
Domum, domum, dulce domum,
Dulce domum resonemus.

Fingat quosque, ecce, felix,
Hora gaudio anima:
Post grave tedium
Aduentur optim.
Meta petita laborum.

Domum, &c.

Musa libris mitte fessas:
Mitte pensa dura:
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur usque:
Me mea mittito cura.

Domum, &c.

How to take rust off steel?—Dissolve 1 ounce of camphor in 1 pound of hog's tallow, take off the scum; mix as much black lead as will give the mixture an iron colour. Iron and steel goods, rubbed over with this mixture, and left with it on twenty-four hours, and then dried with a linen cloth, will keep clean for months. Valuable articles of cutlery should be wrapped in zinc foil, or be kept in boxes lined with zinc. This is at once an easy and most effective method.

The best and cheapest chemical cabinet, and its price.—Mr. Statham, of 111, Strand, has some very good ones at the following prices:—5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., and 1s. 1s. I can recommend the last two.

THE GHOST OF JONES'S UNCLE.

What is the best Natural History?—I think the best is Caserel's Popular Natural History, 4 vols., 8s. 6d. each; or 2 double vols., 15s. each. Caserel, Potter, and Galpin, Lodgate Hill, London, E.C.

The best mode of breeding silkworms!—The eggs are hatched by heat, placed in a room whose temperature on the tenth day is 82 degrees. When the eggs turn whitish, place over them pieces of clear muslin, on which place small twigs of mulberry. The worm soon leave the shell and cling to the mulberry leaves. Feed them with chopped leaves of the mulberry, and be sure their home is well ventilated. The worm moults three times. For them to form their cocoons they must have little artificial hedges. They will climb among these twigs and there spin.

W. F. DOCTOR.
security that none of them would revenge his death upon the person who might slay him, but that they would leave the matter to the soldiers. The youth himself must be well acquainted with the twelve books of poetry, and must be able to compose verses. He must run well, and defend himself when in fight. To try his activity he was made to run through a wood, imitating a start of a tree's breadth, the whole of the Fenians pursuing him; if he was overtaken, or wounded in the wood, he was refused as too sluggish and unskilful to fight with honour among such valiant troops. He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing upon it, must also be able to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees.

Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity. So long as these terms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the militia of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels, and enemies abroad. Goll McMorra had slain Flionn's father, Cumhail, in battle, and was Flionn's mortal enemy in early life; afterwards he made peace with him, and fought under him as chief-train of the Connaught Fenians. But the supremacy of the Cianna and Baolgea led to feats, and at last Flionn and his clan, defying the threats by which all the forces of Erin except those of the king of Munster, who took part with him, and suffered carnage in the battle of Cialain, wherein Osias Lon Osca and the King Charles fell by each other's hands. Flionn, who was absent, arrived only in time to close his grandson's eyes; and after this defeat, peace had no sweets for him, and war was his triumph. Flionn died; it is said, by the lance of an assassin. It is noticeable, however, that the Fenians were not confined to Erin. In the sixteenth poem on the Battle of Gallabra we read of the bands of the Fianna of Alban (Alban being the old name of Scotland north of the Frith of Forth and Clyde), and the supreme King of Bresten (Bresten, now southern Scotland, of which Dumfries, now Dumfartown, was the chief seat) belonging to the order of the Feinne of Alban; and also that "the Fianna of Lochlan were powerful." Now Lochlan was an ancient name for Germany north of the Ethne; but when the Norwegian and Danish classes passed in the ninth century they were called Lothianese, and the name of Lochlan was transferred to Norway and Denmark. It has been argued from this that the Fenians were not a militia of Gael, but a division of a race connected with the two races who are spoken of as having come in old time from Lochlan: namely, the Lothians, and the Danes. These are thought to have been some of the Celts who preceded the Germanic peoples now occupying the North German shore and Scandinavia. But how the Fenians of the present day claim the name passes all comprehension.

THOS. M'BUHNE.

What is the number of soldiers in the British Army?—The English army consists of 300,000 men. This does not include the Militia, 150,000; the Yeomanry Cavalry, 15,000; the Volunteers, 150,000; the outpensioners, &c., nor the natives forming part of the British army in India. The auxiliary troops, together with the regular army, amount to 700,000 men.

H. B. SBEATFIELD.

The manner in which plaster casts are made?—The manner in which plaster casts are made is as follows:—First there is the "moulding," and then "casting." "Moulding." You first of all oil the article from which you want to cast with oil, so as to prevent it keeping to the plaster. When this is done, mix the plaster with water, and put it on the article, which will in a very short time be hard; when hard, you must oil it with boiled oil, and let it remain still for two or three days. "Casting." In order to cast, you must take off the mould, and mix some plaster in the same manner you did before, then put the plaster inside the mould, which will soon be dry as before; you then take it out of the mould, put on a store to harden, and then your cast is complete. You can cast as many from the mould as you wish.

When were bricks first made?—Bricks were first noticed in the building of the Tower of Babel. "And they said one to another, We will go to let us make bricks, and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and lime had they for mortar." The Greeks used this material. Among the Romans, sun-dried or sun-burnt bricks came into use during the republican form of government, and burnt or baked bricks about the time of Julius Caesar. Alfred the Great first recommended the use of brick to the English people in the construction of their houses; but these were thin, and were called wall tiles. The present mode of making bricks was invented by Sir Nicholas Crisp, in the reign of Charles I., when the size was fixed.

W. G. FOLLETT.

How to obtain the skeletons of animals, besides putting the animal into an ant-hill?—The best methods of doing so are by maceration by cold water, by maceration by a dilute solution of lime and water, and by boiling in water till clean. At the outset it may be necessary to mention that in the above-mentioned methods, the bones should previously be cleared of all the soft parts as much as possible, by dissection. The first method, maceration by cold water, is the most satisfactory, though it is by far the most tedious method. It simply consists in keeping the bones immersed in cold water till clean, taking care to change the water pretty frequently. The next method is the same as the first, with the exception that a little lime is added to the water. This is not nearly so tedious as the first method. If the solution is not pretty dilute, there is a danger of the bones being injured by the lime. The last-mentioned method, viz., that of boiling the bones till clean, does exceedingly well. The bones will become clean after boiling for seven or eight hours, and in some cases in a great deal less time.

W. B. L. L.

When was London first supplied with water by means of leaden pipes?—Thames-water was carried into almost every house in the city of London, by means of leaden pipes, in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

J. C. SPANSWICK.

The meaning of the word "beef-eaters," and why it is applied to the men who precede her Majesty on state occasions?—Henry VII. appointed a royal bodyguard at his coronation, consisting of fifty footmen, each 6 feet high, who were required to attend the king both at home and abroad. As these yeomen attended the buffet they royal sideboards were called "buffetiers," afterwards corrupted into beef-eaters.

W. B. JOHNSON.

To preserve the teeth in good condition, and to prevent their decaying, the following treatment is recommended:—Clean them thoroughly every morning with pure medicinal or Castile soap, using a hard penetrating brush; a little fine pumice-stone powder may be used in addition not oftener than once a fortnight. As soon as the slightest symptom of decay shows itself, let the spot and parts surrounding be well rubbed by means of a small piece of soft wood, shaped to itself to the form of the tooth, the wood to be previously wetted and dipped in pumice-stone powder. This should be done at least once a week. In case of caries occurring between the teeth, a thin India-rubber band pared in the same manner may be easily introduced, when it should be drawn rapidly to and fro. Should the teeth have commenced to "shell away," go at once to a good dentist, and have it stopped. Where the gums are disposed to recede or be spongy, tincture of myrrh and boric, as sold by the chemists, is the remedy indicated.

How to get quit of blackbeetles?—The following I know to be a simple but efficacious trap, and I can strongly recommend it:—On going to rest at night,
OUR SPHINX.

take a basin and fill it with beer or any malt liquor, about half-full. Put it on the floor where the beetles are most numerous, and take about six pieces of clubwood, put one end of each on the floor, and rest the other end against the basin, so that the pieces slant from the floor to the basin, and are secured by their own weight; leave it thus, and in the morning you will perhaps find a hundred in the beer. The way they are caught is this. The beetles running backwards and forwards on their nocturnal promenades, are attracted by the smell of the liquor, and being very fond of it, they climb up the pieces of stick, and reach the top of the basin, and then shoot downwards into the beer. When they escape, they are drowned in the beer. I have seen two or three hundred caught in this way.

W. SINGLETON.

How many changes can be rung on a set of eight bells?—The following method will serve to ascertain the number of changes that can be rung on any number of bells. Suppose the bells to be consecutively numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., the numbers multiplied together will produce the number sought. Hence:—$1 \times 2 \times 3 \times 4 \times 5 \times 6 \times 7 \times 8 = 40,320$, the number of changes that can be rung upon eight bells.

W. SINGLETON.

Who was the first to invent glass?—I was reading yesterday how man became acquainted with the beautiful discovery of glass. I will give you the account as I read it in a mercurial man made it known to some merchants in Syria, who were shipwrecked on that shore; they found a plant called Kall, they used it for making a fire on the ground, and the ashes mixing with the sand produced this beautiful substance. It was not transparent, it was more like what we call enamel, being perfectly opaque, and varying much in colour. It has been found in the Egyptian tombs, and other buildings of remote antiquity, which are to be seen in the British Museum at the present day. It has not made transparent till several centuries afterwards, and who the discoverer was is unknown. The Emperor Nero paid a sum of money nearly equal to $200,000 sterling for two small cups of transparent glass.

How to get quit of rats?—Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit; introduce an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof spirit or whisky, cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150 degrees, taking it at the same time out of the water, and agitate smartly till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. This liquid, boiled down, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again, for none of it enters into the combination, but it merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and diffuses it in very fine particles through the lard. This compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured into a mixture of wheat flour and sugar, incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with oil of rhodium, or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with oil of aniseed, &c. This dough, being made into pellets, is to be laid in rats' holes. By its luminousness in the dark it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proved certainly fatal.

E. JOHN DUNGATE.

What is the golden number for this year, the dominical letter, and is there any rule for finding the same?—To every day in the year is attached one of the first seven letters, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, namely, a to the 1st of January, b to the second, c the third, and so on. The consequence is, that all days which have the same letter fall on the same day of the week. The dominical letter for the year is the letter on which all the Sundays fall. Thus the 1st of January, 1854, being Sunday, the dominical letter for 1854 is A. In a common year the first and last days have the same letter, whence the dominical letter for the succeeding year is one earlier in the list, that is, the dominical letter for 1855 is E. But in leap year, the 29th of February has no letter attached to it. When every leap year has two dominical letters, the first for January and February, and the second for all the rest of the year, the second one being earlier than the first. The following will now be easily understood:—Each year is followed by its dominical letter; 1853 A, 1854 B, 1855 C, 1856 D, 1857 E, 1858 F, 1859 G, 1860 H, 1861 A, 1862 B, 1863 C, 1864 D, 1865 E, 1866 F, 1867 G, 1868 H, 1869 A. By a properly constructed table the dominical letter for any year may be found, and also upon what day of the week any given day falls.—English Cyclopaedia.

G. DAY.

How to make birch beer?—Gather in June or July the middle bark of the holly, and boil it for seven or eight hours in water, or until it becomes quite soft and tender. Then drain the water off, and place it in a heap in a pit underground (on layers of beeswax), and cover it with stones. Here it should be left to ferment for two or three weeks, until it assumes a mucilaginous state. Next pour it into a mortar, until reduced to a uniform mass, then seal it with the hands in running water, say under a pump, until all the refuse matter is worked out. Lastly, place it in an earthen vessel, and just cover it with water. In this state it may be preserved from season to season. If any of it stick to the hands, it may be removed by means of a little oil of lemon or turpentine.

E. JOHN DUNGATE.

What is the Recorder of London?—One of the justices of Oyer and Terminer, and a justice of the peace of the county, for the preservation of the peace and government of the city, and, being the mouth of the city, he delivers the sentences and judgments of the courts therein, and also certifies and records the city council, &c. He is chosen by the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and attends the business of the city on any warning by the Lord Mayor, &c.

THOMAS M'CURIE.

The best treatment for Rheumatica?—I have been a great sufferer myself, and have tried a great many things to get rid of them, but the best treatment I know of is the following:—Procure half a quart of best gin at the spirit stores, a rod of horse-radish, which can be obtained at almost any greengrocer's shop, or, if living in the country, it can be got in the fields. Scrape the horse-radish into small pieces, and place in a bottle, add the gin to it, and cork it down; when wanted, take a little out, and rub it smartly on the places affected. The longer it is kept corked down the stronger it is. I have tried a great many things, but I find this the best.

CHARLES HUGHES.

The best and cheapest work on book-keeping, and its price?—The best and cheapest work on book-keeping I have seen is published by W. and R. Chambers, price 2s., may be had of all booksellers. Here the principles of book-keeping are exhibited, not by means of abstract rules, but by examples of the various transactions common in actual business, and will serve, in some measure, as a guide to the counting-house.

E. JOHN DUNGATE.

How to make Chinese fire?

Parts by weight.

Sulphur ..... 8
Nitrate of strontia ..... 12
Chlorate of potash ..... 30
Chlorate of potash ..... 12
Sulphur ..... 20
Chalk ..... 7
Chlorate of potash ..... 16
Sulphur ..... 30
Sulphur ..... 10
Charcoal ..... 1
Origin of the British navy!—It is well known that Alfred the Great built the first fleet of galleys for the Anglo-Saxons; and, at various times since, formidable fleets have been prepared by kings for special occasions. But these only lasted for a time, were badly managed, and had no public fixed regulations. The date of the commencement of the Royal or British navy may, therefore, be placed at 1512, when the first navy-office was established, with commanders to manage naval affairs, and a number of stout ships of war began to be permanently kept on foot by the Crown. H. C.

When were bricks first made?—Bricks for building were used in the earliest times in Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

Who was the Man with the Iron Mask?—A mysterious prisoner in France, wearing a mask, and closely confined under M. de St. Mars at Pignerol, St. Marguerite, and afterwards at the Bastile. He was of noble mine, and was treated with profound respect, but his keepers had orders to despatch him if he uncovered. Various conjectures have been made as to who he was. Some said that he was the Comte de Vermandois, son of Louis XIV., although he was reported to have been slain in the castle of Diamant. Others say that he was the celebrated Duke of Bourbon, whose head is recorded to have been taken off before Candia; while more assert that he was the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who, in the imagination at least of the Londoners, was executed on Tower-hill. He is also said to have been a son of Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XII., his father being Cardinal Mazarin (to whom that dowager queen was privately married), or the Duke of Buckingham. Another version is that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV., whose birth was concealed to prevent civil dissensions in France, which it might one day have caused. The mask died after a long imprisonment, Nov. 14, 1703. —Haydn's Dictionary of Dates. H. C.

Who are the Mormons? What is their belief? What is the derivation of the words, duke, earl, marquis, lord, baronet, and esquire, and what is the distinction between them? Where can I obtain gold-beater's skin? What is the Irish tradition of the banshee? How to make a loud tree? What is the pay of a civil engineer in the navy? Which is the best and cheapest book for learning the rudiments of the Sanscrit and Hindostane languages?

Does the Government grant free passages to young men proceeding to India to join the Indian police, and what is their examination? When will the next Royal Agricultural Society's examination be held?

What is the value of a Queen Anne halfcrown of the year 1722? S. G. WILLS. How to test gold? How to keep pigeons? How to hatch bird's eggs? The best way to clean oil paintings. How to keep rabbits? What is the date of the earthquake at Lisbon? How to stuff birds? When was the Pretender in Derby? When was coal found? A good translation of the Adelphi, and the price? What was the Times newspaper established? How to do the Davenport Rope Trick, and the Indian Basket Trick? How to electrolyte? Describe the apparatus, and give the price? What are the subjects for the matriculation examination at all the English universities, and the proportion of marks you must get in each subject to pass?

What is Spiritualism? A good book on magnetism; also on electricity, with their prices? Give a good definition of heat, and state your authority?

When the House of Commons divides on any subject, and the House is cleared, are the reporters turned out? A few subjects suitable for debating in a large debating society?

Where was Henry I., King of England, educated? Who was the first Speaker of the House of Commons, and in whose reign was he appointed?

Who was Martin Luther, and in what year was he born? When was the battle of the Nile fought, and by whom?

How to make the magic photographs? The cheapest edition of Oliver Twist? The best spirit for burning in spirit lamps?

Answered by

CHARLES P. HOOKER.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLES IN No. 20.

51.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

15·5·8·4·8·3·2

Charade

23·6·14·10·4·9·21·10·8·20·4·10·19·5·21

my...f...i...r...t...i...s. bright

23·6·9·2·15·7·11·3·9·16·10·19·5·21

my...s...e...c...o...n...d...i...g...l

23·6·12·5·7·16·2·10...12·2·2·11

my...w...h...o...l...e...i...w...n

8·21...2·7·2·3·10·9...9·2·2·11

a...t...e...c...e...i...s...s...e...n
FULL RENDEERING.
My first is bright,
My second is light,
My whole I ween.
At eve is seen.

52.—PUZZLE.
16·10·7·17·8·9
zenith
8·9·6·12·15·4
8·9·6·12·15·4
1·19·10·10
Thomas bell
4·10·13·9·6·14
4·10·13·9·6·14
3·19·2·5·13·7
seahog yeoman
11·10·15·4·8
11·10·15·4·8
18·13·14
yeast nag
7·19·10·4·6·13
7·19·10·4·6·13
1·13·10·10·2·6·18,
Nelson balloon
10·17·14·9·8·18·17·7·14
10·17·14·9·8·18·17·7·14
8·9·17·12·1·10·19
lightning thimble
12·2·8·9
12·2·8·9
moth
Boy's Monthly Magazine.

53.—PROBLEM.
A city large had x benches.
The number of bargemans was = 2 x.
Gentlemen were 4 x.
Ladies were 4 x + 4 x + 1.
Turtles = 2 x + 2
Wine = 8 x + 12 x + 6 x - 360,
8 x + 12 x + 6 x - 360 = x
8 x + 12 x + 6 x - 360 = 8 x + 8 x + 2 x,
4 x + 4 x = 360
x = 90

8 x + 12 x + 6 x - 360 = 360 + 1 = 361
x = 90

x = 90

61.—NUMBERED CHARADE.
Edward II. called the Martyr.
Corfe-Castle.
In Dorsetshire.
His step-mother Elfride.
To get her son Ethelred II. on the throne.
A.D. 979.

OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

The following subjects are still open to competition:—
8. Memoir of Sir Christopher Wren, with a list of his principal works. (Essays to be sent in not later than Aug. 1.)
9. Practical Hints on the Training of Singing-Birds. (Essays to be sent in not later than Sept. 1.)
10. Shakespeare's "Henry V." related in prose. (Essays to be sent in not later than Oct. 1.)
11. How to make all sorts of Fireworks. (Essays to be sent in not later than Nov. 1.)
12. Ancient Christmas Customs. (Essays to be sent in not later than Dec. 1.)

No competitor is eligible above the age of eighteen.
The name, address, and age of the writer must in all cases be given in full, and written distinctly on the first page of the Essay.
A Prize of Books to the value of One Guinea will be presented to the successful Competitor.
SHOT AND SHELL.

A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XV.

In which we see the finish, almost, of our dockyard work, and are lodged in a monastery. Our fiery trial, and what came of it. Begging friars. The holy shrine of Gibraltar.

The monsters of the deep that were to carry destruction into the midst of our own countrymen, I and Jack Strap helped to build. Sometimes I used to stop, hammer in hand, and say to myself,—

"You're a nice boy, you are; your country has cause to be proud of you. Why, here you are sweating and toiling for her foes. You deserve to be hanged at the yard-arm, and begged round the fleet afterwards."

But of course when Jack and I talked the matter over,—though, mind you, we had very little opportunity of doing so,—the whole thing was of another colour.

"Betraying your country?" says Jack; "not a bit of it. You are betraying her enemies, that is what you are after; and jolly well every man Don of them deserves it. It bothers me," Jack would often add, in a contemplative way, "it bothers me,—it do, indeed,—what Providence could a—been a-thinking of when He made Spaniards. An Englishman is good for everything; a Scotchman has good stuff in him; an Irishman has the very devil of pluck in him; even a Mosoo is not without a bit of true bravery,—not much, you know, yet still a little; but a Spaniard is good for nothing! Now, why could not Providence have made us all English? I don't believe the chaplain could tell us why."

"Perhaps," said I, "if we were all English, we should want somebody to fight; there would be nobody to lick, you know, for it would be no use licking ourselves."

I remember very well putting this to Jack; and he paused to think about it, saying at last,—

"Well, now, you may be right; I never thought of that!"

I.

It was clearly understood between us that we were to keep our eyes and ears open to everything that was going on around us. And we did. We picked up a trifle here and a trifle there, and by dove-tailing them together got at a very good rough notion of the plan of attack. When things had proceeded so far that a few hours might suffice to put the armada in motion, our time came for action.

"What's the next step, Jack?"

"To step off."

"But how to do it."

"The same way as we came," said he; "over-land."

"When?"

"Well, to-night, I reckon, if the coast is clear."

But the coast was not clear; and instead of getting off in one direction, we found ourselves off in exactly the opposite way.

It wanted about an hour to sunset, when the hands were still busy at work, that a gaily-dressed young officer was seen fluttering about, as if something important was going to happen. We soon found out what it was. The English prisoners were all to be marched off, and the dockyard work finished by other hands.

Of course there was no use resisting. If Jack and I had tried it on we should have filled two holes before morning; so we submitted with the best grace we could.

They marched us off under a strong guard to as rascally a gaol as ever I saw in my life, and there they locked us up in couples, two in a cell. The gaol I soon found was a disused monastery, and the cells into which we were thrust had been the cells of the old monks. I had often heard tell about how jolly they were in monasteries—what a merry time the fat priests had of it; but if I was to judge by the accommodation afforded us, I should be inclined to say the friars were much maligned. The place was miserably dirty, and the fleas—
and Spanish fleas are not to be despised—were consummately hungry. They would have kept us awake if nothing else would.

As good luck would have it, Jack and I were in the same cell. We had not spoken a word to one another on this march, and those who had us in charge never suspected that we were particular chums.

When we were left alone, Jack and I began to look about us. What was to be done? Clearly the first thing to be done was to find out what sort of place we were in. There was not too much light to help us, but we made the best of it, and found our cell to be about eight feet by ten, six feet—not more—in height, with a small window at one end, and the door by which we had entered at the other. There was some straw on the floor, and an iron crucifix on the wall; besides these there was a pitcher of water—nothing else of any kind—except the fleas.

We found the window guarded by iron bars, but these it was not difficult to remove. They were easily and without noise wrenched out, all except the centre one, which defied our united power to shake it. Looking out of the window we saw below, at a depth of not more than ten feet, a deserted garden, and within an enclosure at the further end, a number of mounds marked with white crosses. This was no doubt the burial-place of the old monks. It was plain to us that could we but reach the garden, escape would be tolerably certain; always supposing the ground itself was not vigilantly watched. It was tantalizing. There was liberty, and here were we with nothing but one iron bar between us and that for which we panted. The aperture which formed the window was small. It would be a tight squeeze for us to go through it when it was all open; with the iron bar in the centre it was simply impossible.

How Jack wrenched at it with his strong hands! and—ah me!—how grimly he swore at the smith and the stonemason! I had to keep on the listen while he was making his most vigorous efforts, lest we should be surprised.

"We shall never do it," he said; "here we are—here we stop."

"Don't you think, Jack, we can manage to crawl through?"

"Don't you think," he answered rather more sharply than he was accustomed to do—

"Don't you think we had better creep through the crevice under the door?"

I was silent; then Jack, sitting down on the floor to rest—it was dark now, and I could not see him, but felt him do it—spoke a little more kindly. "Come, lad, it may perhaps be done by you. You're not so stout as I am, and maybe, at a pinch, you might squeeze through. Lookye, lad, 'tis but to try."

"But I won't leave you."

"Leave me! If you get off, that's all I care for: they will get the news at Gibraltar."

I stripped off my jacket, and I made an effort to get through. I got my head through, but found it was useless trying to get any further. I struggled and struggled all in vain, so at last I twisted myself back again.

"No luck, mate," said Jack. "Well, we must bear it, and see what comes of that. Howsomever, I am going to have another pull at this bar, and if that don't succeed it's all over."

He had another pull at the bar, and very attentively I listened while he was at it. I suppose it was because I was listening so attentively—all ears, as one may say—that I heard a whispering voice just outside our cell door.

"Englishmen," said the voice, "look to yourselves, for the gaol's on fire! Press hard on the cross."

I would swear I had heard the voice before, I would swear it was a woman's voice.

Instantly I reported what I had heard to Jack. He could scarcely credit it; but as it in confirmation of, at all events, one part of my statement, a light smoke penetrated into our prison, and we felt the miserable sense of suffocation coming over us.

Thicker and faster came the smoke.

"Boy, they have done for us!" Jack said so.

"Not so," said I, "we'll be even with them yet."

At that moment a bright light shone on the garden and the graveyard, and with the roar of the fire came a cry like that of the yell of wild beasts.

"Press hard on the cross," said the voice.

"Ay, ay!" said Jack, "that's good advice. We are dying men, mate, and that's our hope."
He was sitting on the straw—I could see him by the fitful light of the fire—and his head was bent on his breast.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried I, "this is terrible!"

"It will be over soon, mate—quiet—quiet—there is nothing for it but to die. 'Press hard on the cross!'"

"Jack," said I, "I am sure the voice never meant what you mean;" and as I spoke the light of the fire played on the iron crucifix, and made it seem as if it moved. I stepped hastily towards it, pressed hard on it with all my strength, and the door of our cell grated on its hinges and opened for our escape. I caught hold of Jack's hand and dragged him up; he was half choked with the smoke.

Away we went down the passage and down a flight of stone steps. There we found ourselves in a sort of vestibule, with three doors opening into it. We tried one; it was locked.

We tried another, and came into a room where a whole lot of priests' frocks and crowls and beads, and the rest of it, were hanging up. A sudden thought occurred to Jack.

"Let's clap on a suit a piece," said he, "it may help us in the long run."

I did not see the force of it myself, but I obeyed his instruction, and in something less than it takes to explain it Jack Strap and I were cowed monks, trying the third door, and finding it open to our hand.

Two soldiers were on duty outside, they made way for us with grave reverence; and doing exactly what I saw Jack do, I spread out my fingers and grunted in my throat.

We were now in a long corridor, less interrupted by the smoke, but the flashes of red light fell across our path through the openings high up in the wall of the passage. Terrible cries, too, were those we heard—shrieks for mercy, cries of despair, howls like those of infuriated animals, oaths, prayers, curses, entreaties, rising high above the roar of the fire as the flames leapt high above the house. It was a terrible sight. We knew nothing of the road we were taking, but rushed on in hope of finding the means of escape.

At the end of the corridor was a short flight of broad shallow steps; just as we reached them, up there came a figure that I recognised immediately as that of Guatetlama. At any other moment I might have been inclined to seize hold upon him, and I am sure Jack Strap would have been of my opinion; now, however, we were only too anxious to escape notice, we crept under the shadow of the wall, and with a reverence such as the soldiers had made to us, he allowed us to proceed.

We watched him as he sped along the corridor, his progress marked to us by the appearance of his figure in the blaze of red light which checked the darkness of the corridor as with stains of blood.

When he was gone we descended the steps, and, turning to the right, were met by a delicious cool breeze, which showed us plainly we were in the open air.

The door led into the garden—the garden we had seen from our prison window. We crossed it hastily, entered the enclosure where the monks lay buried, and turned for a moment to gaze upon the scene of devastation from which we had just escaped. It was an awful spectacle. From every window in the building, so far as we could see, tongues of flame were leaping; the sky itself seemed red hot. The cries of those within the building came sharp and clear. There was nothing we could do to help them. We stood in silence.

"Heaven help them," said Jack, at last, and hearty was my Amen.

Then we crossed the graveyard, flitting over it, and looking, I dare say, if any body had seen us, as if we were two of the dead monks come to life again, aghast at the scene of destruction, and uncertain whether the end of the world had come.

An unfastened gate led from the graveyard into a narrow lane, and the lane into a broad country road. We did not stop an instant, but hastened forward, thankful enough to have escaped with our lives, and not over careful which way we took, so long as it led us away from the scene of our late imprisonment. When we had placed at least five miles between us and our gaoler's we sat down to rest.

The stars were shining in the sky bright and clear, but the dull red light in the horizon showed us still where the fire was raging.

We were very tired, and sat there by the wayside longer than we intended. A figure flitted by us—we sat there half asleep and half awake—and a voice called to us "Hasten!"
We rose up, endeavouring to overtake the person who had thus warned us, but our efforts were in vain; so we plopped on together till daylight, and found ourselves near a village.

We did not enter, but seeing a labouring man coming towards us, boldly asked for bread and water. Bowing before us, he entreated us to follow him to the house of the Brothers of St. Iago. This we refused, saying we were begging friars on pilgrimage, and must neither eat nor rest beneath a roof until we had accomplished our vow.

This declaration on our part evidently increased the man’s respect for us. He gave us his own rations, and we gave him our blessing.

And heartily enough we breakfasted, I remember, on his black bread, onions, and sausage, and washed it down with water from the stream.

We stuck to the story of being begging friars on pilgrimage throughout our journey, and it lasted us three days. Many a good laugh we had at the reverence which was paid to us, and how little the good people, who were ready enough to supply our simple wants, guessed that our holy shrine was the Rock of Gibraltar.

Two or three times we were in a sad plight and almost gave ourselves up for lost, but we faced everything and everybody, knowing they could but hang us if they found all out, and, as Jack said, there are worse deaths than hanging. One of our chief difficulties was to find our way; but we managed very luckily to fall in with a countrywoman who was going to see her sons and carry them some provisions, and her sons were serving in the trenches.

When we came near the trenches we gave the good woman our blessing, and taking the road that skirted, without touching, the Spanish lines, found our way into the mountains, and, Oh joy to us both! were at last challenged by an English sentry.

We told him who we were, but he doubted our story; and so, to have our joke out, we let him fire his piece and summon the guard. Of course we were arrested, some mock compliments being made to our holy office, and, in the centre of a laughing group of soldiers, quizzing the padrones all the way, were taken before the officer in command.

Once in his presence, we in all senses threw off all disguise.

He questioned us very closely, and finding method and connection in our story, sent us on, after reassuring us, to the Governor’s quarters. And before the Governor—brave old Elliott himself—we narrated all we knew about the projected attack of the Spaniards.

Modesty forbids me putting down here all the kind things the good old man said to me. Of Jack he spoke in the very highest terms, and promised to do something for both of us that should make us feel we were not forgotten.

The information we were able to give was laid before a council of officers, and preparations made, accordingly, to meet the intended attack.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which the floating batteries and the allied fleets make their concentrated attack on the Rock of Gibraltar. A long day’s fight. The signals of distress.

And the attack was made within a few hours.

On the morning of the thirteenth of September, the signal was given of the enemy’s approach, and we saw the huge leviathans shortly afterwards moving heavily towards us.

The whole fleet came up without us offering the least opposition or firing a single gun.

The Spanish Admiral moored his ship certainly within nine hundred yards of the King’s Bastion. The other vessels took up their positions to the right and left of the flagship. Everything was done in the most orderly manner. There was no hurry, no confusion; and we let them do it. They might have seen the curious spectators watching them; perhaps they did see us, and felt that we were all doomed men. Meanwhile we were getting our “roasted potatoes” ready.

When the Admiral’s ship, having got into her right position, dropped anchor, it was just a quarter to ten, and the signal was given to commence firing.

On my conscience, the old rock seemed to tremble at the first salute. It was awful; it seemed as if certain destruction must follow immediately. But before the sound had died
away or the smoke cleared, the Dons and Mosoos hurled back their answer in a sheet of flame.

There was no slackness on our part; again our guns thundered, again the floating batteries answered us with a shower of shot and shell.

I had been posted in the King's Battery, with directions to keep a keen eye on the fire of the allies, and I was able to do it so well, thanks to a pretty steady nerve, that I got my nickname for that day's work. I could see by the range of the coming missile what was its nature; and whenever it was shot I called out shot, as I found my old schoolfellow was doing in respect to shell. This timely warning of what was coming was of great advantage to those in the batteries, and so we were afterwards known by the names I have taken for the title of this true story—Shot and Shell.

It is nonsense for me to say I never saw anything like that bombardment before,—the oldest veteran there had never seen its equal; but I may say that I never ever heard of its equal since. It put me more in mind, if I may say so, of a very grand display of fireworks on a scale such as was never seen, nor could be. Through the dense dark smoke, which soon enveloped both ships and rock, we could see the shot and shell—blazing balle and lines of fire—crossing and recrossing each other in every direction. Now and again a body of flame—a pyramid of fire—shot into the air, and high above the roar of the cannon rose the cheers of the British tar.

This fierce cannonade was continued for hours, and when it slackened for a little, and we could see the outline of the enemy's ships, it was plain enough that the floating batteries were still uninjured. Our thirty-two pounders could make no impression on their sides, and from their Noah's-ark-like tops our shells rebounded, and fell hissing hot into the water.

Now and again the cry was raised that the batteries were on fire. But the Spaniards bestirred themselves, and put out the flames.

We began to try our roasted potatoes at twelve o'clock, and by two had them in full play. About this time also the Spaniards, who had all the morning been pitching both their shot and shell too high, got their exact range, and began to play mischief with us.

The enemy’s land batteries were in full action, but we let them alone, confining all our civilities to those thundering Leviathans, spitting fire at us from every port-hole.

Many a sad casualty I saw while the cannonade was at its height,—many a brave fellow ate his breakfast for the last time that morning,—many a stout, hearty chap was crippled for life. We got off the wounded as best we could, and let the dead remain where they were; or, in some instances, where they were very much in the way, committed them to the deep. Our hands were fully busy with the guns. We centred all our force on the floating batteries—and the batteries floated still. I began to curse my folly that I had lent a hand in making them, as if that had anything to do with it! As to the ordinary vessels, we snapped their masts and riddled their sails, and did them plenty of damage; but the floating batteries seemed, indeed, as D'Arçon had declared them to be, fire-proof, shell-proof, shot-proof—proof against even British pluck and British gunnery!

All through the day we kept up this cannonade, all through the day the Spaniards kept up their fire. The sun went down and left us still fighting; the dark night was turned into bright day by our fire, which kindled several of the Spanish ships into a flame. It was a terrific spectacle, the ships looking as though they were so many fiery demons walking on the water and rejoicing in the scene of destruction.

It was past midnight when the news spread through our lines that our fire had at last taken effect, and that the batteries were useless. This was speedily confirmed. They ceased to answer our salutes, and we saw several rockets shoot up into the air as signals of distress.
THE SIGHTS OF WOOLWICH.

WHEN Britannia began to rule the waves, one of the first things to be done was to fix upon proper nurseries for her fleets. Casting her eye about to find some suitable spots, she speedily discovered that Woolwich offered many advantages. It was near the metropolis, on the highway to the sea, sufficiently distant from its borders to be free from attack, and yet close enough to send supplies in a very short time down to the ocean. So Woolwich became a royal dockyard, and King Harry the Bluff built there that wonderful man-of-war, the Henri Grâce à Dieu. Great was the stir she made when committed to the Thames. The largest ship ever known up to that time, she was a nine days’ wonder and something more. Probably she would excite quite as much wonderment, could she make her appearance in the river now; but it would be astonishment of another kind.

But the dockyard at Woolwich soon began to turn out something destined to do better service than the ship with the gigantic sides and the long name. Here were reared some of those stout little vessels which, under Drake and Hawkins, hung on the flank of the Armada and stung it to despair. Here, too, were equipped those early discovery ships which, under men like Frobisher and Raleigh, were to open up new countries to the world, and widen the dominions of the crown. Later on, Woolwich took its part in the supply of fleets for the gallant Nelson and his companions; and at the present day it has furnished many a stout three-decker and equipped many an iron-clad, of which the world may bear more anon.

But there is an Arsenal at Woolwich in addition to the Dockyard; though this is of much later date. How it came there is a somewhat curious matter. One hundred and fifty years ago there was great to-do in the royal foundry at Moorfields, concerning the recasting of some cannon which had been taken from the French by the Duke of Marlborough. A great many persons of distinction had been invited down to witness the event, and altogether there were a large number of people, workmen and spectators, on the ground. Among the latter was a young German named Schalch, who had just completed his apprenticeship, and was on his travels, according to the custom of his land. It presently struck Schalch, who was looking with all his eyes, that there was a something wrong. He detected the presence of some moisture in the moulds in which the cannon were to be cast, and this, he knew, would generate steam, and an explosion would immediately ensue. “Look out! b” cried Schalch to the bystanders, and, as well as he could, he tried to impress their danger upon them. But he was disregarded; surely the authorities must know better than he; and what harm in a drop of water? Schalch went to the authorities themselves, or at least to their officers in charge, but with a like result. Then he thought it time to move himself off, with his friends.

Presently a tremendous explosion started the whole city; it had happened as Schalch had foretold. The foundry was torn almost to pieces; many persons were killed, and a large number injured. The young German had proved his knowledge and science to be far beyond that of the Government officials, so they advertised for him, found him, and offered to place him in charge of a new foundry, the site to be selected by himself. The offer was gladly accepted, and Schalch selected Woolwich for the spot. The Arsenal then soon began to grow alongside of the Dockyard.

Meditating over this little history, we find our way one morning towards the town of Woolwich, with the design to see all that is to be seen there. We make our way first to the Dockyard gates, and find no difficulty in gaining admittance. Two constables at the door politely tell us to pass through, making sure in the first instance that we are not a foreigner come to spy out the land. We pass the officers’ quarters, and come at once to the smiths’ shops, where all the iron work is prepared for ship-building purposes. Heaps of old iron lay about here, ready to be cast into the furnaces, then after a time to be withdrawn, and submitted to the manipulation of the ponderous hammers of the shop, and to come forth fit for anything. It is the King of All the Hammers you see before you now—Nasmith’s steam hammer, which will break a bar of cold iron
as thick as a man's wrist, or crack a nut with such delicacy that the kernel shall remain uninjured. The rough and heavy iron work is done in this shop; in the next, two or three score of smiths labour, each with his own hammer and anvil.

From the preparation of the iron we pass to that of the wood from which our vessels are to be made. In the yard are huge piles of timber, with saw-mills of all kinds, adapted to every variety of work. Here are the horizontal saw, the vertical saw, the circular saw, with others of the family, which, by the aid of steam, cut, slice, and curve oak, elm, and deal, with somewhat more ease than a boy would carve an apple.

We pass a number of warehouses and workshops, and find our way down to the "slips," as the frames are called on which the vessels are built. There is a frigate building at the present time, and a 90-gun ship, which, we are told, has been a long while on the stocks. Probably its completion has been delayed by the changes that have taken place so rapidly in naval architecture, and which must have rendered many a Government master-shipwright uncertain what to do next. We can ascend the edges of these vessels by the aid of inclined planes of timber, and thence contemplate the huge frames which by-and-by are to be perfect ships, and watch the shipwrights hammering at their work.

Only wooden vessels and frames are built in Woolwich yard. Our iron-clad ships are modestly constructed up the Thames, and then brought down to Woolwich to be fitted. We are rather too late to see the Northumberland, which for a time lay off here, and there happens to be no smaller ship of the kind at Woolwich just now; but what are those black masses lying there in the river? They are the "hulks," in which convicts are confined, and these men at work about the dockyard in gangs, and clad in grey jackets and trousers, are the convicts themselves. A keeper is attending each party, and keeping a watchful eye on its movements.

There is more to be seen in the dockyard; and the basins in which the vessels are fitted must have, at least, a cursory inspection. The huge shears for lifting heavy weights either in or out of the ships are sure to attract notice. We are told they can drop a boiler into a steamer, or take the masts out of a line of battle ship with equal ease. Besides the basins for fitting, there are dry docks for repairing vessels, the largest and most recent of which are built of granite.

It is summer morning, and not evening, or we might have an opportunity of hearing a military band on the parade; for there is an extensive parade within the dockyard walls, and here the corps, known as the Dockyard Battalion, are exercised. But as we have much yet to see in Woolwich, we leave the dockyard now that we have seen its principal features, and direct our steps towards the Arsenal. Were we in time for a train we might go by rail; for there are stations at both establishments, the entrances to which are more than a mile apart. The ground enclosed within the dockyard itself is about a mile in length.

At the Arsenal we are informed that the public have permission to walk through, but are not allowed to enter the buildings. This is somewhat surprising until we are made fully aware of the nature of the processes carried on in them. The ingredients of gunpowder are prepared here; but we believe they are not mixed, but forwarded for the final process to the Government establishment at Waltham; but percussion caps, shells, and congreve rockets, are all manufactured within the walls, the greatest care, of course, being taken to prevent the possibility of accident. All the persons employed in the buildings where the most dangerous operations are carried on are compelled to leave their ordinary shoes outside, and to replace them by shoes of list, that the accidental friction of a nail by any chance may not produce a spark and thereby cause an explosion. The consequences of such a catastrophe in this place it would be terrible to imagine.

The visitor may pass by the workshops where all these manufactures are being carried on, and the attendant who accompanies the stranger from the gates will mention the object to which each shop or warehouse is devoted. In this way the shell rooms, the fuse rooms, rocket rooms, &c., are all pointed out, with the laboratory, where all kinds of combustible material are tested before being used. The rooms or shops for the manufacture of cartridges are placed at the eastern extremity of the Arsenal, as that process is considered the most dangerous of all.

We regret that we are not allowed to witness
the operations in the foundry, where all the guns are made and the shot is cast. We are told that there are nearly 30,000 pieces of cannon in the arsenal, and between four and five millions of shot and shell. Many large pyramids of shot and pieces of cannon laid side by side meet our notice as we walk around. We are furnished with a little information as to the casting of the guns, and learn that they are cast solid in the moulds, and afterwards bored to the extent required. The exterior is at the same time turned and polished. After the interior is bored, the gun is carefully examined. Strong magnifying glasses are used to inspect the outside, and the inside is scrutinised by the aid of mirrors. Last test of all is the firing, which is done with a heavy charge. If the gun stands that, it takes its place finally in the stores. Of course, it but rarely happens that any cannon fails to pass the test.

Armstrong guns are formed of a number of separate pieces, most of them of wrought iron. The vent piece and breech are of cast steel, and the vent is fitted with copper to resist the action of the gunpowder. The entire tube of the gun consists of three inner and three outer coils of wrought iron thoroughly welded together.

Let us leave the Arsenal now, and, ascending the hill, find our way towards another, and perhaps the most interesting, of the sights of Woolwich—we mean the Rotunda. We pass on our way the Royal Marine Barracks and the Marine Infirmary—a noble building, which forms the chief object in Woolwich as viewed from a distance up the Thames. We presently enter the spacious grounds, in which are situated the barracks of the Royal Artillery, and see before us Woolwich Common and the range of the Plumstead hills, with Shooter's Hill terminating the ridge on the right. Near the common towards the right are the Repository grounds, and here we shall find the Rotunda.

This building, the top of which springs above the trees like a tent, is that of which we are in search. A winding path leads us thither, and we are surprised to find that while the upper portion of the edifice is so tent-like and airy, the lower portions are built of massive brick. We are tempted to stand grumbling outside, but change our mind and walk in.

The base of the building is entirely round, whence its name, and the whole structure was removed to this spot from Carlton Gardens, St. James's Park, where it was erected in the first instance to serve the Prince Regent for the entertainment of the allied sovereigns after the peace of 1814. It was afterwards transported here for the reception of arms and other trophies of war taken by our army in Paris. All kinds of similar objects have been added since.

Round the building, ranged against the walls, are weapons from all lands, and models of every description connected with warfare. Immediately we enter, our eyes are greeted by sections of shells, which show how they are combined to scatter death and destruction wherever they are thrown. The Indian weapons, many of them taken from the natives in the disarrayment of the people of Oude; Russian models of a complete park of artillery, presented to the Duke of Wellington by the Emperor; Chinese weapons, ugly and awkward enough, and looking as if they were calculated to inflict as much damage on friends as upon enemies. A series of native weapons from South Africa, another from Australia, a third from Polynesia, consisting mainly of rude clubs, show with what implements human ingenuity has everywhere contrived to frame instruments of death with any material that may have come to hand.

An interesting collection is that of the axes, pikes, and halberds, which were used in this country in the olden time, supplemented by some two-handed swords of the seventeenth century, but whence derived we are not informed. We come at once on the weapons of the present hour, in a range of Enfield rifles that have been converted into breech-loaders—probably the ultimate destination of every such arm in our service, now that the war in Germany has demonstrated the immense advantage in action of the breech-loading weapon.

Not the least curious of the objects in the Rotunda are some immense balls of stone, supposed to have been used long before iron shot was known. Some of these balls were found in the old Roman Anderida Portus, or Pevensey Castle, on the Sussex coast, and it is conjectured that these were the kind of balls in use with the Roman catapult. A blow from one of these would prove in many respects as effectual as one from a heavy iron shot. There are other stone balls from Kenilworth Castle, which were used in the civil wars in the time
of our third Henry, when gunpowder was unknown.

A highly interesting series of models of fortified places is in the centre of the room. Among them those of Gibraltar and of Quebec engage especial attention, and the students of the Peninsular campaigns will look with the greatest interest on an extensive model of the lines of Torres Vedras, with which the Iron Duke turned back the baffled French from their advance on Lisbon, and furnished, perhaps, the highest proof of his military skill. There is also the model of a place called, ominously and appropriately, Brimstone Hill, in the island of St. Kitt's; with another of the fortifications of Rio de Janeiro; and, to come home again, the harbour and defences of Plymouth.

The various means employed in war to overcome the natural obstacles of rivers and mountains are fully represented. Bridges of boats and pontoon bridges are well illustrated; and there are other curious contrivances, such as a bridge of hide ropes for crossing a chain of mountains in South America, and another of similar description connecting the Himalayas.

On a pillar in the centre of the building are arms arranged, and among them a complete suit of armour brought from Paris, and said to have been worn by the good knight Bayard, “without fear and without reproach.”

Among the minor objects with which the Rotunda is filled, we must notice a small glass case containing a little heap of cinders. These are the ashes of the mighty dead—of an extinct fifty millions of Bank of England notes! That amount was called in when one-pound notes were withdrawn from circulation, and burnt by the Bank authorities. The residue is before the observer.

We have stayed so long in the Rotunda that we have little time to notice the cannon ranged on the ground outside the building, though it is interesting as showing the gradual growth of our ordnance from the earliest times. Among the guns in the grounds is the very piece of cannon the bursting of which at Moorfields made the German Schalch’s fortune and founded Woolwich Arsenal.

But what is that loud firing we hear so suddenly? and, now that we approach the Common, what means this crowd of people and this assemblage of troops? We speedily learn that a review has been going on, and that a sham fight is commencing, and we congratulate ourselves on being in time to see one of the prettiest and grandest sights Woolwich ever affords. The volunteers of Kent are mustered, and, assisted by the Royal Artillery and Royal Marines, are engaged in mimic battle. A strong force is posted on yonder heights, and the troops in the plain are to storm and carry the position if they can. It is a miniature Alma that we have before us, and we watch the proceedings with an interest that it requires but little imagination to exalt into a belief that war is in reality before our eyes. Quick and hot grows the firing of the troops, the one body advancing and the other holding its ground.

From all corners of the hills cannon belch forth flame and smoke, while the sharp ring of some field-pieces on the plain adds to the variety of battle sounds. We cannot help wondering, in a pause of the conflict, whether there are many inhabitants of Woolwich who are afflicted with headache, and if so, how they like this sort of thing? Fortunately, we can think of no other suffering likely to be caused by what is going on before us.

But the attacking army is beaten back—the position is too strong. On they come back to the open ground in something very much like disorder; the enemy sends a pursuing force. Now the tables are turned; the defenders place the besiegers on their defence. Hurriedly the infantry of the latter are formed into squares, for cavalry has been brought into action, and a general charge is about to be made. Look! Where but a few minutes ago there were long lines of troops, there are now but a few dense masses, with not an opening to be seen. A volley of artillery, and the cavalry advance, nearer and nearer, until they are within but a very few yards of those squares. Suddenly the dense black masses seem in a blaze, and a sheet of smoke covers all, while a loud report rings across the common. That was a hot reception! It has been enough for the enemy for a time—they are in full retreat—happily leaving no dead and wounded behind them.

The fight is soon over now, with neither party absolutely defeated; but both in good spirits. The review is closing, and we wend our way towards home, gratified at this fitting termination to our short inspection of the sights of Woolwich.
ABOUT OYSTERS.

"P"LEASING to remember the grotto!" says the young urchin with a shell in his hand, deftly held as a collection plate by a churchwarden. Pennies drop in, ha'pennies drop in; now and again a surly soul growsl and buttons its pocket; perhaps with a keen relish for an old jest a fogy says—"Remember the grotto! ay, boy, that I will," and in a twinkling passes on. But the grotto is often a success. Says Brough in his burlesque of Massaniello:—

"I built a grot one oyster night,  
And stuck a light inside—  
I recollect I made it pay—  
And oft the dodge retrieved."  

Now we do not commend the practice of grotto building, just because it leads to begging, and begging is not a creditable thing for man or boy. "To beg I am ashamed." But the grottoes built—or to be built—this August month, suggest a few words about Oysters, and so we build up a sort of literary grotto—the oyster shells or crude material being gathered from all sorts of sources.

Morsels of sweetness, lumps of delight are oysters. A celebrated physician was in the habit of swallowing before breakfast two dozen oysters, and used always to say to his friends, presenting them—like a lawyer instead of a doctor—with the shells, "There! behold the fountain of my youthful strength." Eat them stewed, eat them scalloped, eat them grilled, eat them fried, eat them made into sauce, eat them made into soup; try an oyster pie; try a slice of oyster toast—best of all eat them raw—swallow the delicious bivalve the moment it is opened—au naturel—served in its own liquor; if you think it too chilly, try a little cayenne—if you are very particular to give it a picley flavour, a few drops of vinegar—in whatsoever way you please, try oysters. All the doctors recommend them. They fall out about pills and potions, and some go in for calomel and some do not. Some are for small does and some for large—disciples of Hahnemann are prescribing infinitesimal globules—disciples of Morison are vending pills prodigious and very numerous in quantity—the disciples of Pressinitz are advocating cold water inwardly and outwardly. Physicians and surgeons, and apothecaries, and pharmaceutical chemists are all ready to recommend something and flatly to contradict each other—and perhaps themselves;—but they are true to one thing—they are all true to oysters. If I recollect rightly, the terrible doctor who with his formidable wand swept the table of the Governor of Barataria, said nothing against oysters; truly, he did not recommend them, but Sancho would have ate a bed full, but he said nothing, nothing!—the awful mystery of the sublime.

As light was made for the eye and the eye was made for light, so the oyster was designed for man and man for the oyster. Hidden between two shells under water, man discovered the oyster, probably caught him gaping one day, and plucking him out of bed, tasted, and was ravished.

All men of taste have delighted in oysters. Horace, Martial, and Juvenal, Cicero and Seneca, Pliny and Arius. In the time of Nero the consumption of oysters was nearly as great in Rome as it is now in London. Ever so many millions of barrels were consumed every year, but all the oysters were of Mediterranean produce. Our ancient British forefathers took of oysters. In search of oysters, or of oyster pearls, came the greedy Romans. Oysters were rather neglected by the Saxons, but directly the Normans came over they revived, and the glories of our Kent and Essex oysters filled Europe.

What is an Oyster? They belong to the Molusks, and are classed amongst those which are called by the hard name Lamellibranchia, from the Latin word Lamella, as you may easily perceive—Lamella, a plate. The oyster is amazingly prolific. One contains 1,200,000 eggs, so that one oyster might yield enough to fill 12,000 barrels! The spawn is increased in innumerable quantities annually between May and August, and during that time oysters are not in season.

The spawn, distributed all over seas, rivers, and waters, by the flux and reflux of the tide, are not subject to destruction, like the eggs and fry of many other creatures;—they are not bait nor food to any other fish, nor are they marketed if taken before they are of due size, but they are laid again in the fisheries to grow. When the eggs, or spat, as they are called, by the fishermen, are first shed, they rise in a very small bubble, like oil or glue, and float on the waters. The spat when first cast, about the beginning of May, is of a white colour, somewhat resembling a drop of dripping, in which, by the aid of a microscope, a vast number of minute oysters may be discovered. Three days after the spat is cast the young oysters are a quarter of an inch in width, in three months they are as large as a shilling, in six the size of a half-crown, and in twelve months they equal a crown piece.

The shell of an oyster is very remarkable. It consists of concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime. That which now forms the centre and utmost convexity of the shell was, at an earlier stage, sufficient to cover the whole animal; and the marks of the successive layers appear in the rough outer surface of the shell. These are constructed as the oyster grows, for it throws out from its surface a new secretion, composed of animal matter and carbonate of lime, which is attached to the shell
THE LADY-BUG.

already formed, and projects farther at its edges. Thus the soft body of the animal is not only defended by its covering, but as it grows the shell becomes thicker and stronger by successive layers until it has arrived at maturity. The fishermen distinguish the age of oysters by the marks of growth borne by the shell. As they approach the time of maturity the shell is very large in proportion to the animal it incloses, which grows thin, and diminishes more and more.

The shell of the oyster is an interesting study to the naturalist. If we cannot answer the Poet’s question in Lear and tell how an oyster makes his shell, we can nevertheless tell by his shell what is his age. A London oysterman can tell the ages of his flock to a nicety. The age of an oyster is not to be found out by looking into its mouth. It bears its years upon its back. Everybody who has handled an oyster shell must have observed that it seemed as if composed of successive layers of plate overlapping each other. These are technically termed “shoots,” and each of them marks a year’s growth; so that by counting them we can determine at a glance the year when the creature came into the world. Up to the time of its maturity the shoots are regular and successive; but after that time they become irregular and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky. Judging from the great thickness to which some oyster shells have attained, this mollusk is capable, if left to its natural changes unmolested, of attaining great age.

The liquor in the lower shell of the oyster will, if viewed through a microscope, be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, with shells complete, all swimming nimbly about! These miniature oysters are in course of time ejected by the parent oyster and can swim freely in the sea until by means of a glutinous substance attached to their shells they affix themselves to some object from which they can only be separated by force.

For the capture of oysters oyster-dredging vessels are specially constructed. The evolutions of a fleet of them may sometimes be observed on the Essex coast. When a vessel is about to be employed in this service, it is moored by an anchor over an oyster-bed, and worked, usually, by two men and a boy. The dredging net is a strong netted bag with an iron rim, and from this three iron shafts extend, and converge together, forming a sort of handle, to which the end of a coil of strong rope or cable is attached. The weight of this apparatus is about seventeen or eighteen pounds. Two dredges are sometimes provided of different weights. The dredge is then thrown over the gunwale of the boat, and let down to the bottom of the water. The rudder and sail are then so managed that the vessel gently swings away, so as to run out a certain portion of the rope; and as the man begins to draw in the dredge, its iron mouth lying with one of its rims close on the bed, acts like a scraper or shovel, and the net incloses all the oysters in its course, as far as it can contain them. The dredge is then hauled up, and the oysters being turned out on the deck, are roughly freed from extraneous matters attached to the shells. Here the lover of nature will find much to admire and to wonder at: not only are there sea-stars, but various other creatures, and sometimes the curiously-jointed sea-worms, which at night have a pale phosphorescence. The shells on which spat, that is, very young oysters, appear, are thrown overboard, as are those also whose growth is not sufficiently advanced. Oysters are unfit for the table under the age of eighteen months; nor are they in perfection till between the second and third year. On the oysters being roughly freed from the various matters attached to them, they are put into basket measures. The quantity of oysters bred and taken in Essex, and consumed chiefly in London, is supposed to amount to fourteen or fifteen thousand bushels annually. The fishing for oysters is permitted from the first of September to the last day of April inclusive.

THE LADY-BUG.

The lady-bug sat in the rose’s heart,
And smiled with pride and scorn,
As she saw a plain-dressed ant go by,
With a heavy grain of corn.

So she drew her curtains of damask around,
And adjusted her silken vest,
Making her glass of a drop of dew
That lay in the rose’s breast.

Then she laughed so loud that the ant looked up,
And seeing her haughty face,
Tore no more notice, but travelled along
At the same industrious pace.

But a sudden wind of autumn came
And rudely swept the ground,
And down the rose with the lady-bug bent,
And scattered its leaves around.

Then the houseless lady was much amazed,
For she knew not where to go,
Since cold November’s surly blast
Had brought both rain and snow.

Her wings were wet, and her feet were cold,
And she thought of the ant’s warm cell;
And what she did in the wintry storm,
I’m sure I cannot tell.

But the careful ant was in her nest,
With her little ones by her side;
She taught them all, like herself, to toil,
Nor mind the sneer of pride.

And I thought, as I sat at the close of day
Eating my bread and milk,
It was wiser to work, and improve my time,
Than be idle and dressed in silk.
MR. JOHNSTON had told Merriman not to get up the next morning until he had seen him. When morning came he found him somewhat hot and feverish, and so told him he had better remain in bed throughout the day, little doubting that this precaution, aided by a simple medicine, would drive away the cold that seemed to have caught by his plunge of the night before. However, as the day advanced this hope began to vanish, for Merriman grew restless and his head became very hot, so that Mr. Johnston thought it would be wise to send for the doctor. The doctor came and found reason to prescribe medicine, a hot bath, and considerable care. In a short time the general symptoms of fever were subdued, but the heat of the head continued, and indeed increased. By night it became evident that poor little Merriman was attacked by brain fever; produced by the cold, and determined to the head by the fright which the accident had caused him. He grew slightly delirious during the night.

In the midst of the sorrow which all felt for the poor boy, they could not but be glad that the fever was not a contagious one; as thus they were not prevented from going near him to make him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I am afraid I shall not be able to make you understand how hearty and warm was the kindness displayed by all towards their comrade. The bedroom that was appropriated to the boys who might be ill overlooked the playground, and the patient occupying it was liable to be disturbed by any noise made during games. Without any order or hint to that effect all noisy games were dropped by the boys, and, indeed, for the most part, games altogether ceased. Then, where, generally, in play hours, fun and frolic held high revel, you would now see the boys sitting with books, or standing in clusters talking, or in some other way occupying themselves noiselessly. This, as coming from the boys' own kindness and thoughtfulness, was very pleasing.

Mr. Frankson spent the greater part of his leisure in the room with Merriman, soothing, quieting, and comforting him, and it was astonishing to see what an influence, even in the midst of the delirium, he had over the boy. Sometimes he would go into the room and find him throwing his arms about and talking fast and excitedly, or trying to get out of bed; then he would speak to him by name, put his cool hand to the boy's hot forehead, smooth back his hair, talk gently to him, or give him a sip of cold water, take his hand and unbutton the wristband to expose his arm to the cool air, raise the pillow, and arrange the bed-clothes, all the time talking in a quiet and cheerful tone; and the boy would gradually grow calm and quiet, and a smile would steal over his face, and his eyes would seek the master's, while he would either grow silent or begin to talk in a half-rational and natural manner. In this state he would always know the master, and would call him by his name, and answer questions put to him, in, as I said, a half-rational manner. One day when Mr. Frankson came to him he was saying—"Wright, don't push me over the side, I shall be drowned if you do. No don't, pray don't, I can't swim, indeed I can't. Norman, won't you save me? There is Bacon in the hole, push me down to him, if you must spite me, but don't drown me. I know you don't like me, and you don't like Mr. Frankson, though he is so kind and clever. If he were here, you would not push me so. Do call him, somebody. There, he is coming! No, it isn't him. Oh, Mr. Frankson, sir, do come and save me. I can't hold any longer. Oh, Wright." And then he screamed and started as if he were falling over the side of the boat.

Just then came in Mr. Frankson.

Mr. F.—"Merriman."

Merriman.—"Do let me alone, Wright."

Mr. F.—"No, it is not Wright, it's Mr. Frankson."

Merriman.—"You're not Mr. Frankson; and then he added doubtfully, "are you?"

Mr. F.—"Yes, my boy. Don't you know me?"

Merriman.—"Ah, you only want to trick me, Wright!"

Mr. F.—"Look at me, it isn't Wright! Besides Wright wouldn't hurt you now."

Merriman.—"Woudn't you, Wright? I mean, wouldn't he, Mr. — I don't know about it. What was I saying?"

Mr. F.—"Look here, Merriman."

Merriman.—"Why, you're not Wright."

Mr. F.—"No, I didn't say I was. Who am I?"

Merriman.—"Did you push me in the water, Mr. Frankson?"

Mr. F.—"What do you think?"

Merriman.—"I don't think it could have been you. You used to be so kind."

Mr. F.—"Well, and am I not kind now?"

Merriman.—"I don't know, I can't see you. Yes, I can, you look kind. But I say, Mr. Frankson, where's Wright?"

Mr. F.—"Why?"

Merriman.—"He was here just now. Don't you know he pushed me in the water?"

Mr. F.—"I don't think he did. You fell in. He often asks how you are, and wants you to get well."

Merriman.—"Does he? Then why did he push me in the water?"

Mr. F.—"Ah, but he didn't, you know."
Merriman.—"No, I remember, you told me.
I pushed him in, didn’t I?"

Mr. F.—"No, you fell in yourself."

Merriman.—"Yes, into the hole where Bacon was," and then he began to laugh.

"The pig in a poke," and he laughed again.

"Mr. Frankson, sir, you don’t like Bacon to be called a poke, I mean a — I’m so sleepy. Take my hand, Mr. Frankson. I like you."

And thus the little fellow dropped off to sleep.

The illness dragged on wearily. He was many days delirious, and night was his most restless time. Many nights Mr. Frankson sat up with him, and those were his quietest nights. Sometimes, for short spaces, he would grow almost like himself, and then the fondness he displayed for the master was beautiful and touching. Everything Mr. Frankson had said and done seemed to be fixed in his memory, and he would recall words and incidents in his rambling way that Mr. Frankson himself had forgotten. There could be no doubt that the master had taken full possession of the boy’s heart.

All this time, as I have said, the conduct of the other boys was exemplary. They were never noisy in the play hours. Even in school they were more than usually attentive and careful not to give trouble. This is just how right-minded boys differ from the wrong-minded. These latter take advantage of every disarrangement in the routine of discipline for the purpose of breaking through rules and pleasing themselves by disorderly conduct, while the right-minded feel it a point of honour to co-operate with their masters, and make up by extra care on their parts for the distraction in the minds of their masters. Think what the conduct of these boys would have been, had they been put to the test when Mr. Frankson first came among them, and you will be able to judge of the influence he had exercised upon them.

The boys were scarcely less anxious and thoughtful for poor little Merriman than were the teachers. If one could get a commission to do something for him he was delighted, and fulfilled it with no common alacrity. At present, of course, there was not much that they could do, but the willing spirit was there, and that which is hardest of all for boys to do they did—they kept a thorough check upon themselves that they might not, through inadvertence, cause him any annoyance or suffering.

But the time passed on, and at last the crisis of the illness came. Then this was over, and safely over, and the patient, though very weak, was safe from danger, and was in his right mind.

Now was the time when the kindness of his school-fellows could show itself. Never a day passed without messages, or letters, or books, or oranges, or some token of remembrance and thoughtfulness reaching him. Little pleasures and surprises for him were always being planned. After a time visits were paid him, and the first of his visitors was, at Merriman’s own request, Wright. Not that there had been anything but peace between them for a good while, but Wright had been told of Merriman’s fancies during the delirium, and he thought he had some amends to make on that account. So Wright came up to see him, and they chatted for half-an-hour, and Merriman sent all sorts of kind messages down to the other boys, who, in their turn, came also to see him. The times for Mr. Frankson’s visits were joyous times indeed. He was always kind, generally cheerful, and often merry, so that Merriman became a merry boy under the influence of those visits. Mr. Frankson came several times in the day, though as his patient got better he did not stay so long, because, of course, he had plenty of duties among the other boys. It must have been a very pleasant thing for that master to see how, and in what spirit, his boys were working in the schoolroom; to know what faults, by his help and under his guidance, they had overcome; to hear the shout of welcome that always hailed his entrance into the playground, and to see the radiant, happy smile that lit up little Merriman’s face when he made his appearance in the bedroom. One of the greatest blessings a boy can have is a good master; the greatest happiness of a good master is the possession of good and loving pupils.

The first day Merriman came down to take the air, the boys laid violent hands on him, placed him in a triumphal car they had surreptitiously prepared for the occasion, carried him round the playground on the shoulders of the most powerful, then, halting at the highest part of the ground, sent off a strong body to bring Mr. Frankson to the spot (by main force if necessary), and then gave three cheers for Merriman, and three times three for Mr. Frankson, which were repeated and repeated again. And amongst those twenty boys there was not one who did not cheer with all his heart.

So the new master—now no longer new—gained the hearts of his boys, and thus they, under the influence of his wise teaching, by the power of his good and bright example, and swayed by their love for him, grew into honest, kind, true-hearted boys.

CHAPTER X.

THE ORPHAN’S DREAM.—THE RIVALS.—THE NEW MASTER’S REWARD.

I do not mind, as a special act of goodnature towards my readers, young and old—I say I do not mind telling them that I had intended my account of Mr. Frankson and his boys to end at the conclusion of the previous chapter. But the young people for whom several parts of this were originally written (as you already know, if you read the preface, which, however, I dare to say you did not) were anxious to know at least how the half-year came to an end; and some older heads also thought that it would be a good thing for me to give my readers some little information concerning the "goings on" during
the evening of "the breaking up." This accordingly I proceed to do, passing over a good space of time to do so. But first I must say a little about an earlier part of the day.

There was in the school an old custom of spending the morning of the day of the breaking-up party in reading aloud, and telling stories, and gossiping about the affairs of the half year. Mr. Johnston would generally join them, and the masters, if they happened to be good-natured, would do the same. For some time past, as I told you at the beginning of this history, Mr. Johnston, the principal, had been in very bad health, and so had been able to see very little of the boys. To-day, however, he managed to join them, and commenced by speaking a few words to the school collectively. He said—

"My boys, I need not tell you how much pleasure it gives me to be amongst you for a little while again, or how sorry I am that for the past year my visits have been so much like 'angels' visits.' However, you will understand this better when I say that my anxiety has been much less during the last six months than at any other time of my illness. I do not care for many words upon such matters, but I must say how much I thank Mr. Frankson for the way in which he has taken my place amongst you, and how pleased I am with you boys for the way in which you have made the most of all he has done for you. I feel very deeply upon both these points, you will not need me to say more about them. Heretofore it has been my practice to read to you upon such days as this; to-day I shall not be able to do so, but will sit among you and gossip with you. Mr. Frankson in this, as in other things, will take my place. But I should like just to read to you a few verses which I wrote the other day after hearing a sad story about an orphan boy. I will not tell you what the story was, you will gather that from the verses. By the way, you will find some peculiarities about the poem—if I may give it so grand a name. I do not defend them, but it was my whim to write it so, and you know 'beggars must not be choosers.' I have called the poem 'The Orphan's Dream.'"

Mr. Johnston then read as follows:

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

1.
With pale, thin face,
With sad, sad face,
Under the porch of the church,
The hard, bare stones,
On the floor of the porch of the church.

2.
Lay a poor lone boy,
An orphan boy,
Hungry and ill, but asleep;
For many long hours,
For long, weary hours;
He had lain awake to weep.

3.
But now, at last, he slept,
And the tender angels kept
Their watch o'er the sleeping boy;
A silent, solemn watch,
A loving, pitiful watch,
O'er the form of the sleeping boy.

4.
And the quiet stars looked down,
The sad, lone moon looked down,
On the orphan boy as he lay
The moon in heaven was alone,
And he on earth was alone,
And the moon looked down as he lay.

5.
In one short, bitter month,
One strange and terrible month,
Both father and mother had gone;
An orphan, lone and sad,
Weary, and ill, and sad,
He had roamed and wept forlorn.

6.
This night, with his young heart broken,
His young heart bruised and broken,
He came to the porch of the church;
In his ear the angels whispered,
Those tender angels whispered,
As he lay in the porch of the church.

7.
And he dreamed a blessed dream,
A happy, heavenly dream,
Brought down from heaven by the angels.
As he lay awake, he had wept;
Now, over his face there crept
A smile for the dream by the angels.

8.
'ere he slept, he had gazed at the moon,
The pale, sad light of the moon,
Himself so sad and pale;
And now, in his dream, there spread
O'er the heavens above his head
A light, neither sad nor pale:
A light of effulgent brightness,
Not like the moon's chill whiteness,
But softened and gladened and warm:
As unlike the moon's cold light,
As his mother's face that night;
To her face in its living form.

9.
The ground was no longer hard,
No longer harsh and hard,
Hunger and cold had left him;
The Beaumont soothing light,
Of which he dreamed that night,
Entered and warmed and fed him.

10.
And the thrill of his soul at that light,
Of his soul at that wondrous light,
Made spiritual music within him;
The tremour of light in his soul,
Of light and of joy in his soul,
Made music to vibrate within him.

11.
And now, as he lifted his eyes
To the light that shone from the skies,
There stood a vision beside him:
Strange to his eyes was that form,
Strange, yet familiar, the form
Of the heavenly vision beside him.

12.
Down on his face there beamed,
On his sad, pale face there beamed,
From the beautiful vision beside him,
Love that shone like the light,
Love that seemed to be light,
From the beautiful vision beside him.
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

14. And his soul now doubly thrilled,
   His soul, that now was filled
   With the radiance of light and of love;
   And the light and the love, as they shone,
   Awoke in his soul the tone
   Of music, twice blessed, from above.

15. The lips of the sleeper moved,
   The lips of the orphan moved,
   With the blessed name of "mother,"
   For he knew that beautiful form,
   That strange, familiar form,
   And he whispered the name of "mother."

16. And the hands of the sleeper rose,
   The arms of the orphan rose,
   And stretched towards his angel-mother;
   And he prayed to go with her,
   To fly far away with her,
   Away with his angel-mother.

17. And the Father, who reigns above,
   Looked down, in His tender love,
   On that boy and his angel-mother;
   And the mother thrilled with joy
   As He pointed to the boy,
   And beckoned to her—the mother.

18. And said, as He pointed towards him,
   Looking down with love upon him,
   "Bring hither to me thy child!"
   And the mother soared joyously,
   Upwards, with him, full joyously,
   And the corse lay still and smiled.

Having finished his poem, Mr. Johnston
forthwith became one of the boys, and Mr.
Frankson became commander-in-chief. He
did not make any speech, short or long; you
see, he had had the whole half-year to make
speeches in.

Several of the boys recited favourite pas-
sages among those which they had learned
during the past months, and some of them even went
so far as to read aloud little attempts of their
own original composition. I think it
likely some of you would be glad to read them,
but; this is impossible, as I have not
the permission of the authors to print them.
However, I can offer you as a consolation the story
that Mr. Frankson wrote for the occasion,
which will perhaps do as well. They stirred
up the fire, and the master read as follows:

THE RIVALS.

The idle December sun peeped lazily into
the dormitory of the first-class boys of the
Grammar-school of D—, about a quarter to
eight one 12th of December morning. It was
the day of the grand examination; this year
more grand, because the one university scholar-
ship in the gift of the school was vacant, and
the successful competitor in the examination
took possession of the scholarship. The
importance of the day explains the fact of Gram-
mar-school boys being in their bedroom at
early eight in the morning; they had no
duties until a quarter past eight, when prayers
were read.

There had been much excitement in the
school for some two or three weeks past. It
had been increasing day by day, and had on
this morning reached its climax. As will
always be the case with boys, it found vent in
words:—"I say, Watt, do you mean to go in
for the examination? You had not made up
your mind yesterday."

"Yes; I saw my father last night, and he
wishes me to, so I shall; though I told him
there would be no chance for me."

"No, I don't think there will be much for
you, or anybody else, except Melville and
Phillips. One of them will be certain to win;
though I'm sure I don't know which."

"Oh, I think there's no doubt," said Watt;
"Melville is the best man of the two, for
certain."

"Not so sure of that," said a third; "I'd ra-
ther say Phillips—Melville may have more
brain, but Phillips will stand more wear and
tear, and that tells in a long examination, I
know."

"Ah, you do know," said the first speaker,
Gay, "you've had large experience in such
matters, haven't you, Farmer?"

Farmer,—"I didn't say so."
Gay,—"Really now! no more you did; well,
that shows your modesty."

Farmer,—"Oh, we all knew Harry Gay
could chaff; but his jokes don't happen to
come near me this time, as I never set up for
a scholar. But if you would like to try a bat
at cricket, now, or a scull on the river, Gay, I
don't think I should tremble very much. You
see, some folks are great at one kind of skull
work, while I can do my part at another.
Who's coming down stairs?"

Gay,—"After such a brainless pun upon
skulls as that, you may well skulk away. Come
along, Watt."

The two boys, Melville and Phillips, are
the oldest in the school. Melville is the
younger by a year. He is the son of a naval
officer many years dead; his mother has no-
thing to live upon but the small pension al-
lowed her; so that they are poor. They both
wish for him to become a surgeon, but they
cannot afford it unless he gains the scholar-
ship; so to-day will decide whether he is to go
to the University or into a merchant's office.
He is a tall, spare-built boy, with a pale com-
pexion, and long, dark, silky hair. He is
made for a student, as any one can see, with
those dreamy, thoughtful, earnest eyes, and
those mobile lips. His hand, too, tells it by
its smallness and the exceeding delicacy of its
touch. He lives in the town, so he saw his
mother last night. They had a long talk to-
gether, in which she had said—

"Well, Charles, my boy, do you mean to
come off victorious to-morrow?" (secretly she
felt sure he would;) and he had answered—

"I don't know, mother; I shall try my best
for your sake, and because I must be a sur-
geon, you know."

Then, as he looked lovingly at his mother,
his eyes sparkled, and his lip and hand trem-
bled just a little, with suppressed eagerness
and anxiety.
Frank Phillips was the son of a gentleman farmer, also living in the neighbourhood. He was a fine, tall, robust boy, of active intelligence, who enjoyed work of all kinds, whether mental or physical; and play of all kinds, too. The scholarship was of little importance to him, in a pecuniary point of view, but he had laid himself out to gain it, and he set a high value upon the honour.

The two boys came into the school at the same time. They shook hands with a “Good-morning,” but neither lingered to talk, nor did they fairly look one another in the face. They had been great friends until this half,—but, although neither had an unkind feeling towards the other, still, as each began to perceive that the only antagonist in the coming struggle from whom he had anything to fear was the other, as if by mutual consent they came to spend less and less time together. So each went to his own desk. As they came into the schoolroom, there was a buzz among the rest of the boys. Watt, Gay, and Farmer were again together. “Here come the gladiators,” said Gay. “Say rather,—” but the classical allusion was cut short by the entrance of the principal, who announced that the examination would commence forthwith, and that the rest of the boys might have the day to themselves. The news was received with uproarious joy, and very soon the schoolroom was cleared of all but the competitors in the coming examination. These were twelve in number, all clever, advanced boys, with very great hopes of winning. But all lookers on decided that the real contest would be between Melville and Phillips—and so it was. The morning wore on; in the very first subject two or three discovered that they were not up to the mark; that winning was out of the question for them; but still, like industrious, well-disciplined boys, they plodded on, making the best of what they had undertaken. Before one o’clock came, the attention of all was fixed upon Watt, Melville, and Phillips. By one o’clock even Watt felt that he was being gradually distanced. By two, the victory was confessed on all hands to lie between Melville and Phillips.

But now, patience, for it is dinner-time, and all must wait until four o’clock for the contest to be renewed. There is but one more subject, and this is the reading of Homer. Each boy felt himself strong here, for they had both bestowed more than ordinary labour upon this author. Both looked very pale as they came to the dinner-table, the lips of both were compressed—neither ate much. Once or twice during dinner, Melville cast a half-timid but friendly glance towards the other, but there was no response. Phillips’ look was averted, though he evidently felt the eyes were directed towards him.

Four o’clock came at last—the twelve turned into the schoolroom once more—a passage from Homer was selected, of which each had to take the literal translation, an exposition of the idioms involved, an account of all the allusions, and, finally, to write an equivalent in idiomatic English. He who possessed most of the poetic element in his mind would be best able to perform the task, while the one with the least warm energies would be most fitted for the former. Truly the result trembled in the balance.

The papers were written and given in. All might now go their several ways until the time for the award came, which was seven o’clock. The ten who knew their fate went at once among the other boys and published all the details of the examination, and how matters stood at present. The two went straight to their rooms and remained there till seven o’clock came. Then all were assembled—the principal came in, the names of the twelve competitors were read; then the three foremost, then the two—Melville and Phillips. But the one—who was he? The principal looked round before announcing this last fact. All eyes were eagerly turned towards him save the eyes of the two. These were averted. Melville was quite pale,—his lips were white also, his hand rested upon the desk; those who were near him saw he trembled; the master saw it too.

Phillips’s face was flushed, his arms folded, and he stood in an attitude of determination.

All stood thus for a minute, while the master paused, seeming to be interested in the scene. Then the award. In all subjects except Homer, Melville and Phillips acquitted themselves with equal credit, but “in the appreciation of the beauties of Homer, and in rendering them into English poetry, Melville evinces a marked superiority. It is therefore my duty to declare him the victor in the examination, the present captain of the school, and the future recipient of the scholarship in the gift of the school.”

Thus spake the master. The next moment came the hearty clapping and cheering with which the boys hailed their new captain. The master immediately left the room. All the boys crowded round Melville; but he, disregarding them, turned towards Phillips, walked up to him, and held out his hand without speaking. Phillips looked him full in the face, began to speak, suddenly stopped, turned pale, shook his head, and walked away out of the room. This was a sad blow for Melville. He had hoped to return to the friendship of the other as soon as the examination was over, whichever way it might turn. But now the hope seemed to have vanished. The congratulations of the other boys afforded him little pleasure, for his heart seemed poorer than before his success. He could not quite say he would rather have lost than gained upon those terms, but truly, next to losing, this was the saddest thing that could have befallem him.

And Phillips? how fared he? Not happily, be sure. His feelings, when he turned away from his friend, were very mixed in their nature. To say there was nothing of unkindness in them would not be true; but they were not all unkind. The disappointment was a bitter one, for, as we said, he had set his heart upon...
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE.

winning, and life had not yet schooled him to bear disappointments. Melville had, though in a fair contest, which was the cause of his disappointment; and older people than Phillips have been unable to keep down a feeling of bitterness against those who, even innocently, have caused them pain. Still, he would have spoken, and not unkindly perhaps, but he felt he could not trust himself; that he should certainly break down, so he turned away. Then, in his room, he thought over and over again of the was and the might have been, and gradually familiarised his mind with things as they were. As he became soberer, he thought with pain of his behaviour to Melville; then of the happiness the victory had brought to him,—of the career it opened for him, from which, otherwise, he would have been cut off; and so his bitter feelings gradually subsided, and his heart yearned towards his old friend, and he resolved to seek his pardon and renewed friendship on the morrow.

But all this was unknown to Melville. He went home with so saddened a face that his mother thought he had surely been beaten in the examination; and began to comfort him accordingly; nor was she much less grieved when she knew the real cause of his trouble. However, she could not alter the fact. She noticed, too, that her boy looked very warm; that his forehead, as she kissed it, was hot, and that he trembled a good deal. She advised him to go to bed. He did so, passed a restless night, and in the morning was in a high state of fever. The excitement and fatigue had been too much for him, and the healthy reaction that might have been brought about by the pleasure of success, was prevented by the pain Phillips had caused him.

This next day was a high day at school. The breaking-up party was given on it; to which party all the best respected townpeople were invited. The school dined holiday-fashion in the afternoon, and in the evening came the visitors. Singing, dancing, reciting, and acting were among the amusements; but the grand event of the evening was the speech from the captain of the school, which usually concluded the festivities. To-day Melville was noticed to be absent from the dinner, upon which the facetious Gay conjectured that he had not finished preparing his speech; and Farmer thought he might have overslept himself in the morning. Watt rebuked them both for not speaking of their captain with sufficient respect, upon which they both put on looks of mock penitence. However, there was not mock, but real distress among all, when, later in the day, news was brought that Melville would be unable to come at all, for that he was very ill. He had been seized with pain in the stomach, and uttered an involuntary cry of half-negation and half pain. Poor Melville!—and who should fill his place for the evening? Phillips was immediately fixed upon; but he expressed the strongest aversion to the proposal. However, there was no help; he must do it. His distress appeared at once, and he were guilty of the poor fellow’s illness, and told the others so. These had little time to listen, for the business of the evening must go on.

A weary evening it was to Phillips. One thing he quickly resolved upon—he would make no speech; at least, only such as might serve to account for the absence of the rightful speaker. So, when the time came, he spoke thus:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, and schoolfellows,—Any of you who may not know the cause will certainly feel that I am an intruder here, and indeed I feel so myself, so I shall only tell you that our captain is not here because he is ill. Most of you know how well he would have acquitted himself had he been present. We, his schoolfellows, are more sorry for his illness than we can tell. I, especially, feel not only sorrow, but shame, for I treated him unkindly yesterday. You, schoolmates, know how far you were witnesses; but you will also witness, will you not? when he comes amongst us again, how sorry and ashamed I afterwards was. I claim for him, as the cleverest, the noblest, and the best of us, three cheers!"

And they gave him three times three with a will.

Poor Melville meantime had become worse, and, by the evening, had grown delirious. One minute he wanted to get up and be off to school, lest he should be too late for the examination. Then he would beseech his friend Phillips not to turn away so coldly, for indeed he was very sorry for him, and only half rejoiced over his own success in the thought that he, his friend, had lost. Then he would look around and ask where Phillips was gone; would he not shake hands with him? And finding him not, in his weakness, he would cry piteously after his friend, with whom he had spent so many happy times.

So the night passed.

The next morning Phillips was at the house betimes to ask after the poor patient. He was very ill. Could he not see him? Impossible. Could he do nothing for him? Nothing! Nothing at all? He had everything he wanted.

He turned away sadder than ever, but he soon came back. Many times in the day he was at the house, always with something in his hand—grapes, or herbs for tea, or flowers, or even cold spring water. At last the delirium passed away, the crisis was over, the patient might be seen.

On the morning when Phillips learned this, he unaccountably went away, nevertheless, without seeing him; but soon he returned, and this time went in.

Charles, my boy!"

"Dear Frank, you are come at last!"

"Poor, dear fellow, how ill you have been! you were never ruddy like me, you know; but now how white you are, and your hand is thinner than ever! How unkind I was to you that day, and many days before! Will you forgive me, Charles? I have been so unhappy all the time you have been ill. You must forgive me, and make haste and get well, and here is something to help you. I got permission to bring you the letter of introduction you are to carry with you to college, and father has given
HOW THE NEW MASTER KILLED THE SNAKE:

me leave to go with you. And now are we friends again, Charles?"

And the two boys shook hands as none can but the true, noble-hearted.

But, of course, you are impatient to get on to the evening at our own school. Well, to begin then. As the boys were going home the next day, it was allowable to clear out the schoolroom. All the desks were removed, and the forms placed round the room. Chairs were brought in, glorious fires piled up in the grates, and such adornments contrived as did not occupy much time. Each boy was, of course, "got up" to the highest state of perfection, but became, of course also, wholly inconspicuous by the side of the varied and brilliant hues of the dresses of the lady visitors. It always seems curious to see ladies in a boys' schoolroom—they seem so thoroughly out of place; and yet it is, as boys think, and rightly too, a very pleasant sort of disorder. But of all the visitors of this evening, none looked more charming than our little pets, Ella and Jessie. They came in with their mamma, and with her, were passed on to the place of honour. This was at the upper end of the room, close to a small platform that had been contrived for such purposes as we shall presently see. Let me inform you that the boys had not any geographical boundaries prescribed to them. They were as much guests as anybody present, and had the same liberty accorded to them, with as little fear that they would make an improper use of it.

The business of the evening opened with a pretty tableau arranged upon the platform, and consisting of Ella and Jessie in front, Merriman between them, and Douglas and Norman behind. Mr. Frankson sat in the background (as much out of sight as possible) for the purpose of singing the bass of a trio, the first and second parts of which were sung by the other five. The piece was called "Worms." Mr. Frankson had written it for the occasion. With such performers you may be sure the reception was enthusiastic, and the applause rapturous. And, indeed, it was very pretty to hear the soft, sweet voices of the little girls blending with the stronger voices of the boys and the deep tones of the master. And then to see the blushing cheeks of the little ones, and to watch the crimson rise to their foreheads as the applause sounded in their ears, was worth while, I do assure you.

After the song came a dance. About this I shall content myself with telling you that the first three couples were, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. Frankson and Jessie, Merriman and Ella. The other boys were perfectly well off for partners, but I cannot introduce you to all the young ladies who were present on that memorable occasion. Suffice it to say that the schoolroom (danced I was going to say) as if a whole army of spirit-rappers had invaded its classic precincts.

Simply because I do not know a name to give to what followed I must introduce it without a name. There comes a lull as of preparation, and then enter a series of personages appropriately dressed, and, to save the audience the necessity of puzzling over them, labelled. The labels are ORDER, FUN, STUDY, PLAY, DUTY, IDLENESS, COMMON SENSE.

ORDER seats himself somewhat comically in a chair, and plants his feet firmly on the ground.

FUN makes use of a chair, too, but he seats himself on the back, with his feet on the cushion, and begins pelting ORDER with paper pellets.

STUDY seizes hold of a book and sits reading it, with his elbows on a table.

IDLENESS sits on one chair, puts his feet on another, takes two more to support his arms, and seems still to find his head a cause of serious inconvenience.

DUTY stands with his hands behind him and his eyes on the floor, as if he were pondering what he ought to do, while COMMON SENSE looks round upon the rest with a half-puzzled, half-amused air.

ORDER, looking down the room at all the gay company, says, "I really don't know what to make of this. It isn't according to my notion. Desks turned out of their places; boys sitting all about as if they didn't belong to the school; and, worst of all, ladies here, where they have not the least right in the world."

FUN.—"Oh, I think it's very jolly! Look how they all seem to enjoy it; and you should have seen them dancing just now. As for the desks, you know, they're awfully shabby, and, for my part, I think the boys, and the forms too, look ever so much better for having some ladies near them. Long live the ladies, say I, and long live such times as to-night."

STUDY.—"It's all very well, but who, in the name of Patience, can read while all this is going on. Here I've two hundred lines of Virgil to master, even without Algarbra to do, and four pages of translation to write. I wish the ladies with their gaudy dresses and huge crinolines had been at Jericho before they came here."

PLAY.—"I say, what a capital game of leap-frog one could have here now all the desks are gone; and follow-my-leader wouldn't be a bad idea."

IDLENESS.—"What a fuss and noise you are all making! Why don't you keep still and rest yourselves a bit? you must be tired of talking. I'm very glad the desks are cleared out, as far as that goes, because now one cannot be expected to work; but whoever could have taken the trouble to move them I can't imagine; and however those ladies managed to get themselves up so extensively in one day puzzles me more than a little. As for study, that's all rubbish; and follow-my-leader, that's all rubbish too, it makes one so dreadfully tired. Life's not so long but what one should take all the opportunities one can of resting oneself. I wish somebody could spare me a chair for my head."
DUTY (looking very stern).—"Is it for me to hear such words as IDLENESS, and FUN, and PLAY have uttered? Are ORDER, and STUDY, and myself to be set at defiance in this way? I really don't know how to find language to express my feelings."—

"Come now, DUTY, don't be morose. Let us look at the matter together. (Murmurs of approval from all except IDLENESS, who nods his head languidly.) I think you have made a mistake in classing FUN and PLAY together with IDLENESS. ("Hear, hear," from FUN and PLAY; IDLENESS closes his eyes.) They are gentlemen who want a good deal of watching, and would work awful havoc if left to themselves. ("O-o-h!" from FUN and PLAY. "Yes, indeed," from ORDER and STUDY.) But you see the old school-room will be ever so much brighter for a thing like that, and I think PLAY would be willing to have his leap-frog in the play-ground, and FUN will see the propriety of not sitting upon the backs of chairs. (FUN looks rather sheepish and slides down.) I have the greatest respect for my friend, UNKIN, but I have found that he gets rather dull and monotonous if FUN never pays him a visit, and I never find STUDY so bright and work-brillte as after he has been spending a little while with PLAY. So I am inclined to think that if you will look at things from my point of view, you will find there is no reason why ORDER and FUN, STUDY and PLAY shouldn't be the best of friends, and very useful to each other, if you, DUTY, will take the management of things into your own hands, weigh the claims of each, and decide when each shall take the lead."

COMMON SENSE pauses, and the rest each after his own method, express their hearty approval of his sentiments. He then continues:

"But there is one member of the company concerning whom there will be no difference of opinion amongst us. Yes, IDLENESS, you may raise your eyebrows, though I wonder you can take the trouble. It is you I mean. He is the constant antagonist of you, friend DUTY, and would, if he had his way, spoil everything that ORDER, or STUDY, or FUN, or PLAY ever undertakes. For myself I thoroughly despise him. I think we cannot do better than take him up bodily and throw him away forever."

Exit the whole party carrying out IDLENESS, who is very heavy and difficult to move, but too lazy even to struggle.

That little performance being over, there comes another dance, in which time that somebody should think about providing the company with some refreshments. The boys had petitioned that they might do all the serving, so tables were placed near the door, and the good things brought in and put upon them ready to the boys' hands. I can tell you that ladies and company, in time that waited upon, for, in the first place, they were actually outnumbered by the boys (the party comprised about fifty in all), and then these boys were such zealous waiters as one does not often see. If I could but count up the number of offers (of cake and so on, I mean, of course!) the two little girls had that night, it would be worth remembering. I steal just one little scrap of conversation:

Merriman says, "Just this one, Jessie."

"No, this is better, Jessie," says Douglas. Jessie eyes them both longingly, when mamma interposes.

"Not either, I think, dear. You have had more than enough."

"Just this one of mine," say both the boys at once.

"No," repeats mamma.

The rivals look disconsolate, and are about to depart, when Merriman brightens,

"Just one bite of mine! you can't refuse that, Mrs. Johnston," and spite of a box on the ears, the sanny fellow gets his way.

"And of mine too," says Douglas, and he gets his way also.

But time uses his wings too vigorously tonight, and the pleasures draw to a close. A country-dance is arranged which is to be the finish to a very happy evening. This is danced with a will, if ever a country-dance was, and whenever was not a country-dance danced with a will? But it is over at last, and all are seated once more, and Mr. Johnston begs that there may be silence for a minute, while Mr. Frankson is asked to move towards the platform, though for what purpose he does not know. However it is soon made evident, for Douglas comes to the edge of the platform with a large, handsomely-bound book in his hand, from the fly-leaf of which he reads, as distinctly as his nervousness will let him,

"From Mr. Johnston and the boys of —— school to Mr. FRANKSON, with their best respects and their warmest thanks to him for all his kindness, and the good he has done amongst them during the past half-year."

The book was an illustrated copy of Spencer's works. Douglas then hands the book to Mr. Frankson, the while the boys all stand (and the visitors, too, indeed), and signify their accord with the sentiments of the inscription in a way most perfectly known to boys.

Mr. Frankson's reply was brief, but it was easy to see what his feelings were. He said,

"Your present gives me more pleasure than I can tell you. I thank you for it very much. My half-year with you has been a happy one to me. I look forward to others not less happy. For what I have been able to do amongst you I have had my reward before this last pleasure which you have given me. I think we may say, Let us thank God for all the success and all the happiness we have had."

Now I have done. They all went to bed that night and slept soundly. They got up in the morning and went home. They spent pleasant holidays, as I hope, and came back afterwards to school (most of them) as I know. So we will say "Good-night" and "Good-bye" to them. And to each other, for the present, "Good-bye" also.
GERMAN SONGS.

It is universally acknowledged that the German nation is the most musical—not the most harmonious—in the world. They have the Spirit of Song in them, and music forms an important part of their education. Says their poet Borman:

Once in the German countries, folks were so rich in song,
That heart-warm music greeted you where'er you passed along.
In song they wept, in song they prayed to God on high who saves;
At marriage they sang in choir, and by their open graves;
The countryman behind his plough, the shepherd on the lea;
The maiden at her spinning-wheel, sang all right merrily.
When little children played, the ring to tiny music ran,
And louder, stronger notes arose from every labouring man.
By whom the music was composed, no one could understand;
It sprang, like blossoms, from the ground, and passed from hand to hand;
Till on a dark night lately, a robber, shrewd and deft,
Forth from the people's hearts and lips their sweet song-treasure ret.
Leaving, instead, mere cunningness, with envy gaunt combined,
And loud fantastic murmurings within an empty mind.
The people have been poisoned, and they faint beneath their pains,
Their hearts are stilled, their lips are mute, the demon's in their veins.
O Lord! to Thee melodious sounds the motion of the spheres,
The grasshopper and cricket make sweet music in thine ears.
Think Thou on a bewitched race throughout our Fatherland,
And break the ban from off their hearts by Thy Almighty hand.
Let my dear people throw again into that song their voice,
Wherein all being jubilant, before their God rejoice.
Give us again our psalms, with their spirit-stirring glow,
That chase the devil out of us, and work his kingdom woe.

The complaint of the poet is scarcely justified by the true circumstances of the case. The Germans are still great singers, and the voice of song, even though it be the song of battle, is still heard in the land. Some of the old soldiers' songs are very striking, and from an interesting volume before us we have selected the following examples. We recommend any of our readers who are studying German to procure this book. The original


is given in company with the translation. It would be good practice to translate the songs and compare them with Dr. Dulcken's very able rendering.

The first song we give refers to the Great Frederick, of whom Thomas Carlyle has written so much. The song is the composition of Willibald Alexis.

FREDERICUS REX.

FREDERICUS REX, our king and lord,
To all of his soldiers "To arms!" gave the word:
"Two hundred battalions, a thousand squadrons here!"
And he gave sixty cartridges to each grenadier.

"You rascal fellows," his majesty began,
"Look that each of you stands for me in battle like a man:
They're grudging Silesia and Glatz to me,
And the hundred millions in my treasury.

"The Empress with the French an alliance has signed,
And raised the Roman kingdom against me, I fed;
The Russians my territories do invade,
Up, and show 'em of what stuff we Prussians are made.

"My generals, Schwerin, and Field-marshall Von Keiss,
And Major-General Zietzen, are all ready quite.
By the thunders and lightnings of battle, I vow,
They don't know Fritz and his soldiers now.

"Now farewell, Louisa; Louisa, dry your eyes;
Not straight to its mark ev'ry bullet flies;
For if all the bullets should kill all the men,
From whence should we kings get our soldiers then?

"The musket ball makes a little round hole.
A much larger wound doth the cannon-ball dole;
The bullets are all of iron and lead,
Yet many a bullet misses many a head.

"Our guns they are heavy and well supplied,
Not one of the Russians to the foe hath hid.
The Swedes they have cursed bad money, I vow:
If the Austrians have better, who can know?

"The French king pays his soldiers at his case.
We get it, stock and store, every week if we please;
By the thunders and the lightnings of battle, I vow.
Who gets like the Prussian so promptly his pay?"

Fredericus, my king, whom the laurel doth grace,
Hadst thou but now and then let us plunder some place,
Fredericus, my hero, I verily say;
We'd drive for thee the devil from the world away.

The second song is anonymous; the effusion is rough, but it has retained its popularity to the present day.
GERMAN SONGS.

THE BATTLE OF PRAGUE.

When the Prussians they marched against Prague,
'Gainst Prague, the beauteous town,—
They took up in camp a position;—
They brought with them much ammunition;—
They brought their cannons to bear—
Schwerin was the leader there.

And forth rode Prince Henry then,
With his eighty thousand men.
"My army all would I give, now,
If that Schwerin did but live now.
What an ill, what a terrible ill,
That Schwerin they should shoot and kill!"

The trumpeter was then sent down,
To ask if they'd give up the town,
Or if it by storm must be taken?—
In the townspeople no fear did this waken;
Their city they would not give in;
The cannonade must needs begin.

Now, who hath made this little song?
To three Russians it doth belong;
In Seilitz corps they enlisted,
In the army that Prague invested,—
"Oh, victory, hurray, hurray!
Old Fritz was there himself that day.

The next song is by Hinkel:—

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Heart so light,
Eye so bright,
Arm so stalwart in the fight,
Seeking fame,
All whose name
From great Hermann came.
Singing, shouting, brothers come,
Let us gaily wander home.
"Strong and free—
True are we,"
Shall our watchword be.

Hear it roar
The wildwood o'er;
Through the oak-tree grey and hoar;—
Loud and long
Swells the song
From our youthful throng.
Singing, shouting, brothers come,
Let us gaily wander home.
"Strong and free—
True are we,"
Shall our watchword be.

Stars appear,
Shining clear,
Let us all be brothers here!
Fatherland,
Holy land,
Lead us hand in hand.

Singing, shouting, brothers come,
Let us gaily wander home.
"Strong and free—
True are we,"
Shall our watchword be.

Lastly, we give a song by E. M. Arndt—a song which it would be well for all Germany to sing as with one voice:

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Is it Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the sea-gull flies o'er the Baltic sea?
—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?
Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
From 'Ranian land, Westphalian land?—
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?—
—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the mighty land
It's Switzerland, or Tyrol, tell:—
The land and the people pleased me well!—
—
Ah, no!—ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Name thou at length to me the land!—
Wherever in the German tongue,
To God in heaven hymns are sung:—
That shall it be,—that shall it be:
That, gallant German, is for thee!—

That is the German's fatherland.
Where binds like oath the grasped hand,—
Where from men's eyes truth flashes forth,
Where in men's hearts are love and worth?—
That shall it be!—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

It is the whole of Germany!
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to thee!—
Let German spirits in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well!—
—
That shall it be,—that shall it be!
The whole, the whole of Germany!
THE ODD BOY ON THE WOODLANDS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am in the “woodlands.” I am looking out, whenever I lift my eyes from this paper, upon green grass, green trees, and everything and more that is delightfully Arcadian; only I can see brick houses beyond the primeval forest, where a noble buck should be there is an old gander. Still it is the woodlands, as well the postman knows, for here he is with his letters and his rap-rap; for though we dwell in the woodlands, we are inhabitants of rateable houses, with gates, and doors, and bells, and knockers. Woodlands! what bright and pleasant thoughts rise up at the word! far away from the city's turmoil, the sylvan shades offer repose and peace. Under the shadow of green leaves—green leaves that tremble modestly at zephyr's whispered words—we lay at our length on oious grass. Nymphs, poetry, fairies, we are altogether yours. Green glades lead down, down, down into the very heart of the forest, whence we look up as from an emerald mine on a canopy of sapphires. Peace—here is peace, and content, and a joyous sense of liberty. We will do no work to-day; we will lounge in the shadow, or take a sunbath in the golden light. We owe duty to no man; no prince or priest shall dictate or toll in these our dominions.

“Here we shall see no enemy, But winter or rough weather.”

And it is not winter now, and the weather is not rough.

Woodlands! I should like to have been a forester—a dweller in the woodlands green. I should like to have brought down “hart of grease” for my dinner. I should like to have been one of bold Robin Hood's company—especially in the summer; why was not I? Woodlands! the grass before me is making itself into hay while the sun shines; the leaves of the trees are gathering up gold; wild flowers are plentiful, and look like jewels scattered by a free hand; and there is Mr. G.—I mean the gander—summoning his bevy of beauty, who respectfully follow him with waddling decorum all over the green.

Let me forget the brick boundary which closes my horizon, let imagination transform what I see into what I might see, and my woodlands become a grand old forest, each stunted sapling a giant oak—the mud paddle a noble lake—the gander an archer lute of limb and quick of eye—the geese his trusty followers.

Bold Robin wears his Lincoln green with much taste. His quiver is stuck full of arrows, his bow is at least as tall as himself; he wears a feathered hat, and full boots, and buff gloves, and has a turn-down collar of ample dimensions. He would pass unchallenged at a Foresters' Lodge; he might go on when the opera was Der Freischiitz; there is a dashing, irresistible kind of way with him which gives confidence to his followers—they may scent hemp growing, but they are undismayed. Who cares for rates and taxes? Who cares for income-tax commissioners? Who's afraid of turbulent creditors or greedy bill-discounters? Tuck—good-morrow to your reverence—and by my faith but you look well on your humble fare of lentils and water. The hand, Friar. And how goes it with Little John?—bravely—that's well. Times are prosperous, travellers have been plenty, and have made a good yield. Beshrew me, but they yield their broad pieces as patiently as Brindle gives milk to the pail. Come, a dinner and a song. We will kill and roast for ourselves. Twang! A good shot. Friar, shrieve the buck while we make up the fire. How shall we beguile the time till our meal is ready? Allan-a-Dale, a story from you—your own story. Marian, busy with the cookery, blushes red as the fire, but there is a merry sparkle in her eye as Allan relates what we have heard before, but are not sorry to hear again. Allan was in love, in deep love, with Marian, and she loved him. He had bought the wedding-ring, and had five shillings to spend, when her stern parent interfered, and resolved to sacrifice his che-ild at the altar of mammon. He meant to marry her to a man of money. Of course Allan was overwhelmed with grief and disappointment. Robin Hood heard about it; ascertained where the marriage
THE ODD BOY ON THE WOODLANDS.

was to take lace, and when; then went off straightway with his men. They filled the church; there was scarcely room for the bridal party to get up to the communion rails; blooming, beautiful maiden, clothed in white, with orange-blossoms on her brow, and a veil wet with tears; decrepit age—a weazen face, yellow as gold, stamped with the Evil One's mint-mark—in anxious haste to seize his treasure. Bridesmaids, enough to fill—with their partners—six broughams at the least. Beadle there, sexton there, clerk there, pew-openers there, bell-ringers there, organist there—ready to do a wedding-march—minister there, a real live bishop—licence ready—no—not a licence—quite the High Church business, banns and no cards. Then up speaks Robin, just as the parson is mumbling over his just causes and impediments, up speaks Robin and says it can't go on. He won't have it. The girl is a too young to marry with three-score years. Here is a young man to her liking—Mr. Allan-a-Dale step forward. Says the bishop—his lawn sleeves fluttering like Mr. Gander's wing, "It cannot be."

"Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat, And put it upon Little John. By the faith of my body," then Robin he cried, "This cloth doth make thee a man."

"When Little John went to the quire, The people began to laugh; He asked them seven times in the church, Last three times should not be enough.

"Who gives this maid?" said Little John; Quoth Robin, "That do I; And he that takes her from Allan-a-Dale, Foul dearly shall her buy.""

Whether they went into the vestry afterwards, signed their names in the book, and got their marriage lines all duly made out, does not appear, but they started off for the Greenwood, and had a jolly wedding-breakfast off venison and wine.

That is what I like to be in the woodlands for. I like to do as I like; I like other people to do as they like so long as they do not interfere with other people. If it had not been for Robin Hood, Allan-a-Dale might have gone about like the broken-hearted milkman who loved the false one of Paddington Green. Robin put it all right—did not care for the Ecclesiastical Law, or the Arches Court, or anything, but just went on his own individual hook, and made things pleasant. Robin! very much bravo!

Not care for ecclesiastical law? No indeed, nor for any other law. Here is one of our company whose wife lives at Carlisle. He wished to see her, but the probability was that if he showed his face in Carlisle he would be taken up and put down almost immediately. So with conjugal love strong in him he went. He was betrayed. The house was surrounded. He and his wife, and children three, were likely to be burnt alive, for the outsiders set the house in a blaze. Finally, he was captured, and sentenced to be hanged. Well, he was not hanged. Two of his companions, hearing of his sorry plight, ran up to Carlisle, dodged the porter, stole the keys, waited till the sheriff appeared, and then shot him and another magistrate dead; fought in a desperate and surprising way, and carried off the prisoner in triumph. His wife and his children were also saved. But it came to pass afterwards that they all fell into the king's hands, and the three foresters were to be hanged. The queen, however, interceded for them, and their lives were spared. Just then came the news of what they had done at Carlisle.

"First the justice and the sheriff, And the mayor of Carlisle town, Of all the constables and catchpoles Alive were scarce left one."

The king was a good mind to change his decree, and swing them up immediately, but he was withheld from this purpose; only he would insist that—just like Gesser in William Tell—one of them should shoot at an apple placed on his little boy's head. Of course the archer shot, and of course he did not spoil the boy. Far from that, he only cut the apple clean in two. Then he and his two mates were made royal foresters,—bad poachers make good game-keepers,—and the forester's wife was made governess to the royal children.

Robin was a great big man in his way, and could never bear to be outdone. Once upon a time he was told of a certain friar who could easily bring down a buck in full speed at five hundred yards' distance. He looked him up. Said he to the friar, whom he found walking on the bank of a stream, "Carry me over on your back to the other side." The friar carried him over.
said the friar to him, "Carry me back again." So he carried him back again. Then said Robin Hood to the friar, "Carry me over again," and the friar carried him to the centre of the stream and threw him in. Then Robin swam to the other side of the stream, and the friar swam to the other side of the stream, and they began to shoot at one another till they had not an arrow left. Then Robin Hood and the friar coming together, went at it—if I may be allowed the expression—"tooth and nail." They fought as if they never would have done fighting. Sly Robin, at last, in a way which I cannot consider altogether square, fell on his knees and cried, "A boon! a boon!" Of course the friar granted it. Then Robin blew his bugle horn, and fifty foresters sprang up as if they were pantomime sprites on their own traps. Then the friar fell on his knees and cried as Robin had cried, "A boon! a boon!" Of course it was granted. Then the friar put two fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle, and fifty mastiffs came bounding forward, ready for anything, and up to everything. Robin had found his match! It was, as somebody has said, "a sight to see." Saladin and Lionheart could not be stouter foes or better friends, nor entertain a higher opinion of each other than Robin had for the friar, or than the friar had for Robin. They were sworn brothers from that day forth.

Ah, but those were brave days. I wish—but what's the use of wishing? My imagination is dissolving, and my aspirations are vain. Forest—and Foresters—yah! it is not a bugle horn but a gander's call I hear, and here comes Mr. G. himself with his troop after him, a company of feathered waddlers, but not of archers bold.

Now let me stop wishing and begin to wonder. I wonder if I was to go in for being a freebooter in the forest whether anything would come of it except catarrh, rheumatism, and the county gaol. I wonder if I could get a bold band to join me—whether our united funds would permit of the purchase of the necessary apparel. I know the exact costume, I saw lots of fellows in it one St. Monday at the Crystal Palace. Well supposing we could get the things, where could we find the forest? Forest Hill, you say, is easy of access, but it is quite out of the question; there are too many houses, too many perambulators, too many nursemaids and policemen, to admit of it for a moment. Well, there is Epping—I have been to that quiet Cockney retreat, and in the depths of its romantic verdure I have looked around and seen the Roebuck. Ah me, but the Roebuck was a public-house! Never mind, we might contrive, by skilful management, to get out of sight of the hotel and almost out of hearing of the railway engine. There, oh glorious! we watch the approach of travellers; we see them lead their horses to water, kindle their fire, swing their kettle, open their provision baskets, sit down amongst the damp grass and the gnats and the hornets and the ants and the winged nuisances of all kinds, and down are we upon them. The forest king demands tribute. Tribute! why they have but a few shillings amongst them; what one of the ladies calls "a cold collection," chiefly consisting of ham and beef, and hard-boiled eggs, and second-class return tickets for London. What can be done with such an awkward squad? Well, suppose we remove our quarters to Windsor. Let us gather round Herne's Oak and make our compact. Yah! the park rangers won't allow it! Wherever we go there is somebody to interfere with us, and always a railway! Bother the up and down lines; it strikes me they are all down lines—and that they offer very hard lines to an aspiring and romantic spirit of the feudal age. Suppose I was to stop the sheriff and get something out of him. He would have me safe within stone walls before I was many hours older. Robin Hood did it—what man has done man can do—but the results are very different. He was always making it right with the king himself; but as for me—I could not make it right with the policeman. He at the worst smelt hemp, I at the best small oakuni.

Again I look on my green woodland, again I try to imagine things that might be, and again I am painfully convinced that it won't do. I was born too late to be a freebooter—I am very much behind the age of Robin Hood—I live in the days of railways and electric telegraphs, and locks and treadmills and tickets-of-leave. I must endeavour, I suppose, to submit to my hard fate, and to going on subscribing myself;

Yours very much so,

THE ODD BOY.

Woodlands, July 2, 1896.
“Tell them how I died.”
CHAPTER XXX.

A JOURNEY INLAND.

MR. MERRILL, the junior partner of the firm who employed me, was about to undertake a journey up the Indus river, or rather, to the Satlej, where the army under Sir Harry Smith was stationed.

The firm had a large contract with the East India Company in supplying army stores, and it was on business connected with this contract that the journey was undertaken.

A part of the distance was to be performed in the brig, which was to be taken up the Indus river loaded with merchandise. The remainder of the distance to the seat of war then being waged against the Sikhs was to be performed by land.

Mr. Merrill, although he was a little given to satire in his conversation, was an intelligent and social companion, and we had a pleasant passage to Hyderabad.

He was attended by two servants—a luxury that in food and wages cost him about one shilling per day.

My first officer of the brig, who had resided some time in India, also kept a servant to wait on him; and had there been an European sailor amongst the crew, he also might have wanted a Hindoo attendant.

Many times since being in India I have seen Europeans suffering much misery and annoyance in finding some employment for their servants; and so great seemed their distress at this their severest toil, that I preferred letting my brow be unfanned, and fighting flies myself, to being annoyed by the proximity of a servile attendant.

Hyderabad, the capital of the province of Seinde, presented a meaner appearance than any city I had yet visited.

It contained a good bazaar, two or three fine-looking mosques, and a palace of the Ameers—a brick building inlaid with porce- lain beautifully coloured; but the streets were narrow and dirty, and the majority of the houses unworthy of the political and commercial importance of the place.

It was the desire of Mr. Merrill that I should accompany him up the country, and, leaving the brig in the care of the first mate, we started from Hyderabad with forty teams drawing heavy loads of stores, and escorted by one hundred mounted men.

On the afternoon of the day this journey was commenced I regretted having undertaken it, for in the commander of the escort I recognised A. Manderville Knowls.

Four years of active life in India had produced a great change in the young-officer's appearance, for he was a foppish schoolboy no longer, but spoke and acted like a man.

At first I was afraid that he would recognise me, and in the journey make some attempt to annoy me for the unpleasant emotions I had assisted in causing him in the past, but this fear soon subsided.

Before being a week on the road I was confident that the school the man had been attending had educated him above indulging in any petty animosity for follies of the past. I believed that he now had the sense to know that on first arriving in the country he was a fool, and that he would bear no ill-will towards one who had done something towards teaching him that such was the case.

Our journey was necessarily slow, and while crawling along beneath a burning sun I formed a strong opinion that the only comfortable way of travelling is by water—an opinion that no experience of later years has changed.

Much of our way was through a fertile and well-cultivated country, that had not the slightest appearance of being cursed with war.

Many of the inhabitants, although a highly civilised and intelligent people, did not appear to know that some of their countrymen were warring with "the little white substance"
that, according to a native poet, had gathered like a spot of leprosy on the country.

We passed not far from the city of Jessulmee, containing a population of twenty-five thousand inhabitants; and had there been the least exhibition of patriotism amongst the people, our journey could easily have been prevented.

Should a man with his left hand in the jaws of a hungry wolf refrain from using his right hand in defending himself because the latter was not attacked, or from using his feet for the reason that they felt no injury from the grasp, he would act very much as the majority of the people of India have acted in permitting a population of over one hundred millions to fall under the control of a few thousand Englishmen.

On the twenty-eighth day of our journey we received some unpleasant evidence of our being in a country where we were not wanted.

A scout that had been riding a mile or two to the left came galloping in with the intelligence that a large body of natives were approaching.

Although uncertain as to whether they were our allies or the Sikhs, immediate preparations were made for defence; and I was somewhat astonished at the coolness and decision the officer in command exhibited in giving his orders. Had there only been the members of his company to look after, long attention to discipline with him and them might have enabled him to do all that could be done without the slightest confusion; but there were over forty teams drawing loads that must be protected, and accompanying the teams were nearly a hundred teamsters and more than fifty others who were servants. These people seemed to do all in their power to create confusion.

I could hardly believe it possible that the officer I now saw was once the tame, dandified, affected creature I had seen on the Dublin Castle four years before.

But it was the same person—only wonderfully changed for the better. He was now Captain Knowis, who with one glance seemed to see everything necessary for each to do; and his orders were given with a decision and energy that produced immediate obedience.

In about ten minutes from the time the alarm was given, a body of about five hundred men was seen rushing towards us along the side of a low range or hill; but full preparations had been made to receive them.

The teams and their loading formed a breastwork, behind which all were stationed, and twenty-six of the men were dismounted for working two light field-pieces we had brought with us.

The scouts in advance, to the right and in the rear, as yet had not been driven in, and no immediate danger was threatening us but from the foe we saw advancing.

There was a moment of breathless suspense, in which the native teamsters and servants were trembling with fear, for to them, if captured, there would certainly be no quarter shown by the Sikhs, who were naturally embittered against all who assisted the white invaders of their country.

Not until the enemy had come within two hundred yards of us was a shot fired. The two field-pieces, heavily loaded with musket balls, were then made to speak a command for them to halt; a command that was obeyed by many. A volley from the mounted troops followed; and seeing that the enemy were hesitating in some confusion, Captain Knowis ordered a charge.

From each end of our entrenchment rode the mounted men, and with horses at full speed galloped upon the now flying natives.

The pursuit was led by the Captain, and as the scene of strife moved further away, we could see the horsemen continually dealing heavy blows with their long swords, and leaving the ground strewed with the dying behind them.

I had seen a battle, and was disappointed—not in the result, but in the appearance of the scene.

There had been the impetuous and somewhat confused advance of the foe—the report of the guns—the sight of men rolling on the ground like children playing in a park—the flight and pursuit. That for a moment seemed all; but I had something more to witness before fairly comprehending the scene that had passed so rapidly before me.

It was not until I went forth amongst the dead and wounded, and saw the return of the blood-bespattered troopers, bearing the mangled bodies of some of their companions, that I experienced a proper sense of horror at a mortal combat.
CHAPTER XXXI.

EPISODES OF LIFE IN INDIA.

The soldiers slowly returned from the pursuit, for they were bringing with them wounded men. About the first thing I noticed as they drew near was the empty saddle on the horse with which Captain Knowles had so gallantly led the charge against the Sikhs.

The young Captain was being carried in the arms of some of the men.

Our danger was not yet over, for a body of the enemy were now reported to be in advance, or on the way we were intending to pursue.

All the troops were wanted in making preparations for defence, and on asking permission to give my attention to the wounded, my services were gladly accepted.

Conscience was burning me for an unmanly feeling of ill-will I had once possessed for a person whom I had now found to be a brave young officer deserving the admiration of all, and I first turned my attention to Captain Knowles.

A sergeant of the company and two or three native attendants were with him, but doing nothing to relieve the agony the wounded man appeared to be suffering, and the old sergeant willingly allowed me to relieve him from his unpleasant duty. He was a man who could slaughter foes without the least regret for the necessity causing the strife, but was quite unmanned when kneeling by the wounded and suffering officer whom he had learnt to esteem for many good qualities.

On examining the wound of Captain Knowles, I saw that it was fatal. A musket ball had passed through his abdomen, and he could not possibly recover. Nothing could be done to relieve his sufferings, and I now was not surprised at the old sergeant for gladly being relieved from a painful scene to engage in active duty.

On seeing me the Captain turned upon me a long and earnest gaze. Then slowly came over his features a faint smile—a smile of recognition. He remembered me now, but not with any ill-will. The innate manliness of his nature had become developed by life in India, and had overgrown the faults of an early education.

Had he never left London he would have ever remained crippled in intellect, for his soul would have been held in the bondage of senseless etiquette and frivolity.

“‘You are a sailor!’ he exclaimed, in calm, but low tone, ‘and you will return to London. My brother officers never may, and certainly not for a long time, if ever. Will you see my friends there?’”

“Yes,” I replied, in an emphatic manner. “I will see them if you wish, if I have to make a voyage for the express purpose of doing so.”

The earnest manner in which these words were spoken I believe convinced the dying man that I was sincere in making the promise.

“And what will you tell them?” he asked.

I would not try to deceive him with any false hopes of his recovery, and replied, “I shall tell them that no soldier ever died on the field of battle in a more noble manner than you.”

“That is all you can do for me,” he answered. “They told me before leaving home that in the sight of an enemy I should die of fear and without a wound. My parents will read that I was killed in a skirmish with the enemy, and that is all they will learn without seeing some one who is here to-day. They will wish to know more, and you will see them?”

“Yes. Where shall I find them?”

“At No. 11, ——— Square, London.”

I noticed that the last words were spoken with some difficulty, and that a great change was rapidly coming over him.

I spoke to one of the lieutenants near by, and he came up, followed by three or four other under officers.

Standing around the prostrate body of the Captain, we had but a few minutes to wait before we could see that time with him had passed, and that his spirit had sought the mysterious future that awaits us all.

Two parties of Sikhs were reported hanging about the vicinity of where we had stopped, but they apparently lacked the courage to attack us.

Different parties of the enemy might unite and overpower us by numbers.

Knowing this, it was decided that we should make a forced march during the night with the hope that a closer proximity to the
army we wished to reach would lessen the danger of an attack.

Before leaving, we buried Captain Knowles, two of the troopers, and one native teamster, who had been shot at the first volley from the Sikhs before their retreat.

All the men seemed greatly to regret the loss of their captain, but his fate had been well revenged, for about one hundred of the enemy were supposed to have been killed.

The next day the troopers had two slight skirmishes with flying detachments of the enemy, and we lost three more men.

Every exertion was made in pressing forward with the greatest speed, for at any hour we were liable to be surrounded by a force that could not be successfully resisted.

Two days after the loss of Captain Knowles this danger seemed highly imminent, for two large parties of native troops were reported to be approaching.

Fortunately one of them turned out to be a body of native infantry that had been sent to our assistance, and we were unmolested by the other.

Three days after we were safe under the protection of the army commanded by Sir Harry Smith.

A fine opportunity was presented me for witnessing the battle of Aleeval, which was fought soon after we joined the army, but very fortunately, as I then believed, and still think, I was prevented from incurring any danger by Mr. Merrill, who only had a passion for the war of buying cheap and selling dear, and being in his employ I willingly obeyed his commands, and kept with him beyond the reach of harm.

The battle of Aleeval was a complete success for the English arms, and in our return to Hyderabad there was no enemy to oppose us.

On our way back we passed through Jesselmeer, and found it to be a fine city, the streets being well planned and clean, and the houses much better than those of Hyderabad.

Two or three days after leaving the city we passed through a village that was sacred to the Hindoo god of monkeys. The monkeys apparently owned the town, and the people in it were their servants.

In that sacred town no one was allowed to punish monkeys for any of their peculiarities or misdemeanours; and I was informed that often these mischievous animals would come into a house and clear away the food that had been placed on the table for the human inmates, and the family would not dare make the resistance necessary for preventing the robbery.

Monkeys were seen on the roof of every house, and were chattering at us from nearly every window.

As we were riding out of the village, one of the men in the company was so indiscreet as to attempt carrying away a young monkey which he picked from the roof of a low hut. The little animal gave a shout of alarm that was repeated by many others, and the next minute we were pursued by an army of about five hundred monkeys, and all the men, women, and children of the village, all uttering fearful cries of vengeance.

Had not the young monkey been dropped on the road, and our horses put to their greatest speed, we should probably have been torn to pieces.

Our journey up the country was a very disagreeable and fatiguing one, and it was with a strong feeling of pleasure that we once more put our feet on the deck of the brig in the river at Hyderabad.

I was at home then, and never seemed farther from it than when riding a horse over a dusty road, beneath a burning sun.

My first business on boarding the brig was to open my box, for the purpose of learning if it still contained the Bible that had once belonged to my mother.

There was no reason why I should suppose that it was not safe where it had been left; and yet it was with much satisfaction I saw that it was still mine.

I know not why the feeling should exist, but it was certain that, in my opinion, should that book be lost, life would no longer be worth possessing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WRECKED AGAIN.

Mr. Merrill and his uncle were men of business, and not disposed to keep me in idleness. Immediately after our return to Bombay, preparations were commenced for
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

another voyage to Labuan and Sarawak; but not in the brig.

During our absence, Mr. Merrill's partner had purchased a ship of four hundred tons burthen, and had engaged a captain to command it. The brig had been many years knocking about the Indian Ocean, and on our return from Hyderabad it was condemned by the underwriters as unseaworthy.

I had lost the command of a vessel, but had the opportunity of going out as first mate of the ship.

This for some time I objected to do, not liking to be second in command after having been first; but my objections were overruled by Mr. Merrill, who was strongly opposed to my leaving the employ of the firm, and found much fault with his uncle for engaging another to fill the place in which I had so well performed my duty.

"The old fellow is still haunted by the idea that you are too young to know anything," said Mr. Merrill to me; "yet I am quite certain that you are more trustworthy than the man he has engaged to take your place; and for that reason I am anxious you should go as first mate."

Not wishing to disappoint a man who had always used me well, and not knowing what else to do, I finally consented to go in the ship; and two weeks after assisted in getting it "under way."

The captain under whom my duty was to be performed was a man about fifty years of age. And this, I believe, was the principal reason why he had been chosen by the senior partner of the firm for the command. He had been for some time master of a collier between Newcastle and London, and then had been sent to India in an old vessel with a cargo of but little value, both heavily insured, and, I believe, with the hope that he would manage to lose the ship and cargo on the voyage. This, however, more by good fortune than skill in navigation, he had failed to do; and the ship and cargo had proved a loss to the owners and agents or consignees.

No one would ship freight from India in the rotten tub of a ship for England; and its captain was left to look after some other occupation besides that of being its skipper.

Being again fortunate, he had succeeded in finding employment with the uncle of Mr. Merrill, who, I believed, had engaged him for the simple reason that what little hair remained on the man's head was grey.

In this voyage we had as passengers fifty soldiers in the steerage, and four of their officers in the cabin.

An officer who was the captain of this fragment of a company was a middle-aged man, very fond of Irish whiskey, and during the voyage there seemed to be a rivalry between him and the skipper as to which could drink the most of that soul-awakening beverage.

Judging from the general appearance of the two during the time I had an opportunity of observing them together, my skipper had the best, or perhaps I should say the worst, of the strife, although the military man possessed a strong constitution and had many years' practice in imbibing extraordinary quantities of strong potations.

For five weeks my regard for the welfare of Mr. Merrill kept me on duty nearly twenty hours out of the twenty-four, until I became nearly exhausted with fatigue and the want of sleep.

After we had passed through the Straits of Malacca and turned N.E. towards Labuan, the captain would keep a course further to the westward than what I thought was prudent.

In my first voyage to Labuan, when nearly all the responsible part of the work of navigating the vessel rested upon me, I had studied the chart carefully, and had taken the brig safely to and from its destination.

In this voyage I had reason to believe that the captain (whose name I do not give for the reason that his sons and daughters are now living) was incurring a great risk that in my first voyage I had been careful to avoid. He was running amongst the Natuna islands, all of which should have been passed.

One evening I knew that we were in the neighbourhood of one of those islands, and the belief that such was the case was expressed to the captain, who would not agree with me.

The day had been cloudy, and we had been unable to take an observation, but judging from the rate the ship had been sailing, I was firm in the belief that a low uninhabited island of the Natuna group could not be far away, and during my watch from eight in the evening to twelve I took every precaution to guard against danger.
At four bells I stationed a man in the chains with the lead, and saw that he was busily employed in heaving it. We had no second mate capable of taking the captain's watch when the least difficulty was apprehended, and so great was my anxiety that I was in hopes the captain would keep below, as he had often done, and leave the deck in my charge during the night. Eight bells struck, and I was disappointed in this hope, for the captain turned up from below, and etiquette required me to allow him to relieve me from duty.

I was smoking a cigar at the time he came up, and remained on the deck for a few minutes to finish it.

The first thing the captain did after coming up was to order the mainsail to be spread, although we were under all the sail—I deemed necessary.

While this order was being executed, he noticed that one of the men was missing, and called to the “sirang,” or boatswain of the Lascar watch, to have the man produced.

The man he had missed was in the chains with the lead, and on this being known to the captain, he exclaimed, “What d——d nonsense! Bring him away from there.”

According to the chart in my possession (which was the latest published), the island I believed to be near had upon its east side a shallow sea for some distance from the land, and the shoal was dotted with too many reefs and points of rocks to be correctly marked.

Safety required that the island on the east side should be given a wide offing.

On venturing to communicate this fact to the captain, he admitted the truth of what I said, but declared that we were nowhere near the island, and hinted that he commanded the ship, and that my place for the present was below.

Duty required me to do nothing more, and I went to my cabin.

Before being there an hour I was nearly thrown out of my bunk by a sudden stop being given to the outward course of the ship.

The vessel had run between the points of two rocks, and it was held as firmly as though it was in a huge vice that was crushing its ribs.

Before I could succeed in gaining the deck, I saw that the ship was filling with water.

The confusion on deck was only limited to the power of fifty soldiers, a drunken captain, and a Lascar crew for producing it.

The first order I heard from the captain was a command to man the pumps.

Duty to myself and all on board commanded me to submit to his folly no longer, for the lives of all on board were in danger.

We had met an emergency demanding the exhibition of qualities the captain did not possess, and he was no longer entitled to a command over us.

The idea of manning the pumps on a vessel breaking up and filling with water would have been amusing under most circumstances, but on that occasion only aroused my indignation for the man who suggested it.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUR NEW HOME.

“CAPTAIN HUNTER,” I shouted to the military officer, “muster your men on the quarter deck. Cut down all who refuse to obey you.”

I then ordered the sirang, or driver, of the Lascars’ crew to set all hands at preparing the boats for sea.

The skipper did not interfere with my commands, and in less than two minutes the confusion had ceased. The soldiers had been mustered aft, and the crew were clearing the longboat and two dingies ready for launching.

The soldiers were then ordered to assist the second mate and steward in saving water, provisions, and other things that might be necessary; and this duty, in which their officers assisted, enabled us to secure some bread and rice and a small quantity of water that happened to be in the cabin and steerage. The sea water had then risen two feet above the orlop-deck, preventing any attempt at getting anything out from below. Taking advantage of a moment when I was not needed on deck, I dived below to my cabin, and by wading through the water reached my box, and taking from it my mother’s Bible, I returned with it to the deck.

When the soldiers had done all in their power towards saving food and water, I directed them to look after their muskets.

A few of these were got up from below, but we were only able to procure a few rounds of ammunition.
We were in no immediate danger by remaining on the vessel, for it was firmly held between the rocks, and although the water rose some feet over the orlop-deck, the vessel was prevented from sinking any lower.

Every preparation was made for pushing off should the ship show further signs of breaking up; but day dawned without our having to leave. In the morning we saw before us a low narrow island about two miles in length, and apparently densely covered with trees.

The longboat with the army officers and some of the soldiers was first sent ashore, taking with them most of the provisions we had saved.

It was followed by the captain in a dingy, and four of the Lascar crew. Since I had taken the command of the wreck the night before, the skipper had not interfered with my business, but appeared to have a proper sense of his own incapacity. He probably remembered that he had ordered the pumps to be manned on a ship with the bottom knocked out, and therefore refrained from distinguishing himself by further follies.

The longboat was some time absent, and those left on the ship became quite impatient at the delay. It was not brought back before tea o'clock in the morning, and we then learnt that the delay had been caused by the difficulty of finding a landing-place.

Twenty more soldiers were then sent ashore with orders to send the boat back as quick as possible, for the breeze was becoming stronger, and should the sea rise the vessel might soon be knocked to pieces.

There was plenty of work for those who remained to perform, as the sails had to be taken down for the purpose of sending ashore, and with some labour many other things we should probably need might be saved from the wreck.

I was the last man to leave the deck of the ill-fated vessel, and the sun was just setting as I reached the shore with the Lascars.

A low perpendicular wall seemed to extend nearly around the island; but at one place—a small cove—mangrove trees were growing for a distance of thirty yards into the water, and they were such near neighbours that a boat could not be pushed to the shore amongst them.

There was one narrow place where we forced the boat in, so that we could reach the shore by wading about ten paces in three feet of water.

On the shore, trees and bushes were growing so closely together that no one could see more than five or six yards away; and I could distinctly understand the words that many people close by me were saying, and yet I could not see them. There was hardly room for a man to stand or lie down.

It was a dreary, uncomfortable place; and before being ashore five minutes I was willing to return to the wreck.

The captain and those who had been ashore all day informed me that they could find no water, and that although the island was covered with trees, but few of them bore fruit. They further stated that what little fruit did grow was all gathered by baboons, by which the island was thickly inhabited; and that from what they had witnessed, they believed these creatures were suffering from famine, for they had seen several fierce fights amongst them for food.

Our future prospects certainly looked very dark, but I did not believe that the captain or any of the soldiers had explored the whole island. Judging from my knowledge of the captain and of the soldiers, and from the appearance of the island, I did not believe they had been two hundred yards away from the shore.

I was further informed that the ground was covered with centipedes, tarantulas, scorpions, and a thousand other disgusting things unnamed.

After passing the most miserable night of my existence, I started the next morning for the wreck, accompanied by four of the soldiers and five of the Lascars. During our absence, those ashore were to be employed in cutting bushes and clearing a path towards the centre of the island, where there was higher ground more suitable for a camping place.

The skipper, with some of the crew, was to make a voyage round the island in a dingy, to see if he could discover a stream of water.

On reaching the wreck, I found that the bow had partly broken up, and that many things such as we needed had become released from the hold, and were floating about between decks.

At this visit I became satisfied that we
should be unable to save sufficient provisions to keep all hands for more than a week, and that some means must be immediately taken to procure our removal from the island.

We returned to the shore with a bag of biscuit, partly damaged, a few bottles of wine, and about half a cask of beef.

Impatiently we waited for the return of the captain, to hear the report of his survey.

He came at last, and with the news that there was not the slightest evidence for him to believe there was a drop of "living water" on the island.

All hands were immediately assembled, but when this was done not more than eight or ten from one place could be seen; so dense was the thicket by which we were surrounded.

The first business we transacted was to gather every article of food and drink upon one spot, and place a guard of two soldiers and a sergeant over them.

We were about three hundred and fifty miles north-east of Singapore, and it was decided that the captain, the principal officer of the military, and six men should start for that place in the long-boat immediately, for the purpose of sending a vessel to remove us.

While the captain was choosing his crew, I proceeded with the assistance of others to get the boat ready.

We gave the men going in it a small allowance of biscuit for six days, about five gallons of water, and four bottles of wine.

This was quite little enough, but with it their chance of suffering hunger and thirst was far less than those who remained.

The boat was pushed off about eight o'clock in the evening, and was accompanied by our earnest prayers for its speedy progress to its destination.

Our unpleasant situation might well give cause for much uneasiness, for we were threatened with a lingering death with thirst.

We could not starve for some time, for when hunger should demand the necessity, we could make game of the baboons, but the knowledge that no water had yet been found on the island seemed to create a raging thirst with all.

One of the sergeants was elected to the duty of dividing and serving out the food and water, over which a guard was to be placed night and day.

There was only sufficient water to serve out a very short allowance to each for three days, and unless fortune favoured us in some way, by the expiration of that time there would be some strange proceedings in the camp.

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THE GARIBALDI HYMN.

IL Soldato del Mondo ci chiama—
Gioventù dell'Italia, t'aduna,
Per far salva la sacra laguna,
Che la rabbia straniera legò.
Non c'arresti vil'età né minaccie;
Solleviam superbi la testa;
Alla guer corriam come a festa
Duce e il Grande che tutti chiamò.
O Garibaldi—nostro Salvator;
Te seguiamo—al campo dell'onor!
Risorga Italia—il sol di Libertà!
All'armi! all'armi! Andiam.

Dietro mura di ferro e di foco
Il nemico c'insulta e ci aspetta,
Ah! sia pronta la nostro vendetta,

E Venezia giuriamo salvar!
Tutti stretti alla sacra bandiera,
Sarem fulmin tremendo di morte
All'infame straniera còrie,
Che vorrebbe l'Italia schiacciare!
O Garibaldi—nostro Salvator, etc.

Vittoriosi, allo stolto oppressore
Nostro antico tiranno rapace,
Stenderemo la mano di pace,
Sarem grandi se avrem libertà
Vittorioso—ci aspetta e sospira,
Fatta salva da gente rubella,
Roma Santa del Mondo la Stella
Che Regina d'Italia, sarà.
O Garibaldi—nostro Salvator, etc.

"*" Translations of this celebrated Hymn are requested.—Ed. B. M. M.
BUTTERFLIES.—(Order Lepidoptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

SO you have succeeded, Norman; and now that the pretty thing is caught you find its wings to be torn and jagged, while your fingers are covered with what you call a dust. The wings of the beautiful creature were completely covered with this so-called dust; but here, where your touch has made them bare, we perceive them to consist of a thin transparent membrane, intersected by nerves and dotted with little holes wherein the plumelets were inserted. Yes, I said plumelets; for the microscope will show us that this dust is really an assemblage of little feathers, or feather-scales, of a somewhat oval form, terminating at one end in a kind of stalk by which they are attached to the membrane of the wing. Look through the instrument which I have now adjusted, and you may notice that on the part of the wing where they are undisturbed, they are arranged in rows, overlapping each other like tiles on a roof. May you count them? Do you think you can? It would require the patience of Job. However, you may spare yourself the task, since it has been performed for you by certain entomologists. I see a moth, and on the wing of a silkworm moth, and 100,735 in a square inch of the wing of a peacock butterfly. It is on account of these feather-scales that butterflies, moths, and hawk-moths, receive as an order the designation of Lepidoptera (from the Greek, lepidon, "a small scale," and ptera, "wings").

As we have on other occasions talked of beetles, bees, and other members of the class of insects, I may mention now that the order Lepidoptera contains some of the largest and most beautiful forms, and for number of species includes probably one-sixth of the whole class, though it is exceeded by the Coleoptera, Hymenoptera, and Diptera. It has been remarked that the plumage of tropical birds is not superior in vivid colouring to what may be observed in the greater number of butterflies and moths. "See," exclaims Linnaeus, "the large, elegant, painted wings of the butterfly, four in number, covered with delicate feathery scales! With these it sustains itself in the air a whole day, rivalling the flight of birds and the brilliancy of the peacock. Consider this insect through the wonderful progress of its life.—how different is the first period of its being from the second, and both from the parent insect! Its changes are an inexplicable enigma to us; we see a green caterpillar, furnished with sixteen feet, feeding upon the leaves of a plant; this is changed into a chrysalis, smooth, of golden lustre, hanging suspended to a fixed point, without feet, and subsisting without food; this insect again undergoes another transformation, acquires wings and six feet, and becomes a gay butterfly, soaring in the air and living by suction upon the honey of plants. What has nature produced more worthy of our admiration than such an animal, coming upon the stage of the world and playing its part there under so many masks?"

If you wish me to give you further information about the Lepidoptera, I can only spare time to-day to speak of the butterflies; the moths must wait another opportunity. You would like to know the distinction between moths and butterflies? Do you see that alderman butterfly on the dahlia yonder? While he is at rest his wings have the vertical position, and by this indication you may generally know a butterfly from a moth; for the moths when in repose have their wings horizontal, as you will probably have opportunity of noticing in the evening. It will be a further guide to you to know that the antennae of butterflies are slender and terminated by a small club; while in the moths they are generally bristle-shaped and frequently plumose. Butterflies are distinguished by the brilliancy of their colouring, and by the beauty of the under as well as the upper side of the wings. Their caterpillars have usually sixteen feet, and their pupae are nearly always destitute of any silken envelope, and are attached by the tail.

Eh? I am talking of larva, pupa, &c., without explaining what I mean? Thank you for the hint! Perhaps I ought to have told you before that insects pass through a series of transformations or developments of the most wonderful character, their states or stages being in succession—the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the imago.

The eggs of butterflies are of various colours—pink, purple, yellow, grey, green, brown; while the shapes are cylindrical, flat, prismatic, angular, square, anything but "egg-shaped." The egg of the meadow brown butterfly is crowned at the upper end with sculptured work in the form of tiles or slates, as if to defend it from injury. The yellow eggs of the large garden white butterfly, found in patches on the leaves of the cabbage, are ribbed and flat-shaped. No, butterflies themselves do not feed on cabbage leaves: their food is honey drawn from the nectararies of flowers; but when the eggs become caterpillars the little creatures will find themselves exactly in the right place. It is justly pointed out by Kirby, as an instance of affectionate solicitude on the part of the parent, that her last moments are thus spent in providing for her future progeny. Led by an
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instinct far more unerring than the practised eye of the botanist, she recognizes the desired plant the moment she approaches it, and still does not deposit her precious burden till she has ascertained that the leaf is not pre-occupied by the eggs of some other butterfly. Having fulfilled this duty, from which no obstacle, short of color impossibility, no danger however threatening, can divert her, the affectionate mother dies.

The larva, immediately after its exclusion from the egg, is soft, without wings, and in shape somewhat like a worm. Another name for the insect in this stage of its existence is caterpillar; though the white and more compact larva of flies, many beetles, &c., are called grubs and maggots. The Roman naturalist, Pliny, tells us of an animal called the toranus, whose was as large as an ox, and had the power to assume the colour of any ass. Derham, in citing the case, is not donkey enough to believe it without qualification; but says that if there is any truth in the story it may arise from the animal's choosing such convenient place for its skin as will agreeable to its own colour. I mention it now for the sake of the instance by which Derham backs up the probability of his hypothesis. "I have constantly observed," he says, "that divers caterpillars and other insects, which I believe are not able to change their colour, do fix themselves to such things as are of their own colour, by which means they dodge the spectator's eye. Thus, the caterpillar that feeds on the elder, I have more than once seen so cunningly adhering to the small branches of its own plant, that it might easily be mistaken for a small stick." La Pluche generalizes the statement, and remarks that almost all caterpillars have one principal colour which perfectly resembles that of the leaves they feed on, or the little branches where they fix themselves when they cast their skins. The caterpillars who eat buckthorn are altogether as green as that plant; those on apple-trees are as much embrowned as the wood of the tree itself. They are careful to quit the leaves and prudently retire along the branches when the time arrives for casting their skins; and thus being compounded with the matter that supports them, they have some chance during their long sleep of escaping the birds who are searching for them. This correspondence of leaves and flowers with the caterpillars which are respectively to feed upon them has often been pointed out as a beautiful example of cretive foresight.

In this period of their life, during which they eat voraciously and cast their skins several times, the insects live a few days, or weeks, or months—that is, if the birds will let them; for in spite of their protective colour, great numbers are detected and eaten up. I am sorry to say also that there is scarcely a piece of cruelty or tyranny or gluttony practised by bird or beast which one or other of the tribes of man does not emulate. The African bushmen eat the caterpillars of butterflies, and the natives of New Holland eat those of a species of moth and also a kind of butterfly—which they call kuguy—which congregates at particular seasons in countless myriads. On these occasions the native blacks assemble from far and near to collect them; and after removing the wings and down by stirring them on the ground, previously heated by a large fire, and winnowing them, eat the bodies, or store them up for use by pounding and smoking them. They are said to abound in oil and to taste like nuts. When first eaten they produce violent vomiting and other debilitating effects; but these pass off after a few days, and the natives fatten exceedingly on their diet.

You would like to find some caterpillars yourself? Very good. Not for eating, I presume, but that you may test the statements made about the beauty of some of them, and the correspondence of their colours with those of the plants they frequent. No, they are not all changed to butterflies yet, nor even to aurélia: the different species prevail at different seasons. One of our largest and handsomest butterflies—the alderman, or admirable—is in his earliness at a caterpillar at this very time. He is seldom scarce in any part of the country, and by examining the leaves of nettles which appear folded edge to edge, you may readily find them.

When the larvae have ceased eating, and fixed themselves in a secure place, their skin separates once more and discloses an oblong body. They have now attained the third state of their existence, variously called the state of pupa, chrysalis, or aurelia. The name pupa was given from the swathed appearance of most insects in this state, in which they do not badly resemble in miniature a child trussed up like a mummy in swaddling clothes, according to the barbarous fashion once prevalent here and still retained in many parts of the Continent (Latin pupa, "a little girl," "a doll"). The term chrysalis implies that the pupa has a golden appearance, and those of a great many species of butterflies are in fact ornamented with golden spots. This may result from their being exposed to the light; while the pupae of moths being enclosed in cocoons or buried under earth or in trunks of trees, are of various shades of brown or of a dirty white. The term chrysalis, therefore, should have been limited to the pupa of the butterflies, but it has got into general use as applied to all pupae, and it would be impossible to restrict it. Allowing the moths, then, to appropriate this golden name, entomologists have used the word aurelia for the butterfly pupa, aurelia meaning in Latin what chrysalis does in Greek. If this should seem to be a difference without a distinction, there is no doubt that it will serve as well as that between the two primates * of this land, if only it be adhered to; but I am sorry to say that the process of confounding has already begun. In this month of August you may witness the gilded effects I speak of among the chrysalides.

* The Archbishop of York is "Primate of England;" His Grace of Canterbury "Primate of all England."
of the small tortoiseshell butterfly, which, having gorged their fill of nectaries, are often to be found suspended, head downwards, on the stalks they have stripped, or on some convenient wall or pale adjacent. Of the same species is much more gorgeously arrayed than others.

The aurelia of the "painted lady" is another which well deserves its name for the gold-like streaks and speckles which variegate its clouded surface. That of the "large tortoiseshell" or "eye," which may be found sometimes suspended to a stalk of grass,* has a coat of buff bedecked with silver.

While enclosed in their horny case, the future butterflies have their legs, antennae, and wings folded over the breast and sides, and enclosed also in a membranous envelope. The changes which we are tracing are called metamorphoses or transformations, but are more truly, as Kirby remarks, a series of developments. A caterpillar is not in fact a simple animal, but a compound one, containing within it the embryo of the perfect butterfly, enclosed in what will be the case of the pupa, which is itself included in the three or more skins, one over the other, that will successively cover the larva. As this increases in size, these parts expand the shell, and, and are in turn thrown off, until at length the perfect insect, which had been concealed in this succession of masks, is displayed in its genuine form. That this is the proper explanation of the phenomenon has been satisfactorily shown to us by Wollaston, Huyghens, and other anatomists. The first-mentioned illustrious naturalist discovered by accurate dissections, not only the skins of the larva and of the pupa encased in each other, but within them the very butterfly itself, with all its organs, in a partly fluid state, but still perfect in all its parts. Of this fact we may convince ourselves without Swammerdam's skill, by plunging into vinegar or spirit of wine a caterpillar about to assume the pupa state, and letting it remain there a few days for the purpose of giving cohesion to its parts; or by boiling it in water for a few minutes. A very rough dissection will then enable us to detect the future butterfly, and we shall find that the wings, rolled up into a sort of cord, are lodged between the first and second segments of the caterpillar, that the antennae and trunk are coiled up in front of the head, and that the legs, however different their form, are actually sheathed in its legs. This explanation strips the subject of everything miraculous, yet by no means reduces it to a simple or uninteresting operation. Our reason is confounded at the reflection that a larva, at first not thicker than a thread, includes the germs of its own triple, or sometimes octuple teguments; the case of a chrysalis is the same, only more completely folded in each other; with an apparatus of vessels for breathing and digesting, of nerves for sensation, and of muscles for moving; and that these various forms of existence will undergo their successive evolutions by aid of a few leaves received into its mouth.

The time approaches then for the emer- gement of the perfect insect. A violent agita- tion takes places in the fluids of the body, by which they are driven from the internal vessels into all the tubes and nerves of the wings, which being at the same time filled with air from the windpipe, increase consider- ably in size. This, added to the restless motion of the legs, soon enables the imprisoned creature to burst its ensheathing skin, which, flying open at the back, discloses the head and shoulders of the butterfly. Being then soon released entirely, it stands for awhile motionless on the broken fragments of its late prison-house, its wings damp and drooping, small and crumpled. But presently, distended by the fresh supply of air, inhaled through the spiracles, they expand so rapidly that in the space of a few minutes their dimensions are increased five-fold.

With reference to this change of larva into pupa and of pupa into perfect insects, Swammerdam says:—"The worm, after the manner of the brides in Holland, shut themselves up for a time, as it were to prepare and render themselves more amiable, when they are to meet the other sex in the field of Hymen." Butterflies, like other winged insects, never grow after once attaining their perfect form. Their brief existence is spent chiefly upon the wing; they marry in the air, lay their eggs upon a leaf, and die. Yet while it lives, as Pluche says, the butterfly ranges from flower to flower, enjoys all nature in full liberty, and is itself one of her amiable embellishments.

Will I tell you how the butterfly gets its name? Yes, Norman, so far as I can. It may be from its appearing in the butter season, or it may be from the yellow colour of a common species: but it is remarkable that the Germans call it whey-thief, and also schmetterling, from schmetten, meaning cream. The Greek name of the insect is psyche, which is also the name of the human soul: the explanation of this apparently strange double sense being that the butterfly was a very ancient symbol of the soul. The butterfly has been inclosed in its aurelian case, and has had to burst its bands to come out with new life and in glorious attire. It is said that the Egyptians made this an emblem of Osiris, who having been confined in an oak coffin, and in a state of death, at last quitted his prison, and enjoyed a renewal of life. They also thought it a very proper symbol of the soul of man and of the immortality to which it aspired. When life and mortality were brought to light by the gospel, the insect type was used by the fathers of the church, the butterfly shining on their ponderous pages like a beam of sunlight falling through a painted window on the gloom of a cloister. When the experiments of Swammerdam and Réaumer had shown that the caterpillar is not a simple animal, but a compound one, containing within it the rudiments of the future butterfly in all its parts, then it ceased to be an exact parallel of the usual idea of the resurrection—namely, that of a decayed body.

* "Episodes of Insect Life," vol. iii., p. 279.
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resuscitated and reunit ed to the soul. Facts are facts, whether of an anatomical nature or otherwise, and therefore it is pitiable to remember that certain writers for the church fought against the great and good naturalist when his new knowledge showed him the defectiveness of the ancient emblem. And notwithstanding the new facts alluded to, there remains a general anomaly which cannot fail to strike every one who at all considers the subject. Even Swammerdam, whose observations proved the anomaly to be less complete than had been imagined, uses these strong words with reference to insect metamorphosis:—"This process is formed in so remarkable a manner in butterflies, that we see therein the resurrection painted before our eyes, and exemplified so as to be examined by our hands."

Quoting Longfellow, and substituting butterflies for flowers and their petals, we may observe that they

Expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reason, how skin they are to human things.

And with childlike credulous affection,
We behold those tender wings expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

It is allowable to make the alteration, for the butterfly is the insect of flowers, and a flower-like insect—gay and innocent, made after a floral pattern, and coloured after floral hues. The correspondence also, previously pointed out, between the colours of caterpillars and those of the leaves they frequent, holds equally good of the perfect insects, many of which closely resemble the flowers they visit. The how magnificent the colours are! "The production of beauty was as much in the Creator's mind," says Paley, "in painting a butterfly, as in giving symmetry to the human form." Colours have usually been considered as offering to us a striking instance of the benevolence of the Deity. "There was no reason," says Dr. Prout, "why man should have distinguished colours at all, much less have been delighted with them: but what is the fact? Not only are we gifted with organs exquisitely sensible to the beauty of colours, but, as if solely to gratify this feeling, the whole of nature forms one gorgeously coloured picture, in which every possible tint is contrasted or associated in every possible manner."

The painting on the wings of the Lepidoptera is executed in mosaic, the scales or plumulets of which it is composed being laid upon, or more properly inserted through, minute holes in the transparent membrane of the pinion, as before described. No zigzag of her colours, Nature on these overspreads both sides of the delicately fin ground. Some indeed among our butterflies are able to display on the reverse side of their glorious pinions a greater show of pattern than that which adorns their upper surface. Of this description are the standards of the "Red Admiral," for in these we hardly can decide which are the most "admirable," the rich and glowing masses of the upper, or the varied and elegant shadings and pencillings of the lower side. The same may be observed of the robes of the "Painted Lady," spreading his magnificent robes of azure in the blaze of tropic sun, even to our little "Bedford Blue," smallest of blues, an alley of butterflies, which spreads no less proudly its little inch of pinion in our cloudy clime.

"It is impossible," says Donovan, in speaking of the butterfly "Menelaus," "it is impossible to find in any part of the animal creation, colours more beautiful or changeable,—pale blue the primary colour, but new tints meet the eye in every direction, varying from a silvery green to the deepest purple, and the whole surface glittering with the resplendence of highly-polished metal." In such thou art a "glorious vain," thou blue-satined sultan, or sultana, of the East! but we can match against thee the changing splendour, deeper, if not so sparkling, of the "Purple Emperor," of our own British woods of oak.

The wings of both sexes among butterflies are for the most part adorned alike, but sometimes there is a difference, as with birds, rather to the lady's disadvantage. The pretty "Orange Tip" has a white-winged partner; the little blue "Argus" has a female who dresses in purplish brown; while the "Brimstone beau," of a bright yellow himself, weds a belle of a greenish white.

In this case, Norman, I have a few specimens, put together at random, and I will just run through their names. This beautiful insect is the "Swallow Tail," which in form and colouring comes nearer to some of the tropic butterflies than any others which our island produces. You may meet with him from May to August, in the counties of Hampshire, Middlesex, Cambridge, or Norfolk. His caterpillar is one of the handomest of its race; possessing a smooth skin, beautifully variegated with black and green, and carrying at the back of its head a badge of distinction, in the shape of a flexible horn shaped like the letter Y, which, contrary to the usage of the snail, it is said to put forth on occasions of alarm. It feeds chiefly on the carrot. This gaily painted specimen is the "Brimstone" butterfly; we may know him by the cut of his bright sulphur-coloured pinions, each of which, instead of being rounded, ends in a smooth tail-like angle. He makes his appearance towards the end of February, or early in March. Of all the wings of all the butterflies his are thought to bear the closest similitude to floral productions, and on each is a reddish spot, an exact copy of that often produced by decay or accident on the surface of a yellow petal. He comes of a pretty caterpillar with a smooth green coat, dotted or shagreened with black, and marked by a whitish line along the back and sides. It is said to feed

* Episodes, vol. iii.*
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usually on the leaves of bukthorn and alder. Taking this "Emperor" butterfly, and turning it first towards the light and then away from it, we discover that in one position his robes are of darkest brown and another, of the most resplendent purple. He is the monarch of English butterflies, and may be found in the month of July, beside his empress, on the oak tree. On the leaves of which he has previously fed as a green caterpillar dotted with black and distinguished by horns. The "Painted Lady,"—this elegant insect—is remarkable for being a denizen of each quarter of the globe. Its spring caterpillar is a feeder on spiny leaves, those of the great speck-thistle being preferred.

Sir Charles Lyell found the "Red Admirable" flying about the woods of Alabama in mid-winter. To his observation they were exactly like the English type, but Mr. Double-day, of the British Museum, found all the specimens to exhibit a slight peculiarity in the colouring of a minute part of the anterior wing. Similar slight but constant variations distinguish other Lepidoptera on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and constitute the insects varieties of the same species. Lyonet and De Geer both describe one species of Lepidoptera (Lobophora heroptera) as having two winglets besides the ordinary four wings. When the variation is confined to an individual, it is regarded as a freak of nature; although perhaps it would not be improper to say that the peculiar individual constitutes a variety by itself. At a meeting of the Linnean Society, March 11, 1832, Mr. Stevens exhibited a specimen of Vanessa urtica which possessed five wings, the additional one being formed by a second but smaller hinder wing on one side.

Do I know whether butterflies ever migrate, as locusts, beetles, and other insects do? Certain families of them do set out for countries beyond the sea, but the greater number of them are supposed to perish in their passage across the ocean. Lindley, a writer in the Royal Military Chronicle, tells us that in Brazil in the beginning of March, 1803, for many days successively there was an immense flight of white and yellow butterflies, probably of the same tribe as the cabbage butterfly. They were observed never to settle, and no buildings seemed to stop them from steadily pursuing their course towards the ocean. Pallas once saw such vast flights of the orange-tipped butterfly, in the vicinity of Winofska, that he at first mistook them for flakes of snow. "Nor is Pallas the only one who has noted such a resemblance. One evening, when the ship "Beagle" was about ten miles from the Bay of San Blas, vast numbers of butterflies, in bands or flocks of countless myriads, extended as far as the eye could range. Even by the aid of a telescope it was not possible to see a space free from butterflies. The seamen cried out "it was snowing butterflies," and such in fact, says Darwin, was the appearance.

You were asking me the other day to explain to you the shower of blood which took place at Aix, in France, in July, 1608, and threw the people into such consternation. You had also read—in Chambers’s Domestic Annals of Scotland—that at Frankfort, in the year 1296, some spots of blood were seen, and contributed to bring about the massacre of ten thousand Jews. I could supply you with twenty other instances of "blood showers," and similar phenomena; but what you want is the explanation, and that is, that butterflies, in common with moths, discharge some drops of a red-coloured fluid soon after they emerge from the pupa state, and commonly during their first flight. Where the butterflies are in considerable numbers, the drops would constitute a shower. It is also likely that in some instances "blood rain" may arise from the presence of "sirocco dust," or certain species of animalcula found by Ehrenberg to constitute the red fogs of the Mediterranean. Before the true causes were known, of course many superstitions prevailed; and now that the phenomenon is explained, the superstition still lingers: error does not easily die. Let us be thankful, my little friend, for the light we enjoy, and let us learn a cheering lesson from the butterfly’s history.

Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight, The humblest form in nature’s train, Thus rise in new-born lustre bright, And yet the emblem teach in vain?
CONCORDIA LAKE.

OPPOSITE the high bluffs of "the Natchez" lies the beautiful country of Concordia, level as the surface of water, and rich in its soil as it is possible for earth to be. At present a few large plantations occupy much of its space, laid off in enormous fields, where the plough sometimes progresses a mile without turning in the furrow. In old times the Mississippi ran through the lower part of Concordia, making one of those sudden bends where it comes back almost to the very point of diverging. In one of its capricious moods, it cut through this thus-formed isthmus, and ran more directly to the sea, leaving a kind of horse-shoe furrow to mark the old bed of the river. The high waters of the spring, bearing within their bosom the sediment of almost unlimited caving shores, deposited in time at the mouth of the "cut off" the solid earth, and thus formed, as has been done a hundred times before and is constantly doing now, the bed of an inland lake, bordering the shores of the Mississippi. Thus originated the beautiful lake of Concordia, upon the shores of which we can imagine, in years not far hence, the continuous line of semi-palaces and the crowded mart; and resting upon its waters the gay pleasure-boat, and the cumbrous one of commerce, together with all the associations of a country long settled and full of wealth. At present, however, a different scene is presented; comparatively all is wild; the residences that reflect in its clear waters are like angels' visits, few and far between, while the fairy island, that is set like a gem in its centre, still remains in its primeval wilderness.

Along the shores of Concordia Lake is heard the oft-repeated echo of the sharp rifle and the ringing melody of the hound. In the luxuriant foliage of "the island" the beautiful deer graze plentifully and almost undisturbed. The wild turkey "clucks" to daylight almost as secretly as its representative in the farmyard. The hunter, starting his game on the mainland, expects that it will plunge into the lake to avoid the ruthless hound: and often, indeed, is the angler startled from his quiet by the deep-mouthed bay of the hard-pressing pack, while in the still dark water, where he expected to deceive the trout, and to which he stole so stealthily, there will plunge the swelled-neck buck, bearing his proud antlers aloft, and breasting the waves nobly, labouring for life. The light canoe or the rude skiff is pressed into service, by some "volunteer of the hunt," and pushed across to "the island." The buck, thus pressed on all sides, and perhaps met with a salute as he touches the shore from a murderous fowling-piece, plunges again into the lake. Everything seems full of animation: you hear the shout of the hunters encouraging the dogs; amidst the music, trumpet-tongued, the breezes seem to spring up and shake the pendent foliage from sympathy. At break-neck pace, the well-trained horse, with distended eyes, leaps over the ravine and fallen tree, the happiest being in the chase; then checks his swift speed at command, and as steady as a rock awaits the shot from off his back; then again bounds forward to mark the work of death. The poor buck, pressed on all sides, and at every movement of his muscles parting, through his wounds, with his life's blood, turns upon his enemies, rears, plunges, and strikes with his fore-feet; but he is dragged down and slain, his hair turned forward as roughly as the quills of a porcupine, his eye mysteriously green from rage, and unflinching.
in its defiance to the last. The excitement passes away. The horn rings merrily as a token of triumph, and silence again reigns. The angler resumes his sport, and the flocks of white cranes settle down in the shallows. The waves, caused by the last throb of the dying deer, spend themselves in light shore-reaching circles until they are lost in the mirrored surface, and the last token of the presence of the most beautiful inhabitant of the forest is obliterated as if it had not been.

The angling of Lake Concordia is one of its distinctive features; if you will go to the favourite places, you can, at any time, overload yourself with fish. In the centre of the lake is its outlet; the Cocodra, a narrow and deep stream, bears off its waters towards the great Mississippi; a few miles run, it widens into “Turtle Lake,” with bolder, and therefore seemingly wilder, scenery than is often to be met with in the alluvial. Turtle is a beautiful name; it suggests pleasant pictures. Upon the shores of Turtle Lake is heard the cawing of many doves; but it is Turtle Lake from its abundance of “green, amphibious soft shells” that cover the fallen timber when the sun shines hot, and drop into the water at your near approach.

“As easy as falling off a log.”

In the immediate influence of the Cocodra, you can catch an abundance of trout or perch without much skill or trouble; but as you approach the extreme ends or heads of the lake, more art and patience are required. It has been convenient for us to throw the line just where least reward might be expected, yet we have always been paid for our labour, and served our purpose well. We are great anglers, though we seldom catch fish. There is a spirit in the still waters or running brook that laves the soul, but we cannot communicate with it, unless it comes to us along the rod and line; hence, if taught would be more serviceable.

The winds, and the sky, and the tide, and the bait, and the tackle, affect catching fish; but they affect not thought. We sit down under the shade of the favourite tree, or the shaded bank, and cast our snare, and philosophy. We have often let the naked hook play the scarecrow among the game, while we have watched the mischievous blackbird shoot along the margin of the water, dabbling for minnows. There were a pair of eagles when we first knew Lake Concordia, that in the morning light rose up over the lowlands, as if they would peep down into the east, and surprise the sun at its getting up. There were no towering Himalalas to rest their wings midway, and when they had gilded their pinions with the coming glory, thus halting the birth of another day, then they would shoot down to earth, as if with glad tidings, and soar joyously over their wild home, fanning the still air into zephyrs, and sending the fearless waterfowl in confused groups from their presence. A tall cypress that peered over its fellows held among its dead limbs at the top a black confused mass that was known as “the eagle’s nest;” it was entrenched by matted foliage that revels in the southern swamps, hiding away the alligator and other reptiles; it was beyond the reach of the rifle; the tallest and safest eyrie for miles about. The tempest of the hurricane may have prostrated it, or the thunderbolt shattered it—the eagles and their nest have disappeared.

A rough Virginia fence, over which the Cherokee rose had entwined itself, as if in mercy to its jagged appearance, made a good shade and a deep shadow at some hours of the day, and from its prodigal wealth in little birds, enlivened dull fishing. A little wren we remember in particular, who had built its nest in the hollow of the unsightly skull of an ox, suspended on an upright post of the fence. It was a little fellow, and busy beyond description; a perfect hen husky; there was always a stray horse-hair, or bit of moss in the wrong place, or too much down protruded from the eyeless sockets. We have watched the bird as we sat lazily watching our fortune, and thought nature would thus pleasantly teach us a lesson of industry, and also one of gratitude. We have seen its little throat palpitate and swell with song until it seemed almost to despair of wringing out its music. It would throw its head upon its downy breast, and then raise it with each ascending note until it fairly screamed on its tiptoes; then tripping into its nest, a new thought would suggest itself, and again the air would be laden with sweet sounds, uttered, but never written, inspired by Him who created the harmony which met the ear when “the stars sang together for joy.” A tap from our rod, but gently though, as if from a beauty’s fan, and we turn to our occupation—struggling upon our line is a black perch; and now that we remember it, the float was out of sight when that bit of sweet sounds done up in feathers commenced pouring out its little heart to the spring and the sunshine.

Our early friend Elliott is a devoted angler; he has an interminable quantity of trappings; and when we first looked into his collection of rods, reels, hooks, and swivels, we told him we feared they were like the rules of logic, more for show than use. He replied, we might make the same remark of the marriage ceremony, and think so too, if we put no value upon legitimacy. We saw there was something deeper than our philosophy in his answer, and have believed in costly tackling ever since. We found Elliott once fishing at a spot that commanded a fine view of the lake; just beyond him, there ran out into the water a sharp point, graced with live oak trees covered with moss; behind the deep foliage, the sun was sinking, throwing dark shadows, while a stray pencil of light would here and there glance through the trees and kiss the water with almost blinding brilliancy. His thoughts were dissipated, for he was speculating upon the landscape, then listlessly looking at his success of the evening as an angler. He held up his “string” to our gaze; upon it
was a beautiful fish burnished with silver; he was attractive indeed, to look at, but one acquainted with its merits knew too well of the infinite bones that spread under his gay exterior as confusedly as the stems of a brier-patch. This fish was most inestimable for show. The next, and only one, was a juvenile perch; the poor innocent had scarcely got clear of the spawn, and become able to flourish in water fairly over its head, when his want of experience had placed him at the tender mercies of the hook and line. We pitted him as he occasionally whipped his tail about, and then worked his jaws upon the string that held him fast as if it were a cud of bitterness.

"I love to see it tremble," said Elliott, pointing to his float, and speaking in a softened voice, "tremble as if it had a pulse ere it darts so swiftly from the sight. What expectations it gives rise to! It moves a little; some gigantic fish has just brushed against the bait and is now preparing to gulp it down. Again it trembles —Elliott struck, and drew into the air a "little one," playing its fins like a humming bird, and as transparent as if it were made of amber. Elliott took the incipient off carefully, and let it roll downwards towards the water through a little dry earth. How the prismatic scales grow dim with the contact! but for its moving about, it might be taken for a chip. A dash in the water—it's off—cleansed of dust, its yellow sides turn downwards, and the little black line of its back passes away like thought.

A juvenile toad that was playing "leapfrog" for the sake of exercising his developing body, chanced, as his bad luck would have it, to pass our way. A little exertion secured the creature, and with as much delicacy as a groomsmen would place a ring upon the finger of his beloved bride, Elliott secured the toad on his hook, and committed it to the lake. The little unfortunate toad struck out for dear life, and swam boyfully; but his time had come; the very ripple his little arms made in the water had caught the never-closed eye of a lazy trout. The fish came to the surface, and eyed the bait as a gourmand will the dishes of an arranging dessert, rolled over its spotted sides sportively, and disappeared. An instant elapsed, when the trout appeared coming up vertically; its fine head glistened in the sun a moment, then, as quick as thought, again it disappeared; it then rose, floated nearer the bait, "mouthing at it" most provokingly. We were all excitement; Elliott, on the contrary, performed his office as silently and immovably as a statue. In fact his rod lay carelessly across his knee as if he never expected to use it; but his eye the while was upon his game; he knew its humours perfectly, and was contentedly indulging its capriciousnesses. The trout turned and swam towards the centre of the lake—we thought it lost. Elliott raised his delicate rod, and, for the first time, moved it slowly, skimming his bait along the surface of the water in little leaps—a ripple—a rushing noise—a tail quivering in the air, and our poor frog was in the trout's mouth. The fish had turned from its course to gather one more dainty mouthful ere it buried itself in the deep water. The capture was gracefully made, and the fish was game to the last. The fisherman pressed back his gills, distended his mouth, until you could put in it your hand to disengage the hook, and then, laid upon some wet moss, with a few convulsive struggles, he died.

Among the fastnesses that border on Concordia Lake still linger some few renegade Indians, who make a precarious living in the barter of game; disappearing sometimes for months, then presenting themselves with ill-prepared peltries, a dead deer or turkey—the sale of which procures their few necessaries—and again they will wander off, as wild and heedless as the passing winds. These "red children" complete the picturesque. Gipsy-like, they choose the happiest locations for their "smokes," the men with the ingenuity of cats finding a soft and fitting place for comfortable sleep, while the women always sit by watching. An old oak, at whose foot centuries since the earth-dissolving waters of the Mississippi boiled, robbing the roots of its soil, until they protrude like the writhing forms of a hundred serpents, seeking nourishment deeper in the bosom of the earth for their attempted exhumation; an old oak, whose largest limbs are dead, yet, like proud age, affects youth by false appointments; of wigs, of manilla-scented muscadines; of roge, of the deep-red foliage of a hundred flowering vines; of props, of the quick-growing cotton-wood that shoots aloof amid its vines; of straws, the convolving grape, binding together its wind-whistled ribs;—under this old oak we have "frequent met" a family of the once powerful Choctaws. From where they dozed away the noontide heats, but for a narrow belt of intervening forest, could be seen the Natchez bluffs, and the ruins of old Fort Rosalie.

Four generations since, and the ancestors of this Indian family, "seven hundred strong," fell upon the Natchez, while exulting over the massacre of the French at the fort of Rosalie, stormed their villages, liberated their prisoners, and, without loss, exulted in the possession of three-score scalps. Ten days after, the French from New Orleans completed the victory, and thus destroyed the most singular nation of all our aborigines; scattering them among the Chickasas and Muscogees; and seizing their great Sun and two hundred prisoners as slaves. The flying remnant of the tribe crossed the Mississippi, swept by the old oak we have described in their flight, crossed along the margin of Concordia Lake, reflected fleetingly in the Cocodora and Turtle lakes, and entrenched themselves for defense in the ancient mounds, a day's travel from their native homes, over which the white man now incuriously wanders, ignorant alike of their associations or purposes, and known but to the few who cherish the traditions and antiquities of our western home.
WHEN Lily was five years old she was left an orphan. Her father had gone away to sea two years before, and the ship had been lost, and he was drowned, and her mother had fallen ill of the fever and had died, and there was no one to care for Lily, and she was far too young to take care of herself.

The children of rich people, if they lose their parents, have plenty of people to see to them, because they have money; but Lily's parents were very poor, and when they died they left her nothing. Nothing? Well, nothing but a little black-bound New Testament which had belonged to her mother when she was a child.

Lily's mother died in a lodging-house, where all sorts of poor people used to sleep. This lodging-house was in the south part of London, and had a large kitchen down-stairs, where those who lived in the house used to get their suppers. It was not over clean nor over comfortable, but it was warm; and those who came in from selling, or trying to sell, water-cresses, shrimps, flowers, fire-papers, shavings, door-mats, matches, stay-laces, and other cheap goods, thought it very comfortable indeed.

Lily had been with her mother hop-picking in Kent, but it was a bad season, and they had gained but little, and that little was soon spent when Lily's mother fell ill of the fever; and so, when she died, there was nothing left for Lily, nothing but the old black-bound New Testament.

There were thirty or forty people in that lodging-house, and most of them had taken notice of Lily. The strange old man who sold rope-mats all day, and came back at night to read Gibbon's Roman Empire; the light-haired mechan, whose boast it was that he believed in nothing; the Irishwoman, with Connaught brogue and cheerful face; the old Scotch weaver, ill of a decline; the man in threadbare black, who carried advertising boards about the street; the negro, whom everybody called Sambo, and made fun of; the widow woman with her two boys; the Yorkshire girl, who had been out of place for a twelvemonth, and had sold nearly all her little stock of clothes for food; all these, and all the rest, took notice of poor Lily; for Lily was kind, and gentle, and pretty-faced, and sweet-spoken, and her sorrow was very, very deep.

Among the people in the lodging-house where Lily's mother died there was a street tumbler and his wife, and a boy—their son—about nine years old. When Lily first saw them she was rather frightened, for the man and boy came in with coarse, rough coats on; and when they took them off she saw that they had pink-coloured dresses, fitting them very closely, with a sky-blue bandage round their waists, all glittering with spangles. But when her first surprise and terror were over, Lily felt a strong liking for these strange people. They were so kind to her, so thoughtful about her mother, and the boy—a dark-eyed, pleasant fellow—showed her such odd tricks, that Lily grew quite fond of him. His name was Augustus, but they called him Gus, so Gus and Lily became great friends.

When Lily's mother died, and the workhouse people had taken away the body to bury it, everybody began to wonder what was to become of the child. The workhouse people said she did not belong to them, and wanted to know where she was born; but she was too young to tell; it was a long way off, down in the country; she knew no more than that. But before the workhouse people had made up their minds to take her, or the lodging-house people to turn her out, the street tumbler proposed that he would take her off.

"Look you here," he said, one night, when the kitchen was very full of people, "there's ne'er a one o' you could do for her what I could, if so be you wanted to. I can give her a profession. Stilts is that profession. What say you, little 'un, stilts shall it be?"

Lily was clinging to his knee, for he was very kind to her, and the boy sitting on the ground was showing her a gutta-percha face that changed its form as it was pressed one way or the other, and the tumbler's wife, standing behind her husband, was sewing an old piece of crape on the child's bonnet. Poor Lily! they seemed to her the only friends she had, and so, without another thought but that she had some one to cling to, she answered, "Let me go with you, please; let me go with you."

"There; that's brave, now!" said the tumbler. "Stilts it shall be; on stilts you shall look over people's heads and in at first-floor windows, walk dry-foot on the wettest day, and be dressed in gauze and spangle; stilts is high life, and no mistake about it;" and then he lowered his voice and said seriously, "God help us, little one, as we help you."

The workhouse people were willing enough that any one but themselves should provide for Lily; the lodging-house people were of the same mind; and so Lily was henceforth as one of the tumbler's family, with Gus for a brother. She brought nothing with her—nothing but her mother's Testament, in which she had learned to spell such words, and taught them to Gus, as "God is love."

I suppose there are few of my readers who have walked on stilts. Some of my boy readers may have mounted on short stilts, and stumped about with them for a few minutes, but that is a very different thing from walking and dancing on a pair of stilts eight or nine feet high. Poor Lily found it very hard at first; but Gus, who was also mounted on a pair of
Among the stilt columns, her face grew more familiar, in the
warmth and in the cold, in the summer and the winter, to dance on stilts seems a strange,
odd way of earning bread. But this was how Lily was taught to earn hers. Some people
looked cross-eyed, others even to laugh at her, as if it were
wrong, if not downright wicked, for children to
dance on stilts, and for tumblers to tumble
in the mud; other people seemed to fancy that
the tumbler must be very cruel, and the tumbler's
wife almost as bad as a wolf, to allow
young children to dance on stilts; but they
did not know that the tumbler and his wife,
and Gus and Lily, were kind and honest, as
good—and better—than many of those
who looked on them as vilest of the vile.

Well, Lily and Gus, putting by their stilts on Sundays, went to a ragged school, and
learned to spell more words out of the Testa-
ment, and to read it in time; and when they
came home they told all they had heard, and
sometimes read a little out of the black-bound
Testament. They were poor, but not so poor
as they were when Lily lost her mother; they
had now a settled home, and Lily was the
light of that home.

Lily had been with the tumbler seven years,
when he met with a serious accident and
could tumble no more. But he was a clever fellow.
By making curious boxes, moveable dolls, toy
dogs and horses, he was soon able to get on
better than he had done before. From that
time Lily and Gus no more went out on stilts.
Lily was to learn how to make artificial flowers,
and Gus was to be a sailor.

When Gus first told Lily he was going away,
she cried bitterly; but they talked it all over,
and it really seemed the best thing Gus could
do. So Lily concealed her sorrow, and tried
to make believe that she was merry, for fear
her sadness should make her old playmate un-
comfortable. She lay awake at night and
thought about it, and made up her mind to
make Gus a present. What should it be?
What but the old black-bound Testament
from which, long years ago, they had spelt out
the words together, "God is love?"
I need not tell you how sad was the parting.
When Lily tried to laugh she cried—her poor
little heart was almost broken.

And Gus went away, and Lily began to
learn the artificial-flower making, and every-
body said she was a very good girl, and the
tumbler and the tumbler's wife were as fond
of her as if she had been their own child.

And Gus was away a long, long time, and
it seemed longer to Lily than it really was,
and whenever there was stormy weather, she
thought of him and the letters of her own father; but
she placed her trust in that Father who is
better than any father here on earth, and who
holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand.
Well, the boy came back, rough, weatherbeaten,
but with the same kind heart; and he went
away again, and came back again almost a
young man, and he went away again and was
gone much longer than before. The ship was
bound for Australia, and came back without
him. His friends learned that he was ill at
Port Phillip, but that he was in good quarters,
as an English settler had taken quite a fancy
to him. In two or three months' time the
news was confirmed by a letter from Gus himself,
stating that he was better, but should stop
in Australia for a year or two. A few months
after this came another letter telling wonderful
news. The English settler who had taken a
fancy to Gus was very well-to-do, but very un-
happy. He had been a sailor, shipwrecked,
and reported as dead; he had left a wife and
child in England, but during his absence his
wife had gone away from the village where he
had left her, had fallen into deep poverty, so
he heard, and had died in London. He had
devoured to find out about his child, but
had not been able to do so; but—here came
the wonderful part of the story—he had found
her at last. He had recognised as his poor
wife's property the black-bound Testament
which Lily had given to Gus—he had learned
from Gus all Lily's story, and he was coming
home to claim her.

And he came—a rich man now—to claim
his daughter, and reward those who had been
kind to her; and Gus came with him, and
there were great rejoicings, as you may suppose,
and thankfulness to God, who is good to all,
and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

And so Lily married Gus; and the tumbler
and his wife and Lily's father lived together
very happily. The blessing of God rested
upon them, and they prospered; for, as Lily's
first friend remarked, "A good deed always
brings its own reward, and we never lose any-
ting by doing a kind act."
PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIMENTS.

M. PLATEAU, the Belgian physicist, gives the following recipe for the best mixture from which to blow bubbles. Dissolve one part of pure oleate of soda in fifty parts of distilled water, and to every three volumes of the clear solution thus formed, mix two volumes of pure glycerine. The solution, ready prepared, may be obtained of Mr. Ladd, Optician, Beak Street.

This mixture, used with a common tobacco pipe, gives bubbles whose tints are truly gorgeous. Take a piece of iron wire about the thickness of a darning needle, and after cleaning off any rust with sand-paper, bend one end of it into a circle by wrapping it round a broom handle, leaving the perpendicular portion about four inches long, to serve to affix it to a piece of wood as a foot, the wire ring being a support for the bubble.

When your bubble attains about one and a half times the diameter of the ring, allow it to rest lightly on the ring at one point, continue to blow till it touches the ring all round, and then release it by slightly slanting the bowl of the pipe with one edge towards the bubble, and thus removing it.

The bubble remains resting on the ring. It will live for several hours. After the first few minutes it will be seen to glow with gorgeous colours, which vary almost every minute, from the richest violet to the most brilliant orange.

Several bubbles on rings placed in a bright light, form quite a blaze of beauty. Their colours are best seen by arranging them on a black ground, in order that they may be visible by reflected light only.

Darken the room. Take brandy or spirits of wine that has previously been shaken up with some common salt. With this moisten some cotton wool, and enflame it. Now look at the bubble illuminated by the yellow light thus produced. The beautiful sphere has become a yellowish thing, with streaks and smears of a dead black.

Provide a bladder fitted with a stop-cock and fill it with a mixture of coal-gas and air; in the proportion of one volume of the former to eight of the latter. By means of an attached tobacco-pipe bubbles of about three inches diameter can be blown with this mixture, and after detaching the drop of liquid clinging to their under surface by touching it with a wet finger, the bubbles may be thrown from the pipe and started floating. If the balance be well adjusted, which is readily accomplished by making the balloon a little larger or smaller, according as the gas is weak or strong, it will hang, like Mahomet's coffin, self-suspended in the air, if the air be quite still. But should there, as is most likely to be the case, be currents in the room, the balloon will move and indicate their direction. It will, for instance, slowly creep along the walls of the room, mount to the ceiling, and descend by the other branch of the current that carried it up; or it will go so near the ceiling that its destruction appears inevitable. But, since there is always a cushion of motionless air on the surface of large objects, it will float out of danger in a most surprising manner, unless some asperity of surface should attack it. If it escape the latter danger, it will remain floating and creeping about till it gradually loses some of the coal-gas, by solution in its liquid sides, when, becoming heavier, it sinks and bursts.

Pierced with needles, or thrust at with knitting pins, the bubbles remain without a wound. Drops of water and small shot may be sent through them, or they may be pierced with a penknife with scarcely a symptom of inconvenience.

Mr. John Broughton, B. Sc., who has devised the above experiments, believes his readers may devise many more.

In illustration of the causes of winds, Alexander S. Herschel suggests the following experiment. Let a whitened globe be suspended by one of its poles in such a manner that it can be turned from east to west, to represent the daily revolution of the earth. Let a circular rim, pierced with holes, be fastened to the globe, about its upper pole; and a few streams of ink be allowed to run from these upon its surface, whilst the globe revolves. In a few seconds the globe can be brought to rest, and the direction of the streams can be examined. Each stream presents a curvilinear line; in general very oblique to the meridians, but at its centre, transverse to the equator, to which its upper and lower branches are also symmetrical, and turned towards the east in the manner of a Greek letter ς. This simple experiment may very well be taken to represent the real course of nature. The streams in the upper half of the globe represent the trade winds, which blow from the north-east in the northern hemisphere, and from the south-east in the southern hemisphere of the globe. At the equator they are exactly opposed to one another, and blow due north and south, where the belt of the "variables" is formed, as they are called, because they are mixed at this place with westerly monsoons. The streams in the lower half of the globe represent the anti-trade winds. These return upon the same course as the trade winds, but in the opposite direction to the point whence those set out, and blow from south-west in the northern hemisphere, and from north-west in the southern hemisphere of the earth.
THE AMERICAN WILD-CAT.

In the southern portions of the United States, but especially in Louisiana, the wild-cat is found in abundance. The dense swamps that border on the Mississippi protect this vicious species of game from extermination, and foster their increase; and, although every year vast numbers are killed, they remain seemingly as plentiful as they ever were “in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.” The wild-cat seeks the most solitary retreats in which to rear its young, where in some natural hole in the ground, or some hollow tree, it finds protection for itself and its young from the destructive hand of man. At night, or at early morn, it comes abroad, stealing over the dried leaves, in search of prey, as quietly as a zephyr, or ascending the forest tree with almost the ease of a bird. The nest on the tree and the burrow in the ground are alike invaded; while the poultry-yard of the farmer, and his sheepfold, are drawn on liberally to supply the cat with food. It hunts down the rabbit, coon, and possum, and springs from the elevated bough upon the bird perched beneath, catching it in its mouth—and will do this while descending like an arrow in speed, and with the softness of a feather, to the ground. Nothing can exceed its beauty of motion when in pursuit of game, or sporting in play. No leap seems too formidable; no attitude is ungraceful. It runs, flies, leaps, skips, and is at ease in an instant of time; every hair of its body seems redolent with life.

Its disposition is untamable; it seems insensible to kindness; a mere mass of ill-nature, having no sympathies with any, not even of its own kind. It is for this reason, no doubt, that it is so recklessly pursued; its paw being, like the Ishmaelite’s, against every man; and it most indubitably follows, that every man’s dogs, sticks, and guns are against it. The hounds themselves, that hunt equally well the cat and the fox, pursue the former with a clamorous joy, and kill it with a zest that they do not display when finishing off a fine run after Reynard. In fact, as an animal of sport, the cat in many respects is preferable to the fox; its trial is always warmer, and it shows more sagacity in eluding its enemies.

In Louisiana the sportsman starts out in the morning, professedly for a fox-chase, and it turns out “cat,” and often both cat and fox are killed, after a short but hard morning’s work. The chase is varied, and is frequently full of amusing incident, for the cat, as might be expected, will take to the trees to avoid pursuit, and this habit of the animal allows the sportsman to meet it on quite familiar terms. If the tree is a tall one, the excitable creature manages to have its face obscured by the distance; but if it takes to a dead limbless trunk, where the height will permit its head to be fairly seen as it looks down upon the pack that are yelling at its feet, with such open mouths, that they

“Fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,”
you will see a rare exhibition of rage and fury; eyes that seem like living balls of fire, poisonous claws, that clutch the insensible wood with deep indentations; the foam trembles on its jaws; hair standing up like porcupine quills; ears pressed down to the head, forming as perfect a picture of vicious, ungovemable destructiveness as can be imagined. A shot of mustard-seed shot, or a poke with a stick when at bay, will cause it to desert its airy abode, and it no sooner touches the ground than it breaks off at a killing pace, the pack like mad fiends on its trail.

Besides “treeing,” the cat will take advantage of some hole in the ground, and disappear, when it meets with these hiding-places, as suddenly as ghosts at cock-crowing. The hounds come up to the hiding-place, and a fight ensues. The first head intruded into the cat’s hole is sure to meet with a warm reception. Claws and teeth do their work. Still the staunch hound heeds it not, and either he gets a hold himself, or acts as a bait to draw the cat from its burrow; thus fastened, the dog, being the most powerful in strength, backs out, dragging his enemy along with him; and no sooner is the cat’s head seen by the rest of the pack, than they pounce upon him, and in a few moments the “nine lives” of the “varmint” are literally chawed-up.

At one of these burrowings, a huge cat intruded into a hole so small that an ordinarily large hound could not follow. A little stunted but excellent dog, rejoicing in the name of Ringwood, from his diminutiveness succeeded in forcing his way into the hole after the cat; in an instant a faint scream was heard, and the little fellow showed symptoms of having caught a tarter. One of the party present stooped down, and running his arm under the dog’s body, pressed it forward, until he could feel that the cat had the dog firmly clawed by each shoulder, with his nose in the cat’s mouth; in this situation, by pressing the dog firmly under the chest, the two were drawn from the hole. The cat hung on until he discovered that his victim was surrounded by numerous friends, when he let go his cruel hold, the more vigorously to defend himself. Ringwood, though covered with jetting blood, jumped upon the cat and shook away as if unharmed in the contest.

Sportsmen, in hunting the cat, provide themselves generally with pistols—not for the purpose of killing the cat, but to annoy it, so that it will desert from the tree, when it has taken to one. Sometimes these infantile shoot-
ing-irons are left at home, and the cat gets safely out of the reach of sticks, or whatever other missile may be convenient. This is a most provoking affair; dogs and sportmen lose all patience, and as no expedient suggests itself, the cat escapes for the time. I once knew of a cat thus perched out of reach, that was brought to terms in a very singular manner. The tree on which the animal was lodged being a very high one, secure from all interruption, it looked down upon its pursuers with the most provoking complacency; every effort to dislodge it had failed, and the hunt was about to be abandoned in despair, when one of the sportmen discovered a grape-vine that passed directly over the cat’s body, and by running his eyes along its circumvolutions, traced it down to the ground; a judicious jerk at the vine touched the cat on the rump; this was most unexpected, and it instantly leaped to the ground from a height of over forty feet, striking on its forepaws, throwing a sort of rough somerset, and then starting off as sound in limb and wind as if he had leaped off a "huckleberry" bush.

The hunter of the wild turkey, while "calling," in imitation of the hen, to allure the gobler within reach of his rifle, will sometimes be annoyed by the appearance of the wild-cat stealing up to the place from where the sounds proceed. The greatest caution on such occasions is visible; the cat advancing by the slowest possible movements, stealing along like a serpent. The hunter knows that the intruder has spoiled his turkey sport for the morning, and his only revenge is to wait patiently and give the cat the contents of his gun; then, minus all game, he goes home anathematizing the whole race of cats for thus interfering with his sport and his dinner.

Of all the peculiarities of the cat, its untamable and quarrelsome disposition is its most marked characteristic. The western hunter, when he wishes to cap the climax of braggadocio, with respect to his own prowess, says, “he can whip his weight in wild-cats.” This is saying all that can be said, for it would seem, considering its size, that the cat in a fight can bite fiercer, scratch harder, and live longer than any other animal whatever. "I am a roaring earthquake in a fight," sung out one of the half-horse, half-alligator species of fellows, "a real snorter of the universe. I can strike as hard as fourth proof lightning, and keep it up, rough and tumble, as long as a wild-cat." These high encomiums on the character of the pugnacity of the cat are beyond question. A "singed cat" is an excellent proverb, illustrating that a person may be smarter than he looks. A singed wild-cat, as such an illustration, would be sublime. There is no half-way mark, no exception, no occasional moment of good nature; starvation and a surfeit; blows and kind words, kicks, cuffs, and fresh meat, reach not the sympathies of the wild-cat. He has the greediness of a pawnbroker, the ill-nature of a usurer, the meanness of a pettifogging lawyer, the blind rage of the hog, and the apparent insensibility to pain of the turtle: like a woman, the wild-cat is incomparable with anything but itself. In expression of face, the wild-cat singularly resembles the rattlesnake. The skulls of these two "varmints" have the same venomous expression, the same demonstration of fangs; and probably no two creatures living attack each other with more deadly ferocity and hate. They will stare at each other with eyes filled with defiance, and burning with fire; one hissing, and the other snarling, presenting a most terrible picture of the malevolence of passion. The serpent in his attitudes is all grace—the cat all activity. The serpent moves with the quickness of lightning while making the attack; the cat defends with motions equally quick, bounding from side to side, striking with its paws—both are often victims, for they seldom separate until death-blows have been inflicted on either side. The Indians, who, in their notions and traditions, are always picturesque and beautiful, imagine that the rattlesnake, to live, must breathe the poisonous air of the swamps, and the exhalations of decayed animal matter; while the cat has the attribute of gloating over the meager displays of evil passions of a quarrelsome person; for speaking of a quarrelsome family, they say, "The lodge containing them fattens the wild-cat."
OUR SPHINX.

90.—SQUARE WORDS.

My first is an animal,
My second is to encourage,
My third is used for horses,
And my fourth is a mountain of Europe.

My first is a vegetable,
My second is a river of Europe,
My third is ditto,
And my fourth is part of the day.

My first is pretence,
My second means healthy,
My third are mountains.
And my fourth is a meal.

My first is an animal,
My second is a biblical character,
My third is a point of the compass.
And my fourth is a girl’s name.

91.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of 11 letters; my 1, 2, 3 is an exclamation of grief; my 4, 5 is a culinary utensil; my 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 is a part of a book; my 11, 2, 3 is another article of clothing; and my whole is a king of puzzle.

92.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

8:422222...21:1899715:19:12:3292...21:15:12:9:222...
12:9:12:8:22...
11:9:12:8:22...
11:9:18:9:12:8:22...

93.—ARITHMORE.

1. 50 and ear-gun (a little grain).
2. 8, 500 base Rose (a public minister).
3. 150 sore hart (part of a theatre).
4. 151 oh! Fan (a short crooked sword).
5. 50+50 goat fee (a kind of flute).
6. 1,601 a rarer A (the admiral of the third squadron).
7. 100 a boy Luke (a log used at Christmas).
8. 1,150 aloe (a preparation of mercury).
9. 500 a herb (a military weapon).
10. 100 a trope (a kind of stone-fruit).
11. 151 true (a little bag).
12. 651 tea (a castle).
13. 150 O! haste (a kind of small onion).
14. 101 nor horse (a large beast).

The initial letters of the above read downwards will name the father of English poetry.

PUZZLES.

94. If a ball of marble 37-6992 inches circumference be reduced to one-third its size, what will its circumference then be and its weight, the specific gravity of marble being 2.489? Have been received to this question which nearly approach.

95. How many triangular pieces 6½ inches long, and ½ inch breadth of side, can be made from 736 lbs. of steel, ½ part being allowed for waste in making?

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

A sketch of the history of Edinburgh Castle—This castle, built on the summit of a precipitous rock, is very remarkable. With its works it occupies an area of seven English acres, and is separated from the town by an open space nearly 300 feet square. It can accommodate 2,000 soldiers, and has an armory space for 50,000 tons of arms. Here is the celebrated gun called "Mona Mag," built of malleable iron staves, and supposed to have been forged in Flanders in 1486. In one of the apartments, called the crown room, the regalia of Scotland were deposited at the Union. They were found in 1818, when the chest in which they had been placed had been broken open by a royal warrant. In one of its rooms James VI., afterwards King of England, was born, and on the esplanade which leads to the castle is now placed a bronze statue of the late Duke of York. There is a tradition which says that the castle was the residence of the daughters of the Pictish kings previous to their marriage; hence it is called "the camp of the maidens." —J. H. S.

What is the difference between a conundrum and a riddle?—Conundrums are simple catches in which the sense is playfully cheated, and are generally founded upon words capable of double meaning, as, "Why is hot bread like a caterpillar? Because it makes the butterfly." Riddles are enigmas not based upon ideas, but founded upon simple catches like conundrums, such as—

"Though you set me on foot, I shall be on my head." The answer is—"A nail in a shoe." But the word riddle is often applied to puzzles in general—though incorrectly, I believe. —E. John Dungate.

What are Radicals?—A political party. The term arose in 1818, when the popular leaders, Hunt, Cartwright, and others sought to obtain a radical reform in the representative system of parliament. —Thomas M'Burne.

How to make a volcano?—Mix together equal parts of iron filings and flour of sulphur; if the mixture be made in quantity, and buried about a foot in the ground, in the course of two hours the mass becomes hot, swells, cracks the earth, emits sulphurous vapours, and bursts into a flame. —W. Hymas.

What is the meaning of logography?—Logography signifies a hare-warren. It is derived from logotrophos, the Latin of the Greek λογοτρόφος, a hare, and τροφή, food, subsistence. —G. Arthur Guise.
In what year was the battle of Bothwell Bridge fought?—The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought on the 22nd of June, 1679, between the royal troops under the "gentle" Duke of Monmouth and the "bloody" Graham of Claverhouse, and the Scotch Covenanters, headed by Hackston, Burley, and Hall of Haughead.

What is the population of Great Britain? also the population of London?—According to the census of 1891, the population of the United Kingdom (including isles in British seas) was 59,047,483. London has now reached 5,000,000.

Apprentices in the merchant service.—In cases where an apprentice is required on a large and good voyaged ship, a premium is generally required, but some owners and captains will take apprentices on their ships (perhaps of 2,000 tons burden) without any premium. When a premium is required, it is mostly large City firms that require them, and average from £10 to £30. I know an apprentice, just sailed for Bombay in a 2,300 tons ship; not any premium was paid with him. On the other hand, two other apprentices, on a barque of 281 tons registers, have paid £25 premium each.

Does he earn anything?—Some firms give their apprentices wages, others do not. But that is to say, only wages, le., per year. On short voyages, such as go to the Baltic, &c., £26 wages is mostly given to an apprentice serving for four years.

The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought on the 22nd of June, 1679, between the English, under the Duke of Monmouth, and the Scotch Covenanters. The former were victorious, and the Scotch lost four or five hundred men killed, and about twelve hundred taken prisoners.

H. W. HENFEY.

What is a special pleader?—In English practice, a person whose business and occupation it is to give verbal or written opinions upon statements made verbally or in writing, and to draw pleadings, civil or criminal, and such practical proceedings as may be out of the ordinary course.

What is a serjeant-at-law?—A lawyer of the highest rank under a judge, and corresponding with doctor in the civil law. The Court of Common Pleas was formerly open for serjeants only.

What is the origin of the name weatherecoek?—So called because vanes were made in the shape of a cock formerly.

What is mesmerism?—(French, mesmerisme.) Another term for animal magnetism, magnetic sleep, somnambulism, or clairvoyance. So called from Anthony Mesmer, who first brought it into notice at Vienna, about A.D. 1778.

John A. FRENCH.

Where was the battle of Maidia fought? and between who? and in what year? —The battle of Maidia was fought between the French and English; the former commanded by General Regnier, and the latter under Sir John Stuart. The French were nearly double the number of the British, yet the latter gained a glorious victory on the Plains of Maidia, a village of Calabria, the loss of the enemy being most severe, July 4, 1806. This victory deservedly placed Sir John Stuart in the first rank of British heroes. He is historically renowned as the "Hero of the Plains of Maidia."—Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.

H. C.

When was the battle of the Nile fought and by whom?—The Battle of the Nile was fought A.D. 1801. Between the French, under Brueys, and the English, under Nelson.

A good book on electricity? One by F. C. Bakewell is the best. It is illustrated.

F. RYLAND.

How to set quit of mice?—The following method is, I believe, the only really effectual one: Get a cat that is a really good mouser, and shut her up in the room infested by the mice; if you will do this you will find that she will speedily dispose them.

How to make a lead tree?—Dissolve some acetate of lead (sugar of lead) in water. Suspended in this solution a piece of granulated zinc, or zinc wire, by means of a string attached to the cork of the bottle in which you put the solution. Let it rest for some time, say from this evening till to-morrow morning, and the acetate of lead will then be found adhering to the zinc, somewhat in the shape of a tree.

How to test gold?—Nitric acid (aqua fortis) is the test for gold. If the metal to which the acid is applied turns green, it is not gold, but brass. On the contrary, if the acid has no visible effect on the metal, you may be sure that it is gold.

How to electrotypes? Describe the apparatus, and give the price?—The cost of an electrotypes apparatus is about £5. 6d. It is made in the following way:—An earthen jar is so constructed that near the top of it is a ledge with holes in it, in order that crystals of sulphate of copper (bluestone), may be placed on it, to keep up the strength of the solution with which you must fill the jar; the solution is then poured into it, and the bluestone is dissolved in water. Inside the earthen jar is a porous cell, containing either an acid solution, or a solution of salt and water. In the porous cell is suspended a bar of zinc to which a copper wire is attached, to which again you fasten the object you want to electrotypes. You must now take a cast of the object in plaster of Paris, which is the easiest substance to mould with, and then cover the whole with plumbago, or blacklead, taking care that the copper wire and blacklead are in close connection. If you let the mould remain for about forty-eight hours in the electrotypes apparatus, you will find that it will be entirely covered with copper. Of course this will be hollow and not raised, therefore you must take another cast of it, and then you will have the medal, or whatever else you may wish to copy exactly the same as the original.

N.B.—You must remember to place the medal edge upwards in the copper solution, in order that no dust or dirt may fall on it and injure its face.

Who was Martin Luther, and in what year was he born?—Martin Luther was the son of a poor miner. He was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in the year 1483. He graduated in the university at Erfurt, where he became very religious, and thought it right to join the order of the Augustinian monks at that place. It was he who was the first originator of the glorious Reformation. He was afterwards excommunicated by the Pope, but publicly burnt the bull.

The best spirit for burning in spirit lamps?—The best spirit is wool spirit, or methylated spirit, commonly called finish wine.

CHARLES IRVINE GRAHAM.

Who was Martin Luther, and in what year was he born?—Martin Luther, the first great reformation, was the son of Hans and Gretha Luther, and was born on the evening of the 10th November, 1483.

When was the Battle of the Nile fought, and by whom?—The Battle of the Nile was fought between Nelson and Buonaparte, at six o'clock in the evening of August 1, 1798. It lasted through the entire night, and part of the next day, with intervals of intermission.

The best spirit for burning in spirit lamps?—Spirits of wine.

W. H. CHOWTIER.

How to prepare sympathetic ink?—If a weak infusion of gall is used, the writing will be invisible until the paper is moistened with a weak solution of
sulphate of iron. It then becomes black, because these ingredients form ink.

If a paper be soaked in a weak infusion of galls, and dried, a pen dipped in the solution of sulphate of iron will write black on that paper, but colourless on any other.

The diluted solution of gold, silver, or mercury, remains colourless upon the paper till exposed to the sun's ray.

Diluted prussiate of potash affords blue letters when written with the solution of sulphate of iron.

Letters written with sal-ammoniac, dissolved in water, or with the juice of a lemon, are not visible till held by the fire.—See "Wonders of Nature and Art."

John Mathew.

Write on paper with the juice of onions, and the writing will be invisible until warmed at the fire; it then becomes of a brownish yellow.

Another kind of yellow: Write with a solution of nitrate of bannath; the letters will be invisible, but if the surface is wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, the characters will appear of a beautiful yellow colour.

Write with a solution of corrosive sublimate, and wet the characters with a solution of iodide of potash, when the writing will become visible, of a bright scarlet colour.

Dissolve zaffre in acetic acid, and add a small portion of salpetre. This ink is invisible until the paper is warmed, when it appears of a clear rose colour: the colour disappears again as the paper gets cold. Put into a plaster half an ounce of distilled water, one drachm of bromide of potassium, and one drachm of pure sulphate of copper (blue vitriol); gently warm the mixture until the salts appear to be completely dissolved, when the liquid is fit for use. The bromide of potassium and the sulphate of copper act upon each other in solution; bromide of copper and sulphate of potash is the result. The sulphate of potash may be precipitated by the addition of about half an ounce of spirits of wine, and the remainder will be a nearly pure solution of bromide of copper in alcohol and water. Words written on paper with this ink are perfectly colourless; but when warmed at the fire, they become brown, and again become invisible as the paper gets cold.

Dissolve zaffre (oxide of cobalt) in aqua regia, and dilute the solution with four times its weight of water; this gives a fine sea-green colour when the paper is warmed, and disappears when the paper cools, and is renewed on warming again.

Write on paper with a solution of green vitriol (sulphate of iron), the writing will be invisible; but if the paper is wetted with a solution of the yellow salt used by the dyers, called prussiate of potash, the characters will appear of a beautiful blue colour.

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ANSWERS REQUIRED.

Has any rendering been given of the ancient Assyrian obelisk called "Cleopatra's needle?" If so, what is it?

How to mesmerize a person, and the way to take off the influence?

The chief provisions of Magna Charta?

The chief provisions of Habebus Corpus?

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We advised our Subscribers, in our April and May Numbers, to use a little discretion in sending stamps for articles advertised for sale in our Magazine. Messrs. O'Bryan and Dyer imagine the notice has injured their sale. We trust it is not so; for we have never heard a word against their respectability, nor a complaint respecting their goods.

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ADJUDICATION OF OUR PRIZE ESSAYS.

CHURCH MUSIC.

We regret to state that the Essays forwarded to us on this subject are not only few in number, but all inferior in point of information and style, to what we had anticipated. We do not feel ourselves, under these circumstances, justified in awarding the prize to any one of the competitors.

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THE STEAM-ENGINE.

A very large number of Essays have reached us on this subject. The majority are very well done. We award the Prize, without hesitation, to:

W. H. Beckett, aged 18, Bramhalls, South End, Dorking.


John James Robinson, aged 13 years, 10 months, 44, First Street, Walton, Brompton.

James Conder Nattrass, aged 13 years, 11 months, Stockton-on-Tees.

Arthur Collins, aged 14½, Park Place, London Bridge, Worcester.

Alfred Evans, aged 14, 65, Bamber Street, Liverpool.

Henry Thompson, Derby.

Mark Wicks, aged 13, 40, Thornton Street, North Brixton, Surrey.

George Hooks, aged 16, St. Andrew Street, Tiverton, Devon.

W. Singleton, aged 14½, 26, Horse Shoe Cloisters, Windsor.

Mark Conway, aged 16½, Fore Street, Tiverton, Devon.

Arthur Bagley, aged 15 years, 2 months, 22, Charles Square, Hoxton, London.

David Langston, aged 13 years, High Street, Putney.

J. Horner, aged 16, 4, Groves Lane, Lord Mayor's Walk, York.

James Loneran, aged 14, 16½, Great Britain Street, Dublin.

Thomas Groshgen, aged 16, 8, Lower Sackville Street, Dublin.

G. B. Molsworlth, aged 18, Croston Rectory, Melton Mowbray, Leicester.

Hugh R. G. Hughes, aged 17, Garthilien House, Bangor.

Charles Irvine Graham, aged 16, 30, Upper Rathmines, Dublin.


Andrew F. Holt, aged 18, 30, Thornhill Square, Islington.
"The boat was capsized through there being one more Don on board than we could manage."
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XVII.

Which shows how civilities had been interchanged between our Governor and the Spanish Dons. Also showing what effect the signal rockets produced on us; how we went to the rescue, and what came of it; and how I helped to fish up an old foe.

I THINK I shall never forget the effect produced by the rush of the signal rockets into the air. At the first some of us were doubtful as to what they signified; but those who understood these matters called out that they were signals of distress.

Signals of distress appealed to our clemency; we were soldiers and sailors, not savages panting for scalps. So the command to cease firing was passed on, and our guns were silenced. But we did not fail to act with precaution. We knew that the Dons and Mosoos might be only playing us a trick; and although it is admitted that all is fair in love and war, the admission in both instances should teach us to act with caution. So, though we ceased firing, the men stood to their guns, and a sharp look-out was kept on the movements of the enemy. Plain as day we could see them, for two or three ships were all of a blaze, and by the light thus afforded, we could see that the whole fleet was in consternation, and the invincible batteries as helpless as stranded whales.

Though the Spaniards had sent up their signals of distress, and we in consequence had ceased firing, the enemy still favoured our lines with a very shower of shot and shell from their land batteries. Now, I think nobody in the fleet hated the Spaniards more than I did; but I gave them some credit for gallantry, and could hardly believe they would have made so ill a return for our good nature. It made all our fellows very angry; but I expect the Spanish officers in the land batteries did not at the first know how to act.

Civilities had been already interchanged between us. The Duke de Crillon, under a flag of truce, had sent a present of ice, fruit, vegetables, &c., to our commander. A copy of a letter had been freely handed about, which was, or purported to be, an exact copy of the genuine letter sent from Crillon to Elliott. It was thus expressed, and I introduce it just to show that the enemy could behave like gentlemen:

"Camp of Buena Vista,
"19th of August, 1792.

"SIR,—His Royal Highness Comte d’Artois, who has received permission from the King, his brother, to assist at the siege as a volunteer in the combined army of which their most Christian and Catholic Majesties have honoured me with the command, arrived in this camp the 15th instant. This young prince has been pleased, in passing through Madrid, to take charge of some letters which had been sent to that capital from this place, and which are addressed to persons belonging to your garrison. His Royal Highness has desired that I should transmit them to you, and that to this mark of his goodness and attention I should add the strongest expression of esteem for your person and character. I feel the greatest pleasure in giving this mark of condescension in this august prince, as it furnishes me with a pretext which I have been anxiously looking for these two months that I have been in camp, to assure you of the highest esteem I have conceived for your Excellency, of the sincerest desire I feel of deserving yours, and of the pleasure to which I look forward of becoming your friend, after I shall have learned to render myself worthy of this honour by facing you as an enemy. His Highness the Due de Bourbon, who arrived here twenty-four hours after the Comte d’Artois, desires also that I should assure you of his particular esteem.

"Permit me, sir, to offer a few trifles for your table, of which I am sure you must stand
in need, as I know you live entirely upon vegetables. I should be glad to know what kind you like best. I shall add a few partridges for the gentlemen of your household, and some ice, which I presume will not be disagreeable in the excessive heat of this climate at this season of the year. I hope you will be obliging enough to accept the small portion which I send with this letter.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"B. B. Duc de Crillon.

"His Excellency General Elliott, &c."

As you may suppose, this letter had excited a good share of interest, and some of our men, and some of our officers, looked a little suspiciously on the whole affair. They had a notion that the Dons had sent to see the nakedness of our rock, and to spy out the land. It was observed that the boat that brought the civilities under a white flag, came a little closer in shore than was at all necessary for the transaction of business, and a gun was fired over her bows just as a reminder that we did not cultivate nearer familiarity. The Dons understood us, and shoved off to a respectful distance. My opinion is now that they meant no harm; my idea was then that they meant a great deal of mischief. Looking at it now, the civil letter, and the present of ice, vegetables, and game, seem to me an act worthy of the old days of chivalry; and it was in this sense, I think, accepted by the Governor. There was a good deal of talk as to what Elliott would do, and opinion was not a little divided as to what should be done. I do not think Elliott took counsel with his officers about it; it was a private letter addressed to himself, and he answered it for himself.

The answer to the duke's polite letter was sent on the next day, and it was reported to be as follows:—

"Gibraltar, August 20th, 1782.

"Sir,—I feel myself highly honoured by your obliging letter of yesterday, in which your Excellency was so kind as to inform me of the arrival in your camp of his Royal Highness the Comte d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon, to serve as volunteers at the siege. These princes have shown their judgment in making choice of a master in the art of war, whose abilities cannot fail to form good warriors. I am overpowering, with the condescension of his Royal Highness in suffering some letters, in person, from this town to be conveyed from Madrid in his carriages. I flatter myself that your Excellency will give my most profound respect to his Royal Highness and to the Duc de Bourbon for the expressions of esteem with which they have been pleased to honour so insignificant a person as I am.

"I return a thousand thanks to your Excellency for your handsome present of fruits, vegetables, and game. You will excuse me, however, I trust, when I assure you that in accepting your present, I have broken through a resolution to which I had faithfully adhered since the beginning of the war; and that was never to receive or procure by any means any provision or other commodity for my own private use. So that, without any preference, everything is sold publicly here, and the private soldier, if he has money, can become a purchaser as well as the Governor. I confess I make it a point of honour to partake both of plenty and scarcity in common with the lowest of my brave fellow-soldiers. This furnishes me with an excuse for the liberty I now take of entreating your Excellency not to heap any more favours on me of this kind, as in future I cannot convert your presents to my own private use. Indeed, to be plain with your Excellency, though vegetables at this season are scarce with us, every man has got a quantity in proportion to the labour which he has bestowed in raising them. The English are naturally fond of gardening and cultivation; and here we find our amusement in it in the intervals of rest from public duty. The promise which the Duc de Crillon makes of honouring me in proper time and place with his friendship, lays me under infinite obligations. The interests of our sovereigns being once solidly settled, I shall with eagerness embrace the first opportunity to avail myself of so precious a treasure.

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

"G. A. Elliott.

"His Excellency the Duc de Crillon, &c."

I hope the reader will pardon me for this long digression; but I thought it better to introduce it here just to show that civilities had been exchanged on both sides. Besides, I think it was a noble feather in our Governor's cap. But to return to the story.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

Not heeding the fire from the land batteries, an order was given that some of the gunboats should shove off to the rescue of the helpless Spaniards.

Helpless indeed they were; some of their ships in a blaze, many of them totally helpless, and all threatened with immediate destruction.

Leaving the post where my services were no longer required, I hastened to the water's edge, just in time to put off in one of the boats.

A volunteer was wanted; I could pull an ear as well as another, and my services were accepted.

There was something terrible in the scene which presented itself as we pushed off. The bay, lighted by the burning ships, seemed as if it were turned to blood. Boats, with excited crews, were nearing the Spanish vessels, and almost hampering each other's movements in their eagerness to be the first in at the rescue.

As our boat came near one of the floating-batteries, which was all in a flame, we could see the men on board rushing wildly from one part to another to get out of the way; some leaping into the water in their terror of a more frightful fate. (They were crying for help; not to us, but to all the saints in the Calendar.) Practical people might have taken it for granted that the saints had sent us to their aid; but the Spaniards did not seem to think so, but positively fired on us, and refused all our offers of assistance. One fellow, who had leapt into the water, and whom I tried to haul into our boat, dived to escape me. We did not at all understand why their refusal should be given, as it was given to the crews of many boats besides ours; but we found out afterwards. The poor fellows had been taught that the English slew all prisoners of war, and so they dreaded our approach as much as the fire.

At last, however, just as we were about to leave them to their fate, they changed their minds, and in their own strange lingo besought us to save them. We were returning hastily, when a tremendous explosion occurred, and one of the battering ships blew up. It was to the left of us, and far enough off to do us no injury; but the sea was speedily covered with pieces of the wreck. I suppose every one on board perished.

Not wasting an instant, we set to work to rescue the crew of a burning ship. In this we were joined by other of our boats. Our risk was very great, for we were uncertain whether or no its magazine might not explode at any moment, and involve us all in destruction. Still, we were not afraid,—not one of us. As for the commander of our boat, no man could have been more collected than was he, and no man more earnest in the humane effort of saving the lives of his foes.

While we were thus occupied, another frightful explosion occurred. It was another of the "invincibles." This last explosion very seriously endangered us all. The shower of smashed timbers and pieces of iron fell upon us heavily. A hole was knocked through the bottom of our boat, and the leak was with the greatest difficulty stopped. What was still worse, one of our fellows was very seriously hurt. But we still busied ourselves in the rescue of the Spaniards. It was brave work, and we all worked at it with a good will, comforting the half-drowned rascals that we pulled into our boat with a little rum, and taking the best care of them in the boat that we could till our complement was taken and we pulled in shore.

Our boat was well loaded, and we had a hard matter to steer clear of the floating wreck. Suddenly, a head and hand appeared out of the water, a strong hold was laid of our boat, and the lot of us were capsized into the water by a Don too much trying to struggle in when he was not wanted. That Don was Guatelama. We righted our boat as soon as we could, and most of us were in it again without injury. I took care that Guatelama should have a safe place in it. But alas for our poor coxswain; he had got himself struck on the head; and in pulling him in, we hauled up a dead man instead of a live one.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Which shows what was done when we landed ; giving the numbers of those who were saved; details of what became of the Invincibles. Concerning our augury of good fortune. Furnishes a list of killed and wounded, and tells about the foundation of the King's Bastion; how I wanted to see Shell; how I wandered into the vegetable garden, and was caught up with by one who had been after me a good while ago.

GUATELAMA was not seriously injured, and I rather imagine when he saw me he would have liked to jump and get another
SHOT AND SHELL.

chance of escaping. But it was all too late for this. Our commander knew his man quite as well as I did, and so when we came to the landing he was put under guard, though for the time taken with the rest to the hospital. After his first glance of surprise he evinced no feeling, passively submitting to the orders given.

Our landing was a melancholy sight. Many of those we had saved were so injured that they had to be carried; then there was the body of our coxswain, and our own wounded comrade to be removed. Guatelama was, as I have said, uninjured; but he was placed under guard, and taken in the first place to the hospital.

All the while we were landing other boats were coming in with more of the Spaniards saved from death. Altogether we picked up nine officers, two priests, and three hundred and fifty-four private soldiers and sailors. One officer and eleven Frenchmen saved themselves on pieces of the wreck, and were taken along with the others to our hospital, where all the care was bestowed upon them that could have been given to our own men.

Of the six ships that were still in flames, three blew up before eleven o’clock; the other three burnt to the water’s edge, the magazines being wetted by the enemy before the principal officers quitted the ships. The Admiral’s flag was on board one of the latter, and was consumed with the vessel. The remaining two battering ships we flattered ourselves might be saved as glorious trophies of our success, but one of them unexpectedly burst out in flames, and in a short time blew up with a terrible report, and Captain Gibson representing it as impracticable to save the other, it was burnt in the afternoon under his direction.

Nothing could be more successful than the issue of this great fight—a wonderful triumph for us, an immense disaster to the Spaniards. Everything seemed to have turned out to our favour. We had had a sign of good luck in the morning which we did not fail to forget. This was it. When the van of the combined fleet had entered this bay, and the soldiers in turn were attentively viewing the ships, alleging amongst other reasons for their arrival that the British fleet must undoubtedly be in pursuit, on a sudden a general huzza was given, and all, to a man, cried out the British Admiral was certainly in their rear, as a flag for a fleet was hoisted upon our signal-house pole. Suddenly, however, the signal disappeared; what our creative fancies had imagined to be a signal was nothing but an eagle which, after several evolutions, had perched a few minutes on the west telegraph pole and then flew away to the east. This appearance of the bird of triumph was accounted as a favourable augury by us all—the augury was in this instance justified.

As to our killed and wounded the return stood thus:—

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<td>Royal Artillery</td>
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<td>Hardenberg</td>
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<td>Engineers</td>
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<td>Marine Brigade</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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Officers Killed and Wounded.

Artillery: Captain Beeves killed; Captains Groves and Goward, with Lieutenant Godfrey, wounded.

59th Regiment: Lieutenant Walker wounded.

73rd Regiment: Captain McKenzie wounded.

The distance of the battery ships from the garrison was exactly such as our artillery could have wished. It required so small an elevation that almost every shot told, and the cannon thus elevated did not require the shot to be waddled. As to the damage done to our works it bore no proportion whatever to the violence of the attacks, and steps were taken immediately to repair the damage which they had sustained.

The King’s Bastion, against which the attack had been very violent, fully justified the expectations that had been entertained of it. It was remembered that when General Boyd, attended by General Green, the Chief Engineer, and many officers of the garrison, laid the foundation stone of their bastion, he made this remarkable speech, “This is the first stone of a work which I name the King’s Bastion; may it be as gallantly defended as I know it will be ably executed; and may I
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

I live to see it resist the united efforts of France and Spain.” The veteran had his desire; he lived to see and share in the brave defence of Gibraltar.

The scene at the hospital was very affecting. There were so many anxious faces inquiring, such piercing cries at times when a woman saw her husband or brother among the dead, such passionate appeals for help when no help could have been available, that I felt sick and sad at the sights and sounds about me.

Shell, I wanted to see shell, my old chum, and I had not been able to meet with him yet. I walked away disconsolately from the group about the hospital and the temporary tents that had been pitched for the sick, and turned my steps in the direction of our garden ground.

What we called our garden was a large plot of land within our lines, where the men were allowed to grow vegetables, each, if he pleased, having his own little patch and a good deal of indulgence on the score of his cultivating it properly. It was a quiet place enough, and I stood there musing, nibbling at a biscuit I had in my pocket and thinking of old times. While I was thus occupied, or perhaps unoccupied would be a better expression, I saw something coming towards me which made me feel—well really I don’t know how I felt—as if I was in a dream, or as if I had been in a dream and had suddenly woke up to find myself in my aunt’s house again with my mother crying. Could it be him? Yes—no doubt of it—Jove, by Jove! Black Jove running towards me as he had run towards me on the memorable morning when I bade farewell to genteel society, and forsook the guardianship of my fashionable aunt. I saw as he came along that he was changed, but of course not so much changed that I had any doubt about being quite sure it was himself.

“Why, Jove,” I called out, “what brings you here?”

“Legs and ships,” he called out in answer, and then he was close to me, panting for breath with his sharp run. He wore a military costume, but he had not forsaken his turban.

“Why what’s the meaning of this?” said I, pointing to his red coat.

“Means I’m a soldier,” he said. “I’s drummer in the 58th—grand company the 58th, and requires good drummer more particular.”

“But what have you come here for?” said I, “running away from good quarters to starve on a rock.”

“I’s only run after you.”

“You know what you got for doing that before,” said I.

“Yes—I was almost completely and almost entirely nearly drowned with the gold and silver fishes—never mind—I run for to catch you, and I have caught you now.”

“You have had a long run, and it has taken up a goodish bit of time; now, what was it you wanted?”

“To give you letter.”

“Letter!—who from?” said I.

“How me tell, when the seal be never broke?”

He held out a letter to me as he spoke. I glanced at the superscription, and recognised in an instant my father’s handwriting.

LABOUR.

Labour is life!—”Tis the still water faileth; idleness ever despairs, bewaileth:
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assailed;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens; only the waving wing changes and brightens; idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

* * * * *

Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care’s coming billow;
Lie not down weared ’neath woe’s weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly;
Labour—all labour is noble and holy.

Osgood.
Moths and Their Caterpillars.—(Order Lepidoptera.)

By George St. Clair, F.G.S., Etc.

"King James I., characterised by the Duke of Sully as the most learned fool in Christendom, and by his courtiers and flatterers named the British Solomon, could not, with all his glory, array himself in a pair of silk stockings, when on one occasion he wished to appear with becoming dignity before the English ambassador. As it was two centuries and a half ago he had not been able to learn from Poor Richard that 'he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing,' so he wrote to the Earl of Mar to supply his need, concluding his letter with the words 'For ye would not, sure, that your king should appear like a scrub before strangers.' The fact was that I had only recently come into these parts, and articles of silk were in consequence very rare. You wish to know who I am, that so much depended on me? Perhaps you can guess, when I say that I am literally a worm and no man, and yet that without my help hundreds of thousands of the human family would lack employment. My ancient home is the East, and my lineage goes far back."

"I think I understand: you are a silkworm, a member of a very interesting family, though not prepossessing in your appearance; and did we remember that we are dependent upon you for our silks and satins, we should perhaps be less proud and more grateful. But, as my nephew Norman is with me, and you seem to know the particulars of your family's immigration, you would oblige us by such an historical account."—"With pleasure: the story is that about the year 650 two monks procured in India the eggs of the silkworm moth, and, concealing them in hollow canes, hastened with them to Constantinople. In that city they speedily multiplied, and were subsequently introduced into Italy, of which country silk was long a peculiar and staple commodity. It was not cultivated in France until the time of Henry IV., who, considering that mulberries grew in his kingdom as well as in Italy, resolved, in opposition to the opinion of Sully, to attempt introducing it, and fully succeeded. It is stated, indeed, that at the celebration of the marriage between Margaret, daughter of Henry III., and Alexander III. of Scotland, in the year 1251, a most extravagant display of magnificence was made by one thousand English knights appearing in suits of silk, and there was also a company of silkwomen in England as early as the year 1455, but these were probably employed rather in embroidery and making small haberdasheries than in the broad manufacture, which was not introduced till the year 1620. Nine years later the manufacture was very considerable in London, and the silk-throwsters were incorporated: in 1661 this company employed above forty thousand persons. An anecdote connected with our immigration informs us that some eggs of a wild species of silkworm being sent overland from China to Paris proved a source of considerable anxiety to different persons who received them during the transit. The instructions on the box, instead of simply stating that it contained the eggs of the wild silk-worm moth, were couched in the following manner by the French savant who forwarded them:—"Must be kept far from the engine, this box contains savage worms."

"Thank you. I should be pleased to learn a little concerning your art of spinning: at what period of your life do you engage in the business?"—"At what period do we enter on our work? You will be aware, sir, that, like most other caterpillars, we change our skin four times during our growth, and if proper care has been taken of the eggs during the winter, we begin our fifth age when twenty-two or twenty-three days old. In this age our appetite, which has been growing with our growth, attains its greatest strength; and at the end of the period we attain our fullest bulk, being about three inches in length and thirty-two days of age. Silk gum is at this time elaborated in our reservoirs, and as we cease to eat we soon get thin and shrivelled. It is time to think of the closing scene and its solemnities, and accordingly we begin to spin our own shrouds—shrouds of silk, of course—and this we may be permitted to do, I suppose, if Egyptian monarchs may build pyramids to cover their dust, and eccentric individuals of your own nation order their coffins before death. As goldsmiths make use of iron plates pierced with holes of different sizes, through which they draw gold and silver into wire of whatever gauge they please, so under our mouths we possess an instrument with a couple of perforations through which we draw two drops of gum which we fix where we please, and then draw back our head or let ourselves fall. The gum is thus lengthened out into a double thread, which immediately loses its fluidity and acquires a consistence sufficient for our purpose. Being satiated with leaves, and the time having arrived for our last transformation, we seek for a place where we may work without interruption. La Pluche used to give us some stalks of broom or a piece of paper rolled up, retiring into which we began to move our heads to different places in order to fasten our threads on every side. We had our design in all this, although to a bystander it might look like confusion. We neither ar-
range our threads nor dispose one over another, but content ourselves with distending a sort of cotton, or flax, into bolls and gathering up such leafage as we can find. We having ordained us to work under trees, we never change our method even when we are rared in houses. La Pluche, being curious to know how we spun our beautiful silk, and how we placed the threads, took one of my sisters and feasted her with a meal which she first attempted to make herself a covering; and as by this means he weakened her exceedingly, when she at last became tired of beginning, she fastened her threads on the first thing she encountered, and began to spin very regularly in his presence, bending her head up and down and crossing to every side. She soon confined her movements to a very contracted space, and by degrees entirely surrounded herself with silk. The remainder of her operations then became invisible, though the abbe gained a knowledge of them by examining the work after it was finished. In order to complete the structure, a more delicate silk is drawn out of the gum-bag, and then with a stronger gum all the inner threads are bound over one another.

After building our cocoons in this fashion, we dived ourselves of our fourth skin, and are transformed into chrysalisides, and subsequently into moths, when, without saw or centre-bit, we make our way through the shell, the silk, and the floss! Renamer was of opinion that we used our eyes as files to cut a passage through the silk, but as the end of our egg-shaped cocoon is observed to be wet for an hour or more before we make our way out, you may be more disposed to agree with Malpighi, Feck, and others, who believe that we dissolve the fibre with an acid.

"The length of the silken thread? Oh yes, I'll tell you. La Pluche measured it from two cocoons of silk, and found 324 feet in one, 390 in the other. Rennie tells you that it varies from 600 to 1,000 feet, and as it is all spun double, it will amount to 1,500 or 2,000 feet of silk, the whole of which does not weigh above three grains and a half. Still, there are so many of us, that the manufacture of silk gives employment to several millions of human beings, and there is perhaps scarcely an individual in the civilised world who has not some article of silk in his possession. As the anatomists say that caterpillars are without brains, you are wondering—not that we should be destitute of brains, for that you know to be common enough in your own species, but that being thus destitute we should be the prime movers in so much industry.

"Do other caterpillars spin? I anticipated such a question. Since all caterpillars go through the same metamorphosis, the need of a silken vessel seems to you as great in their case as in ours. I am free to confess, then, that all the caterpillars of moths, butterflies, and in general of insects with four wings, are capable of spinning silk. Their threads differ in colour—though they are usually white, yellow, black, brown, or grey—and are of various degrees of fineness and strength. Some of them also can produce a very good article, though of course they will never equal us, the silkworms proper. The Tushe and Arinity silkworms, native to the regions of Bengo, are in considerable repute. The Tushe feeds, not on mulberry leaves, but the leaves of the jujube-tree, and of another tree called by the Hindoo gossen. It is found in such numbers that from time immemorial it has afforded a constant supply of a very durable—coarse, dark-coloured silk, which is woven into a cloth much worn by the Brahmins and other sects. The durability is such that after nine or ten years' wear it does not show any signs of decay. These insects are thought of so much consequence by the natives, that they guard them by day to preserve them from crows and other birds, and by night from the bats. The Arinity feeds solely on the leaves of the castor oil plant (palma Christi), and produces remarkably soft cocoons, the silk of which is so delicate and flossy that it is impracticable to wind it off. It is therefore spun like cotton, and the threads thus manufactured are woven into a coarse kind of white cloth of a loose texture, but of still more incredible durability than the last, the life of one person being seldom sufficient to wear out a garment made of it. I don't think you could get any of your European insects to do the thing well (they manage some things better in Asia!), though some have proposed to give them a trial, and Latreille quotes Wilhelm to the effect that the cocoons of the emperor-moth had been successfully tried in Germany. The caterpillars of butterflies seldom spin more than a few threads to secure the chrysalis from falling, though I admit that in doing this they exhibit great ingenuity. Although you regard the silk manufacture as one of the most important wheels that give circulation to national wealth, it is with no view to your benefit that we spin our cocoons. With you it may be a good maxim—to do good to others, and you will benefit yourself—but in silkworm morality the vice versa holds good. Our silken shrouds protect us from rain and accident, and our mere faculty of spinning a thread—a faculty belonging to caterpillars in general—enables us when blown off our native tree or threatened by the beak of a bird, to let ourselves gently down by a cable, up which we can re-ascend when the danger is over.

"You would like your nephew to learn something about other species of moths, and I will do my best to gratify you. The nocturnal habits of many of my cousins have left your naturalists somewhat in the dark concerning them, but it may be said that the history of one moth is pretty much the history of all. There are the eggs to begin with, of various shades and shapes as with butterflies; for not even the clothes-moths are self-engendered in the fabrics in which they make their home. These are laid on substances best adapted to afford food to the young. From the eggs come the larvae or caterpillars, which are small at first, but grow rapidly as they eat voraciously. The full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth is seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it issues from the egg. As
the caterpillars increase in size they cast their skins, as lobsters cast their shells, and emerge into renewed activity under an enlarged covering. Previous to this change, as Rennie tells you, when the skin begins to gird and pinch them, they may be observed to become languid, and indifferent to their food, and at length they cease to eat, and await the sloughing of their skin. It is now that the faculty of spinning silk is of great advantage to them; for being rendered inactive and helpless by the tightening of the old skin, they might be swept away with the first puff of wind and made prey of by ground beetles or other carnivorous prowlers, did they not take care to secure themselves by moorings of silk. Most caterpillars undergo four of these moultings, and then, spinning cocoons of silk, or, being short of that material, working bits of leaf, hair, earth, or paper into the texture, they pass into the state of chrysalis. In this mummy stage my cousins pass away a few days or weeks, and some of them even months and years. With a trowel you may unearth them from beneath the trees, or with a stick you may root them out from the light vegetable mould in the trunk of some decayed willow. In due time from these mummy cases or tombs moths will issue, to do as their fathers and mothers have done before them—to enjoy their little life, to lay their eggs, to fly into the candle, or to live perhaps till the next day and die in some other fashion. In this their perfect state (Imago state (Imago is Latin for Image, you remember, and the insect is thus named because having laid aside its mask and cast off its swaddling-bands, it is now become a true representative or Image of its species), in this state, then, moths differ widely as to size of body and ornamentation of wing. There are the tiny members of the Tinea family; there is the emperor-moth, and the ‘great goat;’ to say nothing of the atlas-moth of South America and China, a giant of eight or ten inches spread; there are the subdued tints of most of the species; there is the bright and glowing colouring of ‘the Tiger,’ the rich embellishment of whose ample pinions has been likened by Keats to that of an ancient window:—

All diamonded with pane of quaint device,  
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
As are the tiger-moth’s deep damask wings.  

But perhaps you are getting tired? Eh, you would like to know more both of moths and caterpillars? Very good, then let us take the caterpillars first.

“There is nothing to fear generally in handling my cousins in any of their states or stages—my English cousins that is to say, but foreigners have strange ways. Sir E. Tennent states that the assaya trees planted by the Dutch in the streets of Galile and Colombo are the resort of a hairy, greenish caterpillar, great numbers of which at a certain stage of growth descend by a silken thread to the ground and hurry away, probably in search of a suitable place in which to pass through their metamorphosis. Should they happen to light on some one’s sleeve, or to fasten themselves to a button or a utensil, they are very difficult to get off, for they make a strong and adhesive hold of it; and if molested, they secrete a fluid which so resists the hand that it becomes almost as bung as pitch. They are extremely injurious, as they destroy the green leaves on which they live, and are a serious pest in India to the tea planters.

“There is another caterpillar in Ceylon, who constructs for himself a case which he suspends to a branch of the pomegranate tree, surrounding it with the stems of leaves and thorns, or pieces of twigs bound together by threads, till the whole presents the appearance of a bundle of rods about an inch and a half long.

“We are not obliged, however, to go to the East to find caterpillars worth admiring (though I speak thus of my own kindred, I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say): in your garden here, sir, on almost every kind of bush and tree, are some of my cousins exercising the art of the tailor and sewing the leaves into suitable forms for habitation. Here on your lilac tree is a caterpillar just escaped from the egg and only a few lines long (a line is about one twelfth of an inch). As you watch him, he fixes several threads from one edge of a leaf to the other, or from the edge to the midrib; then going to the middle of the space, he shortens the threads by bending them with his feet, and consequently pulls the edges of the leaves into a circular form, in which position he retains them by gluing down each thread as he shortens it. Thus he makes for himself a gallery where he may feed in safety, secure from birds and predatory insects,* and avoid the eye of the cuckoo-fly, who would deposit eggs in his body. Alas! that the caterpillar should not be always successful; but as early as Job’s day there were known to be some enigmas in the world, and with the laureate—

Still we trust that good may fail  
At last, far off, at last to all.

“Here again, on this pear-tree, is a leaf worth your attention. Is it to you a leaf, and nothing more? Let me tell you that to certain little cousins of mine it is a tented field! Their family name is Tineidae, and the individuals you see are about a quarter of an inch in length, and carry their tents on their backs, as a snail does his shell. The tents are composed of pieces of the leaf, not cut out from the whole thickness, but artfully separated from the upper layer, as a person might separate one of the leaves of paper from a sheet of pasteboard. By depriving one of these tent-makers of its habitation, you entail on it the necessity of constructing another, for it will rather die than find unproctected. The way in which it goes to work in the shaping, cutting out, joining, and elevation of its tent has been minutely described by Reaumer and by Rennie, and no tailor, if you please you, could cut out a shape with more neatness and dexterity than this little workman does. Rennie one day observed one of these caterpillars vainly attempting to serve a writ of ejectment on its neighbour. The naturalist had deprived the individual of his tent, and to save itself the


* Insect Architecture, page 142.
trouble of building a new one it got upon the outside of an inhabited dwelling, and sliding its head down to the entrance, tried to make its way into the interior. But the rightful owner fixed his eyes upon the table where it had been placed that the would-be intruder was forced to abandon his attempt.

"Some species of Tineae, born naked like man, but not so helpless, cover themselves with coats made from the same material that man employs. Artfully cutting wool or hair from the clothes and furniture of the human species, they incorporate it with silk drawn from their own mouths, making a warm and thick tissue, which they line with a layer of pure silk. As the suit fits accurately, but does not grow with the growth of the insect, it of course requires enlarging from time to time; and this piece of business is managed with the greatest dexterity. Lengthening is effected by the addition of new rings of hair, or wool, or silk, and the width is added to by slipping the case at the two opposite sides, and adroitly inserting two jars of the requisite size. Some of your friends have amused themselves by making my cousins manufacture parti-coloured coats like the dress of a harlequin. The original colour of the habit may have been blue—it will of course be the same as that of the stuff from which it is taken; and if the insect, when about to enlarge its coat, is put upon red cloth, the circles at the end and the two stripes down the middle will be red. On the next occasion they may be yellow, purple, &c., at the pleasure of the human lord of creation.

"I bear there has been a great fuss among you of late years relative to the consumption of one’s own smoke, and there have been several instances of M.P.s eating their own words, but we have a greater wonder in moth-land—a carpenter who swallows his own chips! The cases, or caterpillar, of the great goat-moth, who chisels extensive galleries in the solid trunk of the oak, the willow, or the poplar, swallows every particle of the sawdust and shavings which his jaws produce. Contended with wooden walls while summer lasts, he begins at the approach of winter to provide himself with a more comfortable house, and hangs the room with a fabric as thick as coarse broadcloth and equally warm, composed of the raspings of wood scooped out of the cell and united with strong silk.

"Time would fail me to tell of earth-masons and leaf-miners, of muff-makers, and other artisans amongst us. Let me advance to speak of our social qualities, and of the power we are when we unite our strength. You may have noticed on your fruit-trees a substance resembling very strong and thick spiders’ webs, but differing materially in their construction from the pursive, which are and fillers, as you have noticed, with caterpillars. There are, perhaps, three or four hundred of them, and they have built this house by their united effort. Into its rooms they retire at night and in rainy weather, quitting the nest on fine days and dispersing themselves over the neigh-

boring leaves, upon which they feed. Here they abide while changing their skins, and here at the approach of winter they shut themselves up and become torpid. The caterpillars of the processionary moth are remarkable for observing a particular order of march, maintaining as much regularity in their step as a file of soldiers, though they move without beat of drum. They are natives of France and inhabitants of the oak. About sunset the regiment leaves its quarters, having at their head a chief, by whose movements their procession is regulated—when he stops all stop, when he moves again they follow. Three or four of his immediate followers are in single file, the head of the second touching the tail of the first; then comes an equal series of pairs, then of threes, and so on as far as fifteen or twenty. The whole procession moves on with an even pace, each file treading upon the steps of those that precede it.

"There is a moth called by entomologists Plodia Gamma, from its having a character inscribed in gold on its primary wings which resembles that Greek letter. In the year 1755 the caterpillar of this creature was so incredibly multiplied in France that they left behind them in the kitchen gardens nothing but the stalks and veins of the leaves. For several weeks no herbs could be obtained for the soups of Paris; though fortunately for man my cousins had not touched the corn. The numbers, which extended over fields and roads, wherever you cast your eyes, were accounted for when Reaumur proved that a single pair of the moths might in one season produce 80,000. The country people were very much alarmed, and some of them assured Reaumur that they had seen an old soldier throw the spell, while others said that an ugly and mischievous old woman had wrought all the evil.

"You would like before we part a few words on moths themselves, the perfect insects? Very good. Let me observe, then, in the first place, that there is little correspondence in colour between moths and the caterpillars they spring from—the brown lacquer-moth and the tabby puss-moth coming from the gayest caterpillars. The ‘sphinxes’ and the ‘emperor’ are, however, handsome moths come of handsome larve. Norman would like to hear something more about the ‘sphinx’ and ‘the emperor?’ Very well; but let me premise that many of your entomologists have separated the moths into two great sections—the Cephaloptera, or twilight-flying moths, and the Nocturna, or night-fliers (the butterflies are Diurnal Lepidoptera). Some of the ‘twilight-flyers’ also come abroad in open day and suck the juices of flowers with their long trunks, whilst the sun is brightly illumining their wings. These species are more brilliantly coloured than the rest—those who are owl-like in their habits not needing any other than a dull brownish-grey coat.

"The ‘twilight-flyers’ are also called hawk-moths, and correspond with the sphinxes—this last name being given them because of the peculiar attitudes into which the cater-
pillars sometimes throw themselves, resembling the sculptured sphinx of antiquity. These moths make a loud humming sound in their flight. One of the most beautiful of the diurnal species is called, indeed, the humming-bird hawk-moth. Another remarkable twilight-flyer is the death’s-head moth, distinguished by a skull-like patch on the back of the thorax. When I tell you that it is also called the ‘death’s-head phantom,’ and the ‘wandering death-bird,’ you may be sure there are some superstitions connected with it. A quaint notion prevails that it has been very common in Whitehall ever since the martyrdom of Charles I. You men are a superstitious race! Reaumer informs us that all the members of a convent in France were thrown into the greatest consternation at the appearance of one of my phantom cousins, which happened to fly in during the evening at one of the windows of the dormitory. And Jaeger says that a curate in Bretagne gave a most horrible and fearless description of a death’s-head, describing the very loud and dreadful sound which it emitted as a sort of lamentation for the awful calamity which was coming on the earth.

“The Nocturna” are also called the True Moths, and constitute by far the most extensive division of the order, including also the largest species. One of the largest of the British species is the goat-moth, which has received its name from the goat-like character of the strong scent emitted by the larva. This is the great cosset, of whose singular proceedings as a carpenter-caterpillar I gave you some account. In July or early in August he comes out of his wooden cell in the winged form of perfection which has taken four years to complete, but which now, in less than four weeks, will cease to be. Notwithstanding that he at first appears to you destitute of beauty, you may be able, with the author of the “Episodes,” to admire on closer inspection the silvery or ashy grey, clouded with brown and striated with black, which, not unlike the plumage of some veritable owls, adorns the plain-cut pinions of this ‘owlish’ moth. But since ye are lovers of the brilliant, I now bring before your notice a night-flyer worthy to compete with the gaudy butterflies of day. The emperor-moth, arrayed in royal purple, though inferior in size to the great goat, can boast in his own wings two and a half inches’ expansion, while the empress spreads her skirts to nearly three. The grey groundwork of his wings is enlivened by white bands, contrasted with others of dark brown, and tinged, and waved, and tipped with purple, while from the centre of each looks out a large ‘eye,’ conspicuous in its white iris and black pupil. The gamma-moth displays its character in gold or silver on the upper surface of each primary wing. The burnished-brass-moth owes its name to two resplendent bands which resemble brass or gold crossing its anterior pinions. But, of all the Lepidoptera, none perhaps are so richly emblazoned in proportion to their size as the minute moths which come of leaf-mining caterpillars, these having been most justly said to vie with the diamond-beetle and the humming-bird in the rich metallic colours which bespangle their wings.

“I see you are looking at your watch, sir, as people do in sermon time—and I know what that means as well as though I were a clergyman. One practical remark, and I have done. There are those cousins of mine, the Tinea— you can’t keep them out of your wardrobe or cabinet; they are so small that they make their way through the minutest holes and chinks. Pliny relates that if you lay your clothes on a coffin the mottles will never afterwards touch them; but I am afraid you will not find that to answer. If you use camphor or turpentine you may kill the mottles themselves; but they, poor things, are not the creatures to eat your cloth—the mischief they do consists in laying their eggs on such substances as they instinctively foreknow will afford food for their young, and the young themselves are likely to live through the effluvium. Rennie says that heat, when it can be conveniently applied, will be certain either to dislocate or to kill them; and La Pluche recommends that you beat your stuffs well, toward the end of summer, before the eggs are laid, and be careful not to replace them till you have destroyed the mottles with oil of turpentine or smoke of tobacco.”

A PRAYER.

All men thy children are, O Lord,
Thy sons, thy sons are we;
Thou art the Father, Lord, of all,
Oh, make us like to thee!

Oh, make us pure, as thou art pure,
In thought, in word, in deed;
Let all our life be truly thine,
In thee we leave its need.

As thou art holy, crown us, Lord,
With perfect holiness;
Let all begin and end with thee,
Our grief and joyousness,

And with thy mercies clothe us, Lord,
As with our daily dress;
That all our actions utter praise,
To thine all-graciousness.

And with thy Spirit fill us, Lord,
That we beyond the strife
Which marks the strange career of earth,
May see the better life.

Then shall we labour, Lord, to thee,
Our lowest deeds be thine;
On earth thy kingdom will begin,
Ours be a life Divine.

John Alfred Langford.
THE BILLINGSGATE BOBBER BOY.

Those who would venture within the precincts of the gate not called the beautiful, must not expect to pass uncontaminated. That is an impossibility. Everybody is more or less fishy; hence in so thick a gathering you are sure to get a dab from the flanny extremity of a cod or the slimy extremity of some porter or buyer. You will be pushed here and jostled there, and upon the whole have a very busy time of it. It will be needful for you to keep a sharp look-out, or you may find your head coming into unpleasant proximity with a box of smoked haddocks, or a trunk of fresh soles. But to the subject of our sketch. Amid all the bustle and confusion above described, there is one creature who is ever master of the situation, and that is the Billingsgate Bobber Boy. He varies in age from ten to seventeen years, and usually dresses in a coarse linen smock reaching almost to his knees, corduroy trousers, with perhaps overalls made of a similar material to that which covers his back. His head should be encased in a round leathern wide-awake known as a bobbing hat, but he is sometimes compelled to make shift with an ordinary cap into which a wad is stuffed for the protection of his scone. He holds in his hand a thing a great deal like a washerwoman's clothes basket. With the dexterity of an eel he can wriggle through any crowd, no matter how dense, and at the cry of "basket! basket!" dashes forward to the stand of the cryer because he knows very well that somebody has made a purchase and will require his services to carry the articles to cart, barrow, or van. The salesman proper, he who has consignments to sell upon commission, keeps men to bring down the fish to his form, and others to carry it away; the packages often weighing two or three hundred weight. It is the middleman, or as he is termed the bummaree, he who buys large parcels and sells in smaller quantities, who furnishes employment to these lads. The Bobber Boy has a good deal of the Bohemian in his composition, strong, healthy, and light-hearted, prodigal of his cash with pieman and applewoman in prosperous times, yet never out of spirits under the most adverse circumstances. He

The Boy's Monthly Magazine has from time to time had a great deal to say about, as well as to, boys; which is very right and proper. It has had remarks upon boys of many kinds; and keeps, it appears, an "odd boy" always upon the premises; and a very odd boy too. I am a boy myself, though somewhat an old one, and I assure you take great interest in all kinds of youthful sports, feelings, joys, and troubles. I can play at rounders as well as cricket, and oftentimes go upon Peckham Rye. I go nutting and blackberrying every autumn with other boys at least once a week during the season, and there is no fun I like better than being rolled in a haycock in June, or pelted with snowballs in December.

Being by fate compelled to pass through Lower Thames Street early every morning, I frequently wander into Billingsgate Market. A wonderful scene it is too, if you drop upon it at the right moment. I have been there as early as five, the opening hour. There is very little doing, however, at that time, but at about seven o'clock, a.m. it is crowded by men as thick as mites in cheese. All its forms—that is the name for the broad benches upon which the salesmen expose their fish, occupied with monsters from the vasty deep, and all its avenues thronged with buyers, from the West-end fishmonger, to the East-end costermonger. From the Market to beyond the dry arch of Loudon Bridge the one way, and almost to the Tower the other, stand waggons, carts, and vans—waggons and vans laden with baskets, bags, boxes, barrels, and kits of one kind of fish or other that are being unloaded by sturdy fellowship porters and carried off for disposal; and carts the property of those who have gone into the market to buy—busily receiving or patiently awaiting the arrival of salmon, soles, turbot, whiting, haddock, &c. And not only is Thames Street lined with vehicles at this hour, and later, but every lane and street leading to it crammed and crowded with carts and vans, while at the bottom of St. Mary-at-Hill, beside the Coal Exchange, a whole forest of spring barrows it seems rises up every morning as regularly as the sun.
is generally honest and straightforward, though oftentimes, not to put too fine a point on the matter, somewhat rude of speech. The son mostly of a man working at the market, he is brought down to earn his bread at a period when he should be dividing his life between school and play. As a consequence he grows up in ignorance of much that he should know, and in a knowledge of much that he should not know. Winter and summer he must rise at something like four o’clock, and although there is little for him to do in the market after nine or ten in the morning, yet the instances are very rare in which any portion of the remainder of the day is devoted to improvement of the mind. Some go home and take their after dinner nap, others go idling about the streets as they choose, and occasionally a Bobbing Boy is to be found assisting Mr. Shambles the butcher on Saturday evenings, or carrying out coals and potatoes in busy times for Mr. Chaldron the greengrocer. One of them who was tall and lugubrious far beyond his years quite distinguished himself no great time since, and drove a very profitable trade as a funeral attendant. He was considered an interloper by the profession, and treated as such, but being of a determined character, he speedily rose to the dignity of mute, and at last found his new employment so satisfactory that he abjured live soles for dead bodies, and set up in the undertaking business on his own account. Occasionally when a “basket” is required, a half dozen lads will fly for the “turn,” and sometimes a struggle ensues.

A good deal of plagueing and cutting the Bobbing Boy has to go through in his earlier stages, but he is buoyed up with a hope that he shall one day be big enough to become a regular porter and perhaps earn his pounds per week. The pay these boys get for their services varies according to the quantity of fish they carry in each lot or turn, and also according to the distance they have to go. For instance, six or twelve pairs of soles, or a couple of cod fish, or fifteen mackerel, would bring them a penny anywhere the Billingsgate side of London Bridge; but directly they reach the arch they are entitled to another half-penny. So in the other direction; the lower end of the Custom-house would bring the additional fifty per cent. Again, as all the turnings running landward from Thames Street are uphill, so does the pay increase in proportion to the difficulty. Of course as these lads are always paid by the buyer, there will of necessity be some who are shabby enough to wish to pay less than is the just due, as lads will be found who will endeavour to get more than their just right. However, on the whole, the thing works pretty well to the satisfaction of both parties. In the summer months, when our worthy is athirst, you will see him stop a seamy faced old man wearing a fustian coat with big pockets on the hips, who carries a bradawl in one hand and a ginger beer bottle in the other, and who is always reiterating a statement he made more than thirty years ago, “I’ve got a bu’ful bottle o’ beer, — bu’ful bottle o’ beer.”

“Let’s ‘ave a refresher,” says the boy. In goes the bradawl, out comes the cork, and the purchaser dispensing with the foolish luxury of a glass, raises the bottle to his lips and pours its contents down his longing throat. In the winter months he will pause in the middle of a good morning’s work to indulge in a “go” of pea-soup, the vendor of which pitches his stall beside the Custom-house, and ladles out a very good article at a penny per basin. Later in the morning, when business has been very brisk, the said boy may be found investing a penny in a junk of currant pudding, sold by a man who with a vegetable dish under his arm, and a steel fork in his hand, goes shouting “All hot, Joe Clark,” in a sharp voice, which pierces through all the din and clangour of buying and selling. The earnings of the Bobbing Boy are governed largely by the laws of supply and demand. In a full market with a brisk trade the oldest and strongest will earn two shillings or half-a-crown in a single morning, at other times they may not bag half that sum. The smaller fry always consider they are doing well directly they have got over a shilling. The more prosperous of the humm-u-reees will often pick out one or more of the handiest of these boys and regularly retain him or them for the convenience of his customers as well as himself. This is considered a step in the right direction, for when once a boy begins to rise in Billingsgate, there is nothing to prevent him attaining the highest position any market can afford, viz., of developing into a full-blown salesman.
EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

"Oh, what a muff this chap is! I can't finish this book. I hate your sanctified fellows that never do wrong. Oh dear! I declare this weather's enough to make a fellow do I don't know what. How do I hate wet weather! Bob, what are you doing?"

"Watching the drops run down the window."

"Well, that's wise."

"Wiser than some people I could name," said another voice gently.

The first speaker, a lad about fifteen, looked round, and asked—

"Why, mother?"

"At least he is amusing himself and troubling no one else. You are not succeeding in—"

"Either, mother, eh?" said the boy laughing.

"True, but what an awful chaise when a fellow's made up his mind to a jolly day's shooting, and this everlasting rain keeps him in with nothing really to do!"

"But grumble, Walter, and that doesn't stop the rain, does it? In what way do you think your companion is passing the day?"

"What, Bernard? Oh, at his everlasting turning lathe, or some pottering stuff of that sort?"

"And does his love for 'pottering stuff of that sort,' make him one bit the less a noble, manly boy, the delight of his mother and sisters, and the ornament of his high station? Walter, you make me very sad sometimes."

"Oh! mother dear, I do not wish to do that, but how do I?"

"Because I see in you that hateful and dangerous fault common amongst boys of your age—a contempt for all that is good, and an utter indifference to any occupation which is useful."

"Why, mother, I'm sure shooting is useful."

"In a measure, decidedly. But you seem to think it the end and object of life, or, at least, behave as though you thought so."

"Well, but you surely would not wish me to be always muffing at home like Bob there, and be afraid to handle a gun."

"I'm not afraid, Walter," said the boy, angrily turning from his interesting operation of watching the drops; "how dare you say so? I should like to know when you ever saw me afraid of anything."

"Gently, gently, boys. That'll do—that's not the point now in question. I do not want to see you 'muffling' at home always. But I do wish to see you, when you are compelled to be at home, behaving yourself like a rational individual, who has been sent into this world to make himself a useful member of society, and with some higher aim and object than shooting any number of partridges or pheasants."

"I don't dislike reading when I've got a sensible book, but this is a stupid thing about a boy teaching in Sunday-schools, and all such stuff as that, and always preaching to his 'young friends about the evils of that and the other.' I hate such mawkish stuff, and I can't read it."

"I know nothing of the book you're reading, and have not the slightest wish to compel you to read it; but I cannot help contrasting and grieving over the difference between you and your cousin, which is daily forced upon me. When he is compelled to be indoors from bad weather, it is a boon to the rest of the inmates; he is the life of the place. He plays with his sisters, and reads to his mother if they wish him; and if not, he is always usefully employed himself, and his happy, bright voice and face makes sunlight in his home always."

"He is a model of perfection, I daresay, which I shall never attain to."

"Walter, you forget you are speaking to your mother. You can go to your own room till I send for you."

"The boy rose, and with a shrug of his shoulders lolled out of the room. The door had scarcely closed, when it was quickly opened, and a little boy about four years old ran in carrying in his hands a copybook, on one page of which were some hieroglyphics intended to represent "A's," and rushing to his mother he exclaimed—"

"Ma dear, is these done bad now. I diddled them all by my own self, and Crosby says they is bad, but Mary says they isn't, and I know they isn't."

A bright smile had overspread the mother's face the moment the child entered, chasing instantly the grieved and angry expression which had been there before. She laid her hand fondly on his curly head as she answered—

"Not very bad for such a little man, I think; but I thought you were not to have any lessons while the boys were at home."

"Ah! Crosby did promise me I was not to, but she says they've had such long holidays, and it's quite time I beguned again."

"Well, run and tell Crosby that mamma thinks that she must let you off till the boys go back, as that will be early next week, and you must make up for it by being such a good boy then."
"Oh! I are glad," and away ran the little fellow, so utterly regardless of Murray's laws, to triumph over his nurse with the unquestioned authority—"Mamma said I was not to do lessons."

Mrs. Neville had been some years a widow, left with these three boys to manage and educate; a difficult task, she felt, and so with true mother's devotion she gave up all her time and thoughts to this engrossing duty. The two eldest, Walter and Robert, she had sent to a public school as early as possible, and kept them in the strictest discipline at home, in terror constantly that the words of her friends would be verified, that the boys would all be spoiled now they had no father. But the little one, the baby when his father died, and in whose soft, dark eyes she seemed to see again those that were closed for ever—"the little one she could not subject to the same treatment. She could not forbid him to play, or force him to learn, or resist his earnest pleading or his childish tears. No, she disregarded all her former strict laws, all suggestions that he would be spoiled, and when older she would never manage him, but idolised him and indulged him as much as possible. Perhaps it was difficult to help doing so, for a more affectionate, winning child never lived; even his brothers, though continually complaining of the favours shown him, could not help loving and indulging him in like manner. The little rogue, with his silky hair in tangled curls about his rosy face, his big tender brown eyes, his coaxing ways and funny sayings—no wonder he was the pet and plaything of the house; and so, as I said, he went back in triumph to the nursery to toss away that horrid primer, and the blurred copy, and the scratched slate, and bring out drum and trumpet and horse, and become changed at once from the half-whimpering little child, struggling with b-a-ba, to the valiant soldier butting with untold force.

And in his own room, whither his mother had sent him, stood Walter, staring out of window at the hopeless rain, wishing he was a man and out of his mother's control—angry with her, with himself, and the weather; wishing he only knew what to do on wet days, and thinking that he should very soon dislike his cousin and give up his companionship if he was always to have him held up to him for a pattern. He hated pattern boys, they were all "muffs." And then the vision of a bold rider, taking some of the stiffer fences, the indefatigable sportsman, walking for miles unmindful of cold, wet, or fatigue, in his eager pursuit of his game, and the captain of his school eleven, made him recall those words, though uttered only to himself, and own that Bernard Leigh was no "muff."

This time he did now in manner this same Bernard was passing the wet day which made Walter so very unhappy. In a small and very dirty cottage-room there sat a figure which might have been boy or man; the small stature was so at variance with the old-looking, excoriated face, that it required a close inspection before it was possible to believe that he only numbered sixteen years, the more so from the contrast of a bright, fresh-looking boy of his own age, who, in a velvet coat and high riding boots, and silver-mounted whip in his hand, stood beside him. Sixteen what different years! Over the one they had flown so softly and swiftly that it seemed to him only as yesterday he had toddled to his mother's knee in his white frocks, her darling baby-boy. Over the other they had pressed with a heavy hand which had left its impress on that prematurely old face, imprinted lines on the forehead which should have been fair and smooth, and left behind no memory of happy baby-days.

It was a sad history—the boy had been deformed from his birth. His father was a poacher, a hard, bad man; and his mother a poor, wretched being, without any sense, or management, or love, or any womanly feeling, only a kind of animal love for her child which resulted in giving him his own way till he completely mastered her. He had heard hard, unloving words from his birth; neither seen nor known anything which would tell him that that poor deformed body should not always be his; that there was a hope of better things hereafter. No "good tidings of great joy" had ever shone on his dreary path, or given him a glimpse of light beyond. He could neither read nor write, his parents would never pay for him to learn, and he had no wish to learn himself, so with a vacant mind and distorted body the unhappy boy had dragged through sixteen weary years of life with a kind of dense apathy and indifference for everything and everybody. The only object for and in which he showed the slightest interest was a little wire-haired terrier which he had found nearly starved in a by-road. He had brought it home and fed it, and the animal, with a gratitude sometimes shown more forcibly by animals than men, devoted itself to its preserver. He slept at the feet of the boy, and never left him for a moment. There were many days when he felt quite unable to walk or stir from the chimney corner, and then poor Jim would go to the open door and stand in the sunshine and whine, as if asking his master to come out; and running back to him, stand before him wagging his tail and uttering sharp, short barks, which no doubt meant "Do come, it will do you good." But when he found all his exhortations useless, he would curl himself up quietly under his master's chair, and say no more on the subject.

Steevy Barnsall's father was a tenant of Lord Grayling's. He was supposed to get his living by making osier baskets, but, alas! his money was by no means all so honestly earned. Many dark nights had he—and when he was able, Steevy too—took the hours till daylight in the woods which skirted Lord Grayling's park, and drove home in a cart with muffled wheels more heavily laden by far than it had been at starting. One day Bernard Leigh, Lord Grayling's eldest son, was walking his horse along a bridle path near his own home, when the animal suddenly shied at what appeared like a bundle of old
clothes by the roadside, over which a little dog appeared to be keeping watch. Wishing to teach his horse not to be afraid, Bernard led him up to it, when he discovered it to be the apparently lifeless body of a boy. He instantly dismounted, and, still with uncertainty, as soon as he reached the gate, went to render what assistance he could. The poor little dog kept whining and scratching and licking the face of his master, and looking with a seeming piteous entreaty in the stranger's face to do something to aid him. Bernard was at a loss what to do—the poor creature was either dead or had fainted. He was very strong for his age, and he felt sure he could carry that poor attenuated form. He knew there was a cottage near, he could see the smoke through the trees, so he stopped, and raising the lifeless form in his arms, proceeded to the cottage, the little dog barking round him, and evincing, as far as he was able, his entire approbation of Bernard's conduct.

Though the distance was short, it took some time for Bernard to reach the cottage with this dead weight in his arms, but it was gained at last, and, to Bernard's great satisfaction, he at once discovered it was the boy's own home, for a woman who was seated in the dirty room rose from her chair as he entered, and, gazing with a bewildered look in his face, exclaimed—"Oh, my boy! have they killed him?"

"I hope not," said Bernard, "I found him lying only a hundred yards from this, and brought him here for assistance. Are you his mother?"

"Oh, dear heart! yes, sir, I am. Oh, what shall we do?" and covering her face with her apron, she began to cry piteously.

"He'll be all right presently," said Bernard, "I daresay. Don't cry, there's a good soul, but help me, and undo his handkerchief and get some cold water;" and while he spoke he laid the boy down on the floor, and undid the greasy apology for a handkerchief which was tried round his throat, while the mother went for a morsel of ice. As soon as she brought it, he dashed some suddenly in the boy's face, and was rewarded for his exertions by seeing a slight shiver run through him, and the partial opening of his eyes. "All right," he exclaimed, joyously; "he'll do, he'd only fainted. Now if we had but a drop of brandy just to give him a slp, we should have him on his legs again. Have you got some? I suppose not though."

The woman cast a half-suspicious half-inquiring glance at him as she answered—"I don't know what should make you think such poor creatures as us has such things."

"Well, no, I suppose not; that's a bother though; however, give him some strong tea, feed him with something, and I'll gallop home and bring him something better."

"Thank you and bless you, sir," said the woman, "I'd be glad to give him his eyes with her dirty apron;" "he's often took so, he's so afflicted, poor crittur, and ought to have such a deal of nourishment, which ain't possible for such as us to get him."

"Well, I'll be off home, and see about some-thing. Look, his eyes are opening, he'll soon be all right."

And hastily leaving the cottage, Bernard mounted his horse and galloped off, going across country to reach home the quicker, and in less than an hour he was back again at the cottage with a small flask of brandy, some of which he administered to the lad, whom he found much better, sitting up in a chair. He drank the brandy, Bernard fancied, as though he was used to it, but he neither thanked him nor did any gleam of gratitude lighten up his dogged, wretched face. The woman was profuse in her thanks, but seemed excessively anxious to get rid of him, and while he talked to the boy kept constantly to the door, and looking out; so at length, finding he could be of no more use, he wished them good-by, and promised to look in again soon.

He sauntered leisurely home this time, and as he went the image of the boy, his haggard face and filthy garments, the hopeless, apathetic manner, and his poor crippled form seemed to fill his thoughts. What a contrast was that boy's life to his! What a mother compared to his! his dear, gentle, elegant mother! How well he remembered having an illness and thinking in his half delirious state that she was some angel always near him—her gentle, skilful touch, her low sweet voice, he felt he could never forget; and afterwards, in those delicious days of convalescence, when he lay on a sofa in his mother's room, too weak to do anything but gaze from the window at the trees and flowers and bright sunny sky, it was such a treat to see again. In those days how well he remembered all she said to him, all her loving counsel; how she had bid him be grateful for the new life given him, the longer time to grow wiser and better, and bade him remember that the way to show his gratitude was to make that life a useful one; and then the thought struck him, was there not now an opportunity of doing so, could he not make the joyless existence of that poor boy more endurable, had he not a little time to spare in his happy holidays, and a little money too from his handsome allowance, which might brighten that lot that seemed to him so dark compared with his? From that moment Bernard began his good work. There were few days during those long summer holidays on which he did not see poor Steevy Barnsell. He engaged the village schoolmaster to give him an hour's instruction in reading and writing, and induced him to go to church, and bought him a new suit of clothes after his regular attendance there for some weeks, and all this without any one knowing it but his mother, in whom he always confided, without giving up any amusement, any one of his favourite pursuits, so that not even his cousin, his constant companion, knew that anything occupied his time or thoughts, save the occupations in which they mutually shared. The wet days which made Walter so miserable never troubled Bernard's mind, he could always amuse himself indoors; and now this freshly awakened interest afforded a new occupation.
Finding the weather was too hopeless for the promised day's sport, he mounted his pony and proceeded to Steevy Barnsell's. A suspicion had been awakened in his mind that some trouble might have occurred with whom the gamekeeper had been talking to him, were in some way connected with Steevy's father; that he was one of the culprits he could not be quite sure, but evidence was somewhat strong against him, and the old gamekeeper felt sure of it, and "that that imp of mischief the young master took so to was no better nor his father; but they'd best look out, for he'd have 'em before long, see if he would not."

To search into this matter was Bernard's object in his visit to the cottage on the day in question. He was a little puzzled how to open the subject, as of course he felt sure the boy would deny all knowledge of the matter. He was glad to find he was alone, as he could better talk to him than when the watchful eyes of the mother were upon him, for on all his visits to the cottage he had noticed that, though she apparently occupied herself in work or household matters, she seemed to keep one eye and one ear constantly on her son and his visitor.

"What has become of your father to-day, Steevy?" asked Bernard.

"Out."

"Well, I suppose so, Steevy," said Bernard, cheerfully; "as he's not here. But I mean where is he gone?"

"Dun know. Selling osier baskets somewhere."

"Selling osier baskets! That must be a small living for so many of—you, poor fellow, can't do anything to help."

The boy gave a quick glance at Bernard for an instant before he answered, and then, in a whining voice like his mother, he said—

"No, I'm a poor hobjact as is too afflicted to help hisself or any one else."

"Yes, but you are learning to help yourself, Steevy, a little now; you are beginning to read and write. Mr. Masters tells me you get on famously. Perhaps, Steevy, you may be a schoolmaster yourself some day, for I suppose you will never be fit for hard work."

"No, sir, never, I sha'nt."

"Steevy," said Bernard, suddenly, after a hort pause; "I've got a question to ask you. We're alone now, and I think you will tell me the truth. You know my father preserves game at a great expense, and lately we have been bothered with a set of foolish fellows, who don't understand the laws and think them hard, coming and taking the game of a night. Now this is very provoking, and our old gamekeeper is determined to catch them. We have heard your father is a friend of theirs; is he now, Steevy? I hope if he is, he'll just warn them off, for they'll get into trouble, I can assure you."

Steevy, completely taken by surprise at this unexpected question, seemed unable to reply, but, to Bernard's infinite astonishment, he heard a voice behind him say—

"If you only come hear to be a spy and to ask a lot of questions of a poor afflicted crittur which is hardly in his senses, why we don't want you, that's all—that ain't charity."

And, turning, Bernard saw a man with an evil, forbidding face, standing before him in ragged, dirty clothes, and with a large bundle of osier baskets on his arm, which convinced Bernard it was Steevy's father he saw, and who had evidently entered silently and overheard his speech to his boy.

"I should be very sorry, Mr. Barnsell, to come here if you did not wish me, certainly, I hoped to serve your poor son; but if you'd rather I did not, I'll wish you good-day, and keep my distance for the future," answered Bernard, with a slight laugh.

But either a glance from his son or some other feeling seemed to have made him repent his speech, for he said much more civilly—

"We're glad enough to see you whenever you can call, sir, and I'm sure a little help's very acceptable. But we don't want no questions asked which might make us disagreeable to our friends and such like. I hadn't no other meaning, and ax your pardon, if I give offence."

"Never mind, my man," said Bernard, good-temperedly; "what I said to Steevy I can repeat to you. If you've friends who are foolish enough to want to get themselves into mischief, you must warn them off, that's all. So good-day."

And so saying Bernard left the cottage fully convinced in his own mind that Barnsell was connected with the poachers, if not one of them. He determined to consult his mother as to what he should do, for it vexed him to find all his efforts for the good of the boy should be thus frustrated by the evil example always before him. With his mind full of this he rode on, unheeding the rain and wind, so occupied with his thoughts that he noticed nothing by the way, and was only roused from his reflections by the sound of the gong which announced luncheon as he entered the park.

Just inside the gate he was stopped by the old gamekeeper who, touching his hat, said—

"I beg you pardon, sir, but I want a word with you."

"All right, Goodman, what is it?"

"Why, sir," said the old man, coming near, laying his hand on the arched neck of the pretty animal Bernard rode, and speaking confidentially; "I hadn't no sort o' doubt as to the customers what comes arter my lord's game. I knows 'em, and I'm sorry to say as how some as you takes a deal o' interest in is among 'em. They're a-going out ag'in to-night, as I've heard, and I mean catching them. I've found out their plans, and where they're a coming to, and I'll have 'em to-night, as sure as 'eggs is eggs,' as the saying is. I suppose now you wouldn't like to come along with us, should you?"

"Yes, I should, of all things, Goodman, if my father will let me. I'll go and ask him at once, and come over to your cottage to say yes or no after lunch. On with you, Fair Star."

And with a slight touch of his whip to his horse, and a pleasant nod and smile to the old man, he cantered on to the house.
Three lovely little girls, varying in ages from twelve to four, ran out in the hall to meet him.

"You're just in time, Berny darling," exclaimed the eldest; "mamma hasn't sat down, and papa is not in. But you're all over wet, you naughty boy."

"No, little Cassie, not all over wet; only my coat. I'll change it at once, and be with you in the twinkling of a bed-post," and patting her playfully with his whip, he went up off the broad staircase, two steps at a time, to get ready for lunch.

"Thilly Berny," lisped little Maude, as together the three little girls went into the dining-room; "a bed-post wouldn't twinkle."

This caused a great laugh from her sisters, and the little woman of twelve said very patrician—

"You funny child, you are so matter of fact."

"I'm sure I isn't, Lilly," answered the child indignantly.

"You isn't what, Maude?"

"It isn't that."

"Ah! that is good manners, isn't it; she doesn't know the least what manner-of-fact is."

"And what is it, Lilly?" said Lady Grayling.

"Why, mamma, it's—it's—being—being—Well I know myself," she said, growing very red; "only I can't tell you."

"There, I think you must not laugh at Tiny here, must she, puppet? Was that Bernard who came in, love?"

"Yes, dear mamma, he is gone to take his wet coat off. Oh, here he comes."

"Well, my boy," said his mother as he entered the room, "were you very wet?"

"Oh, dear, no! only got a wet jacket, thank you, dear mother," and walking up to her he kissed her forehead as a sort of answer to the loving smile of welcome with which she always greeted him.

No wonder that the boy loved such a mother with a love which was almost a worship, and that she, above all her children, prized this one, who, from his earliest infancy, had never wilfully offended her, but whose life's aim seemed to be to study her smallest wish. Very beautiful, certainly, was Lady Grayling in form and face, and that beauty was greatly enhanced by the utter unconsciousness of it, which she herself showed, and by the grace of her manners. She was so innately a lady that she never, by word or deed, wounded the feelings of any one. By her servants and the poor she was worshipped, for she entered into their joys and sorrows as though they were her own, and yet with the most perfect taste and tact, that never forgot her own position or allowed them to forget theirs.

"Take your father's place, and carve for the children. He'll be in before we've finished, I dare say," she said.

But as she spoke the door opened, and Lord Grayling entered.

"Oh, here you are! are you wet, dear?"

"No, love," he answered, "not in the least. I've been in the houses all the morning, altering and moving some plants. Where have you been, Bernard?"

"To Steevy's, and I'm greatly afraid Goodman's right, and that his father belongs to the poachers."

"And he too, I've no doubt. I wish you wouldn't go amongst such a set, Bernard. You can do no possible good, and it's only encouraging a set of rascals."

"Goodman's going out after the poachers to-night, father. I should like to go with him if I may," said Bernard, as a glance from his mother decided him in not replying directly to his father's questions.

"Oh! you may as far as I'm concerned, but what will your mother say?"

"It's a rather dangerous amusement, Bernard dear, is it not?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Lord Grayling, "I expected that would be mamma's idea."

"Goodman will take care of me, mother dear," said Bernard; "still I won't go if you really don't wish it."

"Oh! I should be sorry to prevent you, dear boy, by any silly fears of mine, doing anything which is useful and manly; so if you father says yes, I shall certainly not say no."

"What does Bernard want to do, dear mamma?" asked Lilly.

"Catch a lot of bad men, Lilly dear, if I can, and stop them from doing worse. Oh, it will be awfully jolly if I do catch one.

"I mean to make an example of them if they are caught, Bernard, I assure you, and I hope your protected will not be among them, for your sake. But it strikes me you're grossly taken in, and I think you had much better give him up."

"Give him a little more time, love," said Lady Grayling, gently; "Rome was not built in a day; and it will be a glorious work for Bernard, if he is successful."

"Ay, my dear, 'if.'"

"Will you excuse me, mother? I've finished my luncheon, and I promised Goodman to let him know if I would come directly after lunch."

"Certainly, my boy."

"Oh, Berny!" exclaimed the little girls as he rose from the table, "you promised battledore and shuttlecock after luncheon."

"I've not forgotten. I shall be back by the time you've made that pudding disappear, and ready to beat you."

"Oh you won't beat Lilly, for she kept up two hundred times this morning," said Evelyn.

"Two hundred! pooh, that's nothing. You should see me keep up two thousand," he answered, laughing, as he left the room.

"Oh, mamma dear, isn't that a thory of Berny?" asked little Maude, indignantly.

"He did not say he could do it, pet," answered her mother, "he only said 'you should see me.' When he comes back you can make him try. But if you talk, you will not get through that pudding in time to play with him, so make haste."
The pudding discussed, and luncheon ended, they started off to get the battledores, and stationed themselves in the hall ready for the game. Bernard was not long gone, and soon shouts of laughter rang through the hall, proclaiming the delight which the game afforded.

The weather had cleared up a little, a watery sun was shining on the wet hedges and dripping trees—like a smile through tears—and at its first appearance Walter had requested permission to go out. His mother, after a rather severe lecture on his past manner of answering her, consented, and he at once set off in the direction of Lord Graying’s.

“Oh! here comes that tiresome Walter,” said Evelyn, as she saw him coming up the drive; “new Berny won’t be able to play any more.”

“Berny will, won’t you, Berny?” said little Maude, pleadingly.

“No, I don’t think I can, now Walter’s come.”

“Oh, do, do, Berny.”

“No, no, Maude,” said Lilly, “don’t let’s be selfish; we’ve had a good game, and Berny would rather play with a companion of his own age than us little girls.”

“Not rather, old pet,” said Berny, stooping to kiss the little girl’s uplifted face; “but it would be rude not to attend to Walter when he comes to see me; and I don’t think playing at battledore would amuse him.”

“No, I’m sure it wouldn’t, and I believe he hates little girls.”

“He never has such bad taste, has he?” said Bernard, laughing, as he opened the hall door to admit his cousin.

“What a day, isn’t it?” was his first exclamation; “enough to make a fellow hang himself.”

“Not lively, certainly,” said Bernard, “but I’ve not had any slyful intention towards myself either.”

“Oh, la! I’ve been miserable all day. How do, girls?” he said, nodding carelessly to the three children.

“How d’ye do, Walter; how’s Bob?” asked Maude.

“In a great state of preservation, I believe, but I’ve hardly seen him.”

“Come to my den, Walter, will you? I’ve something to show you,” said Bernard.

“All right.”

And together the two boys proceeded upstairs to a room, at the end of one wing of the house, which was devoted to Bernard’s use.

“What do you think of my new trade, Walter? that’s my wet-day occupation;” and he proved it by showing him a little carved frame. “I’ve done that with these jolly little saws,—it’s such nice work! It’s my mother’s birthday next week, and I’m going to give her this with a photographic group of the three in it. I drove them over to Betchley to have them done last week. They’re splendid likenesses; that fellow does them charmingly.”

“I hate photographs,” answered Walter, “the best ones are bad, I think.”

“Oh, I don’t; look here,” and taking a case from a small cabinet near, he opened it, and showed a beautiful coloured photograph of his mother.

“That’s pretty good; certainly; but they’re generally horrid things. And you carved this yourself?” continued Walter, taking up the little frame; “it must be horrid fiddling work.”

“Oh, no! its capital work. I like it better than turning. I got rather tired of that.”

“What’s all this?” said Walter; “do you still play with these things?” and he held up a small waggon with only one wheel, the horse attached to it having only one leg.

“No, no, not exactly. I’m the family carpenter; those have come here to be mended.”

“Good gracious! here’s a doll without a head, and a man without an arm! Is it possible you bother yourself mending all that rubbish? I should pitch it all behind the fire.”

“What, the poor little girls’ treasures! you wouldn’t, Walter. Besides, it’s something to do.”

“Well, that’s a great fact, perhaps; but it’s no fun to have a thing to do that’s a bore. I’d rather do nothing.”

“I’ve found something to do to-night,” said Bernard; “I’m going out after the poachers.”

“No! are you though? what a lark! I should like to come too.”

“Well, if aunt will let you, do; you must be here quite by eleven.”

“All right, I’ll come if I can,” said Walter.

“We shan’t wait, so do as you like; Goodman says he’s found a famous place to lay up, and he quite expects we shall catch ’em. Won’t that be jolly.”

“No mistake, if you do catch them. Mind you don’t get peppered.”

“I must take my chance like the rest. We’re going a pretty strong party.”

“By-the-bye, Bernard,” said Walter, “I heard from Carteret this morning.”

“Did you? I’m glad I didn’t.”

“Why on earth?” asked Walter.

“Because I don’t like him.”

“Not like him! I think he’s a first-rate fellow. He’s the nicest fellow in the house. Why don’t you like him?”

“Because I think he’s a bad style of fellow. He may be a very merry companion, I daresay he is. I never tried him, so I can’t say. But I don’t like him, and to tell you the truth, I wish you did not.”

“What harm is there in him.”

“I don’t know about the harm, Walter, but there can’t be much good in a fellow that makes a mock of everything that’s right. Serious I mean. Don’t you know when poor little Ned died, and the doctor preached that sermon about his death, the hardest amongst us had watery eyes—all except Carteret. I did not like him much before, but that finished it, when I saw him in the middle of the sermon put his tongue in his cheek and wink at you, and then draw a caricature of the doctor preaching in his prayer-book.”

Walter laughed as he answered—

“Oh, I remember that, it was a joke. But you wasn’t so mighty attentive if you saw all that.”

“I couldn’t help it, he sat next me, and handed me the book when he’d done it; and
because I didn't laugh you know he always called me St. Bernard.

"Oh, says he you called me so, but I never knew why. I knew I laughed; I couldn't help it, the likeness was irresistible."

"It was, but I don't think anything could have made me laugh then. You know I was with the poor child when he died, and that was such a sermon the doctor preached—striking enough, to make them feel their inconstancy. I think you'll find me a horrid muff, but I wrote all that sermon down that I could remember, and I know some of the sentences by heart."

Walter, who had been swinging about by its arm the headless doll during Bernard's speech, said:

"No, I don't think you a 'muff' for that, there's no accounting for taste. I don't like sermons."

"Perhaps not, Walter—but you know it all very well. I often think for a lot of us fellows together we pretend we don't care for things—roll into church and lounge in our seats as if we were at the opera—that it's only another form of cowardice: in our hearts we all know that we are wrong; we ought to be earnest and reverent then, and in the fear of God, and we should knock a fellow down if he told us we were cowards and afraid, and yet it's quite true. I believe most of us would like to kneel instead of roll about in our seats as though the prayers were no concern of ours—but the fear stops us—the fear of ridicule, and we try on our swell kid boots, and unbutton them, scratch initials on the book desks, and look perpetually at our watches, that all the fellows may see what a slow thing we think church."

"If you mean all that to me, I'm very much obliged to you," said Walter, growing very red.

"Not at all, my dear fellow, at you more than any one else. I mean it's what we've all done. I know I have myself, more shame to me; but I've thoroughly made up my mind not to do so again. A light seems to have broken in on me, and I see now how much more really manly it is to be devout and reverent at proper times and places, and instead of following the multitude to do evil, try to lead them to do well."

"The matter is by far the harder of the two," answered Walter.

"Well, I don't know. If two or three head boys in the school were to determine to behave properly and seriously in church, you may be sure the little ones would follow, but they are afraid and ashamed to lead."

"Ah! it's all very fine," said Walter, "I'm not fond of being peculiar. I dare say we all do as much as our fathers did before us, and they don't seem much the worse. Is this your new rod?" he continued, dropping the conversation and the doll at the same moment, and taking up his cousin's fishing-rod which lay on a table near him.

"Yes, it's a very good one—I bought it when I went into Betchebly last week, and yesterday captured a splendid bream with it in our lake. I positively turned out of bed at six o'clock to catch him. I knew he was there, and when I woke and found it was dull and blowy I thought it was just the weather for him; so off I went and caught him, and he was the biggest I ever saw. I believe he weighed over ten pounds."

"Nasty things when you have caught them," said Walter.

"Oh yes, I don't care a farthing about eating them, but they're good fun to catch, they're so shy, and give onesome trouble. I don't care about a thing that's too easily done."

"Ah! I don't know about that," said Walter, yawning and stretching as though he was only just up. "I can't say I like trouble unless there's plenty of reward for it."

"What are you going to do till dinner?"

"Anything you like, if you are going to stay."

"Yes, I'll stay till five."

"Have a game of billiards?"

"Yes—I dare say my father will play too; let's go and find him;" and together the boys proceeded to the billiard-room, and the hours went by, and the daylight faded, and the wind rose a little and moaned through the trees with a sad, low sound, shaking down at each gust some of the yellow leaves, and the clouds swept wildly along the sky, taking fantastic shapes like animals, and war-chariots, all tinted with a yellowish, red hue, seeming to promise a fairer, but windier, day on the morrow. And along the lanes came groups of men home from work, some one or two carrying a sun-burnt, rose-checked child, who had run out to meet "daddy."

In cottage rooms the fires blazed up brightly, and the little candle was set up and lighted, that "father" might see it, and quench his weary step at the thoughts of home and rest.

But in one cottage there seemed no preparation for a pleasant coming home. Near the fire, which consisted of a few mouldering embers, sat Steevy Barnsall with his dog in his lap: his father, and two rough-looking men were talking earnestly at one end of the room; three guns lay on a table near, with powder-flasks, shot-belts, &c.—the mother stood a little away from them, listening to them, occasionally saying in a whining voice—

"Don't go out to-night, Jem, don't," to which no answer was vouchsafed.

And the hours went by—and the daylight was quite gone; the wind still sighed and moaned through the trees, and the clouds sped swiftly on, all black, though, now night had shrouded them, and chased away the rosy tints with which the setting sun had tinted them. The lanes were all quiet—the shutters closed in the cottage windows—fires and candles out, and the weary labourers enjoying the peaceful rest their day of toil had earned. But from one cottage there issues three men and the crouching, bent figure of a boy—they come out softly, close the door noiselessly, and walk some way silently down the road to where a cart stands, with a man holding the horse's head. A few words are spoken in an under tone, and they all ascend into the cart, and it moves swiftly but silently away.
ALLIGATOR KILLING.

In the dark recesses of the loneliest swamps, in those dismal abodes where decay and production seem to run riot—where the serpent crawls from his den among the tangled ferns and luxuriant grass, and hisses forth its propensities to destroy unmolested—where the toad and lizard spend the live-long day in their melancholy chirpings—where the stagnant pool festers and ferments, and bubbles up its foul miasma—where the fungi seem to grow beneath your gaze—where the unclean birds retire after their repast, and sit and stare with dull eyes in vacancy for hours and days together, there originates the alligator—there, if happy in his history, he lives and dies. The pioneer of the forest invades his home, the axe lets in the sunshine upon his hiding-places; he frequently finds himself, like the Indian, surrounded by the encroachments of civilisation, a mere intruder in his original domain; and under such circumstances only does he become an object of rough sport, the incidents of which deserve a passing notice.

The extreme southern portions of the United States are exceedingly favourable to the growth of the alligator; in the swamps that stretch over a vast extent of country, inaccessible almost to man, they increase in numbers and size, live undisputed monarchs of their abodes, exhibiting but little more intelligence, or exercising little more volition, than the decayed trunk of the tree for which they are not unfrequently taken. In these swampy regions, however, are frequently found high ridges of land inviting cultivation. The log cabin takes the place of the rank vegetation; the evidences of thrift appear; and as the running streams display themselves, and are cleared for navigation, the old settler, the alligator, becomes exposed, and daily falls a victim to the rapacity of man. Thus hunted, like creatures of higher organisation, he grows more intelligent from the dangers of his situation; his taste grows more delicate, and he wars in turn upon his only enemy—soon acquires a civilised taste for pork and poultry, and acquires also a very uncivilised one for dogs.

An alligator in the truly savage state is a very happy reptile. Encased in an armour as impenetrable as that of Ajax, he moves about unharmed by surrounding circumstances. The fangs of the rattlesnake grate over his scales as they would over a file; the constrictor finds nothing about him to crush; the poisonous mocassin bites at him in vain; and the greatest pest of all, the musquito, that fills the air of his abode with a million stings that burn the flesh like sparks of fire, buzz out their fury upon his carcass in vain. To say that he enjoys not these advantages, that he crawls not forth as a proud knight in his armour, that he treads not upon the land as a master, and moves in the water the same, would be doing injustice to his actions, and his habits, and the philosophical example of independence which he sets to the trembling victims that are daily sacrificed to his wants.

The character of an alligator's face is far from being a flattering letter of recommendation. It suggests a rude shovell; the mouth extends from the extreme tip of the nose backwards until it passes the ears; indeed, about one-third of the whole animal is mouth, with the exact expression of a tailor's shears; and this mouth being ornamented with a super-abundance of rows of white teeth, gives the same hope of getting out of it sound in body and mind, if once in, as does the hopper of a bark-mill. Its body is short and round, not unlike that of a horse. Its tail is very long, and flattened at the end like an ear. It has the most dexterous use of this appendage, propelling along swiftly, and on land it answers the purpose of a weapon of defence.

The traveller through the lonely swamp at nightfall often finds himself surrounded by these singular creatures, and if he is unaccustomed to their presence and habits they cause great alarm. Scattered about in every direction, yet hidden by the darkness, he hears their huge jaws open and shut with a force that makes a noise, when numbers are congregated, like echoing thunder. Again, in the glare of the camp-fire, will sometimes be seen the huge alligator crawling within the lighted circle, attracted by the smell of food—perchance you have squatted upon a nest of eggs, encased with great judgment in the centre of some high ground you yourself have chosen to pass the night upon. Many there are who go unconcernedly to sleep with such intruders in their immediate vicinity; but a rifle-ball, effectively fired, will most certainly leave you unmolested; and the dying alligator, no doubt, comforts itself that the sun will not neglect its maternal charge, but raise up its numerous young as hideous and destructive as itself.

The alligator is a luxurious animal, fond of all the comforts of life, which are, according to its habits, plentifully scattered around it. We have watched them, enjoying their evening nap in the shades of tangled vines, and in the hollow trunk of the cypress, or floating like a log on the top of some sluggish pool. We have seen them sporting in the green slime, and catching, like a dainty gourmand, the fattest frogs and longest snakes; but they are in the height of their glory stretched out upon the sand-bar in the meridian sun, when the summer heats pour down and radiate back.
ALLIGATOR KILLING.

from the parched sand as tangibly as they would from red-hot iron. In such places will they bask and blow off, with a loud noise, the inflated air and water that would seem to expand within them, as if confined in an iron pipe, occasionally rolling about with their swinish eyes with a slowness of motion that, while it expresses the most perfect satisfaction, is in no way calculated to agitate their nerves, or discompose them by too suddenly taking the impression of outward objects. While thus disposed of, and after the first nap is taken, they amuse themselves with opening their huge jaws to their widest extent, upon the inside of which instinctively settle thousands of musquitoes and other noxious insects that infest the abode of the alligator. When the inside of the mouth is thus covered, the reptile brings his jaws together with inconceivable velocity, gives a gulp or two, and again sets his formidable trap for this small game of his.

Some years since, a gentleman in the southern part of Louisiana, “opening a plantation,” found, after most of the forest had been cleared off, that in the centre of his land was a boggy piece of low soil covering nearly twenty acres. This place was singularly infested with alligators. Among the first victims that fell to prey to their rapacity were a number of hogs and fine poultry; next followed most of a pack of fine deer hounds. It may be easily imagined that the last outrage was not passed over with indifference. The leisure time of every day was devoted to their extermination, until the cold of winter rendered them torpid and buried them up in the mud. The following summer, as is naturally the case, the swamp, from the heat of the sun, retracted in its dimensions; a number of artificial ditches drained off the water, and left the alligators little else to live in than mud, about the consistency of good mortar. Still the alligators clung, with singular tenacity, to their native homesteads, as if perfectly conscious that the coming fall would bring them rain. While thus exposed, a general attack was planned, carried into execution, and nearly every alligator of any size was destroyed. It was a fearful and disgusting sight to see them rolling about in the thick mud, striking their immense jaws together in the agony of death. Dreadful to relate, the stench of these decaying bodies in the hot sun produced an unthought-of evil. Teams of oxen were used in vain to haul them away—the progress of corruption under the sun of a tropical climate made the attempt fruitless. On the very edge of the swamp, with nothing exposed but the head, lay a huge monster, evidently 16 or 18 feet long; he had been wounded in the mélée and made incapable of moving, and the heat had actually baked the earth around his body as firmly as if imbedded in cement. It was a cruel and singular exhibition, to see so much power and destruction so helpless. We amused ourselves by throwing things into his cavernous mouth, which he would grind up between his teeth. Seizing a large oak rail, we attempted to run it down his throat, but it was impossible; for he held it for a moment as firmly as if it had been the bow of a ship, then with his jaws crushed and ground it to fine splinters. The old fellow, however, had his revenge; the dead alligators were found more destructive than the living ones, and the plantation for a season had to be abandoned.

In shooting the alligator, the bullet must hit just in front of the fore legs, where the skin is most vulnerable; it seldom penetrates in other parts of the body. Certainty of aim, therefore, tells in alligator-shooting, as it does in everything else connected with sporting. Generally the alligator, when wounded, retreats to some obscure place; but if wounded in a bayou, where the banks are steep, and not affording any hiding-places, he makes considerable amusement in his convolutions in the water, and in his efforts to avoid the pain of his smarting wounds. In shooting, the instant you fire the reptile disappears, and you are for a few moments unable to learn the extent of injury you have inflicted. An excellent shot, that sent the lead with almost unerring certainty through the eye, was made at a huge alligator, and as usual he disappeared, but almost instantly rose again, spouting water from his nose, not unlike a whale. A second ball, shot in his tail, sent him down again; but he instantly rose and spouted. This singular conduct prompted a bit of provocation, in the way of a plentiful sprinkling of bits of wood rattled against his hide. The alligator lashed himself into a fury; the blood started from his mouth; he beat the water with his tail until he covered himself with spray, but never sunk without instantly rising again. In the course of the day he died and floated ashore; and, on examination, it was found that the little valve nature has provided the reptile with, to close over its nostrils when under water, had been cut off by the first shot, and thus compelled him to stay on the top of the water to keep from being drowned. We have heard of many since who have tried thus to wound them, and although they have been hit in the nose, yet they have not been so crippled as to sink and die.

The alligator is particularly destructive on pigs and dogs, when they inhabit places near plantations; and if you wish to shoot them, you can never fail to draw them on the surface of the water, if you will make a dog yell or pig squeal; and that, too, in places where you may have been fishing all day, without suspecting their presence. Herodotus mentions the catching of crocodiles in the Nile, by hailing a hook with flesh, and then attracting the reptile towards it by making a hog squeal. The ancient Egyptian manner of killing the crocodile is different from that of the present day, as powder and ball have changed the manner of destruction; but the finest dear old pigtails in the crocodile and alligator, after more than two thousand years, remains the same.
THE ODD BOY ON THE ART OF FIBBING.

I DON'T know the derivation of the word 
_fib_; but you know what it means, and 
so do I. It is synonymous with "tardididdle," "bouncer," "won't wash," and takes higher 
or lower rank than "quibble" and "mystifyer." Vulgar people and noisy moralists 
would call a fib by another word of three 
letters, which rhymes with lie and sigh and 
die; genteel people and moral governesses of 
severe but refined proclivities would call a fib 
a falsehood—that is, the thing that is not. I 
prefer holding on by the fib, and propose to 
discourse a little on the subject of the Art of 
Fibbing.

But here I must pause. Nothing is so 
hard as definition. What is a horse? a 
graminivorous quadruped. What is a grami-

nivorous quadruped?—a horse. No, not 
necessarily; it may be etc., etc., etc. Now 
when I say a fib is—well, if you will excuse 
the word, I'll put it plainly—a _lie_, I am 
corrected by an ingenious friend who says it 
is not. Says he: "Twenty fibs are equal to one 
lie by the rules of moral arithmetic, therefore 
—oh, portentous _ergo_—anybody may fib 
without lying if he only keeps count. Fibbing 
is the petty larceny of truth!" Now this is a 
grand discovery, because it shows us that much 
may be done without actually telling a 
whacker. One may rob truth of all its 
worth, main truth and spoil all its elegant 
proportions, forge upon truth, libel truth 
without absolutely murdering her. Have 
I not heard of an old soldier's children— 
a fellow who lost his arm at Waterloo— 
begging and urging on the benevolent of the 
place, "Daddy left his bones at Waterloo!" 
So he did. They told no lie—(according to my 
ingenious friend's theory). He _had_ left a good 
many bones on the field, for his arm was 
amputated and left behind. Ah me, it is 
beautiful to think of the moral latitude we 
may allow ourselves.

But to return.

I take it to be an _art_; but, like most other 
arts, founded on nature. The noble art of 
self-defence stands perhaps very much on the 
same footing. If you are angry, it is not at 
all unlikely you would strike a decided blow; 
and it is not at all improbable that he who was 
hit would hit you again. This is natural; 
but cultivated education would lead you to hit 
with your left, while your opponent would 
quicknessly guard with his right. Now, 
in the art of fibbing it seems natural enough 
that one should say the thing that is not, if 
saying the thing that is would involve serious, 
painful, or even dangerous consequences.

Permit me to illustrate my meaning—

Small Joe _L_—was playing one sunny 

morning in a yard at the rear of his residence, 
when, essaying to cast a stone high in air, 
he found he had miscalculated his strength, or 
the weight of the stone, as that missile slipped 
from his fingers, and taking an entirely dif-

ferent direction from that intended, went 
whack through a pane of glass in the neigh-

bour's window.

Mrs. Connolly, who was engaged in wash-

ing in the kitchen, hearing the smash of glass 
in her spare room, rushed hastily to the scene 
of action, and through the broken pane beheld 
Joe in active retreat. Irate and indignant, 
the injured matron sought the presence of 
Mrs. _L_—, and straight poured forth the 
story of her wrongs. Mrs. _L_— assumed a 
dignified air, the culprit was called to the 
"presence," and the inquest on the departed 
pane commenced.

"Joseph," said Mrs. _L_—, with awful 
solemnity, "did you break the glass in Mrs. 
Connolly's window?"

"Yes 'm," replied Joe, with promptitude.

"Joseph," said Mrs. _L_—, "if you broke 
that pane of glass, I shall certainly correct 
you. Did you break it, sir?"

* Now with regard to this self-defence, I saw an 
anecdote the other day which I think is worth 
repeating. An old gentleman was giving advice to 
young relative who was on the point of going to 
school for the first time, in the course of which he 
said to him:—

"Now, my dear boy, if any of the other boys 
should ever strike you, before you return the blow, 
see if you cannot forgive him for the love of God; 
but take care that you do not mistake the 'love of 
God' for the fear of the bigger boy."
THE ODD BOY ON THE ART OF FIBBING.

Joe hesitated; but conscience was powerful, and he replied that he did.

Mrs. L.— took a stick from the mantelpiece: "Joseph," said she, "if you broke that glass I shall correct you most severely. I ask again, did you break it?"

Joe looked at his mother, he looked at the stick, and hanging his head, he murmured, "No, ma'am."

"There!" said Mrs. L., triumphantly, "that boy never told me a lie in his life. I know he never broke no window. S'pect your little Gusta broke it; she have a stone clear over our fence yesterday."

What was the boy to do but tell the bomeer, and thus soothe maternal solicitude and save his own skin?

'Tis such an easy thing to fib! Most young people feel the inclination—I won't say indulge it—to rid themselves of a difficulty by Joe's device. These fibs, if spoken, are at the first natural fibs, in which they may be easily detected.

Permit me again to illustrate my meaning:

Little Ben sat at the dinner-table, and was reprimanded by papa for some failure in point of breeding. Says Ben—

"When I'm as big as you I'll fight you."

"What's that you say, sir?" shouts papa.

"I was not speaking to you, sir," says ready-witted little Ben. "I spoke to the mustard-pot!"

Now natural fibbing of this kind is, of course, capable of cultivation, and gradually the simple fib becomes a graceful—or disgraceful—work of art. As a work of art it is seen in—

The Fib Social,
The Fib Commercial,
The Fib Scandalous,
The Fib Diabolic.

And first, let us regard the Fib Social.

Here the fib wears its most pleasant and alluring aspect. The horns are carefully concealed in a glossy hat; the hoof is not to be detected in the patent leather boot; the forked tail is dexterously put away in the tail-coat pocket; the scent of rose leaves rises superior to the stench of brimstone; courtesy is the language on the lip.

Allow me to illustrate my meaning:

Mr. Flutter Honeydew meets his old friend Mopus, whom he has hated with Christian hatred since boyhood. Says he—all smiles, like the flowers and sunshine of a May morning—"My dear Mopus, how delighted I am to see you! 'Tis an age since I have had the pleasure: and how well you are looking! Mrs. M. quite well, I hope? and your charming daughter—married, of course? Not married? Eh, you surprise me! When will you promise to eat your mutton with me? Come, name the day. 'Should and acquaintance be forgot?' Tuesday next. This is kind—quite your generous, dear old self." This is what Mr. Honeydew says, and this is what he thinks—"That rascal Mopus! I would have gone a hundred miles to get out of his way. I had hoped I had cut him for good and all. He looks ill, that's one comfort. I wonder whether his shrewish wife—with one leg in the grave—has made up her mind to pull in the other. The notion of blue-stocking Bellinda—spectacles on nose—ever getting married: the thing's preposterous. I must ask him to dine; but I'll choke him off before the day come."

In this we have a fair illustration of the fib social. It would not be polite on Honeydew's part to say what he meant. Language was given him to disguise his thoughts.

And now we come to consider, in the second place, the Fib Commercial. It wears an honest, bluff appearance of sincerity. You see nothing of the tail or hoofs behind the counter; and the hair is carefully combed up over the horns, and if you chance to see the tip of one of these horns peeping out, you take it for the nib of a new pen. The commercial fib is employed in doing, and is ever on the alert lest it should be done for. It bulls and bears on 'change, it rolls the market, it makes a solemn show of prodigious wealth, when it knows itself to be on the eve of bankruptcy; it "quotes" its accounts, and now in soft insinuating tones, and now with big bluster, turns its pennies into pounds under the magic wand of fibbery.

Allow me to illustrate my meaning in a metaphorical style:

We behold before us a struggling man of business, with face of brass and adamantine conscience. He stands before the entrance to
"AWAY WITH CARE."

a cavern of inexhaustible wealth. The stony portal will yield only—as well he knows—to one magic influence. He tries hard pushing—fails; he tries loud knocking—fails; he implores and beseeches—fails; then he cries out, "Fibs!—Fibs!" And at that word the granite gates gave way, and he enters to take up his fill of gold.

Let us now revert to the fib scandalous. In this case amusement is the chief object in view, and it is partaken of by those whose taste for scandal needs a sharper rebuff than can be found in truth. There are no horns to be seen: they are hidden in a highly ornamental cap, the triumph of millinery art. The long train prevents the very suspicion of forked tail or hoof, and so over tea and muffins is the game of scandal played chiefly by ladies, though there be some old women of the other sex not above taking a hand in it.

Here is an illustration:

"What do you think of that little affair of Lady B.'s?"—"What is it? I am quite in the dark. Do tell."—"Well, it shocked us all dreadfully. Such a nice creature. Never could have suspected it."—"Why you don't mean—"—"Yes, indeed, on the best authority."—"Well, I own I am not surprised."—"Oh, you must not abuse the poor thing. We all know she is very ill-natured; and they do say stingy; but—"—"Well, dear, when we consider her belongings."—"Poor thing—very sad; but then we must remember—"—"Yes, we know, dear: her aunt was in the bread and butter trade!"

Poor Lady B. is thus served up—as for an open banquet on toast—a toast of spite, covered with buttered fibs.

Lastly, there is the fib diabolic. In this case some great wrong has to be done, and those who are bent on doing it are ready to wear all disguise, this or that side out, if they may but do it. As this sort of fibbery is practised only by a few high graduates in the devil's college, I shall leave them alone, and turn at once to the application of this subject.

I.—No real good can ever come of fibbing. Those who trust to it are sure, some day, to find the palace they have built—a rubbish heap.

II.—Fibbing is a growing habit. White lies are gentleman ushers to black ones.

III.—A detected fibber, like a detected thief, is never more to be trusted.

IV.—The fibbers despise one another.

What is the moral of this?—"Speak truth and shame the devil."

To those who are speaking truth what shall we say?—

Go on! go on! go on! go on! Go on! go on! go on!

To those who are fibbing what shall we say?—

"It is never too late to mend."

Yours very truly,

THE ODD BOY.

---

"AWAY WITH CARE."

Weary hearts, away with care,
With trembling, doubt, and sorrows,
Troubles of to-day we'll bear,
But think not of to-morrow's;
For many a cloud may lurking be,
To burst when day is dawning;
Yet, if some happy hours you'd see,
Then think not of the morning.

Precious life was never meant
To waste in cares bewailing,
Many a woeful hour we've spent,
Has been our own entailing.

Tears will flow if we would see
Our souls more pure, and brighter
Cares must come if hearts would be
More joyful still, and lighter.

Weary hearts, away with care
That round you is entwining,
Sorrow ye should bravely dare,
And cease this dull repining,
Hearts are happier who can sing
When storms are drawing nearer,
Mirth will blunt affliction's sting,
And make our peace the dearer.

GEO. H. QUELCH.
WILLIAM MANLEY;

or,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VISITORS.

Early on the morning after the departure of the captain all hands were called, and some were set to work on the path that had been commenced the day before, others were set to digging a well, and five or six went off with me to the wreck in the two dingies.

On moving around a point forming one side of the little cove, we were joyfully surprised to see men on the wreck, and a small vessel lying not far from it. It was a prahu, but quite large enough to take us all from the island, and in the minds of all there was a sudden illumination by hope. This, however, was soon extinguished on drawing near the wreck, for we learnt that those who had taken possession of it were Malays, and that they wished to have nothing to do with us.

Again I had an opportunity of witnessing the pantomime of seeing men expressing threats or wishes by drawing their hands across their throats.

We were not allowed to board the wreck, and were plainly given to understand that if we did not wish to be killed, we should go ashore, and not attempt it. The wreck had in their opinion been abandoned by us, and we had no further right to it.

According to Malay logic, they had a far better right to the wreck than we had, for it was in their possession, and for the present they were able to keep it.

Before returning to the shore, I saw that they had got hold of some of the bales and boxes of merchandise, and therefore knew that they would never relinquish their prize as long as they were able to retain it.

Our lives might depend on our again obtaining possession of the wreck, and I hastened ashore.

All hands were again assembled, with the exception of a few who were digging for water.

Had we possessed any means for transporting all to the wreck, we could have been able to drive the Malays away, but the two dingies would not carry a dozen men—not enough to intimidate the wreckers, or frighten them with any prospect of success.

There was but one plan by which we might regain our own, and that was to keep beyond the reach of the weapons used by the Malays, and drive them from the wreck by using the muskets, and this plan we resolved to adopt immediately.

A lieutenant and ten soldiers volunteered for this duty, and on starting we were accompanied by one of the Lascars, who I was informed could speak the Malay language. On arriving within about a quarter of a mile of the wreck, I had one of the boats wait, while in the other, with the Lascar, I went up to the wreck to give the Malays notice to leave.

On drawing near the wreck we were again ordered to keep away, and I told the Lascar to inform the Malays that unless they left the wreck willingly we should try to compel them to go.

After shouting a few words to those about the wreck, and hearing a few words in reply, the Lascar informed me that the Malays said we were not their slaves, and therefore might do as we pleased. After pulling back about one hundred yards from the ship, I shouted to those in the other boat to come up.

After the two boats joined company, we commenced the attack by firing the muskets with deliberate aim, and in less than ten minutes the wreck was deserted.

We then pulled up near the prahu and commenced firing at the men on its deck.

We heard the report of two or three firearms of some kind on the prahu, but neither saw nor heard any other evidence to believe
that the Malays were armed with any weapons from which we need have the least fear. The darts, javelins, sumpit, and krises, and other weapons they might carry, were harmless at the distance we were from them.

We soon had evidence for believing that some of our shots had taken effect, for sails were hoisted on the prahu, and it was got under way. Those aboard of it did not wish to be shot down, with no opportunity of inflicting any harm upon us. They could save nothing from the wreck without being exposed to our fire, and they very wisely gave up the prize they had found, and sailed away.

On again taking possession of the wreck we found that much of the freight had become released from the hold by the breaking up of the vessel, and was floating about under the main deck—a great portion of which still remained unbroken. Several bales of merchandise were lying on the deck, and many had probably been removed to the prahu.

With the hope that something more could be obtained from the wreck that would assist in sustaining us until we should be able to find some means of leaving the island, I was unwilling the Malays should again be allowed to possess it.

The fore part of the vessel was open, and we passed some time in floating boxes and bales out of the 'tween decks into the open cove, so that they might be driven ashore. Our object in doing this was to leave as little as possible for the wreckers to obtain should they return.

During the afternoon one of the soldiers, who was a good diver, succeeded in making a line fast to a case of wine. This was about all we were able to save that was of much use to us, but on going ashore we towed behind the boats several boxes which I knew contained valuable silks. After reaching the shore I learnt that no water had been found during the day, but that a path had been cut to a small knoll on which but few trees and bushes were growing. The grass, weeds, and leaves on this piece of ground the men had burnt, and this had greatly assisted in clearing it from insects and reptiles.

All were suffering much from thirst, and many declared that they could not live a day longer unless the allowance served [ont be much increased].

This could not with prudence or reason be done, and the poor sufferers who complained were told by some of the men to die as soon as possible, and leave a better chance for the others.

Our camp was moved during the evening, and notwithstanding the painful sensations arising from want of food and water, I had a very good night's sleep.

The next morning men were set to digging for water at the foot of the hill on which we were camped, and accompanied by a few whom I thought would be the most useful, I again started for the wreck. Under the circumstances in which we were placed, a single bottle of wine or ale was worth a trip to the wreck; and knowing this, all were anxious that everything that could in any way relieve our necessities should be saved.

On reaching the shore we found that nearly all the boxes and bales we had released from the vessel the day before had been cast ashore, and the tide being out, many things of much value under other circumstances were lying high and dry.

Leaving some of the men to collect these articles and place them beyond the reach of the returning tide, I pushed off for the wreck, but on passing around the rocks that had hidden it from view, we saw that it was again in possession of the Malays.

In place of one prahu we now saw four. Our former visitors had been to a neighbouring island, and had returned with assistance.

We returned to the shore, and another consultation was held as to what we should do. We now had remaining only about thirty charges for the muskets, and so numerous appeared the Malays that it was not thought expedient to expend those few shots in the attempt to drive them away. We might have a more urgent use for the few charges remaining, and it was resolved that they should be reserved in case we should have to defend ourselves from an attack. Circumstances apparently compelled us to remain inactive, and allow the Malays to remove all they could obtain.

While this consultation was being held, I noticed that one of the crew, the one who had acted as interpreter the day before, was absent, but the cause of his being so was easily explained a few minutes after on our
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

going to the shore, for he was seen in one of
doing the work of the wreck.

The man had deserted us and joined our
enemies. In our company he was suffering
with hunger and thirst, and the fear of an
agonizing death. With them his wants would
be relieved, and he would probably share in
the plunder of the vessel. The man had
never been liked by the rest of the crew,
who now declared that he was a Malay and
not a Lascar. This assertion was partly
substantiated by the man's appearance, for he
had a short wide face and flat nose, more like
a Malay than a Lascar, and, as I have before
stated, he could speak the Malay language.

We had now but one boat, and could not
attack the wreckers with the least hope of
driving them away. They were in number
about four to our one, and we could do but
little more than stand idle and see them
remove everything from the wreck they might
demn worth taking.

The Lascars and some of the soldiers who
had been long in the east, and knew more of
the Malay character and habits than I did,
apprehended some harm might befall us from
the desertion of the man who had joined the
wreckers.

They said that he would inform them that
we were starving and had no water—that we
had but a few charges for the muskets, and
therefore would be unable to defend the
property we had taken ashore.

This fear was not without some reason. It
was true that the efforts of Rajah Brooke and
others had nearly driven the Malay pirates
from the China Sea, or rather had caused
them to leave off piracy and make some
concessions to honest trading, yet to us the
unpleasant fact remained that the Malays by
instinct and education were pirates.

Those who were now preventing us from
obtaining what might sustain our existence
till aid should reach us, had undoubtedly once
been pirates, and might be unable to resist
the temptation of again engaging in their
favorite occupation.

Their present conduct was such as to excite
this fear, for in place of assisting their fellow
beings, shipwrecked and in distress, they were
robbing us.

They might resort to violence and blood-
shed in robbing us still more. A week would
certainly pass and perhaps ten days before we
could expect any aid from Singapore, and the
prospect of being able to exist on the island
for that period was everything but agreeable
to contemplate.

CHAPTER XXXV.
BLOCKADED BY PIRATES.

I HAD a proposal to make to the Malays—one
that they could not reasonably refuse.

It was to offer them everything they could
save from the wreck, as well as the merchan-
dise we had picked up on the shore, if they
would take us from the island.

In making this offer I might be injuring
my employers, for it was my duty to protect
their property, but the lives of many people
depended on our getting away immediately,
and I could think of no better plan than the
one I have stated. It was proposed to the
others, and discussed by all.

Some said that the Malays would take from
us everything, even to our clothing, and would
then leave us. They were also doubtful about
the Malays having a sufficient supply of water
and food to take us to any place on which
we should be willing to land, and that they
would not dare take us to Singapore, Sarawak,
or Labuan.

These objections were at last overcome by
the desire for water. A little, enough to
satisfy our burning thirst for awhile, might be
obtained from them, and for this many were
willing to sacrifice everything.

Taking with me two soldiers, armed with
muskets, and two of the Lascars, I went in
the dingy to see if any terms could be made
with those who had the power of assisting us.

Floating about in the cove were a few
boxes, bales, and casks; and, as we pulled
around a point of rocks that had concealed
us from view, we came close upon a small
boat containing three of the Malays, who
were gathering these floating articles.

They immediately started for the prahus;
but preferring to have a talk with two or
three, to meeting a large number of them,
we easily cut off their retreat, and on coming
up alongside of them we saw that the boat
was the one the deserter had stolen at the
time of leaving us.

The Malays either could not or would not
WILLIAM MANLEY; OR,

understand one word the Lascar said, and on seeing that they could not escape us, the three expressed a strong desire for a combat.

This we were anxious to avoid, but could not, for they seized hold of our boat, and while one of them made a blow at me with his kris, another threw a dart that lodged in a shoulder of one of the soldiers.

We then proceeded to take possession of our own boat, and in the struggle that ensued one of the Malases was run through the body with a bayonet, and another had his small head scattered over the boat by being knocked to pieces with a musket ball. The third jumped into the water, and seemed trying to drown himself. For some time every effort we made at picking him up was defeated by his diving below, and when we did get hold of him he was dragged into the boat insensible.

A Malay in a combat gives no quarter and expects none, and the man we saved evidently believed that we would give him a more painful death than he would meet by being smothered in the water.

By this time ten or fifteen Malases were coming towards us in small dingies, and we hastened to the shore, towing the empty boat behind us.

The soldiers ashore having heard the report of the musket, hastened to the beach, and we landed under their protection—the Malases turning back when within about one hundred and fifty yards from us.

I was now quite certain that an attempt to come to any terms with the wreckers would result in disappointment, and to this belief was added the fear that they would not be satisfied without everything in our possession.

The Malay prisoner, who had been rolling about in the bottom of the boat while we had been pulling to shore, began to regain consciousness, and soon after we landed he was able to walk, and was conducted to our camp.

That afternoon was very warm, and our camp being surrounded by a tall forest, not a breath of air was moving across it.

About a gill of water and a spoonful of wine had been served out to each person in the morning, and this not being sufficient to satisfy a thirst that had been constantly increasing during the day the agony of some of the men was driving them to delirium.

One of the soldiers who had been digging at the well came into the camp and insisted on having some water. The man seemed to be suffering much, but as no favour should be shown to one more than another, his demand was refused.

The man was determined to obtain some water, or die, and made the attempt to take some by force.

This attempt of course was prevented by the guard, and a struggle took place, in which the poor soldier was knocked down with a blow that prevented him from rising.

An hour after the man ceased to live.

We afterwards learnt that he had been chewing some green leaves with the hope that they would quench his thirst, but the experiment had produced an effect contrary to what was desired, and the poor fellow was probably irresponsible for his acts at the time he tried to upset the law and order we had established.

Early the next morning one of the sentries stationed on the shore came in with the intelligence that some Malases had come near the shore, evidently with the desire of making some communication.

I hastened to the beach with two or three of the Lascars to learn what they wanted.

Our fears of being molested by the pirates were about to be realised, for the Malases had been sent by their rajah with the demand that we should surrender up everything in our possession, or the property should be taken from us by force.

To this demand we first made the simple query, “Why?” and were informed that we had lost the ship and everything it contained; that it had then fallen into their possession; that we had driven them from their own property with much loss of life; and that now that they had again taken possession of the wreck with a force sufficient to maintain their right, they were determined to have what Allah and his prophet had evidently designed for their use.

They further stated that, should we resist their demand, no mercy would be shown us.

I was about to propose some terms for surrendering the property, with the hope of obtaining some food and water, but this was opposed by an old sergeant, who professed an intimate knowledge of the Malay character.
"Don't let them know," said he, "that we are in want of food, water, or anything else, for the greater distress they think we are in, the less favourable terms they will give us. They would like to see us all starve, and then come and strip our dead bodies without danger."

"But they already know that we are suffering," I replied, "for the deserter has undoubtedly told them that we have but little food or water, and but a few charges for the muskets."

"Very true," answered the sergeant, "but the evil results of his story can be defeated by a well-known and celebrated stratagem. We must not yield to them anything, for the more we do so the harder they will be upon us."

Acting under his advice, we told the Malays that we should give them nothing but death if they attempted molesting us.

The Malays departed, and leaving four men on guard over the boats, I returned to the camp to see what preparations could be made for defending ourselves against any attack the wreckers might make against us.

There was but one way in which there was the least danger of our camp being disturbed, and that was by the path we had cut from the cove, and that could be easily defended.

Early in the evening, when the guard was about to be relieved, they were driven away from the boats by the Malays, who came from the prahu with four boats, and a small raft they had made from pieces of the wreck.

The alarm was given too late for us to prevent them from landing and taking possession of our boats.

A party of between twenty and thirty of them remained on shore during the night, apparently quite confident that we would not molest them.

To have attacked these men, and driven them from the shore, would probably have cost us every charge of ball and cartridge we possessed, and the result would not have paid for the expense; and for this reason they were left in quiet possession of the only port the colony we had established possessed.

That night we divided a little more water and wine, but the amount each received seemed only to increase our sufferings by awakening the desire for more.

In less than an hour after the water had been served out, several of the soldiers manifested a desire to seize upon what remained.

One of the soldiers on guard over the provisions seemed quite willing that every one should help themselves to anything, and after receiving two or three blows from the flat side of a sword from one of the lieutenants he was replaced by another.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

INTOXICATED WITH WATER.

The next morning, soon after sunrise, we served out the last drop of water we had remaining from what had been saved from the wreck. Something must be done before the day expired, or we should be murdering each other in the delirium of our agony.

The old sergeant, whose advice I had followed the day before, was consulted.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"We can do nothing," replied the sergeant; "but what do you want the Malays to do?"

"To attack us immediately. If they believe the story of the man who deserted from us, that we are dying for the want of water, and wait for three or four days, we shall die without the chance of saving ourselves. I would like to have them attack us immediately, or leave the wreck; we then might defeat them, or save something that would prolong our existence."

"Then," said the sergeant, "we must send our prisoner back to his companions, with a letter to the man who has left us."

"How will that produce the effect we desire?"

"The prisoner will take the letter to the rajah or leader of the pirates. They will kill the deserter, and not believe a word of the story he has told them."

Acting under the advice of the sergeant, I called one of the Lascars who could write the Sanscrit language, and gave him instructions to write to the deserter, who was informed that he must persist in the story he had told, and cause the Malays to defer any attack upon us for two or three days longer.

"He must tell them," said I, "that we have not a drop of water, and that if they will wait a day or two, they can have every-
thing we possess without a fight with us, and that he must also persist in the story that we have no ammunition.”

The deserter was also advised not to say a word about the aid we expected to receive from Singapore; but to do all in his power to keep the Malays for a few hours until we could capture them, and regain what we had lost.

After this letter was written, the Malay prisoner was brought forward and told that he might have his liberty, or again join his companions, if he would deliver the letter to the man who had deserted from us.

This he promised faithfully to do; and we sent him off highly delighted at attaining his liberty.

“You may hang me for a fool,” said the old sergeant, “if the Malays do not make sail and leave us within an hour after our prisoner has joined them. They never would have shown themselves so bold as to land on the island had they not believed the story the deserter has told them. They have some respect for the strong, but none for the weak and suffering; and it was the story told by the deserter that caused them to make the demand they did yesterday.”

Two or three hours after the prisoner had been liberated, we discovered that the Malays had left their encampment on the island and returned to their prahus. The tide was out; and walking along the shingle to the rocks, I saw that they were getting under way.

Some one of them had been able to read the letter the Lascar had written, and it had begun producing some effect upon them.

They had obtained everything from the wreck that could easily be got hold of, and had learnt from our letter that we were not alarmed at any attempts they might make at robbing us; they were ready to leave.

They sailed away to the south, leaving the wreck deserted by all except one man, who was hanging from the yard-arm of the mainmast.

The old sergeant’s scheme had proved successful in relieving us from any further trouble with the Malays, for they had departed after hanging the man they believed to be a spy on their proceedings.

Hanging is not a method of capital punishment common amongst Malays; but the deserter had been thus exalted in order that we might know the fate of one they believed to be in our confidence and service.

The Malays had departed, but our sufferings for food and water still remained; and so strong had they now become, that some expressed regret that the Malays had not attacked us and put an end to our misery.

In the afternoon, two men came into the camp from the place where the wells were being dug; and while coming through the bushes, and yet unseen from the camp, their strange conduct excited the wildest anger in some and unbounded joy in others. The men seemed intoxicated, and to some their behaviour suggested the idea that they had in some way obtained possession of wine or spirits that should have been shared by all.

“Water! We have found water!” shouted one of the men as he reeled from the bushes into the open space where we were camped.

“Yes; bright, pure, cold water,” cried his companion. “Beautiful shining water, and oceans of it.”

No one stopped to hear anything more, but all made a rush for the well. So great was our haste in forcing our way through the bushes, that many left large portions of their clothing behind them, and reached the well bleeding from the wounds they had received from the many impediments in the way to the desired element.

When we reached the well, a scene of strife and confusion arose that would be impossible to describe. A small quantity of muddy water was slowly flowing into the bottom of the well, which was about eighteen feet deep. Of this turbid fluid every one was anxious to be the first to partake; and nearly all acted more like wild animals than reasoning human beings.

A man was at the bottom of the well, dipping up the water as fast as it ran in with a small cup, and sending it above in a little bucket; but so slowly did the water flow into the well, that nearly two hours passed before all had received enough to allow them to wait with some patience for more, for sometimes nearly half the water sent up was wasted in the strife that would take place as to who should have it.

When all had partly quenched their thirst, I directed that the well should be dug deeper, and then left awhile for the water to gather and settle.
The officers and soldiers on guard over the little food and wine we had left, had joined the rush for the well; and on returning to the camp we found that the two men who brought the news of water having been found, had eaten some of the biscuit, and had now in reality got drunk. They had taken advantage of the absence of others, and had been drinking the wine.

So great was our joy at having found water, that no one could entertain any angry feeling; and the two men escaped the punishment they deserved.

During the greater part of the night the camp was nearly deserted; most of the men preferring to stay about the well, occasionally sipping of that beverage, the want of which had caused them so much agony.

All seemed happy except the Lascars. All but one of them—the "sirang"—had lost their caste, by drinking from the same cup used by others in their anxiety to relieve their sufferings.

We no longer had any fear of Malays or anything else.

Water had been found, and we could kill baboons and birds for food.

A week passed, in which we waited patiently for the return of the captain. During that time but one event occurred that excited any interest amongst us.

A soldier aroused us one night by the alarm that he had been bitten or stung by some reptile.

Several men gathered around him, and one of them, on a light being brought, found a large scorpion on the ground where the man had been lying.

The man had been stung on the throat, and was in great pain. We could do nothing for him, and in about an hour his throat had become so swollen that he could no longer respire, and died in horrible agony.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MUTINY.

Early one morning a soldier "on the lookout" came in with the pleasing intelligence that a vessel was "lying off an' on" off the island, and all hastened to the shore.

On reaching it we saw two boats leaving the vessel and heading for the cove, and soon after we were in the presence of the old skipper who had left us a few days before.

The vessel was a brig that had been instantly despatched for our relief by a wealthy merchant of Singapore, and before night all and everything worth saving had been taken aboard.

During the day I visited the wreck. The main and mizen masts were still standing, though much inclined to the starboard, and from the mainyard of the former was hanging the bones of the Lascar whom the Malays had killed. All the flesh on the frame had been taken away by the birds, and the skeleton was swinging to and fro by the breeze—a sign well representing the wreck and the island.

That evening we set sail, and two days after dropped anchor off the city of Singapore.

This city, like most others I had seen in the East, contained a mixed population of East Indians, Chinese, and others, all of whom were struggling for a living that did not cost more than sixpence per day.

My only business in Singapore was to get away from the place as soon as possible, and immediately after landing I commenced the inquiries necessary for performing it.

I would not claim any assistance from the captain in returning to Bombay, or in going to any other place, for I knew that owing to late events, or rather to his unhappy disposition, he bore towards me some ill-will.

The first opportunity I had of leaving was in a small ship for London, and which was to call at Sydney, New South Wales, on the way. In this vessel I could ship as second mate, and fearing that a more favourable chance for getting away might not soon offer, I signed articles.

Previous to leaving Singapore I wrote a letter to Mr. Merrill, of Bombay, giving him full particulars of the manner his ship was lost. Justice to myself demanded this, and furthermore I wished his uncle to experience a little regret for putting another man in command of the vessel over me.

Had the vessel I joined been going direct to London, I should have been quite satisfied at making the voyage, but I did not like the idea of visiting Sydney again. This dislike, however, was only a whim, and having the opinion that a sensible man should never be
worried by idle fancies, I endeavoured to commence and make the voyage in the contented and cheerful manner in which an officer should perform his duty.

There is perhaps no country in the world where so large a quantity of cheap sugar is used in proportion to the number of its inhabitants as in New South Wales; and the ship was first consigned to Sydney to supply a part of that demand, and take in a cargo of wool for England.

The crew shipped in Singapore were, like the inhabitants of that place, natives of different countries, but most of them natives of the East.

Before we had been out three days the captain, speaking to me of the crew, said, "You must work 'em up, Mr. Manley, and knock 'em about, for I want to ship another crew in Sydney. These fellows are only monkeys, and can do nothing in cold weather. It will not do to take them around the Horn. We shall reach England in the winter, and what can they do on a yard beating up the Channel? Nothing. Each one of them would only sit on the yard like a wet fowl on its roost. I can't afford to pay 'em off, so you must knock 'em about, and let 'em run away after we land."

There are many masters of small trading vessels on long voyages who act upon the same principles that inspired the captain of this vessel. They are engaged about the world in a mild and mean system of piracy—keeping within the protection of the law, yet robbing passengers, crew, and all who have anything to do with them.

The captain under whom I now sailed would bully, overwork, and starve his crew, until, to escape from his tyranny, they would forfeit their wages by running away; and yet I had no doubt but the money due to them at the time of being chased from the ship would have to be paid by the owner, and would somehow find its way into the skipper's pocket.

All I required of the men in my watch was that they should perform their duty, and for the sake of pleasing the captain I would not play the part of a bully and "knock 'em about."

This the captain soon learnt, and we were not friends.

The first mate did all in his power to assist the captain in making the vessel a floating hell for the crew. Whenever either of them were on deck the crew were driven about fore and aft, above and below, and made to do much more than was necessary for working the vessel.

We had no disagreeable weather. The breeze, though not strong, was otherwise favourable, and since leaving Singapore there had been no excuse for officers exhibiting unpleasant excitement; yet the captain and his mate had never lost an opportunity of cursing, bullying, and worrying the crew.

One of the men in the forecastle was a native of Goa, but was neither pure Indian nor Portuguese, but apparently a cross between the two.

This man was in my watch, and I knew him to be one of the best men of the crew—a man who would have been called a good seaman on any vessel, but with the captain and first mate he was classed with the others.

Intending to ship an European crew in Sydney, they treated all alike, with the hope that all would desert on the first opportunity, and the "half Portugee" came in for his share of abuse with the others.

There was something in the appearance of this man that told me he would not tamely bear the ill-treatment which some one or more of the crew each day had to endure.

I believed that when it came to this man's turn to receive a kick or a blow there would something happen that the captain and mate little expected.

They could not see this, but seemed to regard him as they did the others—a thing but little better than a monkey.

One day in the dog-watch, when there was a sail to be bent and the men were not up the rigging the second the command was given for them to go, the native of Goa, who was called Luke, happened to be near the first mate, and received a kick.

Luke had just been putting an earing to the sail we were about to spread, and had in his hand a heavy marline spike, with which he gave a blow that dashed the mate to deck. The captain then rushed forward, and in saving his head from receiving a blow he raised his right arm, upon which the weapon fell with great force.

I hastened aft, but was not in time to
prevent the captain from being knocked down.

One of the crew had mounted the bulwarks for the purpose of ascending the rigging; and, seeing the first mate lying on the deck beneath him, jumped down, lighting heavily on the officer’s breast.

I used no violence on reaching Luke and the other, but they immediately desisted from doing further harm, and the affray was over.

Although the captain’s arm was broken, he was not so seriously injured as the mate, who for many hours remained insensible. His skull had been fractured by the blow, and he had received some internal injury by the man who had jumped down upon him from the bulwarks.

After having the officers taken to the cabin, and doing all for them that could be done under the circumstances, I came on deck and told Luke that he must be placed in confinement. He made no resistance, and was bound and placed below.

I was now the only officer of the ship capable of taking charge of the ship, and after several hours’ duty I saw the necessity of appointing some one of the crew to take charge of one watch.

I could not remain on deck night and day without repose, and the only one of the crew to whom I dared to leave the charge of the ship while I slept was Luke. To keep him in confinement and place some incompetent person in care of the vessel, to me seemed folly, and I determined to set Luke at liberty, and let him perform the duty I required from him.

“Luke,” said I, on going to visit him, “I am going to promote you to the office of second mate. I must have some one to assist me in working the vessel, and I am willing to trust you.”

At first he refused to accept anything that might be considered a favour; but, on my explaining to him that his conduct during the remainder of the voyage might accomplish much towards mitigating punishment for the past, he consented to accept of my advice, and promised in no way to betray the confidence I placed in him.

That evening, at eight bells, Luke took charge of the deck; and before leaving it I saw that his orders were cheerfully obeyed by the watch.

Before retiring to rest I visited the captain, and on telling him what I had done he was in a great rage.

“It is no wonder the crew mutinied,” he exclaimed, “when they are urged to it by an officer, and rewarded for it.”

I tried to make him understand the necessity compelling me to act as I had done, but in vain. He seemed fully to believe that the misfortune that had befallen him and the mate was owing to the favour I had shown the crew, and not to the bad treatment they had received from himself and his chief officer.

“Luke knocked the mate down for giving him a kick, and not for the reason that I had ever spoken to the men in a proper manner, and had used no violence towards them; and the man who could think otherwise was not worth talking to.”

After expressing this opinion to the captain I left him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AN UNPLEASANT VOYAGE.

The captain and the mate received every attention we could give them, and the former recovered from the injury he had received quite as soon as we had any reason to expect.

The latter did not; he had been struck with a marline-spike on the forehead and a little above the left eye, which became much affected by the injury.

Several weeks passed, and although the mate was able to talk most of the time in a sensible manner, he could not remain on deck when the sun was shining, and was wholly unable to perform his duty.

Every time I saw the captain he was muttering threats of vengeance against the man who had broken his arm.

Every day he had the steward read to him the entries I had made in the ship’s log, and he thus became satisfied that he could trust to my navigation, and that we were on the right course for Sydney. Notwithstanding this, he seemed very impatient to get about again, and I believe principally for the purpose of having another affray with Luke.

“It is some way to Sydney,” he would say, “and before we get there you will see me the captain of this ship again. There’ll be some
sport then; but there’s plenty of time, I’m patient, and can wait.”

About two weeks after his arm was broken Captain W—— began to make his appearance on deck with his arm in a sling, but on these occasions he refrained from interfering with any arrangements I had made, exhibiting an ability for commanding himself by not giving any commands to others.

About a week before we were expecting to reach Sydney Cove the steward told me one evening that the captain was going to take the command of his watch the next morning, and that the first mate’s watch would be mine.

This arrangement would keep Luke when on duty constantly under the view of the captain, and I was quite certain that there would be another contention between them.

This fear was strengthened by a further communication from the steward: he told me that the captain had two pocket pistols which he would carry, and that he had sworn that on the least sign of insubordination he would shoot the offender as he would a mad dog.

I advised Luke to allow me to place him again in confinement. This advice he refused to follow, and declared that he would do his duty in the watch according to the best of his ability.

Although Luke would not follow my advice, he would not disobey my commands, and in the morning watch he allowed me to place him again in confinement.

At eight bells, the captain made his appearance on deck, and took the command. He noticed the absence of Luke.

“Mr. Manley,” he exclaimed, “where is that fellow Luke? I don’t see him.”

“He is in confinement,” I replied; “I have placed him in irons again.”

“That dodge won’t do,” exclaimed Captain W——, nearly frantic with rage; “you are as bad as he is; but I’ll beat you both, cunning as you are. I command this ship now. Bring that man up immediately. He shall do his duty, or die. I don’t reward mutineers by allowing them to become passengers.”

I went below, and while releasing Luke gave him some good advice as to his future conduct, for I was quite convinced from the manner of the captain that he meant mischief.

Two days passed, and the captain had found no opportunity of taking revenge. Luke had obeyed every command with a will and an ability that had left no reasonable cause for molesting him.

The captain did not wish to commit a murder without some provocation.

On the third day after he resumed the command, I was attending the first mate during my watch below, and heard the captain shout, “Keep her steady, d—— you! steady, I say.”

Knowing that Luke was at the wheel, and that the captain could easily find an excuse for a row with him, I hastened from below.

“You yellow idiot! are you going to obey me?” yelled the captain just as I got on deck.

He did not notice me, but rushing up to Luke, made a kick at him, which the sailor avoided by passing around the wheel.

This may have been what the captain desired, for I heard him exclaim, “What! dare you leave the wheel?”

I saw his arm rising, and immediately seized it, for the hand held a pistol.

As he could do nothing with one arm, I had no difficulty in taking the weapon away from him, and to prevent further trouble I called assistance put him in the store room, locked the door, and placed a guard over it.

For several hours the captain raved like a madman, but after learning that there was nothing to be gained by that, he became comparatively quiet, and tried to make himself happy in expressing threats of vengeance against me when we reached Sydney.

That evening the wind shifted, and the ship was put on another tack.

Not knowing that the breeze had changed, the captain thought that we had put the ship about with the intention of changing its destination, and this fancy gave rise to another fit of raving, in which he was joined by the first mate.

They were within hailing distance of each other, and both having active imaginations they soon arrived at the opinion that they were to be left on some desert island, while the rest of us imitated the career of the Bounty mutineers amongst the South Pacific Islands.

After three days of much anxiety and watchfulness we entered Sydney Harbour, and hoisted the signal for the water police.
COAL.—ITS FORMATION, DIGGING, AND USES.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

WHEN'ER I fly to ages long gone past,
An ancient picture meets my wondering eyes;
When'er I soar on fancy's pinion fast,
Strange sights and scenes within my mind uprise;
Fain would I show in my untutored rhyme
These recollections of the "olden time."

I.

In Britain's isle, girt by the ocean main,
Methinks I see a mighty river's stream,
Gently meandering through a fruitful plain;
Like gold it sparkles under Phoebus' beam;
For giant trees, the neighbouring ground that hide,
Decrease to brushwood near the river's side.

II.

Into the river many streamlets flow,
That feel not Boreas' blast nor Zephyr's breeze,
Their shady banks are filled, above, below,
With moss-grown stones, with trunks and roots of trees,
That wildly throw their long and leafy arms
To meet the trembling brooklet's flowing charms.

III.

On either side extending far around,
The plain swells upward to the mountains high;
Old, sturdy trees grow o'er the fruitful ground,
And wave their topmost branches to the sky.
Gigantic creepers wind their trunks along,
Their boughs re-echo with a flood of song.

IV.

But quietness hath not completed this domain,
For northern tempests down the mountain rage,
And sweep along the thickly-wooded plain,
Spreading destruction; a fierce war they wage,
With ancient trees attempting to withstand,
In vain, the tempest's all destructive hand.

V.

Anon the jagged lightnings cut the sky,
And, with resistless power, the tall oaks shiver;
Or, swelled by mountain snows, fast rushes by
To meet the ocean's waves by surging river;
Its waving floods the country round invade,
And forests at their charge are prostrate laid.

VI.

Meanwhile old Time still holds his steady course:
Year follows year, and age succeeds to age;
The river, lightning, storms now spend their force
On objects far too noble for their rage;
The ancient forests deep below are laid,
Above, much stranger forests rise and fade.
XIII.
But look upon the scene. How great a change!
Between the mountain's base and river's side,
Broad, noble streets in long succession range;
Steeples, with chimneys tall, the air divide;
And, from the clouds of smoke that loom o'erhead,
The city's industry may well be read.

XIV.
Long, crowded wharves the river's waves enclose,
That slowly rolls its turbid stream along;
Upon its surface various craft repose,
The hugest ships midst boats and barges throng,
And rushing steamers to and fro do play,
Yet scarcely seen, so fast they hurry by.

XV.
And when we gain the outskirts of the town,
The "iron-horse" speeds past with furious haste,
From bridges on the land it glances down,
Or is within the tunnel's walls encased;
Nor day nor night it 'bates its fiery course,
But still holds onward with impetuous force.

XVI.
And, when into the plain beyond we go,
Long rows of houses here and there we view,
With windows small and dark, roofs thatched and low;
Their shaky walls and doors look far from new:
They once were white, though now 'twere hard to say
What is their colour, though 't inclines to grey.

XVII.
Before the houses, unkempt children play;
Within, the mother leads a wretched life.
The father labours on from day to day,
To keep himself, his children, and his wife.
But in this district where can work be found?
'Tis not above, but far below the ground.

XVIII.
Look! scattered here and there, we can discern
Dark, noisome pits their yawning mouths present,
There does the miner his scant living earn,
For days within their far recesses pent.
But what is there the object of his toil?
Why seek for work so far below the soil?

XIX.
There lie the ancient trees! How soon destroyed!
Destroyed? No, kept for a right noble end;
Kept, in a different form, to be employed
As one of the great bounties God doth send,
By his vast power, to needy mortals here,
In stores that e'en immeasurable appear.

XX.
But how does this most wondrous change take place,
That through so many ages has endured?
Short is the tale. Felled by time's powerful mace,
And in the bowels of the earth immured,
With lime or sandstone rocks among them thrown,
They, like Eucalpia, are left to groan.

XXI.
A work for these all-powerful nature finds:—
The noxious gases which the wood contained,
Combine with substances of various kinds,
And from the now decayed trees are drained;
The particles together closer roll,
And this the substance is that we call Coal.

XXII.
There, far removed from light and warm sunshine,
At it the miners ever hew and toil;—
But would you know the labours of the mine.
Know what is done beneath our native soil?
Then come, like bats in some old tower that flit,
Descend with me into the darksome pit.

PART II.

I.
Now ere the downward shaft's dark mouth we gain,
We pass the engine, the great motive power
The water from the mine by pumps to drain,
Or raise the coal, and which will soon be our Servant, by which to reach the depths below.
When much more of these wonders shall we know.

II.
Step, then, upon this cage. Let us descend
Into these depths, unfathomed by the sight.
Down, down we go. Below, earth seems to rend;
Above, to close, and quite shut out the light.
Nothing we hear,—save, dully from the ground,
The engine work with one continuous sound.

III.
The working of the shaft we shall explain
On our ascent, when we have seen the mine.
But now we're at the foot. There goes a train!
Why! Surely, "underground" we'll call this line.
But stay, here is a man who says that he Will guide us, and explain all that we see.
"Since you've requested me to show
The wonders of this world below;
To guide you through the numerous ways
That would mislead your wandering feet;
To explain the works with which you meet,
And which command your lingering gaze;
Believe me I shall do my best
Now to obey your kind behest,
The subject you will own is dry,
To do it justice I shall try.
And I shall use no learned name,
Except such as the sense may claim.
I shall be brief, and yet be full;
Tell you the name of every tool;
I'll show you all that's to be seen,
And then explain what it doth mean.

"Our best plan, I suppose, will be
To make the circuit of the pit,
And take in order what we see;
And, as 'tis long, a little bit
Upon this waggons we shall sit.
And I may state that people call
This mode of working coal 'long-wall.'
There is, indeed, another way
That's 'pillar' called; but I must say
The method that we here adopt
Is preferable, for by it
We get much more coal from the pit.
But here, I see, our hutch has stopped
For what this miner's skilful hand
Has wrought with his but simple gear;
And, now, at once you'll understand
The mode of excavation here.
With but his hammer and his wedge,
His pickaxe, and his little ledge
On which occasionally to rest,
The miner bows his sturdy breast;
And, where the coal and roadway meet,
He excavates for several feet
Into the coal at which he works.
Then (when the sun at evening lurs
Far in the west, and hides his face)
He leaves the mine with weary face.
But when at morn he comes again,
He finds the mass of coal forced out;
And only fragments now remain,
Lying in scattered heaps about;
So that he's nothing more to do
But load it on the hutch you view.

"And now through this trap-door we pass,—
A door which helps to ventilate
The mine, in case some poisonous gas
Should hurl to an untimely fate
The men;—but, as you farther go,
More of this subject you will know.
Each one is opened by a boy,
That for the purpose we employ.
Now in this gallery you may see
Is working a machine, which we
Employ for what is called 'hole,'
Or excavate, the wall of coal.
Its plan is rather complicated,
Although it simply may be stated.
The object is to turn a wheel,
Round which revolves an iron chain
That cuts the coal with teeth of steel.
It forms a vast, important gain
Of labour, time, and money, when
There is a scarcity of men.

"Sometimes we meet with in the mine
A 'break,' at which is stopped the bed
Of coal from its straightforward line,
And is continued overhead,
Or down below. In such a case
We generally have to make

A 'blind,' or 'drop' pit to the place.
Here, down this gallery, we will take
A view of one, and slightly glance
At how it works, and so we advance.
Since here the seam of coal is found
To be continued overhead,
Instead of sinking from the ground
A downward shaft to the new bed,
One upward from the mine is made.
In the high-level there is set
A wheel, and round it a flat rope
Revolves, the ends of which are met
By waggons going down and up.
The one, when it of coal is full,
Descending, by its weight can pull
The other up; and, each below,
Another rope is fixed to go
Over another wheel, that's placed
Upon the lowest gallery, lest
The balance be not rightly kept,
Perchance the first rope should have slipped.

"Half of our circuit we've gone round,
And now have reached the upcast shaft
And furnance, o'er which goes the draught
Of air, before it gains the ground,—
But it will briefly need to state
The means employed to ventilate
The workings to their farthest bound.
The coal is well known to emit
Full many a noxious, fatal gas;
And therefore it is meet to pass
A stream of pure air through the pit;
Not to expel, but to control,
The bad air issuing from the coal.
And for this purpose we require
Two openings to the ground; through one,
That's called the 'downcast,' we desire
The air to descend, and then to run
Through all the works at steady rate,
And reach the 'upcast' shaft at last.
Lest at its foot it should stagnate,
'Tis needful to impel the blast.
That heat expands air is well known,
And we this principle apply
To mining in the manner shown,
And raise the temperature as high
As the air column may require,
By lighting in the shaft a fire
Or furnance, to expand the draught,
And thus propel it up the shaft.
But yet, in spite of every care
And foresight, oft the fiery air
Explodes, and sad destruction works.
Perchance an evil spirit lurs
In some dark corner, that's passed by
By the pure air; and then comes nigh
An unwary miner, and the light
Of his small candle fires the gas.
Suddenly it bursts forth in its might,
Does o'er the lifeless miner pass,
Then through the galleries takes its course,
But very soon expends its force.
But oft this happens on a scale
Much larger; e'en to hear the tale,
Would make the stoutest heart to quail.

"Suppose a gallery that for long
Has been disused, and now is shut,
Within it noxious vapours throng;
Perhaps some miners through it cut,
Or the partition wall, mined under,
Comes rumbling down, like distant thunder.
In wonder at a noise so loud,
The careless miners round it crowd.
No one unlooked-for danger dreads,
Their candles raised above their heads.
As if they would the darkness read;
The flame the gathering vapours feed,
It fires them, and right quickly spreads.
Its boundaries then the fiery steed
Bursts through, and tears from out their beds
Strong pillars; huddled in a heap
The miners sleep their 'long, fast sleep.'
The fell destroyer does not lack
Its food; the bodies, scorched and black,
Snatched up, as now it onward courses,
It through the winding galleries forces;
Destroying many hapless lives,
Collecting, in its blast it drives
Horses and trucks, it bursts trap-doors;
It rends the walls, it tears the floors;
And then, in quest of living souls,
Through the far distant galleries rolls,
With all the spoil, along its way
Collected, it can never stay,
But gains the bottom of the shaft;
Then, rushing up—the fiery draught—
It carries with it, in its flight,
From the 'dark realms of endless night,
To meet the smiles of 'mother earth,'
Sorrow to many a happy hearth,
The torn remains of man and beast.
Insatiable with its awful feast,
The brattle work it quite destroys;
Then, bursting with terrible noise
Upon the earth, it rises high,
And spreads a dark cloud o'er the sky,
And sometimes, e'en, obscures the sun
With booty in the dark pit won.

"But perhaps there's some gallery, far, far away,
From the busy and most crowded workings,
that may
Have escaped from the rush of the charger of death,
Nor heard its loud neighing, nor felt its fell breath.
And here a poor miner is working alone,
He hears the loud noise, and he utters a groan;
He stops from his work, for his light is blown out;
He shouts, there is no one to answer his shout;
He knows the air round him will soon grow too fine,
For good ventilation's destroyed in the mine;
Therefore to the foot of the shaft does he tend,
For he knows that on this doth his safety depend,
To reach it nor meet with the death-bearing gasses,
While he stumbles down galleries, and gropes through dark passes.
He falls down his own walk to reach the main-road,
Where the current has left a small part of its load;

For the entrance is choked up as high as the roof
With debris, and he thinks what a terrible proof
Of the fate he's escaped, and which yet may befall him,
And he groans as he thinks,—but he hears
Some one call him.
He replies to the call, and he finds it's a friend,
That like him has been saved from this horrible call;
So he climbs o'er the heap, o'er the lifeless remains
Of his co-mates, now bound fast in death's dreadful chains.
When he joins his companion, their feeling of sadness
Is soothed by a feeling of thanks and of gladness;
They speak, but their voices are husky and hoarse,
So they quickly set out on their perilous came.
But now, when they've got about half of the distance,
They come to a place where two galleries meet.
They see they are now much in want of assistance
Of a candle to guide their now wavering foot.
They first think that the one's right, and then
'tis the other;
They grope o'er the place and they talk with each other.
One says they must go down the road to the right;
The other is sure that, although he's no light,
He's not of the sense of observance bereft,
And he quite well remembers the way to the left
Is the way he's gone down every day of his life,
And will go to-day; so there's no need of strife.
So they part, and we scarcely need follow the one,
Through his short, easy pathway, with whom we begun;
He has chosen the right road, and quickly he speeds
On his way, and to joyful deliverance proceeds.
He reaches the shaft, of his journey the end,
And meets others, waiting like him to ascend.
But the other, who thought that his own way was right,
Will never again see the glancing sunlight;
And he never will meet with, at least in this life,
The comrade from whom he departed in strife.
His wife may await him in anxious suspense,
But it soon will be changed into sorrow intense.
O'er his lifeless remains she will pour forth her grief,
And her children's blithe laughter and play will be brief.
But how did he die? Ah! unseen and alone,
With no one to pity, or answer his groan.
COAL.

The work, until they clear away
The rubbish from between the props.
Another accident, that oft
Takes place, is called a 'sit,' and when
It happens is more dangerous
Than 'creep;' especially if men
Be near. It seldom gives a mark
Of its approach, unless perchance
It comes at first on a small scale,
And thus foretells its sure advance.
It is the opposite of 'creep,'
The cause of which is, that below
The layers have been displaced, and those
That lie above them upward throw.
In 'sit,' however, when the coal
Is worked out, but the props are left,
The overlying strata fails,
Since 'tis of its support bereft.
The mighty mass comes tumbling down,
And overwhelms some hapless wight;
Partially, perhaps, so he's preserved,
Or found, when he clearly clear the site,
A body, crushed and lifeless quite.

"Now we have reached our journey's end,
And while ascending, I'll explain
The machinery which we use to send
The coal up, and by which we gain
The top; but meanwhile, as I see
That several wagons now remain
To be sent up, and so that we
Must wait, although it won't detain
Us long, perhaps you'd like to know
The lands where coal is chiefly found,
Its quantity, and price, to show
The wealth that lies below the ground.
The greatest mass of coal is stored
Within America, where lie
One hundred and fifty thousand miles
Of coal. No other land can vie
In quantity with it, for next
Great Britain comes, which only shows
Twelve thousand square miles; yet it seems
A very great deal, when one knows
The other states of Europe, where
At all 'tis found, contain between
Them but about six thousand miles;
Thus Britain's quantity is seen.
But though America contains
The most, yet it does not work out
So much as either Britain or
Holland; for while it gives about
Four million tons, and Holland five,
A year, this land produces more
Than forty millions, which are worth
Twelve million pounds; and, as the store
Has been computed (in this land)
To last for fifteen hundred years,
No one, lest the supply should fail,
Needs entertain the slightest fear.
But now, since all the coal is up,
We'll show that it is our desire
To ascend, to the engine-man,
If we but pull three times this wire.
This hatch is ready now, and so
We'll step on; and around you throw
Your eyes for one last look below;
But all is right, so up we go!"

(To be continued.)
THE DISGRACED SCALP-LOCK;

OR,

INCIDENTS ON THE WESTERN WATERS.

Occasionally may be seen on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers singularly hearty-looking men, that puzzle a stranger as to their history and age. Their forms always exhibit a powerful development of muscle and bone; their cheeks are prominent, and you would pronounce them men enjoying perfect health in middle life, were it not for their heads, which, if not bald, will be sparsely covered with steel-grey hair. Another peculiarity about this people is, that they have a singular knowledge of all the places on the river; every bar and bend is spoken of with precision and familiarity; every town is recollected before it was half as large as the present, or no town at all. Innumerable places are marked out where once was an Indian fight, or a rendezvous of robbers. The manners, the language, and the dress of these individuals are all characteristic of sterner common sense—the manner modest, yet full of self-reliance; the language strong and forcible, from superiority of mind—rather than from education; the dress studied for comfort, rather than fashion—on the whole, you become attached to them and court their society. The good humour, the frankness, the practical sense, the reminiscences, the powerful frame—all indicate a character, at the present day anomalous; and such indeed is the case, for your acquaintance will be one of the few remaining people now spoken of as the "last of the flat-boat men."

Thirty years ago the navigation of the western waters was confined to this class of men; the obstacles presented to the pursuit in those swift-running and wayward waters had to be overcome by physical force alone; the navigator's arm grew strong as he guided his rude craft past the "snag" and "sawyer," or kept off the no less dreaded "bar." Besides all this, the deep forests that covered the river banks concealed the wily Indian, who gloated over the shedding of blood. The qualities of the frontier warrior associated themselves with the boatmen, while he would, when at home, drop both these characters in the cultivator of the soil. It is no wonder, then, that they were brave, hardy, and open-handed men: their whole lives were a round of manly excitement: they were hyperbolical in thought and in deed, when most natural, compared with any other class of men. Their bravery and chivalrous deeds were performed without a herald to proclaim them to the world—they were the mere incidents of a border life, considered too common to outlive the time of a passing wonder. Obscurity has nearly obliterated the men, and their actions. A few of the former still exist, as if to justify their wonderful exploits, which now live almost exclusively as traditions.

Among the flat-boat men there were none that gained the notoriety of Mike Fink. His name is still remembered along the whole of the Ohio as a man who excelled his fellows in everything, particularly in his rifle-shot, which was acknowledged to be unsurpassed. Probably no man ever lived who could compete with Mike Fink in the latter accomplishment. Strong as Hercules, free from all nervous excitement, possessed of perfect health, and familiar with his weapon from childhood, he raised the rifle to his eye, and, having once taken sight, it was as firmly fixed as if buried in a rock. It was Mike's pride, and he rejoiced on all occasions where he could bring it into use, whether it was turned against the beast of prey or the more savage Indian; and in his day these last named were the common foe with whom Mike and his associates had to contend. On the occasion that we would particularly introduce Mike to the reader, he had bound himself for a while to the pursuit of trade, until a voyage from the head-waters of the Ohio, and down the Mississippi, could be completed. Herefore he had kept himself exclusively to the Ohio, but a liberal reward, and some curiosity, prompted him to extend his business character beyond his ordinary habits and inclinations. In accomplishment of this object, he was lolling carelessly over the big "sweep" that guided the "flat" on which he officiated; the current of the river bore the boat swiftly along, and made his labour light; his eye glanced around him, and he broke forth in ecstasies at what he saw and felt. If there is a river in the world that merits the name of beautiful, it is the Ohio, when its channel is

"Without o'erflowing, full."

The scenery is everywhere soft; there are no jutting rocks, no steep banks; no high hills; but the clear and swift current leaves beautiful and undulating shores, that descend gradually to the water's edge. The foliage is rich and luxuriant, and its outlines in the water are no less distinct than where it is relieved against the sky. Interspersed along its route are islands, as beautiful as ever figured in poetry as the land of the fairies; enchanted spots indeed, that seem to sit so lightly on the water that you almost expect them, as you approach, to vanish into dreams. So late as when Mike Fink disturbed the solitudes of the Ohio with his rifle, the canoe of the Indians was hidden in the little recesses along the shore; they moved about in their frail barks...
THE DISGRACED SCALP-LOCK.

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like spirits; and clung, in spite of the constant encroachments of civilisation, to the places which tradition had designated as the happy places of a favoured people. We responded to uncouth greatness, and their own shame and name, until wound up to the highest pitch of impotent exasperation. Mike's companions joined in; thoughtless boys caught the spirit of the affair, and the Indians were goaded until they in turn made battle with their tongues. Then commenced a system of running against them, pulling off their blankets, together with a thousand other indignities; finally they made a precipitate retreat ashore, amid the hooting and jeering of an unfeeling crowd, who considered them poor devils destitute of feeling and humanity. Among this crowd of outcasts was a Cherokee, who bore the name of Pround Joe; what his real cognomen was, no one knew, for he was taciturn, haughty; and, in spite of his poverty and his manner of life, won the name we have mentioned. His face was expressive of talent, but it was furrowed by the most terrible habits of drunkenness. That he was a superior Indian was admitted; and it was also understood that he was banished from his mountain home, his tribe being then numerous and powerful, for some great crime. He was always looked up to by his companions, and managed, however intoxicated he might be, to sustain a singularly proud bearing, which did not even depart from him while prostrated on the ground. Joe was filthy in his person and habits—in this respect he was behind his fellows; but one ornament of his person was attended to with a care which would have done honour to him if surrounded by his people, and in his native woods. Joe still wore with Indian dignity his scalp-lock; he ornamented it with taste, and cherished it, as report said, that some Indian messenger of vengeance might tear it from his head, as expiatory of his numerous crimes. Mike noticed this peculiarity; and reaching out his hand, plucked from it a hawk's feather, which was attached to the scalp-lock. The Indian glared horribly on Mike as he consummated the insult, snatched the feather from his hand, then shaking his clenched fist in the air, as if calling on heaven for revenge, retreated with his friends. Mike saw that he had roused the savage's soul, and he marvelled wonderfully that so much resentment should be exhibited; and as an earnest to Pround Joe that the wrong he had done him should not rest unavenged, he swore he would cut the scalp-lock off close to his head the first convenient opportunity he got, and then he thought no more about it.

The morning following the arrival of the boat at Louisville was occupied in making preparations to pursue the voyage down the river. Nearly everything was completed, and Mike had taken his favourite place at the sweep, when looking up the river-bank, he beheld at some distance Joe and his companions, and perceived from their gesticulations that they were making him the subject of conversation.

Mike thought instantly of several ways in
The disgraced scalp-lock.

which he could show them altogether a fair fight, and then whip them with ease; he also reduced with consummate success on him he would enter into the spirit of the arrangement; and other matters to him equally pleasing, when all the Indians disappeared, save Joe himself, who stood at times reviewing him in moody silence, and then staring round at passing objects. The peculiarity of Joe's position to Mike, who was below him, his head and upper part of his body relieved boldly against the sky, and in one of his movements he brought his profile face to view. The prominent scalp-lock and its adornments seemed to be more striking than ever, and it again roused the pugnacity of Mike Fink; in an instant he raised his rifle, always loaded and at command, brought it to his eye, and, before he could be prevented, drew sight upon proud Joe and fired. The ball whistled loud and shrilly, and Joe, springing his whole length into the air, fell upon the ground. The cold-blooded murder was noticed by fifty persons at least, and there arose from the crowd an universal cry of horror and indignation at the bloody deed. Mike himself seemed to be much astonished, and in an instant reloaded his rifle, and as a number of white persons rushed towards the boat, Mike threw aside his coat, and, taking his powder horn between his teeth, leaped, rifle in hand, into the Ohio, and commenced swimming for the opposite shore. Some bold spirits determined Mike should not so easily escape, and jumping into the only skiff at command, pulled swiftly after him. Mike watched their movements until they came within a hundred yards of him, then turning in the water, he supported himself by his feet alone, and raised his deadly rifle to his eye. Its muzzle, if it spoke hostilely, was as certain to send a messenger of death through one or more of his pursuers, as if it were lightning, and they knew it. Dropping their oars and turning pale, they bid Mike not to fire. Mike waved his hand towards the little village of Louisville, and again pursued his way to the opposite shore.

The time consumed by the firing of Mike's rifle, the pursuit, and the abandonment of it, required less time than we have taken to give the details; and in that time, to the astonishment of the gaping crowd around Joe, they saw him rising with a bewildered air; a moment more and he recovered his senses and stood up—at his feet lay his scalp-lock! The ball had cut it clear from his head; the cord around the root of it, in which were placed feathers and other ornaments, held it together; the concussion had merely stunned its owner; further, he had escaped all bodily harm! A cry of exultation rose at the last evidence of the skill with which Mike Fink—the exhibition of a shot that established his claim, Indisputable, to the eminence he ever afterwards held—the unrivalled marksmen of all the flat-boatsmen of the western waters. Proud Joe had received many insults. He looked upon himself as a degraded being; and the ignominies heaped upon him he never, except by reply, resented; but this last insult was like seizing the lion by the mane, or a Roman senator by the beard. It possessed the simple demon within, and made him again thirst to resent his wrongs with an intensity of emotion that can only be felt by an Indian. His eye glared upon the jeering crowd around like a fiend; his chest swelled and heaved until it seemed that he must suffocate. No one noticed this emotion. All were intent upon the exploit that had so singularly deprived Joe of his war-lock; and, smoothing his wrath, he retreated to his associates with a consuming fire at his vitals. He was a different man from an hour before; and with that desperate resolution on which a man stakes his all, he swore by the Great Spirit of his forefathers that he would be revenged.

An hour after the disappearance of Joe, both he and Mike Fink were forgotten. The flatboat, which the latter had deserted, was got under way, and dashed through the rapids in the river opposite Louisville wended on its course. As is customary when night sets in, the boat was securely fastened in some little bend or bay in the shore, where it remained until early morn.

Long before the sun had fairly risen, the boat was again pushed into the stream, and it passed through a valley presenting the greatest possible beauty and freshness of landscape the mind can conceive.

It was spring, and a thousand tints of green developed themselves in the half-formed foliage and bursting buds. The beautiful mallard skinned across the water, ignorant of the danger of the white man's approach; the splendid spoon-bill decked the shallow places near the shore, while myriads of singing-birds filled the air with their unwritten songs. In the far reaches down the river, there occasionally might be seen a bear stepping along the ground, as if daintiness of its feet, and, snuffing the intruder on his wild home, he would retreat into the woods. To enliven all this, and give the picture the look of humanity, there might also be seen, struggling with the floating mists, a column of blue smoke, that came from a fire built on a projecting point of land, around which the current swept rapidly, and carried everything that floated on the river. The eye of the boatman saw the advantage of the situation which the place rendered to those on shore, to annoy and attack, and as wandering Indians, in those days, did not hesitate to rob, there was much speculation as to what reception the boat would receive from the builders of the fire.

The rifles were all loaded, to be prepared for the worst, and the loss of Mike Fink lamented, as a prospect of a fight presented itself, where he could use his terrible rifle. The boatman meantime swept round the point; but instead of an enemy, there lay, in a profound sleep, Mike Fink, with his feet toasting at the fire; his pillow was a huge bear, that had been shot on the day previous, while at his sides, and scattered in profusion around him, were several deer and wild turkeys. Mike had not been
idle. After picking out a place most eligible to notice the passing boat, he had spent his time in hunting, and he was surrounded by trophies of his prowess. The scene that he presented was worthy of the time and the man; and if he would have thrown Landseer into a delirium of joy, could he have witnessed it.

The boat, owing to the swiftness of the current, passed Mike's resting-place, although it was pulled strongly to the shore. As Mike's companions came opposite to him, they raised such a shout, half exultation of meeting him, and half to alarm him with the idea that Joe's friends were upon him. Mike, at the sound, sprang to his feet, rifle in hand, and as he looked around, he raised it to his eyes, and by the time he discovered the boat he was ready to fire. "Down with your shooting-iron, you wild critter," shouted one of the boatmen. Mike dropped the piece, and gave a loud hallow, that echoed among the solitudes like a piece of artillery. The meeting between Mike and his fellows was characteristic. They joked, and joked him with their rough wit, and he carried it off with a most creditable ingenuity. Mike soon learned the extent of his rifle-shot—he seemed perfectly indifferent to the fact that Proud Joe was not dead. The only sentiment he uttered was regret that he did not fire at the vagabond's head, and if he hadn't hit it, why, he made the first bad shot in twenty years. The dead game was carried on board the boat, the adventure was forgotten, and everything resumed the monotony of floating in a flat-boat down the Ohio.

A month or more elapsed, and Mike had progressed several hundred miles down the Mississippi. His journey had been remarkably free from incident; morning, noon, and night presented the same banks, the same muddy water, and he sighed to see some broken land, some high hills; and he railed and swore that he should have been such a fool as to desert his favourite Ohio for a river that produced nothing but alligators, and was never at best half finished.

Occasionally, the plentifulness of game put him in spirits; but it did not last long. He wanted more lasting excitement, and declared himself as perfectly miserable and helpless as a wild cat without teeth or claws.

In the vicinity of Nateaux rises a few abrupt hills, which tower above the surrounding lowlands of the Mississippi like monuments. They are not high, but from their loneliness and rarity they create sensations of pleasure and awe.

Under the shadow of one of these bluffs, Mike and his associates made the customary preparations to pass the night. Mike's enthusiasm knew no bounds at the sight of land again. He said it was as pleasant as "cold water to a fresh wound;" and, as his spirits rose, he went on describing the region as it seemed about, according to his notions, an agreeable residence.

"The Choctaws live in these diggings," said Mike; "and a cursed time they must have of it. Now, if I lived in these parts, I'd declare war on 'em, just to have something to keep me from growing dull. Without some such business I'd be as musty as an old swamp moccasin. I could build a cabin on that ar hill yonder, that could, from its location, with my rifle, pulse a whole tribe if they came after me. What a beautiful time I'd have of it! I never was particular about what's called a fair fight; I just ask half a chance, and the odds against me, and if I then don't keep clear of snags and sawyers, let me spring a leak and go to the bottom. It's natur that the big fish should eat the little ones. I've seen trout swallow a perch, and a cat would come along and swallow the trout, and perhaps, on the Mississippi, the alligators use up the cat, and so on to the end of the row. Well, I will walk tall into varmint and Indian; 'tis a way I've got, and it comes as natural as grinning to a hyena. I'm a regular tornado, tough as a hickory, and long-winded as a nor'-wester.

I can strike a blow like a falling-tree, and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine. Whew, boys!" shouted Mike, twirling his rifle like a walking-stick around his head, at the idea suggested in his mind. "Whew, boys! if the Choctaw devils in them ar woods would give us a brush, just as I feel now, I'd call them gentlemen. I must fight something, or I'll catch the dry rot—burnt brandy won't save me." Such were some of the expressions which Mike gave utterance to, and in which his companions heartily joined; but they never presumed to be quite equal to Mike, for his bodily prowess, as well as his rifle, were acknowledged to be unsurpassed. These displays of animal spirits generally ended in boxing and wrestling matches, in which falls were received and blows were struck without being noticed, that would have destroyed common men. Occasionally angry words and blows were exchanged; but, like the summer storm, the cloud that emitted the lightning purified the air; and when the commotion ceased, the combattants immediately made friends, and became more attached to each other than before the cause that interrupted the good feelings occurred.

Such were the conversations and amusements of the evening when the boat was moored under the bluffs we have alluded to. As night wore on, one by one of the hardy boatmen fell asleep; some in its confined interior, and others protected by a light covering in the open air. The moon arose in beautiful majesty; her silver light, behind the highlands, gave them a power and theatrical effect as it ascended; and as its silver rays grew perpendicular, they finally kissed gently the summit of the hills, and poured down their full light upon the boat with almost noonday brilliancy. The silence with which the beautiful changes of darkness and light were produced, made it mysterious. It seemed as if some creative power was at work, bringing form and life out of darkness. In the midst of the witchery of this quiet scene, there sounded forth the terrible rifle, and the more terrible war-whoop of the Indian. One of the flat-
boatmen, asleep on deck, gave a stifled groan, turned upon his face, and, with a quivering motion, ceased to live. Not so with his companions. They, in an instant, as men accustomed to danger and sudden attacks, sprang ready-armed to their feet. But before they could discover their foes, seven sleek and horribly painted savages leaped from the hill into the boat. The firing of the rifle was unheard, and each of them slid out a foe and met him with the drawn knife.

The struggle was quick and fearful; and deadly blows were given amid screams and imprecations that rent the air. Yet the voice of Mike Fink could be heard in encouraging shouts above the clamour. "Give it to 'em, boys!" he cried; "cut their hearts out! choke the dogs. Here's hell a-fire and the river rising!" Then clutching with the most powerful of the assailants, he rolled with him upon the deck of the boat. Powerful as Mike was, the Indian seemed nearly a match for him. The two twirled and writhed like serpents,—now one seeming to have the advantage, and then the other.

In all this confusion, there might occasionally be seen glancing in the moonlight the blade of a knife; but at whom the thrusts were made, or who wielded it, could not be discovered.

The general fight lasted less time than we have taken to describe it. The white men gained the advantage; two of the Indians lay dead upon the boat, and the living, escaping from their antagonists, leaped ashore, and before the rifle could be brought to bear, they were out of its reach. While Mike was yet struggling with his antagonist, one of his companions cut the boat loose from the shore, and, with powerful exertion, managed to get its bows so far into the current that it swung round and floated. But before this was accomplished, and before any one interfered with Mike, he was on his feet, covered with blood, and blowing like a porpoise. By the time he could get his breath, he commenced talking. "Ain't been so busy in a long time," said he, turning over his victim with his foot. "That fellow foun't beautiful. If he's a specimen of the Choctaws that live in these parts, they are screamers; the infernal serpents! the d—d possums!" Talking in this way, he, with others, took a general survey of the killed and wounded. Mike himself was a good deal cut up with the Indian's knife; but he called his wounds blackberry scratches. One of Mike's associates was severely hurt; the rest escaped comparatively harmless. The sacrifice was made at the first fire; for beside the dead Indians, there lay one of the boat's crew, cold and still, in his body, in four different balls. That was the chief object of attack seemed evident, yet no one of his associates knew of his having a single fight with the Indians. The soul of Mike was affected, and, taking the hand of his deceased friend between his own, he raised his bloody knife towards the bright moon, and swore that he would desolate "the nation" that claimed the Indians who made war upon them that night; and turned to his stiffened victim, that, dead as it was, retained the expression of implacable hatred and defiance, he gave it a smile of grim satisfaction, and then joined in the general conversation which the occurrences of the night would naturally suggest. The master of the "broad horn" was a business man, and has often been down the Mississippi. This was the first attack he had received, or knew to have been made from the shores inhabited by the Choctaws, except by the white man, and he, among other things, suggested the keeping the dead Indians until daylight, that they might have an opportunity to examine their dress and features, and see with certainty who were to blame for the occurrences of the night. The dead boatman was removed with care to a respectful distance; and the living, except the person at the sweep of the boat, were soon buried in profound slumber.

Not until after the rude breakfast was partaken of, and the funeral rites of the dead boatman were solemnly performed did Mike and his companions disturb the corpses of the red men.

When both these things had been leisurely and gently got through with, there was a different spirit among the men.

Mike was astir, and went about his business with alacrity. He stripped the bloody blanket from the Indian he had killed, as if it enveloped something disgusting, and required no respect. He examined carefully the mocassins on the Indian's feet, pronouncing them at one time Chickasas, at another time the Shawnees. He stared at the livid face, but could not recognise the style of paint that covered it.

That the Indians were not strictly national in their adornments was certain, for they were examined by practised eyes, that could have told the nation of the dead, if such had been the case, as readily as a sailor could distinguish a ship by its flag. Mike was evidently puzzled; and as he was about giving up his task as hopeless, the dead body he was examining, from some cause, turned on its side. Mike's eyes distended, as some of his companions observed, "like a choked cat," and became riveted. He drew himself up in a half-serious and half-comic expression, and pointing at the back of the dead Indian's head, there was exhibited a dead warrior in his paint, destitute of his scalp-lock, the small stump which was only left, being stiffened with red paint. Those who could read Indians' symbols learned a volume of deadly resolve in what they saw. The body of Proud Joe was stiff and cold before them.

The last and best shot of Mike Fink cost a brave man his life. The corpse so lately interfered was evidently with four or five of the mongrels by Proud Joe and his party as that of Mike's, and they had risked their lives, one and all, that he might with certainty be sacrificed. Nearly a thousand miles of swamp had been threaded, large and swift-running rivers had been crossed, hostile tribes passed through by Joe and his friends, that they might avenge the fearful insult of destroying, without the life, the sacred scalp-lock.
OUR SPHINX.

ENIGMAS.

96.
In babbling brooks, in roaring falls,
It is in vain to seek for me,
Though water claims me as its own
In part, as river, lake, and sea.
In dark wild-wood, or sylvan path,
I am unsought and unportrayed,
Though in each forest tree and flower,
In scented groves, by breezes swayed.

Without me virtue were unknown,
Although in vice an equal seen
And though the very life of men,
I serve to make the best man mean;
Though quite unknown where glory shines;
In fame I hold an honoured place;
And while rebellion claims my aid,
I have as much to do with peace.

Where truth is there I am not found;
Each lie reveals me softly sighing.
Though I'm the soul of verity,
And never yet was caught in lying.
In blinding storms I am unheard,
Though loud in tempests as they rise;
You cannot find me in your form,
Though laughing in your very eyes.

97.
You said you were faint, and fell back in your chair;
But your cheeks still sport their colour retained;
Your illness my first was, I know, lady fair—
Affectation a lover ne'er gained.

Picturesque is my next, and varied in form,
And abundance of tints it may bear;
When whistles the wind in the pitiless storm,
Of that second let sailors beware.

My whole is a type of the Emerald Isle,
But in America'sis welcomed with glee;
And once in the year tendeth care to beguile.
On that day we all joyously should be.

CHARADES.

98.
When keen east winds blow sharp and chill,
And thick the snow-flakes fall,
The frost king in his icy grasp
Holds fast the earth in thrall
Then ladies of my first make use,
To aid to keep them warm,
Should duty call them from their homes
To face the pelting storm.

When midst the deepening shade of night,
A traveller wends his way
O'er some lone heath, with joy he sees
A cheering, glimmering ray
Of light proceeding from an inn;
To which he will repair,
Some of a welcome there to meet,
When he's my second there.

For, seated near a smiling fire,
With curtains snugly drawn,
A snowy-white cloth on table spread,
On it the hissing urn;
The cup that cheers he gladly sips,
With thanks his heart is full,
As with good appetite he eats
And relishes my whole.

99.
Red and white and black and yellow
Men have called my first for years;
Blue and green, in clouds and sunshine,
Twit the changing shapes it wears.
Many-babbling,—secret-hiding,—
Man is puny to its might,
Bending continents sunder,
It divides but to unite.

Part and parcel of old cities,
My second's still of tender age.
Stubborn bit of steel-cold metal,
In its direct fevers rage.
Prison-bolts fly back before it,
Though guarded close through all its life;
Scene of woman's tenderest mission,
'Tis ruffled oft by party strife.

That which aimed the apple, falling
Straight at Isaac's learned pole,
Urges on the mountain streamlet
Whose swift course is still my whole.

100.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

The scene is a battle-field. The two contending armies lie encamped on the ground. The one is commanded by a warlike and chivalrous prince, a man beloved by his soldiers. The other is commanded by a man as warlike and brave as his opponent. The one is tired and fatigued by hard fighting and long marches, yet still they bear up under all their seeming disadvantages, determined to win or to die, knowing that if they are defeated the consequences to their country will be serious. The other is fresh and keen for battle, knowing that if they win, the lands and wealth of the conquered land will be freely distributed among them. The love of gain animates their breast. The battle begins in right earnest. The invaded plant their standard on a hill, and rally round their king. The invaders, seeing this, determine to dislodge them, but all to no purpose; they meet each shock with undiminished strength, the air is rent with the discordant sounds of weapon meeting weapon, and with the loud, distressful cries of the wounded. Still the battle rages, the invaders are successfully repelled. A panic is evidently beginning among them. Their leader, seeing it impossible to drive the invaded from their position, thinks of a plan by which he may succeed. He feigns retreat, the invaded unwarily pursues. After having got them to the foot of the hill, he suddenly wheels round. The race succeeds, the pursuers are taken aback, yet fight as bravely as ever. The death of their leader changes the aspect of affairs. After his death, the invaded are entirely defeated. The battle is lost, but dearly was it won. Required the name of the battle, the leader of the invaded, and the leader of the invaders.

J. S. FINLAYSON.
101.—BIRDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

What bird supplies us with meat?  
What bird can we never eat our food without having?  
What bird seeks in the sea for treasures and pearls?  
What little bird once built a magnificent structure in London?  
What bird is that which is both a bird and an animal?  
What bird wears a moustache?  
What one is essential to all weighing machines?  
Which is the school-boy’s delight?  
Which one do we hear of being slain in France?  
Why is the owl a most painful bird?  
What bird is it which we find in every cistern?  
What bird angles for the royal household?  
Why does the cuckoo not rear her own family?  
Which is a most paradoxical bird?  
The name of what fowl can you spell with one letter?  
What domestic bird once rendered Britain great service at sea?  
What sea-fowl do we find near Buckingham Palace?  
What birds do we find in the Vatican?  
Which is the angriest bird?  
And which is the most noble?

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

The best book on rabbits?—Beeton’s Home Pets, is certainly the best.

How to make a lead tree?—"To a piece of zinc fasten a wire, crooked in the form of the worm of a still; let the other end be thrust through a cot.  You then pour spring water into a phial or decanter, to which you add a small quantity of sugar of lead; thrust the zinc into the bottle, and with the cot at the end of the wire fasten up.  In a few days the tree will begin to grow."  
From "Endless Amusement."

What is the origin of the superstition of St. Swithin?—St. Swithin was Bishop of Winchester, and tutor to King Alfred the Great.  He is said to have wrought many miracles, the most celebrated being a rain of forty days’ continuance, by which he testified his fidelity to Christ.  The monks of Canterbury have a tradition that the rain fell on St. Swithin’s day (15th July), it will rain for forty days after.

What was the Utopia?—Utopia, from ou, not, and topos, a place, is a term invented by Sir Thomas More, and applied by him to an imaginary island which he represents to have been discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, and as enjoying the utmost perfection in law, politics, &c., in contrast to the defects of those then existing elsewhere.  The name is now used in all the languages of Europe to express a state of ideal perfection.

What is the Irish tradition of the Banshee?—The Banshee (derived from the Irish, bain, a woman, and she, a fairy) is a supernatural being, supposed by the Irish (and Scotch) peasantry to give notice to a family of the speedy death of some of its members by chanting a mournful dirge under the windows of the house.

What is the derivation of the words, dux, ant., marquess, bird, baronet, and esquire; and what is the distinction between them?—Duke is derived from daus, the Latin for a leader.  Formerly the title was only enjoyed while its possessor held a military command, but, in course of time, estates were annexed to the title, and the dignity became hereditary.  It was unknown in England until Edward III., in 1338, created his eldest son, the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall.  Next to the Prince of Wales, it is the highest order of English nobility.  Earl; Anglo-Saxon, eorl, from eor, honour, and ethel, noble; in modern times, more, Swedish and Dutch, earl; and German, earl.  This title is very ancient; among the Saxons it was an official dignity having a jurisdiction over the place from which the title took its name.  William the Conqueror created several earls soon after the Norman Conquest.  Some authorities give Hugo de Ptas, created Earl of Northumberland by Richard I., as the first earl, in the modern sense of the word.  This title ranks between a marquis and a viscount, and corresponds with the French comte, and German, greff.  Marquis (or Marquess); French, marquis.  Originally a marquess was an officer whose duty was to guard the marches, or frontiers, of the kingdom.  The title was unknown in England until the time of Richard II., who, in the year 1385, created Richard de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Marquess of Dublin.  This title ranks below a duke, and above an earl.  Lord; Old English, lufard, loverd; Anglo-Saxon, hlaford, for hlafscired, i.e., bread-keeper.  It was once the hospital custom of the noblemen of England to distribute loaves among the poor.  Hence the name.  In England, the term is applied to any nobleman above the rank of a baronet, and by courtesy, to the sons of a duke or marquess, and the eldest son of an earl.

Baronet (the diminutive of baron) is the lowest degree of honour that is hereditary.  It is below a
baron, and above a knight, and has the precedence of all others, next of kin to that of the Garter.

This title was instituted in the year 1611 by James I., in order to benefit the condition of the province of Ulster, the recipients of the honour having to maintain 100 soldiers in Ireland for three years, allowing each soldier 8d. a day. They bore on their escutcheon the arms of Ulster, viz.: A field, argent, a shield-bearer, from scutum, the Latin for a shield. Hence, in modern times, a title of dignity next below a knight. In England and America, it has become a general title of respect in addressing letters.

What is the derivation of seneschal?—Senechal: French, seneschal; Spanish, senecio; Italian, seneschale; is probably derived from sene, old, and sed, a servant. Seneschal is a steward or officer who has the superintendence of feasts and domestic ceremonies in the houses of princes or dignitaries.

What was the Rubicon?—Rubicon, a river in Italy, unciously forming the boundary between Gaul and Italy. Caesar, by passing this river with his troops, and thus leaving the province assigned him, made war on the republic. W. J. CHIVERS.

How to make ginger-beer.—Slice 4 lemons and 2 ounces of ginger, add to them 4 lb. of lump sugar, and 2 ounces of cream of tartar, or the same amount of lemon-juice; pour in 2 gallons of boiling water, and when cold, add a teaspoonful of tea; bottle it next morning, and tie down the corks. It will be fit to drink in two days. Another: Pour a gallon of boiling water upon 1 lb. of loaf sugar; one ounce each of ground ginger and cream of tartar and the peel of one lemon; when cool, add the juice of the lemon and a tablespoonful of yeast, over a large fire, heat until it stands till the next day; strain it, taking care not to stir up the sediment, bottle it in stout bottles, tie down the corks, and it will be fit to drink in two days.

A. J. WARRICK.

The meaning of the word Befoesters, and why it is applied to the men who precede her Majesty on state occasions!—At the coronation of Henry VII., six men of the guard were established, who, besides guarding the king's person, waited at table. From attending the duties of the buffets, or sideboards, they received the name of buffeters, now corrupted into befeeters.

W. HARVEY.

The best book on Shorthand!—Mason's, improved by Thompson Cooper, is by far the best, there being no powerful characters, and the letters not being made to represent others by variation in thickness or length. H. Johnson, Petty Cury, Cambridge, cloth, 1s. 6d.

What is the difference between a rector, a vicar, and an incumbent?—A rector is a minister of a parish. A vicar is a minister of a parish where the tithes are appropriated; and an incumbent is a possessor of a benefice.

What is the population of Great Britain?—32,122,549 (exclusive of the army and navy abroad and at sea).

The chief provisions of Magna Charta are nine in number:—

1st. Preserving the liberty of the English Church.
2nd. Redressing the grievances of military tenants of the crown.
3rd. That aids and supplies should only be taken on three occasions:
   a. Ransom of the king.
   b. Knighthood of eldest son.
   c. Marriage of eldest daughter.
4th. The Peers should not follow the King's Court, but should always be held in Westminster Hall.
5th. Confirms Henry II.'s acts about judges in eyre (in divers), saying that two judges were to go round to each county four times a year, where knights were to be chosen.
6th. States the rights of purveyance and preemption.
7th. States the liberties of the trading part of the community. Uniformity of weights and measures.
Protection of foreign merchant.
8th. Restrains the tyranny of the royal forests.
9th. Protection of all free men from imprisonment, fines, and outlawing without cause.

There were 25 barons chosen to see that it was executed properly, signed by John, 15th June, 1215.
John died within a year after its signature, and during that time he succeeded in violating every clause.

The Act of "Habeas Corpus" was passed in 1679. It forbids judges to refuse any prisoner a writ of habeas corpus, directing the jailors to produce the body of the prisoner in court. In fact, to prevent unlawful imprisonment.

J. H.

The battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought between the Duke of Monmouth and the Covenanters, on the 23rd June, 1679, and ended in the complete defeat of the latter. Most of the Covenanters were pardoned, but about 500 of them were shipped to the Barbadoes and perished on the voyage.

What is the word calico derived from?—Calico is derived from Calicut, a seaport town in the province of Malabar, 129 miles south-west of Seringapatam.

Who was the first to invent glass?—It is uncertain what time glass was discovered. It was first known to the Romans 60 years before Christ. It is supposed to have been discovered in the following way: Some sailors, who were in a ship laden with soda, or as some think salt, landed on the banks of the river Belus, near Mount Carmel, and finding no stones, on which to rest their cooking-pots, used lumps of soda instead. The soda was fused with the sand by the heat of the fire, and produced a stream of transparent liquid which gradually became hard and brittle. Flint glass was not made in England till 1637, and the first English plate-glass was made in Lambeth in 1743.

The Flemans took their name from the Flemings or Feni, who were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, and claimed their name from Fyn, the son of Cumhal. This celebrated warrior was of the royal line of Herrenon, and son-in-law of King Cormac, A.D. 212—263, and hereditary general of the standing army of that monarch.

A. E. MARTIN.

How many Crusades were there, and who were the leaders of each?—There were seven Crusades, viz.:

1st. Leaders: Peter, of Amiens, Walter Habermachts, Count Erkeko, of Leiningen, and the Priest Gotscheck, with 100,000 men.
2nd. Two of the greatest Christian chiefs, the German emperor, Conrad III., and Louis VII., king of France, with 140,000 knights, and near a million of foot soldiers.
3rd. The German emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, Philip Augustus, king of France, and Courc de Lion, king of England, and several German Princes, with the Italian bishops, Ravenna and Pisa, with 50 ships and 600,000 men.
4th. Frederick, of Champagne, Count Boniface, of Montferrat, Count Baldwin, of Flanders, and Simon of Montfort.
5th. Frederick II., of Hohenstaufen.
6th. Louis IX., of France, called St. Louis.
7th. England was the pioneer of the seventh and last Crusade. While Louis was still in Tunis, Edward, the grandchild of Richard Courc de Lion, prepared a new Crusade. After the death of Louis, he appeared before Tunis, but soon left Africa for Palestine to fight against the Saracens. Not being able to accomplish his plans, he returned home, and
OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

was the last among the Christian Princes who dreamed of conquering the Holy Land.

S. G. WILLS.

The prices and publishers of the following:—Dr. Carmichael's School Atlas—Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. To be had of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 4s. coloured.

A 'good and cheap Dictionary'—Johnson's, enlarged and improved by G. Fulton. Published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. Price 2s. 6d.

What is the difference between "Enquiry" and "Inquiry"? The only difference is that the former has a French prefix and the latter a Latin one.

The best and cheapest chemical cabinet, and price?
—Statham, Strand, “The Boy's Own Laboratory,” Price 12s. 6d.

What is the Test Act?—This Act was passed in the reign of Charles II., 1673, by which all persons who held public appointments were compelled to take an oath against transubstantiation. The Duke of York had openly professed his belief of the Roman doctrines, and there was a general suspicion that Charles II., too, was at heart devoted to his mother's creed. This law excluded all Romanists from office, by which the Duke of York was removed from the command of the fleet.

The best recipe for lemonade?—No. 1. Infuse two lemons, sliced, in a pint of boiling water for an hour, then strain and sweeten it with leaf sugar. No. 2. Take of tartaric acid, two drachms; water, two pints; loaf sugar, six ounces; and a sufficient quantity of essence of lemon, and mix them together.

What is pears?—Pearl is a gem generated in the body of a testaceous fish, and is found at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, and near Ceylon.

A good cure for the ear-ache?—Mix a few drops of laudanum with a little oil of sweet almonds. A few drops dropped into the ear at night, and a piece of cotton wool put into the canal.

WILLIAM FINLAND.

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

Which is the best and cheapest serial publication treating entirely of Science, particularly Mechanics? Such a one as might be entitled a Mechanic's or Artizan's Magazine. State the subscription, and name and address of publisher.

N. J. W.

Are pigs legally a nuisance? Is Pitman's the easiest style of phonography? and if not, what is? Why are the Idea of March so called? What is the Camera Lucida, and how can it be applied to drawing microscopical objects? How can you tell the number of diameters a microscope can magnify? Where to obtain, and the price of, a good and cheap book on the classification of animals?

W. H. CROWTHER.

Where can I procure the Legends of the White Ladies' Road, and the Black Boy, both places in Bristol?

ADJUDICATION OF OUR PRIZE ESSAY.

LIFE OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

We have received a large number of memoirs of this famous architect, the majority of them very well done.

The best Essay is that of JAMES DONALDSON.

He tells the story of the great man's life in an intelligent and unaffected style; very complete and comprehensive, attaching to it a list of his writings and a complete enumeration of his works.

George A. F. Rogers, aged 17, Sedney Vicarage, Wisbech.

Clement Thomas Gwayne, aged 16, Leek, North Staffordshire.

Willow Northcott, aged 17, Guildford Street, Bushell Square, W.C.

John F. E. Dovaston, aged 18, Westleton, Shrewsbury.

J. Rawson, aged 16, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Hugh Robert G. Hughes, aged 17, Garth View House, Bangor, North Wales.

Erasmus H. Clunn, aged 17, Crowland Terrace, Islington.

Ernest Pewtress, aged 16, Granville Park, Blackheath.

H. Perry, aged 18, St. Mary's Street, Weymouth.

William Brook Herford, aged 13, Heyward Street, Chestam, Manchester.

Richard Battersby, aged 14 years, 10 months, Greenwood Street, Everton, Liverpool.

Henry R. McDermot, aged 16, Galway, Ireland.

William Graham Irvine, aged 16, Crimew Cottages, Dundee.

John F. Nugent, aged 17, Stephen's Green, Dublin.

A. Bray, aged 14, Regent's Park Road.

Pauline Gannon, aged 13, Glenview, Dundrum, Dublin.
The Herdsman and his Child.
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XIX.

Which shows, from my father's own writing, what became of him on the day of his disappearance, and how hard were the adventures through which he had to pass; with other matters connected with the narrative.

"JOVE, this is from my father!"

"Me 'spected it were."

He stood watching me quietly with a grin upon his face, as I tore open the seal and read the contents of the letter:

"Dear Boy,—I trust by some means that a good Providence may direct, that this letter come into your hands. Years perhaps may pass away before it reaches you, and the trembling hand that traces these lines be still for ever in the grave. Still it may afford my boy some satisfaction that his father never fled from his creditors, nor put an end to his own life. One or other of these rumours will doubtless have got abroad. I can expect nothing else, for the circumstances all tend that way, and why should I think that a kinder judgment will be given to me than the world usually awards to misfortune? To make you acquainted with the story of my life just so far as it affects my present condition will occupy some time, but I have leisure in the dreary imprisonment which I now suffer, and it is some sort consoles me that my boy may at a future time think better of his father than I fear he can think of him now.

"When I was a very young man, and long before I knew your mother, I was introduced to a girl in a comparatively humble position. I fell in love with her, and my attachment was favoured by her brother. Her brother was a good, upright, cheerful fellow. I have not seen him for many a long day. His sister I thought at the first part of our acquaintance reciprocated my attachment, but in this I soon found I was mistaken. Perhaps I ought to have retired at once, to have given up all idea of ever making her my wife, but I loved her passionately, and entertained the hope that the persistency of my attentions might win her regard. Besides, she never plainly told me she declined my visits; she sported with me, as weak and thoughtless women will sport with men in the condition I was then in. Had she spoken to me her true sentiments, I think I should have withdrawn. She did not, and I went on in the vain hope of conquest. I ascertained at last the cause of her rejection of myself. She was in love with a double-faced villain—one whom her brother, and I suppose all good men, despised and condemned. The name of this man was Robert Bannister. He was not ill-looking, he was not ill-educated, but his heart was cruel. He possessed considerable powers, all of which he misused. He could sing, he could play, he had the most flexible countenance I ever saw: he was an excellent minstrel—nay, I may say actor, and his power of simulation wonderful. He won Nell's heart. I found it out, and we quarrelled. I told her what he was—I told him what I thought of him—and he smiled his cruel smile, and averred that I should one day speak differently. The girl's brother refused him admission to his house, and did all he could to break off the courtship. Nell appeared, however reluctantly, to consent to this. But she was resolved to have him. We watched him pretty closely, and all that could be ascertained about him told little to his credit. He was associated with some of the most suspicious characters in town, and he spent late hours in the lowest taverns by the water side. All his movements were, however, marked by a sort of mystery which perhaps was an additional, because romantic, attraction to poor Nell. At last she fled away with him, leaving a scrap of paper with a farewell on it for her brother. We parted—he and I—he went his way to sea, I think, and I went mine down into the country. Then when the wound was
healed I came back to town, opened shop in Fleet-market, married your mother, and settled down for life. But something plagued us both. There came strange letters to her, making her suspicious and exacting. There came strange letters to me, reminding me of my old love. Well, all this passed over in time. Then things went bad with me in business, as you, my boy, well know. I was in debt and dunned. I did not know any day but what the prison door opposite might be opened for me. I did all I could. At length there came a letter one day from my old rival, Robert Bannister. He declared that he had something particular to communicate. I took no notice of his letter. He wrote again, and I replied, declining any communication with him.

"Ah, my boy, it was a dull, heavy time to me. The only rest I seemed to find in that time was when I could creep down to the river and have a quiet pull upon it. Of course I could not do this very often, but I did it when I could, and often got the discredit of being scoring up at the tavern when I was only sitting quietly in Job's boat shoving here and there among the shipping.

"Job told me one day a Spanish gentleman had been making inquiries about me. I did not know any Spanish gentleman, and told Job so; he answered that the gentleman had expressed great concern about me, and seemed to think things were not altogether so well as they might be with me in the market. He was, said Job, a soft, sweet-spoken gentleman. Well, of course, I could not imagine who this could be; when Job ascertained that his name was Guatelama I could make nothing of that either. When I received a civilly-written note, signed by that name, and inviting me to meet him on a business matter, I went unsuspiciously enough. That was the day I left home.

"The direction I had received was in the east of London, and thither, when I left the market, I turned; being anxious to get back as soon as I could, I hurried along the streets, speaking to nobody, telling nobody where I was going. I arrived at the house, a quiet, respectable-looking place enough, and was shown into a back room. There I waited pretty well an hour. Getting impatient at the delay, I rang the bell. There was no answer. I rang it again more loudly than before, still with the same effect. Then I went to the door and found it locked on the outside. I turned to the window and found it nailed down. I was a prisoner.

"I began to stamp and rave and make grand do-to, and after a few minutes I heard footsteps approaching. The door was opened, and three stout sailor fellows came in.

"'What cheer, messmate?' said the first: he had two pistols in his belt and a cutlass in his hand. There was something in the man's manner, something in his voice, that made me start; something in the smile on his face that made me cold.

"'Bannister!' That was all I could say. "'Quite right,' he answered.

"'What do you want with me—why have you decoyed me into this villainous hole?'

"'Softly, softly —'tis not I who want you.'

"'Not you! what do you mean?'

"'That the king wants men, and you are just one of the men we most particularly require to serve in the fleet.'

"'It's false,' I said, 'it is an old grudge of your own, you have brought me here to murder me.'

"'Wrong—quite wrong—always wrong-headed and obstinate. Now listen to me, my old and cheerful messmate. You are pressed. You must go aboard the Tender where many others have gone before you. You may go quietly, you may go noisily, but go you must.'

"I stormed with rage.

"'We are all of us deeply sorry,' said the rascal, 'that the exigencies of the king's navy should peremptorily demand the impressment of worthy people, especially the interfering with a citizen of London, which is not, I take it, strictly within the letter of the law. Perhaps you may be able without much difficulty to make your case clear to the authorities.'

"'Can I write home now?'

"'Not now; you must address yourself to the authorities.'

"'Where?'

"'On board the Tender.'

"'Then let us go at once, and this vile scheme of yours will be the sooner frustrated.'

"He smiled graciously. His compassion suddenly pinned my hands, and we left the
house together. I had some hope of effecting my escape before I was put on board ship; I had thought that once outside the door of my prison we might appeal to people whom we met, but I saw that everybody shunned us, as if we had the plague, and that no help was to be had from any quarter. My guards were too much on the alert to allow of my running away, and so I was conveyed to the stairs, put into a boat amid the laughter of some idle boys, and rowed off, but not to the Tender.

"The two fellows who were with us, Bannister steering, handled their oars with a will. We swept at a rapid rate through the water—the tide in our favour—against me—and made for a brig carrying English colours.

"I protested against this, and demanded to be put on board the Tender. They gave no heed to me, hauled me up, and I found myself on board an English merchantman, the captain of which, an ill-looking fellow, blind of an eye, was glad enough to get seamen on any terms, for hands were short in the port of London. When I made my statement to him, he affected to disbelieve it, and threatened to punish my insolence, as he called it, while he rewarded Bannister and the fellows who had accompanied him for their nefarious work. They took their departure immediately, and Bannister wished us a pleasant voyage.

"That night the vessel sailed, and I soon found the rakish craft she was. Our crew was a mixed multitude—Lascars, Greeks, Neapolitans, Frenchmen, only two or three English, captured just as I had been captured, beside myself. What was the nature of our merchandise, or whether we were bound, were subjects on which I was profoundly ignorant, and there seemed to be no intention on any one's part to communicate any information. Swiftly we bore down the river, and stood out to sea.

"Finding opposition useless, and willing to avoid, if I could, the punishment the captain threatened, I worked with the rest, and got nothing worse for my 'lubberly' ways than the curses of the captain and his mate.

"For three or four days we sailed up the Mediterranean, and on the evening of the fourth day sail was espied on the larboard quarter. There was an immediate bustle on board. The captain scanned the vessel closely, and, apparently satisfied as to her character, issued his command, ran out his guns, and hoisted the French flag. The vessel on which we bore down was apparently a Spanish merchantman, and the conduct of the captain surprised me not a little. At first I thought it was a ruse on his part to escape—lest the Spaniard should show fight—but I was mistaken. The Spaniard slackened sail, and quietly made for us till we were within gunshot; then they gave us a salute in honour of being mutual allies. We answered the salute with a heavy fire, which crashed their mainmast, and did some awful work among the crew. Closely following up this savage attack, we gave them the other broadside, bore close up, grappled, ran up a black flag above the French colours, and showed ourselves for what we were—pirates.

"I can never forget the horrible scene that ensued. It was cold-blooded butchery. I need not describe it. Only three of the crew, stout able Mulattos, were saved. We found the vessel loaded with specie. It had been under convoy, but by some disaster had been separated from the rest of the fleet. The booty was transferred to the hold of our vessel as rapidly as possible, then the Spanish ship was scuttled, and we saw her go down.

"Under heavy press of canvas, our captain made for Algiers. There I, a Frenchman, and the Mulattos were sold as slaves, and my fate has been, indeed, hard since that dreadful day.

"I can see no chance of ever regaining my liberty. I suppose I must live and die here in cruel slavery. I would rather—you may judge, dear boy—do this than serve on board the pirate ship, which was the only alternative proposed to me. Still I was burningly anxious that you, at least, should know what had been my fate, and I leave it with you to communicate as much, or as little, of it as you see fit to your mother or your aunt. If you can see Uncle Price, consult with him.

A grave-looking patriarch who sometimes comes amongst us here—half Spanish, half Moor—has undertaken to do what he can to have this letter forwarded. I pray to heaven he may be successful.

"With all the love of my heart, dear boy, to your mother and yourself,

"I am always affectionately,

"Your Father."
I stood for a few moments utterly overwhelmed by the contents of my father's letter. When I could sufficiently command myself to speak, I demanded of Jove how it came into his possession.

"It left for you—private strictly—by somebody."

"By somebody, no doubt, but whom?"

"Don't know, sire."

"And when was it left?"

"On the night or morning you did for me—almost—among the golden fish. I facilitate myself I escape, and I congratulatements you, else your letter would not be here."

"And when I ran away, what then?"

"I get out of the water as well as I can—all swash, and splash, and mud, and gold fish all lunatic—"

"Well?"

"Well, I dry myself and ran away."

"What for?"

"What for, say you, sire? why, in course to deliver letter. I seek you here; I seek you everywhere, and I find you nowhere. When I go back there be awful scrimmage with my lady. She threaten to skin me alive, which she no dare do, so she tells me she will send me in Newgate, and send me back to Barbadoes. So with that I go off on my own account, and seek you till I find you. Know'd you was in Gibraltar from old soldier man with one leg of wood, and one waterside man who call himself Job."

I can never tell how thankful I was for Jove's kindness. It was so thoroughly disinterested on his part. But I fear that I expressed myself very feebly at the time. My mind was so fully occupied with the news contained in my father's letter that I could think of nothing else.

CHAPTER XX.

In which I meet with Shell, and we agree to visit the cavern. There we have a long talk with the Spanish girl; also with the herdsman; and I ascertain from the herdsman several things that make me hopeful, but still full of concern.

I sought out Shell, and found him more than rejoiced—jubilant in that Guatemala had been captured.

He was very much surprised at my father's letter, as you may well imagine he would be. The question that occurred to both—but naturally pressed itself more heavily on me—was, what was to be done? First I thought I would write home to mother. I had written since I left Aunt's House. But on second thoughts, we agreed that this could do but little good. The best thing would be to seek father, or, rather, to try and find out where he was shut up, and whether there was any chance of our effecting his rescue. Indeed, the chance seemed improbable enough, and I was gloomy over it. Shell seemed to have more confidence.

"'Bide awhile,' said he; "'and if you can manage to come with me this evening, we'll go together to the cavern."

"But what good will come of that?" said I.

"That remains to be seen."

I was obliged to be satisfied. Perhaps Shell knew more than I did; perhaps he had good reason for thinking that some information might be got out of the gosser. I felt sure he would not take me to the cavern on a mere wild-goose chase, or simply to satisfy his own curiosity.

We had enough to do. All Gibraltar was astir with the events of the preceding day; and everywhere the report of the captured spy had circulated. The sailors were talking about it; the soldiers talked about it. Everybody had heard something startling about the man in whom the authorities seemed to have placed so much faith.

The spy had been lodged in a cell in the King's Bastion, and it was rumoured that he would be examined and probably shot that very day. In such times delay is always dangerous.

The day, however, passed over without anything being done; and in the evening Shell and I had the opportunity we so much desired—he, especially—of visiting the cavern. We traversed the old perilous road in safety, passed through the hidden entrance, and stood once more in that fairy palace. The evening had not far advanced, and there was plenty of light for us to see the gigantic stalactites flashing all sorts of colours, and the ponderous piles of stone that seemed as if they had been hewn into shape, and placed there by the Cyclops.
HOW I LIVE.

We heard the bleating of the goats, and led by that sound made our way through the labyrinth, and entered the principal chamber. There sat the Spanish girl, looking more beautiful than ever, and surrounded by her flock.

We stood for a few moments in silence, and watched her playfully sport with her favourites. She then went forward, and she sprang towards him with a cry of joy. You may suppose that Shell did not understand much Spanish, and I doubt if the girl knew anything of English, excepting a few words learned by rote. But the two were perfectly intelligible to each other, and as I watched them I almost began to wish that somebody or other, as pretty as she was, would chatter to me as she did to Shell.

After a very few minutes—he said it was not half a minute—Shell called me forward, and began to question her as well as he could about whether she could throw any light on the subject of my father's letter. She listened to all that Shell said to her, shaking her pretty head sometimes, and nodding it at others; at intervals wrinkling her forehead as if her mind had got into a pucker, and her face showed it.

I understood from Shell that the old herdsman occasionally visited the Morocco coast, and knew something of the Algerine pirates. While this was being explained to me, one of the goats ran from the herd, and the girl, with a smile on her face, said he was coming—he would tell us himself all he knew.

Almost directly the goat returned, and with it came a venerable-looking man, who made a solemn obeisance, but offered no sign of surprise at finding us there. He spoke English not very perfectly, but still quite intelligibly, and Shell explained the object of our visit.

"Englishman," he said to me, "I have gone many times to the Morocco coast. There I have often seen and talked with the poor prisoners. For more than one have I done the service spoken of, as I understand: I mean the transmission of a letter privately to friends at home. Let me see your letter."

I produced it, and the old man taking it from me with an air of politeness such as might have been little expected in one of so humble a condition, examined it closely.

"Yes," he said, "that letter was entrusted to my keeping by an English prisoner, serving as a slave in Algiers. I undertook—if it were in my power—to send it to his country, and I was able to do so. I heard from the man who conveyed it—a sailor in the Mediterranean trade—that the person to whom the letter was addressed could not be found. The shop where he had dwelt was closed; but some neighbour agreed to send it on to some person who knew him. That was all I heard of the letter."

"And you have seen my father since?"

"No: I have been twice in the coast, once only amongst the slaves, and then I heard nothing of him."

"Would it be possible to ascertain if he were alive?"

"It would be difficult."

"If it be not impossible, it must be done."

He smiled quietly, and said, "We will see."

As there was nothing more for the present to be done, we took our departure, offering many thanks to the old man. Shell lingered behind me for a few seconds, I suppose to whisper some parting words to his Dulcinea; then he joined me, and we went forth together.

HOW I LIVE.

Loving kindly, feeling kindly,
Acting fairly towards men;
Seeking to do that to others,
They may do to me again.

Hating no man—scorning no man;
Wronging none by word or deed,
But forbearing, soothing, serving:
Thus I live—this is my creed!
NOMINIS UMBRA—THE SHADOW OF A NAME.

In the year 1769, great dissatisfaction prevailed throughout this nation. Rumours of war with our American Colonies; the imposition of obnoxious taxes; and, above all, the entire want of confidence in the ministry, tended to heighten the general uneasiness. Into this popular outbreak the press entered with great vigour. Among their complements, the North Briton, edited by Wilkes, and the Public Advertiser, edited by Woodfall, were especially distinguished, as promulgating some of the most extreme opinions. Indeed, at this period, "the press," says Lord North, the unpopular minister, "overlooked the land with its black gall, and poisoned the minds of the people."

About this time there appeared in the newspaper last mentioned, a series of political articles which, attacking the Bute ministry, and not even sparing royalty itself, attracted attention as much from the vehemence of their invective, as the ease and elegance of their style. Naturally, the public felt great curiosity as regards the author, who studiously kept his name secret, being unknown, save under the signature of "Junius." The authorities, too, whom he attacked with such asperity and the most irritating sarcasm, sought him still more eagerly for the purpose of punishment. His evident acquaintance with political secrets; the accuracy of his information; his violent personalities, and onslaught upon the public men of the Tory party,—all suggested to the government the idea of a political traitor, whose defection they deplored, and must punish. They sought Junius that they might crush him; but the efforts of enemies and onlookers were alike futile: he remained what he was wont to designate himself—Nominis Umbra. "It is not in the nature of things," he writes, "that you or anybody else should know me;—I am the sole depository of my secret."

Public conjecture kept pace with public curiosity, and numerous speculations were and have been indulged in respecting Junius. At one time he was an obscure pamphleteer; at another,

"A duke or knight,
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
A nabob, a man midwife, but the night
Mysterious changed his countenance at last.
As oft as they their minds; though awful sight
He stood, the puzzle only increased;
The man was a phantasмагoria
In himself,—he was so soluble and thin."

Amongst the many public characters of that day on whom the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" was fastened, the great Earl Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, Edmund Burke, the historian Gibbon, Horace Walpole, John Wilkes, and Sir Philip Francis, are the most celebrated. Evidence, however, would seem to point more particularly, and assuredly more satisfactorily, to the last of these distinguished men—Sir Philip Francis. But before considering the arguments brought forward, which identify this gentleman with the author of the "Letters," it will be as well to furnish a few particulars of his life.

Sir Philip Francis, born at Dublin on the 22nd of October, 1740, was the son of the Rev. Dr. Philip Francis, well known by classical scholars as the translator of Horace. When only ten years old, his father took the family to London; and, in 1753, he was placed under the care of Mr. George Thicknesse, at St. Paul's School. Here he made rapid progress in classical studies; and, at the age of sixties, was thought worthy of, and through the influence of Lord Holland obtained, a clerkship in the office of the Secretary of State. On the accession to office of the Earl of Chatham, Francis was appointed, under his patronage, a secretary to General Bligh; and, in 1765, upon the nomination of Lord Kinnoul to the embassy at Lisbon, accompanied him in a like capacity. However, he shortly returned to England, and again entered the office of the Secretary of State; whence, in 1768, he was appointed to an important post in the War Office, which he resigned in 1772, considering himself in some degree slighted by Lord Barrington. Thus free from official duty, Francis left England upon an extensive foreign tour. But returning to London in the spring of the following year, he was selected, as much on account of his talents and ability, as through the recommendation of Lord Barrington, as one of the council for the presidency of Bengal, with a salary of £10,000 a-year, and the possible object of controlling the influence of the Governor-General, Warren Hastings. With his two colleagues, Sir John Clavering, the commander-in-chief, and Colonel Monson, he proceeded to his post. We are told that the changes they felt called upon to make, brought them at once into opposition to Hastings, and the deaths of Monson in 1775, and of Clavering in 1777, left Francis to wage alone an unequal contest with so bold, energetic, and determined a man as the Governor-General. A protracted and bitter quarrel now broke out; an attempted reconciliation proved but a hollow truce; and at length an explosion took place. Hastings publicly accused Francis of having deceived him; and, moreover, insulted him. "I do not trust," he said, "Mr. Francis's promise of censure, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his public conduct by his private, which I have found to be devoid of truth and honour." After the council had risen, Francis challenged his accuser to mortal combat. They met, and fired; and Francis was carried to a neighbouring house, shot through the body. The wound was not mortal, however; and the
NOMINIS UMBRA—THE SHADOW OF A NAME.

councillor, on his recovery, left India in December, 1780, and reached England in October, 1781. Francis now left no stone unturned to obtain the impeachment of Hastings, and incessantly assailed his administration. At length, in 1787, a resolution condemning the Governor-General was carried; and the same year, Burke having impeached Warren Hastings, members were nominated by him to conduct the trial. Among them we find the name of Philip Francis. He, considering his own conduct called in question, ably defended himself, and as ably attacked the Governor-General; and a complimentary address to him was signed by every member of the committee of management, eulogising his conduct, and condemnatory of his former chief.

In 1796, Francis was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Tewkesbury; but, in 1802, he was returned for Appleby. Fox had said of him, that “there was no one subject of his Majesty, or in all his dominions, whose merits with regard to the affairs of India could be put in competition with his.” From this it would naturally have been supposed that, on the death of Lord Cornwallis, Francis would have been appointed his successor in the governor-generalship. However, Lord Lauderdale was appointed; and Francis received, on the 29th of October, 1806, the honour of knighthood of the Bath,—the only recognition of his great services which was ever made by Government. Eight years later, Sir Philip retired from parliament, and, with a solitary exception, never again appeared in public life. He was now debilitated by a disease, with which he had been for some time afflicted, and died at St. James’s Square, on the 22nd of December, 1818.

Undoubtedly Sir Philip Francis possessed great ability, and, though his temper might be termed violent, and his tone acrimonious, we must yet admit his generosity and unquestionable integrity. As a debater, he did not obtain much fame, his style being heavy and uninteresting. He was nevertheless occasionally faultless and forcible, and though not a brilliant speaker, excelled in trite sayings; was a good logician, and could clothe his thoughts in appropriate language.

But it is not as the opponent of Hastings, or as a political celebrity whatever, that the name of Sir Philip Francis will descend to posterity. It is the ascribed authorship of the “Letters of Junius,” that has raised his name to its present elevation.

We now proceed to notice the arguments which successfully, we think, assert the claim of Sir Philip to the authorship of the “Letters.”

First. There exists an extraordinary resem-

blance between his handwriting and that of the mysterious Junius. Thus, both characters, instead of dotting the i, make use of an oblique stroke; “they mark quotations, not by inverted commas, but by short perpendicular lines; and instead of marking the division of a word at the end of a line by a hyphen, do it by a colon.” Besides, there is a great similarity in the spelling of certain words, in the formation of certain capitals, and in the general style of their calligraphy. In short, as Macaulay says, the handwriting of Junius is the very peculiar handwriting of Francis, slightly disguised.

Secondly. There are many facts deduced from the admissions of Junius, which coincide exactly with similar events in the life of Francis. Thus, he tells us that he was, or, rather, he must necessarily have been, acquainted with the technical forms of the Secretary of State’s office. This we know to be true of Francis. During the year 1770, he attended debates in the House of Lords, and took copious notes of Lord Chatham’s speeches. This, also, Francis himself mentions as having done. Again, he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamer to the place of deputy-secretary of war. We know that Francis resigned his clerkship in the War Office through resentment at this appointment.

And, lastly, it appears that Junius was attached by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland. It was by Lord Holland that Francis first was introduced into the public service. “Now here,” says Macaulay, “are five marks, all of which ought to be found in Junius. They are all five found in Francis.”

Again. The unities of time and place have been well preserved in the publication of the “Letters.” These appeared in the Public Advertiser between the year 1767 and January, 1773; and we know that from 1763 to 1772, Sir Philip Francis was in the War Office, and only sailed for India in June, 1773. Thus, the intimate acquaintance of Junius with public matters is accounted for in the coincidence of date.

In conclusion, we may remark, that an argument against Sir Philip’s authorship of the “Letters” has been based upon the repeated denials which he gave in public; as if it were likely that a man of his astuteness would criminate himself, and voluntarily afford his enemies the information which all their efforts had failed to secure.

But it must be remembered, that he nevertheless gave to his wife in private strong reason to believe, that in her husband she recognised the veritable Junius—the immortal Nominis Umbra.

W. D. ADAMS.
EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHAPTER II.

It was striking eleven as Bernard, Goodman, Goodman's son, and four or five stout fellows with them from the farm left the gamekeeper's house. Bernard had kissed his mother and wished her good night and had been to the nursery and kissed the three sweet sleeping faces there—for poachers were wild desperate fellows often, and he knew not how it might turn out.

His father came to the door to see him off, and said—"Don't be rash, old fellow, do whatever Goodman tells you,"—and had stood at the door long after the darkness hid his figure, listening to his footsteps till the sound died away in the distance. When he went back into the drawing-room, Lady Grayling was standing by the fire gazing into the glowing embers—as he entered she said softly—

"It's a great risk, is it not, Herbert?"

"Perhaps it is, but we must not hamper him into our anxieties; we must not forget, Lillian, in whose hands he is, let him be where he will—boys naturally love adventures in which there is some amount of danger—he'll be all right," he added more cheerfully—"you had better go to bed. He'll be very late, doubtless."

"Shall you, dear?"

"No, I think not." "I would rather stay if you will let me, Herbert," said Lady Grayling, with a half smile.

"Oh! very well, as you will,"—and so the father and mother sat down to wait for their boy.

Behind several large fallen trees, lying flat down with their guns loaded beside them, was old Goodman, with Bernard and his own son, and in an old tumble-down cottage, which had years ago been a woodcutter's dwelling, but had long been tenantless, the rest of the men were in hiding. They had been there some time—Bernard, almost breathless with excitement, not daring to move, was beginning to think Goodman was mistaken, and that the poachers had no intention of paying them a visit that night—when a low crackling of bushes at some little distance met his ear.

"Patience," whispered Goodman, "that may only be a rabbit or a squirrel; don't move for your life."

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and then the underwood was cautiously pushed aside, and a man slipped through. He looked about him before he moved, then came a step or two forward, and was immediately followed by four others. One by one, with slow and stealthy step, they passed the place where Bernard and Goodman were hid, and proceeded towards the usual roosting place of the pheasants. But they had gone only a few yards when Goodman and Bernard were upon them, and at a loud call given from a whistle which young Goodman carried at his button-hole the men rushed from the hut, and soon succeeded in securing two of the poachers; but the other men seemed determined to buy their liberty even at the risk of their lives, and were fighting desperately. The man Bernard had seized had by his violent struggles managed to break away, and fired deliberately at him. Poor old Goodman rushed forward to save his master's son, but with a groan of anguish he saw him fall heavily to the ground.

The hours passed slowly at the Park, and the anxious mother could neither read nor work, only glance uneasily at the time-piece, every tick of which at last seemed striking on her heart.

She tried to talk, but in vain—every subject they started was chopped up to only a few words; and there were long pauses—and sudden starts—and the oft-repeated words, "How very late it is!"

And at last Lady Grayling rose and said—"Herbert, I cannot bear this suspense—I must do something—let us go to Goodman's cottage and see if they know anything."

"My dear love, how should they?"

"He may have been hurt, and carried there," said Lady Grayling in a trembling voice.

"My dear, why there?—but still, if it will really make you any happier, come; but remember I told you he would be late."

"But see how late," said the mother, pointing to the clock, the hands of which were on the stroke of three.

"Well, come along then."

Her garden cloak and hat were soon on, and bidding the old butler, who was also sitting up, come with them with the lantern, for it was very dark, they proceeded to Goodman's cottage.

A light was burning in the little window, and their low tap at the door was quickly answered.

"Is it you, Goodman?" asked a voice.

"No, it is us—Lord and Lady Grayling."

"Oh! dear me—my lord, my lady, what is the matter?"

"May we come in, Mrs. Goodman?"
EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

"Yes, my lady, sure, come in;—dear heart, you do look a'cold," she said, dusting a chair with her white apron and setting it by the fire.

"My lady is uneasy," said Lord Grayling, "about her boy, who is gone out poacher-hunting with Goodman. I daresay you are not uneasy, are you, Mrs. Goodman?"

"Well, lady said. I may be used to sick things like them, my lady," answered the good old body; "you see, my lady," she said, turning to Lady Grayling, "many and many's the night I've sat up for my mate, ay, and the last too when they've been out till daylight, it was fidgety work like, at first, but they never have come to no harm."

"And in the pursuit of their duty you hope they never will, eh, Mrs. Goodman?" said Lord Grayling, kindly.

"Yes, I hope not, my lord—but you see we must all have an ending, and go when our time comes."

Lady Grayling shuddered slightly, as there seemed to ring in her ears some words she had lately heard—"Whom the gods love die young." She wished, oh, how she wished she could imitate the patient resignation of that old unlearned woman; but as the image of her boy, her idolized boy, rose before her wounded and dying, she could with difficulty restrain a hard sob of sorrow and despair.

"My lady came here," explained Lord Grayling, "half thinking her son had been wounded and was carried here instead of home, but, as I hoped and believed, she is mistaken."

As he said this, there was a sound which even for a moment made his heart beat quicker—the regular measured tramp of men's feet, as though they carried a burden. Near the sound comes, and the door is thrown wide open, and Goodman and his son enter, bearing a lifeless form before them. A cry so bitter in its agony rings through the cottage—"My boy! my boy!"

Past the men bearing that lifeless form rushed a figure and caught his mother in his arms.

"How, mother, dear mother, what is it? What has frightened you?"

Oh, the joy of that moment—her boy was there well and unhurt—his tender, loving arms around her, and his light, fresh boy's voice making music in her heart once more. Goodman and his son, intent on the wounded form they carried, had gone on with it to the sleeping room, and laid it on a bed, and Lord Grayling, bidding Bernard take his mother home, followed to see who was the sufferer, and hear the particulars of the affair. As he entered the room he heard the elder Goodman say—

"This is a bad business, Bob: if that 'ere doctor ain't here pretty quick-sticks, as the saying is, it's all over with this chap."

"Who is he, Goodman?" asked Lord Grayling.

"Why, my lord, he's that young fun of Barnsell's, as Mr. Leigh is so partial to, and I will say as he lies here in that young gentle-

man's place—dear heart alive, it was a terrible thing sure, and makes me quiver like all over to think on! I heard the shot, and I see our young gentleman go down. I'd got a man, but I let go on him and rushed up to the spot, when, to my joy, I see young master jump up and sing out, 'Help, Goodman, the boy's shot!' and true enough, there lay this poor chap; he'd flung—he'd flung our young gentleman down, and taken the shot himself—darned if I knew a most done!"—and the poor old man laid his head down on the pillow and sobbed aloud—the terror and the joy had been too much for him.

"The boy's life must be saved, if possible," said Lord Grayling in a low, earnest voice, "Robert, run up to the stables, rouse James, and bid him saddle the black mare, and ride for Dr. Hawthorne, and request him to be here without loss of time. I will take your place by the boy; let us get a little brandy down his throat if we can, Goodman. I will hold him up while you put a few drops in his mouth," and tenderly and skilfully Lord Grayling ministered to that poor squallid, dirty being, who in his eyes had now assumed so great a value—for had he not been the main instrument of saving his own dear boy?

The doctor arrived at the moment that Bernard—who had at length persuaded his mother to go to bed—returned to the cottage, and there he requested to take his watch by his poor preserver's bed.

Early the next morning Walter arrived at the Park; he was shown into the morning-room, where his aunt was busily at work.

"Good morning, aunt, where's Bernard?"

was his first question.

"Bernard is down at Goodman's cottage."

"Oh, is he? shall I go to him?"

"No, I think not, Walter—you do not know about last night, do you?"

"No; I only know Bernard was going out after the poachers, and wanted me to come; and of course I should if it hadn't been for my mother's folly. I'm sure one would think I was made of sugar or salt and should melt, to hear her go on. She won't let me do anything like other fellows. I shall be glad to go back to school."

"It is difficult to believe mamma in the right, is it not, Walter," said Lady Grayling, looking up from her work with a smile.

"Of course it is, when she acts differently to anybody else, aunt—you let Bernard go."

"I did, and I might have been very sorry for it, Walter; your mother did not care to run that risk."

"But, aunt, is it not good for boys to go everywhere and see everything?"

"That is a very wide question—rather too much for me to answer—at least, at present. You know, my boy, all we mothers do what we think best for our children: what would be right for one would be wrong for the other. The mother is nearly always the best judge, because she has the best instructor, love, which gives her instincts stronger even than her judgment. And though it may seem to some of
us who look on, that a child might have been managed more judiciously; it is not for that child to think so, or doubt the wisdom and the love which has guarded with such zealous care his early years. I don’t like sermonising, Walter;” Lady Grayling, laying her beautiful white hand kindly on the boy’s arm. “But I have often wished for an opportunity to tell you how mistaken I think you sometimes; you seem to think your mother—your best and truest friend, Walter,—your greatest enemy simply because she opposes your inclinations, forgetting that she can have but one object, your happiness here and hereafter. How much less trouble would it be to her to let you do exactly as you liked! How often would she then avoid those sulky looks and sharp answers which distress her so greatly! Walter, my child, it is a sad thing to know we have caused our mothers one tear of sorrow through our own faults. I know that among all your school companions it is thought very fine to defy and oppose authority, and especially to ridicule a mother’s; but, Walter, there are startling words written once on stone never to be effaced nor forgotten, which will one day cry out against us if we have not in word or deed honoured and obeyed those whom God has bid us reverence. Oh, how I wish that you boys would all learn in what true manliness consists, not in a pretended disregard of authority, or defiance of just punishment, but in a noble, honest pursuit of right in spite of ridicule!”

It was very seldom that Lady Grayling spoke so seriously to her nephew, but she had noticed with much sorrow how little proper feeling seemed to subsist between the mother and son; no confidence on his side, no tenderness on hers. Mrs. Neville, with her dread of spoiling, had gone to the other extreme, and finding that the undue severity had produced an entire want of trust, and sometimes she almost feared love, in her two eldest sons, she had determined to follow the dictates of her heart with her youngest darling, and as her sister often assured her, the effects would be equally unsatisfactory. Lady Grayling knew how unpalatable “advice gratis” always was to young and old, and therefore she seldom started this unpleasant topic, with either her sister or her nephew, but she also knew that a “word in season was very good,” and the opportunity being thus given her, she did not like to lose it. Walter admired his aunt excessively; her beauty of person influenced him to a certain extent, as it does most young people, and something peculiar in her voice exercised a strange power over him. In his baby days, when fits of obstinacy would seize him, and his mother would order him to his room, nothing would induce him to eat, or speak, or plead for pardon; but if his aunt came in, and said his Walter, my child, what is this?” it was enough—the floodgates were opened and a shower of tears would wash away the evil temper at once, and send him penitent to his mother for pardon; and as she spoke now with such gentle earnestness, and raised those large, tender eyes to his face, the vexation and irritation seemed to pass away, and but for shame, as in his baby days, he could have flung his arms about her neck and wept out there his sorrow and indignation. As it was he only twirled about his cane and examined his boots, and twisted his watch chain, while she spoke, and when she ceased speaking, said:

“Aunt, my mother doesn’t understand me, that’s a fact.”

“My dear boy, don’t, pray, take up that silly notion; that has shipwrecked the happiness of many homes. You may depend upon it people are seldom misjudged by their own home friends. Recollect what a much better opportunity they have of judging of you than any one else, and however hard their judgment may seem, depend on it, it is nearly always the right one, and instead of despising its hardness, set to work to remedy the defects which have called it forth. And now let me tell you of the adventures of last night. Sit down; you will stay luncheon with us, and Bernard will be in by that time.”

As she slightly and graphically described the scene, the boy’s clouded face cleared up, and he said:

“Oh, how I wish I’d been there! And will Steevy live, do they think?”

“The doctor hopes so; but he has always been so delicate that, of course, it is a matter of doubt. The wretched father they captured, and he will probably be transported, but of course Steevy will be spared; we could not prosecute him, after his noble defence of our boy.”

“The sooner he’s rid of such a father the better, I should think,” said Walter.

“Decidedly, but I fear the mother is very little good either. She has spoilt Steevy by allowing him his own way in everything,” said Lady Grayling, with an arch smile, “and he cares nothing for her now. I fear all Bernard’s efforts for his good will be unavailing.”

“Bernard’s?” said Walter inquiringly.

“Yes; did you not know Bernard has been trying to make something of him for a long time; paying the schoolmaster to teach him, and all sorts of things? He began last holidays, and it was gratitude to Bernard that made Steevy risk his life for him. Quite a little romance, is it not?”

“Yes,” said Walter, thoughtfully; “I can’t make it out.”

“What can’t you make out?” asked Lady Grayling.

But before Walter could reply the door flew open, and Bernard entered, saying in a voice of joy—

“Mother, he’ll do, he’ll do; isn’t it jolly? Oh, Walter, how’d you do? I didn’t see you.”

“Does Dr. Hawthorne think so, Bernard.”

“Yes, he says he quite believes he will, with great care, but he can’t be moved. The mother’s been up to see him, whining and making an awful fuss: but we got rid of her as quick as we could, for Steevy does not care anything about her. Bob is going down to
slept at his aunt's, for Steevy has his room. They are the jolliest, kindest people I ever saw, they love their work. I declare I could hug that old woman; she's a regular brick. I'm sure she is far better to Steevy than his mother."

"Yes, she's a good old soul," said Lady Grayling, "and I think poor Steevy is in good hands. I will go and see Mavis about some good things to be sent to him in the way of jelly, &c.," and Lady Grayling left the room to give her orders.

"I say, Bernard, you never told me anything you'd done for this Steevy," said Walter, as soon as the door closed.

"Why, there was nothing," said Bernard, blushing slightly at this unexpected question.

"A great deal, I think, getting him taught, and all that kind of thing. How came you to think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bernard, laughing; "a laudable wish to be a useful member of society, to make him so, or something. I say, let's go out, shall we? I don't care a rap for luncheon. I vote we have a glass of beer and a biscuit, and go after the pheasants for an hour or two. What say you?"

"All right, but I'm not in shooting trim."

"Well, go home and change, and I'll call for you. I can't settle to anything at home after the excitement of last night. We can walk your way first, and come home by the Betchley woods."

"Very well, I'll be ready," and Walter went on his way home full of graver thoughts than had ever yet possessed him.

The boys were to go back to school on the following Monday, and on the Friday they had invitations to a large dance given by an uncle of Lord Grayling's, who lived at an adjoining estate. He was a kind old man, quite a character in his way, who delighted in nothing more than giving pleasure to young people. It was quite a sight to see his face beaming with joy as he watched them dancing or entering into any amusements which he provided for them. Rich and poor alike, no matter in what station of life if they were young, they were to be amused and indulged. Many a time in the glowing summer time, when the fruit in his orchard hung in tempting clusters from the trees, he would go down to the National school, and put his head in at the door, say to the master and mistress—"Give these chaps a holiday"—they were all chaps, boys and girls alike—"give them a holiday, and send them up in my orchard; let 'em eat till they're sick," and with a hearty laugh he would turn away, the loud cheers of the delighted children following him, and sounding to him, as in a dream, like the pleasantest music. There was only one other sound in the world to compare to it, and that was the hounds in full cry. Bernard Leigh was a great favourite of his, and he never allowed him to be at home any holidays without taking care that some amusement was provided for him at his house.

With him lived a widow lady, with her little girl. She, the mother, was as dear to him as a child. Early left an orphan on the world's charity, he had adopted and brought her up. She had married a young officer, who had died in his country's service, and left her with a small pension and one little girl. She was instantly sent for by her adopted father, whose only words as she entered the house whence she had issued so few years before a happy bride, were—

"Welcome home, my child."

And home it had been ever since; and the little Margaret Ashley was passing a happy childhood where her mother had passed hers. She had a fair chance of being spoiled, for her grandfather, as he would have her call him, could not bear to see her punished. If her mother thought it necessary, for some childish offence, that she should take her dinner in the nursery, grandpapa could not eat his luncheon in the dining room. "Where's the little chap?" was the first question.

"She has not been good, and must not come down," mamma would answer,

"Oh dear, dear, then we'll wait till she is good; can't have luncheon without the little chap."

"Oh, she's good now, but it is a punishment for having been naughty."

"Oh dear, nonsense, bless me. Let bygones be bygones. You'll only keep her in mind of her naughtiness that way; better let her forget it, much better, and she won't know how to do it again. Fetch her down by all means;" and so the little maid, with her red eyes, came down and hid her face on grandpapa's shoulder, and he whispered something about how sorry she made him when she was not good, that perhaps did as much, if not more, good than the intended punishment, for Margaret was a loving little soul, who would make no one say "sorry," if she could help it, much more her kind old grandfather.

Margaret was now nearly fifteen, a slight girl, with no great pretensions to beauty, but with a certain air about her which never failed to attract. She was always dressed with the most perfect taste, and had a low tender voice which seemed like the "cooing" of a dove, and gentle, graceful movements and winning ways—all better, far, than the most perfect beauty, and which won for her quite as much admiration. Add to this that the little Margaret would probably inherit the whole of Mr. Leigh's property, it is needless to say that her prospects were "not bad."

The ball to be given on this Friday was in honour of Margaret's fifteenth birthday, and Mr. Leigh had determined that the ball should be composed of young people only, "young, merry chaps who would dance." No old and playing ladies. No mamas boring the chaps to come home long before they were tired. They were all too young to need chaperones, and all that rubbish, some of them "out;" no such young ladies as these, but school girls, and school boys, and merry children. He would begin at four o'clock for the babies, and they might go home when they
were sleepy, and leave room for the bigger ones to dance, till their feet ached—and so it was arranged. At four o'clock there was a magic lantern and conjuring for the youngest children, and as soon as they were gone dancing began in real earnest. Bernard's eldest sister stayed with him for the dance, but the two youngest went home after the conjurors. Margaret Ashley looked very best that night. Pleasure shone out of her sweet blue eyes, and lighted up her whole face. She had had so many presents; everyone had been so very kind to her all day, and this was her first appearance at anything approaching to a regular dance. She was so happy. Bernard Leigh thought he had never seen her look so nice. She wore several skirts of white taffeta over white silk, and her hair, of which she had a great quantity, of that rare colour, chestnut brown, was coiled round her head in a thick plait, and confined behind with a plain gold comb. A perfect scarlet geranium in the bosom of her dress completed her simple but very elegant toilette. After the first quadrille, which she danced with Bernard, he placed in her hand a small packet, which she ran away with to her room, eager to open. Another present, and she had so many. Was this the most valued? Perhaps so. Margaret Ashley had seen but few people in the world, but to her thinking there could not be in all the world anything or anybody so good as Bernard Leigh. Only a year or two ago she had kissed him tenderly at meeting and parting; but now the blush which covered her whole face, and the smile which seemed as though her heart smiled through her eyes, only spoke his welcome; and the pale cheeks and downcast eyes only said how the little lady hated that horse going back to school. Now with trembling hands and flushed cheeks she opened the parcel. It was only a little simple offering—a copy of the "Christian Year" in a plain but handsome binding; but then it was so valuable because it showed he remembered her wishes. Many months ago she had said how she should like a little "Christian Year" of her own; and here it was, with her name inside, from "her affectionate Bernard Leigh." She put it carefully away amongst her treasures, and went down to the ball-room to find him and thank him. He was dancing when she entered, and she was claimed at once herself to join the waltz, so it was some time before she could find an opportunity to speak to him, and then "thank you" was all the silly child could say; but Bernard was very well satisfied and pleased, and that was quite enough for him, and thus they went off together and danced again, too young and happy to care how many times they danced together, or to think of what "people would say." But all things in this world, however pleasant, and so did the ball, and the flushed face of sweet Margaret Ashley lay on her pillow that night with the tired eyelids veiling the soft eyes; but they did not shut out the light of one cherished smile, but in her dreams Margaret was still dancing with Bernard Leigh.

Bernard was late up the next morning, but as soon as he had breakfasted he was down at the gamekeeper's cottage to see his patient. Steevy was much better, going on very favourably, and with every hope of recovery. He was able to talk a little, and when Bernard sat beside him he at once began to speak of the affray, and—

"You see," he said, "when you com'd and said as how the poachers had better mind, I says to myself! 'Young master's agin' them hissell, I shouldn't wonder;' and so when father come in and said he was agin' out that night, then I says to myself—'Well, I have promised young master to try and do all as is right; still, if I go out with fate,' says I to myself, 'may be I may be some account to young master.' I didn't know how. I couldn't have told myself what I meant, but I seemed as though I must go, like, and se I went, and here I am," and with a sigh the poor boy sank back on his pillows.

"And I'm very grateful to you, Steevy, I can assure you," said Bernard; "and so am my father and mother. They'll never forget you, Steevy, and you'll get well, please God, and we'll do all we can for you always." "Ah, but there ain't nothing to be done with me, you see; nor yet for me, as I sees."

"Why not, Steevy? You must not be downhearted; you're getting on famously."

"Oh, it ain't about getting well! I'm thinking on; it's afterwards. What's a chap like me, as has got a father t'other side the water, to do with himself? Why, in course he's done for; he ain't no sort of good, and I don't see what's the use of getting well, or what the use of anything."

"Well, Steevy, if some one had told me a day or two ago that you would be the greatest possible use to me, you would not have believed it, but so it is; and though there may be two or three opinions about the good you've done in saving my life," said Bernard smiling, "my father and mother, at least, are persuaded that you did a great work there; and who knows but you may be destined to do a great many more such deeds? You know, Steevy, we are all here for something. We have all got our work set out for us, though not exactly see what it is."

"I don't exactly see mine, no mistake. Why, I can't do no work. I can't lift a hoe nor a spade—leastways, to use 'em. I can't, well, there, I can't do nothing but sit on a chair by the fire, or sit in a chair in the sunshine. What I com'd for, and what I live for, I can't see."

"That we have nothing to do with, luckily, Steevy. We are here, and here we must stay, till we be sent for, and the more useful we make ourselves while we are here, the happier I' I'll," said Bernard. "Oh, shall we? Well, the more I hear, and the more I learn, the more puzzled I get. And I tell you what, Master Leigh, if ever I
get out o’ this here bed, the first thing I shall ask of you is, no more o’ that there schooling.”

“What, Steevy, tired of the schoolmaster?”

“Oh, beant’l,” said the boy with a heavy sigh.

Bernard laughed as he answered—

“At any rate, then, we’ll forget him till you’re quite well, and then, perhaps, you’ll like to go to work again.”

“But, if I, if I; no more learning for me. Let me go on my own way. Let me be as I was before I knew I could be any better, or felt how much there was to know, and how hard it was to know it;” and the boy turned his head away from Bernard with a gesture of impatience as though he would neither see nor hear any more. Bernard felt it was best to say no more to him then on that subject, and so with a few more kindly words he left him, but it was with a heavy feeling of disappointment at his heart that he walked towards home. Steevy’s despairing words seemed ringing in his ears; and, certainly, if all his efforts for this boy were thus to end, he could scarcely help feeling, too, “What was the use of anything?”

He went straight to his mother when he entered the house, for to her he took all his troubles. She was in the morning room, her own “snuggerly,” as she called it, into which he was of course privileged to enter, and fingering herself down on the sofa beside her, he began at once his story. She listened patiently to it all, and then, with that sweet tender smile, which always seemed to soothe any irritation he felt, she said—

“My boy, this is only what I expected. If people were so easily turned from bad to good, what a far pleasanter and lighter duty would our clergy have! If a few wise words, a little good instruction, a little kindness shown could eradicate the evils of a life badly begun, and evil habits contracted from birth, the task of bringing lost sheep back to the fold would be light indeed. Though your father’s words at last, though the deep regret, they were founded on experience. He knew how rare it is to find any real reformation. There may be better outward conduct for the sake of gain, which too often misleads well-meaning persons, and they flatter themselves the erring one is reclaimed, when, alas! the evil is only veiled, not eradicated. But that is no reason why we should not try, each of us, to do our part in bringing back the stray sheep, even if we fail in accomplishing our object; at least we shall have the satisfaction of knowing we have done what we could.”

“Then, do you think, mother dear, that Steevy gets well he will go back to all his old bad ways?”

“In all probability he will.”

“Well, I’ve only been wasting my time and money,” said Bernard, rather pettishly.

“No, at all, my boy, you have been doing good for yourself, if not for him. You are making a mistake so common amongst us all—expecting to see the fruit of your work, to reap your reward here. That you must not do.

You must work for a right motive, looking for nothing again. He who plants the acorn does not see the giant oak. You must plant and water, leaving the increase in other hands. It may be, the mercies you send will come back in blessings on yourself.”

“Then what do you advise me to do about Steevy?”

“Leave him alone till he is quite well of his wounds; he will perhaps think differently then, and if he will not be taught any more, at least we can perhaps keep him to church, where he will hear good words, if he cannot read them, and in the meanwhile we must keep hoping. We will not give him up entirely, and perseverance is always successful in the end, at least to a certain extent. I shall go and see him when you’re away.”

“Thank you, dear mother, I was going to ask you that.”

“You may depend he will not be deserted,” and Lady Grayling bent down and kissed his forehead lovingly, thinking but for that poor wretched boy what sorrow would have been in that house.

“Mamma, may we come in?” said a light voice outside, and before permission could be granted, the door opened and Evelyn entered leading by the hand Margaret Ashley.

“Mamma, dear, isn’t she to stay all day? Do say yes. I know she would like, wouldn’t you, Meggie?”

With a blush and smile Margaret extended her hand to Lady Grayling and Bernard, but made no answer to Evelyn’s question.

“Stay by all means, love, if you will,” said Lady Grayling. “Are you alone?”

“Yes, excepting Guess, he’s with me.”

“Guess can stay, do, darling old doggie, and he shall have all my bones at dinner,” said Evelyn.

“What an awful promise, Evy!” said her brother, laughing.

“My meat bones I mean, of course, you goose of a brother. Now come, Meggie, and take your things off, and we’ll have a nice chat about last night. Oh, wasn’t it lovely! I did like it so.”

“Don’t keep Margaret a month up there,” said Bernard, as the two girls left the room.

“How she grows, mother, does she not?”

“Yes, she will be tall, I think; not pretty, but very engaging. One more word with you, dear child, before you go. I’ve a little present for you,” and Lady Grayling opened a drawer of her writing table, and placed in his hand a small book. “You will remember this is a gift from your mother, and use it often for her sake. I know the trials and temptations of a school life, but try and bear up against them this will help you to do so. I thought I might not get so good an opportunity of speaking to you, and I should like you to use this little book to-morrow.”

Bernard kissed his mother silently, and carried up to his own room the beautifully bound Eucharistia, with a solemn resolve to cherish it as her gift and constantly use it, whatever opposition he might meet with.
After luncheon Bernard volunteered to walk over and acquaint his uncle that Margaret was going to remain to dinner, and ask for the carriage to fetch her at night, and then on to his cousin to fetch him home to dinner also. And so a merry evening they all had, chatting over the ball and playing at a variety of games, until the sound of the carriage wheels came to fetch Margaret away; then the colour mounted to her face, and the little hands trembled, and she had but little voice left to say “good bye,” for she knew to one of the party it was “good bye” for a long time—three months—an eternity to that loving little heart; but it was muremurred somewhere, and her maid, who had come in the carriage for her, had wrapped her up in a cloak and she was whirling away home before she could recover herself or manage to speak in a strictly natural voice. Bernard had put her into the carriage and watched it away, and gone back into the drawing room, but it was some time before he entered into conversation with the rest of the family. His attention was at length roused by Walter, who came and seated himself beside him, and in a low voice said—

“Suppose that fellow Steevey hasn’t more money than he knows what to do with. Will you give him this?” and he pushed some money into his cousin’s hand.

“Thank you, Walter, I’m sure he’ll be very grateful; at least he ought to be. But why not take it him yourself?”

“Oh, no; I don’t want to be seen hum-bugging about there. You give it him.”

“Well, I may tell him it’s from you?”

“If you like, for I’m sure he doesn’t know who I am. But I thought perhaps it was a pleasant feeling to be useful, for you always seem so happy, that I’d try what I could do. Well, I must go now. Ten o’clock at the station Monday, if I don’t see you before.”

“‘Yes, all right. Mother, Walter’s going’
Lady Grayling rose and shook hands warmly with her nephew, saying in an under tone, “God bless you, Walter: be a good brave boy, and don’t forget your mother and her love for you.”

Monday came, and the little girls bid tearful farewell to their darling brother, with many a reiterated promise to take the greatest care of Steevey, and write and tell him how he was, and through the tears which glittered in her eyes, though she would not let them fall, his mother had watched the carriage bear him out of sight, and gone back to her occupations, feeling how uninteresting they all were, and what a blank the absence of that dearly loved face and form had left in her home. But time, which seems so long to look forward to, passes only too happily, and the dreary December days soon came with their long evenings, and their cold dreary winds, and the little girls were counting the days for Bernard’s return. Steevey was well of his wound, and had gone home to his cottage. His mother had been most kindly assisted by Lady Grayling, and many of the ladies in the neighbourhood, but still remained the same dirty, miserable, whining woman. Lord Grayling allowed Steevey, in consideration of his service to his son, a small sum weekly sufficient to support him, and the mother went out chaing, and took any odd job she could get. Margaret Ashley was among the most frequent visitors to the cottage. Steevey had a comforter and muffets worked by her against the cold weather, an armchair, a Bible, all gifts brought him at different times by Margaret Ashley. But notwithstanding all the attentions shown him, Steevey remained much the same dogged curst little boy as before Bernard first became acquainted with him.

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**MY BOYHOOD.**

Ah me! those joyous days are gone
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours;
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.

When fays were wont to guard my sleep,
And Cressoe still could make me weep,
And Santaclaus rejoice.

When Heaven was pictured to my thought
(In spite of all my mother taught
Of happiness serene),
A theatre of boyish plays—
One glorious round of holidays,
Without a school between.

Ah me! those joyous days are gone!
I little dreamt, till they were flown,
How fleeting were the hours,
For, lest he break the pleasing spell,
Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers.

Ah! well I mind me of the days,
Still bright in memory’s flattering rays,
When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true.

While yet of sin I scarcely dreamt,
And everything was what it seemed,
And all too bright for choice;

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Still bright in memory’s flattering rays,
When all was fair and new;
When knaves were only found in books,
And friends were known by friendly looks,
And love was always true.

While yet of sin I scarcely dreamt,
And everything was what it seemed,
And all too bright for choice;
THE MIRAGE.

Amongst the striking peculiarities of high summer, is that phenomenon called a mirage, or reflection, as in a mirror. This is a very curious optical delusion, by which—instead of a simple perception—approximated, multiplied, and generally vertical images of an object are exhibited to the eye.

As the heat of the day increases, the land wind, which, during the night, is steady near the shore, when the weather is serene and settled, subsides to a calm; the surface of the water in the offing becomes as smooth as glass, and the vessels "loom out," as if they were lifted into the air; masts and sails that were not before visible come in sight, without approaching any nearer in the distance; and some of the air-suspended vessels throw their whole inverted reflections upon the water, as if two ships, the counterparts of each other, were suspended keel to keel, or supported on the top of the masts. Sometimes, also, a ship which is in reality wholly hidden by the convexity of the sea, will appear in the air, in an inverted position; sometimes a second ship will be formed immediately over the first, but always reversed with respect to it; and these will sometimes be in contact, sometimes at some distance from each other, and sometimes the lower ship that has the keel uppermost will seem as if only a part of her masts and sails were above the horizon. In particular states of the atmosphere, coasts and castles, and even considerable portions of scenery, which are without the range of the sea horizon, will appear inverted in the air; and, under peculiar circumstances, those images may be found vertically as well as horizontally.

A striking instance was observed by Captain Scoresby, January 28, 1820, in the Greenland seas. The sun had shone during the day without the intervention of a cloud, and his rays had been unusually ardent. About six o'clock, P.M., a light breeze sprung up, and most of the ships navigating at the distance of ten or fifteen miles, amounting to about eighteen or nineteen sail, appeared then to undergo a change of magnitude and form; and, when examined from the mast-head with a telescope, exhibited some very extraordinary appearances, differing in almost every point of the compass. One ship had an inverted image above it; another had two distinct images in the air; a third was distorted by elongation—the masts being nearly of twice the proper height; and others underwent contraction. All the images of the ships were accompanied by a reflection of the ice, in some places in two strata.

We have already stated, that though the images of the mirage are commonly vertical, there are instances in which they are horizontal or lateral,—that is, one or more images are represented on the same plane with the object. This form of the phenomenon has been observed on the Lake of Geneva by M. Provost, and, on the 17th December, 1818, by MM. Jurine and Soret, whose account may be quoted as the more distinct of the two. A bark, near Bellerothe, was seen approaching Geneva by the left bank of the lake, and, at the same time, an image of the sails was seen above the water, which, instead of following the direction of the bark, separated from it, and appeared to approach Geneva by the right bank of the lake; the image moving from east to west, while the bark moved from north to south. When the image separated from the object, it was of the same dimensions as the bark, but it diminished as it receded, so that when the phenomenon ceased it was reduced one-half.

The Siraub, or "Water of the desert," is another curious form in which the mirage is presented to the eye in eastern countries. In those countries there are few travellers who do not suffer from the want of water, while traversing the desert plains of Egypt, Syria, and Persia; and it is in these districts, where the traveller is exposed to the most intense agonies of thirst, that his wants are mocked by the illusion of the mirage. When the ground resembles hot ashes, and the atmosphere is felt as the vapour of a furnace; when no river or spring has been seen for many days, and the water in the skins is exhausted, and the Arabs talk of killing the camels for the sake of the water contained in their stomachs; it is easy to imagine the delight with which the traveller perceives before him one or more lakes, reflecting on their clear surface the trees, the hills, and other surrounding objects, by which the uniformity of such a plain may be broken. He puts his beasts to speed, but soon finds, to his great astonishment, that he cannot reach the water for which he longs with as great a longing as that with which "the hart panteth for the water-brooks." The shore of the lake recedes as he approaches; as he proceeds, it disappears, and is frequently formed anew at a distance beyond him. If he be an intelligent person, he may, at length, identify the appearance with what he has heard of the siraub; but the most attentive consideration will not enable him to detect, in the exhibition, any circumstances different from those which would be presented by real water.

Local circumstances sometimes contribute to give more striking effect to the illusion. In Lower Egypt, for instance, the villages, in order to avoid the effects of the inundation of the Nile, are built on small eminences, scattered through a plain of vast extent. Towards the middle of the day, when the ground was heated, each village would often appear as if surrounded, to the distance of a league, by a lake, in which, underneath the village, a distinct reversed image of it was represented. This illusion is altogether so perfect and strong,
THE DEFORMED CHILD.

that travellers, even after repeated experience, have taken the sirahub for real water, unless when, from local knowledge, or the circumstances of the place, they know its existence to be impossible or unlikely.

In other circumstances, the images are exhibited without the concomitant illusion of water. Of this a very curious example was observed by Dr. Vince, at Ramsgate, some years ago. Between that place and Dover there is a hill, over which the tops of the four turrets of Dover Castle are usually visible to a person at Ramsgate. But, on this occasion, Dr. Vince not only saw the turrets, but the whole of the castle, which appeared as if it had been removed and planted on the side of the hill next to Ramsgate, and rising as much above the hill on that side as it actually did on the other; and this image of the castle was so strong and well defined, that the hill itself did not appear through it. It should be observed that there is almost six miles of sea between Ramsgate and the land from which the hill rises, and about an equal distance from thence to its summit; and that the height of the eye above the sea in this observation was about seventy feet.

All these, though to the eye of the unreflecting they appear prodigies, are modifications of that very simple cause by which the moon shines, or one sees one's face in a mirror; and they are indications that the air where they take place is very much loaded by vapour, so much so, that though not so collected into masses as to be visible in a state of haze or fog, it is probably as abundant in quantity within an equal space, and thus forms an invisible mirror, from which the images are reflected. The same thing in principle happens every morning and evening: the refraction of the atmosphere (and refraction is but a minor kind of reflection) brings the sun before it actually comes to the horizon, retains it after it is actually below, and occasions the twilight which both precedes and follows the actual presence of the sun. Those refractive powers are always the greater the more completely the atmosphere is loaded with moisture, and the more free that it is from agitation by the winds, the action of which prevents the formation of the image, in the same manner that a lake does not repeat the scenery on its banks when the breeze ruffles its surface, or that one cannot see the reflection of one's face in a piece of black broad-cloth or velvet, in the same way as in a smoothly-varnished panel, or a piece of polished marble.

The formation of these curious images does not take place when the process of evaporation is the most rapid, because the ascent of the particles of water in a state of vapour at such times prevents the formation of the image, by producing a certain tremulous motion in the air, which has much the same effect as wind. Evaporation always occasions an indistinctness even in direct vision; and on those fine summer days, when there is a flickering play along the tops of the different elevations, as if there were a spirit walking the earth, of which the motion could be seen, but not the form, the outlines of objects are much worse defined, and small and distant ones are much less distinctly seen, than when the air ceases to take up moisture. Thus vision becomes a sort of weather-glass; and if, in the course of fine summer weather, distant objects and the distant horizon, become more than usually distinct, if that does not obviously depend upon some local cause, it is one of the most unnerving signs of rain.

THE DEFORMED CHILD.

An angel imprisoned in an infant frame
Of mortal sickness and deformity,
Looks patiently from out that languid eye,
Matured, and seeming large with pain. The name
Of "happy childhood" mocks his movements tame,
So propped with piteous crutch; or forced to lie
Rather than sit, in its frail chair, and try
To taste the pleasure of the unshared game.
He does; and faintly claps his withered hands
To see how brother Willie caught the ball;
Kind brother Willie, strong yet gentle all:
'Twas he that placed him, where his chair now stands,
In that warm corner 'gainst the sunny wall,—
God, in that brother, gave him more than lands.

VINCENT LEIGH HUNT.
POLITICAL RIOTS.

UNACCUSTOMED as we are to emenues, popular insurrections, riots, and the like, the breaking down of Hyde Park palings, the defiance offered to the Captain General of Scotland Yard, is a matter that takes us by surprise. Our reformers are in the habit of confining themselves within perfectly peaceable limits. On the other side of the channel, a week of barricading is what might happen any day, but it is out of our line. We thunder in newspapers, hold large meetings, petition, protest, and carry our measures; but it is only on rare occasions that we make a stand and oppose bludgeons to bayonets. The affair at Hyde Park is indeed quite an exceptional thing—now-a-days—but in times past we made it were a pastime of a little “scrimmage” with the constitutional authorities, and broached some casks, and lighted up some bonfires in honour of a popular cause. But rioting, be it remarked, never advanced a popular cause. The great triumphs achieved on the side of liberty have been won by constitutional means. When the English people have risen in their strength, it has been in support, not in defiance of the constitution. To maintain our constitution, we condemned one king to the block and dismissed another into exile. These are the exceptional instances in which loyal Englishmen have discovered that the king can do wrong.

But with these great national movements rioting has nothing in common. Still it must be acknowledged that rioting is usually the result of the foolish or wicked intermeddling with the people on the part of those in authority. Either by a positively obnoxious impost, in which the people are oppressed, or a negatively flagrant rule, in which the people are totally disregarded, a government prepares the people for insurrections, and demagogues are generally ready to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a little adventitious popularity.

In old time the demagogue ran a much greater personal risk than he does now.

When Wat Tyler marshalled his men in Smithfield, and made the place echo with the song:—

When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

his life went for it. Lord Mayor Walworth made an end of him without trial by jury.

When Jack Cade—otherwise Sir John Mortimer—rode through our city streets, and proclaimed himself the Lord of London, he was a marked man, and perished in single combat rather than be taken alive for execution. When Ker the tanner propounded his advanced doctrines to “sixteen thousand unthrifts,” beneath the boughs of the oak of reformation, he found his reward in hempen collar on Norwich Castle.

In later times all the popular leader has had to fear is a little retirement in gaol, the bitterness of the incarceration considerably relieved by an indignant outburst throughout its continuance, and a joyful ovation on coming out.

In noticing some of these popular outbursts we may notice in the first place the Sacheverel riot in the time of Queen Anne.

Dr. Henry Sacheverel was the Rector of St. Saviour’s, Southwark, a man of no ability either as writer or preacher. But he watched the signs of the times, saw an opportunity for extolling the High Church party, and of exciting indignation against Dissenters—deeper than against the liberal government and the very throne of the Queen. So he preached two vapid sermons, as stupid as they were rabid, one at the assizes at Derby, before the judges and the sheriffs, and the other at St. Paul’s, before the mayor and corporation. High Church clergy, High Church zealots of all conditions, responded to the notes of his drum ecclesiastic. An immense circulation was got up for his printed sermon. “Nothing sold like them,” says Dr. Johnson, “but ‘The Whole Duty of Man.’”

The attack in the sermon was so direct upon the Church party, that Sacheverel got
himself impeached by Parliament, and after some delay was brought to trial. The trials took place in Westminster Hall, and the doctor in his chair was accompanied by dense crowds, all eager to kiss his hands, from the Temple to Westminster. Sweeps, link-boys, butchers, and all the ruffianism of town, collected round the hall and soon began to shout, "Down with the Dissenters! High Church for ever!"

On the evening of the 28th of February the mob put their cries into practice by making an attack on the Independent chapel, New Court, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. They tore down pulpit, pews, and fittings, carried them into Lincoln's Inn Fields, where they made a bonfire of them, shouting "High Church and Sacheverel!" Thence they proceeded to the chapel in Long Acre; to Mr. Bradbury's, in New Street, Shoe Lane; to Mr. Taylor's, in Leather Lane; Mr. Wright's, in Blackfriars; Mr. Hamilton's in Clerkenwell, serving them all in the same way. In Clerkenwell they made a slight mistake, completely gutting and half destroying the Episcopal chapel of St. John. They concluded it was not High Church because it had not a steeple!

So long as the rioters contented themselves with molesting the Dissenters they were not interfered with; but when it was known at St. James's that they had destroyed an Episcopal chapel, and were also howling like wolves for the blood of a Low Church bishop—Dr. Burnet—when, moreover, it was reported that the mob intended to burn down and rife the Bank of England in honour of High Church and Sacheverel—the horse and foot were sent out to disperse them; but Captain Horsey, officer in command, was recommended to use discretion:—"If it please you," quoth the man of war, "am I to preach to the mob or fight them? If you want preaching, send some one else who may be a better hand at holding forth than I am; if you want fighting, that's my trade, and I'll do my best." Captain Horsey put an end to the riot without bloodshed; the people fled at the sight of the soldiers; had they appeared a little sooner all the Dissenting chapels might have been saved.

As to Sacheverel, about whom the mob still clustered, after a three weeks' trial he was declared guilty, but the sentence was absurdly light, considering that the ears of Daniel Defoe were sliced off for a much less matter. He was suspended from preaching for two years, and his sermons were ordered to be burnt. The verdict indeed was equal to an acquittal, and the High Church party rejoiced in illuminations, fireworks, and beer.

The Duchess of Marlborough has left as one of her strangely marked sketches of the man who for three weeks kept London in a tumult:—"It must be owned that a person more fitted for a tool could not have been picked out of the whole nation, for he had not learning enough to write or speak true English, as all his compositions witness, but a heap of bombast, ill-connected words at command, which do excellently well with such as he was to move. He had so little sense as even to design and effect that popularity, which now became his portion, and which a wise and good man knows not how to bear with. He had a haughty insolent air, which his friends found occasion after to explain of; but it made his presence more graceful in public. His person was framed well for the purpose, and he dressed well. A good assurance, clean gloves, white handkerchief well managed, with other suitable accomplishments, moved the hearts of many at his appearance; and the solemnity of the trial added much to a pity and concern which had nothing in reason or justice to support them. The weaker part of the ladies were more like mad or bewitched than like persons in their senses. A speech, exquisitely contrived to move pity, was put into his mouth, full of an impious piety, denying the greater part of the charge, which the man had been known to boast of before, with solemn appeals to God, and such application of Scripture as would make any serious person tremble."

In the year 1786 happened the famous Porteous riots, to which Sir Walter Scott has given such inimitable interest in "The Heart of Midlothian." Wilson, a smuggler, had helped a young comrade of his to escape, and the people, applauding his generosity, thought his life should have been spared. Queen Caroline, wife of George II., acting as Regent in the absence of her lord, thought otherwise,
and so the poor fellow was hanged. A strong military force was ordered out on the occasion, a rescue being apprehended. There were hisses and groans, but no attempt to interfere, when Captain Porteous, the officer in command, fired on the people. The indignation at this rash and fatal act was unbounded. He was thrown into prison, tried for murder, and condemned to death. But the Queen, on hearing of the circumstances, sent a respite for six weeks. The people concluded that the respite was but the prelude to a full pardon, and on the evening of the day which terminated the respite, they swarmed like bees from all the streets and wynds, secured the West Port, barred and barricaded the Canongate and Netherbow, and with guns, halberts, and lochaber axes, broke into the Tolbooth, seized their prisoner, carried him to the grain market—where he had fired on the people—and there hung him to a dyer’s pole. For a rope they broke open a dealer’s booth, and taking a coil left a guinea in payment. They waited for the last struggle of their victim, then those who had arms threw them away and dispersed quietly to their homes. The Queen exhibited great indignation on hearing the news, and declared angrily to Argyle that sooner than submit to such things she would make Scotland a hunting-field; on which Argyle replied with a profound bow and meaningful look, “Then I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own county to get my dogs ready.”

The “Wilkes and Liberty” riots created very serious disturbance at the beginning of the reign of George III. Sooth to say, the people had cause enough for complaint in those days; political economy was less understood than it is now, either in Parliament or out of it; and the people were far more ready then than they are now to follow any demagogue, however empty-headed he might be, who promised them more considerations and less taxation. My Lord Bute was at the head of affairs, rapidly losing our American colonies, exasperating everybody by his public life and private life, and getting himself ridiculed as an old boot, while a certain flame of his was represented by a petticoat. John Wilkes, son of a distiller in Clerkenwell, who had shown his learning by translating parts of Anacreon and publishing editions of Theophrastus and Catullus, became the champion of political liberty, and commenced his labours by a series of burlesque libels on the King’s ministers. He ridiculed Bute as a Scotchman, and all Scotchmen because they were Bute’s countrymen. He next issued a paper called the North Briton, in opposition to a ministerial paper called the Briton, and there, if he were not particularly argumentative, he was excessively abusive. It is not probable now-a-days that any notice would be taken of what Wilkes wrote, but in his day it was different. The Government could not tolerate free speech; and such men as Lord Bute—men of licentious lives, for ever puzzling over tavern bills and shirking the payment of their lawful debts, were peculiarly open to remark. Wilkes did not spare them. Bute had clapped a tax on cider, which had given great offence both to growers and consumers, and he was being burned in effigy in different parts of the kingdom. So bitter indeed was the animosity he had excited, that he was compelled to resign; but although Granville succeeded him, it was more than suspected that Bute still ruled the cabinet. The King’s speech, delivered on the 19th of April, 1765, was indignantly denounced by Wilkes. This denunciation, which appeared in No. 45 of the North Briton, produced a tremendous effect in the country. It was declared by Wilkes to be an attack on the ministry who had written the King’s speech, and not upon the King himself; but the Commons seemed to have lost common sense, and the House of Lords to have merited the title bestowed on it by Chesterfield, namely, the hospital for incurables. Under a general warrant of a very doubtful legality, Wilkes was arrested, but was discharged by the Court of Common Pleas. The people, not only in London, but all over the country, celebrated his exit from the Tower with the liveliest rejoicings. They paraded the streets with the Jack Bute and petticoat, and added two effigies, one of Bute, in a kilt, and the other of the King, Bute being represented as leading his Majesty by the nose.

Enraged by the triumph of Wilkes, the Government, instead of prudently doing
nothing to him, charged him before parliament with being the writer of a filthy work called an Essay on Women. This work had never been published; it had been printed in Wilkes’ own house, and a few copies only struck off for private circulation. All sorts of insults were heaped personally on Wilkes, and he was forced into a duel with a Mr. Samuel Martin, who called him “a malignant, infamous scoundrel.” In the duel Wilkes was seriously wounded, and popular exasperation was thereby greatly increased, as it openly said the Government were bent on taking his life. After long and wearisome debates, No. 45 of the North Briton was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in Cheapside. Great crowds assembled, shouting “Wilkes and liberty for ever!” the civic officers were hissed, hooted, and pelted with mud, the obnoxious number of the journal was torn from the hands of the hangman and carried in triumph through the city.

In the meantime Wilkes went to Paris, where he was lionised, and in answer to the summons to the bar of the House of Commons, appeared only in the person of his two physicians, who declared he was too ill to be present. He did not return until the administration was under the charge of Lord Chatham; then he came back to solicit favours, though there was a sentence of outlawry against him. He was privately presented with a few hundred pounds, and got back to Paris, but the money was soon gone; he longed for popularity, the Paris furor about him soon died out. So he came back again when the country was torn asunder and half ruined by faction, again to be the leader of the people’s cause. When he entered London his chair was only followed by about a dozen women and children. Yet no sooner did he appear boldly in the streets, with the sentence of outlawry still in full force, and declaring himself a candidate for the representation of the City than he was received with overwhelming applause. He was not returned for the City, though he polled 1,247 votes; but nothing daunted, he offered himself to Middlesex, and was returned at the very head of the poll. His zealous supporters not only paraded the streets to celebrate the triumph, but compelled people to illuminate, smashing the windows of those who would not; they scribbled “No. 45” on the panels of all the carriages they met, obliging the occupants to shout “Wilkes and Liberty.”

Wilkes was arrested and refused bail. As he was being conveyed to the King’s Bench, in a hackney coach, the people took out the horses, harnessed themselves to the vehicle, and dragged him in triumph through the City. They took him to a tavern in Cornhill, threatening vengeance on the Government and threw all London into an uproar. Wilkes, advised by his more prudent friends, secretly left the tavern and surrendered himself at the King’s Bench. Next morning, when the mob learned that he was in prison, they assembled in great force before the gaol, began to tear down the railings, and kindled a bonfire before the gates. A body of horse-guards succeeded in dispersing the crowd for the time, not without much abuse and pelting; but the riot was not ended. For several days vast crowds assembled in St. George’s Fields, and on the 10th of May, 1768, the day on which Parliament assembled, the multitude appeared before the gates of the prison, supposing that Wilkes must of necessity be liberated to take his place in Parliament; but the day passed on and the gates remained closed. An attack was made on the gaol. The uproar became so violent that the soldiers were called out. The mob attacked the soldiers—a detachment of the third foot guards—and pelted the magistrates as they read the Riot Act. The tumult became furious. Wilkes hated the Scotch; here was a Scotch regiment called out to overawe Wilkes’ partizans! For a time the soldiers kept quiet, and then they lost control. A highlander named Donald McLean, irritated by the jibes at his nation and by the peltings of the mob, broke from the ranks, and with two other Celts pursued a young man in a red waistcoat, who had rendered himself very conspicuous. The man escaped into a cow-shed, and the soldiers following, found a young man in a red waistcoat whom they brutally murdered. It turned out that the young man was not the one they had followed, and nothing whatever to do with the disturbance.

The death of the young man was the beginning of a shameful slaughter. Six men
were shot down, and fifteen persons wounded, including two women. The excitement of the people against the soldiery and magistrates was intense, and the event was known as the massacre of St. George's. A verdict of wilful murder was brought in at the coroner's inquest, against Donald McLean, and against his commander Ensign Murray, as an accessory. Gilham, the magistrate who ordered the soldiers to fire, was also indicted on the capital charge. On trial, however, they were all acquitted, and thanked in the King's name for the "valuable service" they had rendered in shooting his Majesty's subjects for the preservation of his Majesty's peace.

The massacre of St. George's may be said to have ended the Wilkes' riots, but rioting was the order of the day.

The sailors, the day preceding the Wilkes' riot, had marched to Westminster to ask for higher wages. The merchant seamen joined them, and ships ready to sail were detained in the river. The coal-heavers thus prevented unloading, took the field against the sailors, and there was a fight at Stepney, in which the "barges" got the best of it, and several sailors were killed. The coal-heavers paraded London with flags and music, offering in the most liberal spirit, what it is probable they would not have been able to raise amongst them, namely, five pounds for a sailor's head. The tailors next turned out, and then the glass-grinders, and the Lord Mayor was obliged to have soldiers to defend him in the Mansion House.

It is unnecessary here further to follow the fortunes of Mr. Wilkes, and we may turn to another great disturber of the public peace—Lord George Gordon.

There had been great excitement in Scotland when, in 1778, an act was passed repealing some of the severest disabilities against the Catholics. It was declared that Protestantism was in danger, and that Popery was going to be again restored. The intolerant masses rose against the Catholics in Edinburgh, and assembled, January, 1779, around what they called the Pillar of Popery, a chapel and priest's house recently erected. These they utterly destroyed, proceeding to further acts of violence against the Catholics, and only being reduced to subjection by the dragoons.

In London the infection of intolerance spread with terrible rapidity, and here it raged like the plague. Protestant associations were springing up everywhere, linked together by corresponding committees. They elected as their president and parliamentary head Lord George Gordon, a young man of about nine-and-twenty, brother to the Duke of Gordon, and whose eccentricities had brought him a little notoriety in the House. In the most extravagant language the man would address the people on the evils of Popery, the certainty that the King himself was a Papist in heart, that Catholicism would again be re-established and the fires of Smithfield again kindled. His words fell like sparks on powder and set the whole country in a blaze. A petition was to be presented on the 2nd of June, 1780, to repeal the laws of the last session of Parliament in favour of the Roman Catholics. Agreeable to prior arrangement many thousands of persons assembled on the day named in St. George's Fields. Every one wore a blue cockade in his hat, to distinguish him from the enemies of the cause. Lord George declared that unless they numbered twenty thousand strong he would not present the petition. It is said that sixty thousand assembled. They were duly marshalled, and marched by different routes to Westminster, the main body passing by the Borough to London Bridge and so through the City. This body was preceded by a tall strong man—a Protestant Herculean, carrying the petition in his hand, a petition which was said to bear 120,000 marks or names.

When the crowds arrived and settled down before the Parliament Houses they assailed with fearful yells and execrations all the members who were supposed to be obnoxious to their cause. They broke the windows of Lord Mansfield's carriage, and treated him very roughly. They tore off the lawn sleeves of the Archbishop of York, and flung them in his face. The Bishop of Lincoln fared no better. The Secretaries of State were grossly insulted and roughly used, Lord Bathurst was shamefully ill-treated, and a gentleman clothed in black who accompanied the Duke of Northumberland was declared to be a Jesuit, knocked down, and robbed of his watch and purse.
POPULAR RIOTS.

No business could be transacted. There were but six constables to overawe a multitude that was bent on plunder and violence. The cries of "Repeal the bill," "No Popery," "Gordon for ever," were deafening, and Lord George himself, more like a maniac than a sane man, continued to exasperate the people by appearing before them from time to time, and repeating phrases that had been used in the House. "Lord North calls you a mob!" This he repeated several times. After long delay, Lord North privately despatched a messenger for a party of the guards. A body of the horse-guards arrived about nine o'clock, and Mr. Addington, a Middlesex magistrate, induced the people quietly to disperse. Considering that all was now safe, the House adjourned, and the troops were withdrawn.

That night the riots began. With cries of "No Popery," the mob reassembled and proceeded to the Bavarian Chapel, in Warwick Lane, Golden Square, and the Sardinian Chapel, in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, completely gutted and destroyed them both.

The next day all was quiet till the evening, when the rabble reappeared, and much damage was done to the houses and chapels of the Catholics. The troops were turned out, but they had orders not to fire, and so Moorfields Chapel was attacked and destroyed while the military were looking on.

The riotous proceedings were continued there on the Monday, and came to still further excesses on the Tuesday, when the rioters beset the House of Commons, insulting and attacking the members, chalking "No Popery" on their carriages, and finally pulling down Lord Hyde's house. An attempt was made to destroy the mansion of Lord North, but this was saved by the opportune arrival of the military. The rioters next attacked the prison, where some of their comrades who had been arrested were shut up; the prisoners were liberated, and nothing was left in the morning but blackened walls. The houses of Sir John Fielding and Mr. Cox, both magistrates, were served in the same way. The Mansfield mansion, with a library the value of which can scarcely be estimated, was burnt to the ground.

The next morning the consternation was universal. The Government seemed paralysed. The soldiers were of little or no use, and the town was given up to anarchy. People barricaded their houses, hung out blue flags, and chacked "No Popery" on their doors. A Jew in Houndsditch is said to have written "This house is Protestant" on his door, and Grimaldi the elder put "No religion at all" on his. The mob proceeded to Newgate, released the prisoners, destroyed Mr. Ackerman's (the keeper's) furniture, and set fire to the whole. On Wednesday they destroyed the King's Bench prison, and several private houses. The Fleet Prison and New Bridewell shared the same fate. Thirty-six fires were seen blazing this night at one time. They attempted the Bank, but the military inflicted a severe chastisement upon them. The military came in from the country, and soon after restored peace, but not before 210 persons were killed, and 248 wounded; of whom 75 died in the hospitals; but a much greater number perished by intoxication, especially in the houses of Mr. Langdale, the distiller. The Privy Council, after due deliberation, committed Lord George Gordon to the Tower. He was afterwards tried on a charge of high treason, and acquitted, his crime appearing to the jury not to answer that description. A great number of the apprehended rioters were tried by special commission, and underwent the full rigour of the law. The like attempts were made to riot at Hull, Bristol, and Bath; but the care of the magistrates prevented their coming to a head. Government was eventually a great gainer by these tumults, for it so strongly impressed the minds of the public with the danger arising from popular assemblies for political purposes, that the county associations for promoting reform fell into discredit, and were deserted by many persons who had at first encouraged them. In the general election which ensued, many of the popular members were thrown out.

In the next number we shall renew our notice of popular riots nearer our own time.
THE ODD BOY ON A SQUIBOB PAPER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—With your head—I mean my head—in flannel, your teeth—I mean my teeth—in torment, one favourite grind in awful agony, how can you—I mean how can I—write a letter? It ain't possible, and yet the copy's due! What's good for the toothache? Ginger, pepper plaster, kreosote (so nice), fill the mouth with cold water and sit on the fire till it boils. Now this is a matter which requires consideration, and you want copy.

I'll give you some real copy, my boys—I'll give you one of Squibob's letters. Don't know him! Get out—more shame for you. He is known at the farthest extremity of the American prairies, his praise is sung on the summit of the Alleghanies; the 'possums laugh themselves into fits whenever they quiz his pin; his fame and glory have traversed the vast Atlantic without the aid of the cable. Huzzah for Squibob—three cheers and a tiger!

Well, here's a letter of Squibob—I am not going to steal it—borrowing ain't stealing—I guess there is a fine moral distinction between the two. Here it is—Squibob may have it again when we've done with it. I can't say fairer.

Here you notice my revered friend is treating of dentistry, therefore an elegant extract is appropriate. Come on, Mr. S., your nag shall be seen to in the kitchen, while you mount Pegasus in the parlour.

Yours very truly,
THE ODD BOY.

THE MASSACHUSETTS DENTAL ASSOCIATION.

Nahant House.

While deeply interested in the discussion of the luxurious repast provided for the happy guests of this mansion, yesterday afternoon, my attention was diverted by the sound of music of a wild and sardonic description, resounding from the exterior of the building. The melody appeared to be that portion of the "Battle of Prague" which represents the "cries of the wounded," accompanied by an unlimited amount of exertion on the part of the operator on the brass drum. Hastily rushing to the window, bearing elevated on my fork the large potato from which I had partly removed the cuticle (Stevens gives us enormous potatoes, it takes twenty minutes to skin one properly), I beheld a procession, numbering some three or four hundred, all in their Sunday clothes, every man with a cigar in his mouth, slowly and solemnly moving past the hotel. They bore a banner at their head, on which was depicted an enormous cork-screw, or some instrument of that description, with the motto, "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Judge of my astonishment and delight in recognizing in the bearer of this banner, my old friend, the philanthropic tuckmaker, of widespread dental renown. As the procession reached the front of the hotel, each man threw away his cigar, and having replaced it by a large quid of tobacco, defiled on the esplanade beneath the piazza in a tolerably straight line, and then gazed intently at the windows, opened his mouth, from one auricular orifice to the other, and showed his teeth. Never have I seen so glittering a display. Filled with curiosity, I was about to ask an explanation, when my friend Doolittle from Androscooggin, who had rushed to the window at the same time with myself, saved me from the trouble, by demanding with an incoherent and exceedingly nasal pronunciation, "Why, what on earth is this ere?" "This," replied the courteous Hiram, whose snarly manner is only equalled by the beauty of his person, "this, sir, is the American Dental Association, composed of members from all parts of both continents, and the British West India Islands."

"Jerusalem," said Doolittle, "three hundred tenth carpenters!"

It was indeed a thrilling spectacle. To think of the amount of agony that body of men had produced, and were capable of yet producing! to think of the blood they had shed, and of their daring and impetuous charges, after the gory action was over! The immortal charge of the six hundred at
Balaclava was not a circumstance to the
charges made daily by this three hundred.
As Hiram had truly said, these were dentists
from all parts of the civilised world and else-
where. There was the elegant city practi-
tioner, with shiny hat and straw-coloured
gloves, side by side with the gentleman from
the country, who hauls a man all over the
floor for two hours for a quarter of a dollar,
and gives him the worth of his money. I
observed that forty-seven of them wore white
hats, and two hundred and sixty-eight used
tobacco in some form. There can be no
question that this substance is a preservative
to the teeth. I observed, in the rear rank,
the ingenious gentleman who invented the
sudden though painful method of extracting
a tooth by climbing a tree, and connecting by
catgut string the offending member with a
stout limb, and then jumping down; a highly
successful mode of operation, but not calcu-
lated to become popular in the community.
He wore buckskin mocassins, and did not
appear to be enjoying a successful practice.

But while I gazed with deep interest upon
the assembly, the band struck up “Tom Tug;”
and away they went. Three times they en-
circled the hotel, then “with their wings
aslan,” like the fierce cormorant, swooped
down upon the bar, registered their names,
and took a grand united Federal drink, each
man paying for himself. Here toasts and
sentiments were the order of the day. “The
American Dental Association, like watermen
we pull one way and look another.” “A three
dollar cavity, very filling at the price.” “The
woodcocks, emblem of dentistry—he picks up
his living from the holes and passes in a pre-
cious long bill.” The memory of Dr. Beale,
drank standing. These, with other sentiments
of a similarly meritorious character, were given,
and received with great applause.

Having all drunk from the flowing bowl,
the association again formed in line in front
of the piazzas, which were now crowded with
a curious and admirers throng, and sang with
surprising harmony the following beautiful,
plaintive, and appropriate chant:

“Great lumps of suet, they stuck intew it,
Intew it, intew it, intew it, intew it,
Great lumps of suet, they stuck intew it,
As big as my two thumbs.”

This chant finished, and the applause sub-
siding, an air of gravity came over the
association, and the president, Dr. Tushmaker,
stepping forward, announced that a few
pleasing and wonderful performances would
now be gone through with, with the object of
exhibiting the dexterity acquired by the
members of the society. Then turning to
the line he gave the command, “Draw!”
In an instant every one of the association
was armed with a brilliant turn-screw. “Fix!”
shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and each member
opened his mouth and attached the fearful
instrument to a back tooth. “Haul!”
screamed the doctor. “Hold, for heaven’s
sake,” shouted I, but it was too late; three
hundred double-fanged back teeth, dripping
with blood, were held exultant in the air.
The association looked cool and collected;
there might have been pain, but, like the
Spartan boy, they repressed it; the ladies
with a wild cry of horror fled from the piazza.
“Replace!” shouted Dr. Tushmaker, and in
an instant every tooth returned to the mouth
whence it came. I understood it at once; it
was ball practice with blank cartridge—they
were all false teeth. Several other interesting
exercises were gone through with. A hack-
man passing by on his carriage was placed
under the influence of chloroform, all his
teeth extracted without pain, and an entire
new and elegant set put in their place, all in
forty-two seconds. His appearance was
wonderfully improved; he had been known,
for years, as “snagged-toothed Bill,” but a
new and more complimentary title will have
to be devised for him. At five o’clock the
procession was reformed, and the band played
“Pull, Brothers, pull,” the association moved
off, returning by the Nelly Baker to Boston.

I have never seen three hundred dentists
together before, and I don’t believe anybody
else ever did, but I consider it a pleasing and
improving spectacle, and would suggest that
the next time they meet they make an ex-
cursion which shall combine business with
pleasure, and all go down together and remove
the snags from the mouth of the Missuyri.
WILLIAM MANLEY;
OR,
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of “Paul Mascarenhas,” “Seven Years in the Slave Trade,” &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
SETTLING UP.

The Health Officer, the Officers of the Customs, and the police, all came on board about the same time; and the Captain was brought up from below somewhat surprised at finding the ship anchored off the city of Sydney.

A highly interesting scene then took place on the deck of the ship, and the police officer was some time before he could arrive at anything like a clear understanding of the difficulty for which he had been called.

The scene ended by Luke and I being taken away under the charge of mutiny. Luke was also charged with an attempt to murder the captain and first mate.

The ship's agent, a Sydney merchant, gave his bond that the captain should appear the next day to answer any charge I had to bring against him. The mate was taken ashore to an hospital, and the ship was left in charge of some officers of the port.

The next day I was brought before a court, where I listened to a long story from the captain, who attempted to show that he had been one of the most ill-treated men who ever lived to relate his misfortunes.

He stated that in the commencement of the voyage I had encouraged the crew in insubordination; and that at the time his arm was broken by the mutinous Luke, I never offered—as by duty bound—to assist him; but that, on the contrary, when he and the mate were confined to their cabins by the wound they had received by the mutineer Luke, in place of punishing the offender I had given him the command of a watch, and had shown him other favours as a reward for the crime he had committed.

The captain then proceeded to explain how he was forcibly deprived of the command of his vessel. He stated that on reproving the prisoner Luke for negligence in duty at the wheel, the man had deserted his post, and thus endangered the loss of the masts and consequently of the ship; and that in place of assisting my captain, as duty required, I assaulted him—called upon the crew to assist me, and, by their aid, placed him in confinement.

When called upon for my defence, I stated the truth, and told the court the captain's object in ill-treating his crew, and then explained the reason why I had placed him in confinement.

“Captain W— has forgotten to inform you,” said I, “that at the time the prisoner Luke deserted his post at the wheel, and thus endangered the loss of the ship and all on board, he (Luke) was driven from it by the violent behaviour of the captain who assaulted him. He has forgotten to tell you,” I continued, “that on that occasion when I seized him, and had him removed from the deck, he had a loaded pistol in his hand, and was preparing to use it—that he was seeking the revenge he had threatened to take on the prisoner Luke.”

I concluded my defence by calling the steward and two or three others as witnesses, from whom the magistrates learnt that my story was true, and that I had been on duty nearly all the time, night and day, during the time the captain was below.

One of the magistrates, in giving their decision in my case, said that I had evidently done what I thought for the best; and having laboured hard, bringing the ship and all on it safely to its destination, they must acquit me of the charge.

The day was passed in hearing the different causes arising from the difficulties with the captain during the voyage. The captain was ordered to pay three fines of two pounds each for assaults on different individuals of the crew, and to pay all the men who wished to
leave the money due to them, and one month's wages each besides, as some compensation for their not being allowed to peaceably fulfill the first engagement made with them.

Lake was sentenced to two months' imprisonment for breaking the captain's arm, and appeared well-pleased at escaping so easily.

The only one dissatisfied with the decision of the magistrates was the captain. His attempt at compelling the crew to run away from the vessel had resulted in his having to pay them more wages than they had earned, besides the six pounds fine and the costs of the court; but what, apparently, grieved him most, was that I had escaped all blame, and was even complimented by the court for the manner in which I had acted.

I was myself somewhat astonished at the impartial manner justice had been administered; for I was aware that in any litigation between a captain and his crew wherever the English language is spoken, poor Jack seldom meets with justice. This assertion will be emphatically denied by all those who know nothing of the subject.

Such will say, "Our laws are always fairly administered. We take much pride in our seamen, and will not see them wronged. Their rights are those of the whole nation."

This sounds very well; but sailors know that bad officers may beat, starve, torture, and bully them for months, and then be honourably acquitted before nine magistrates out of ten that ever sat on a bench. In fact, so well is this understood amongst them, that whenever one takes any proceedings against an officer, he is a person just returned from his first voyage, and has a landsman's belief that justice should be fairly administered to all.

I afterwards learnt the reason why some justice had been understood and administered by the bench of magistrates before whom our difficulties had been investigated.

The principal magistrate on the bench—an intelligent and self-made man—had once been a seaman. He had made a home in New South Wales, where energy, perseverance, and the determination of doing well, had enabled him to become a "highly respectable member of society," and he was now a stipendiary magistrate, and one who could form a correct idea of the wrongs that could be perpetrated on those who followed the calling he had pursued in his youth.

The day after the examination before the magistrates, I went to the office of the ship's agents to obtain my discharge and receive the money due to me for wages.

While my business in the office was being transacted, one of the agents expressed his regret that I was not going to finish the voyage in the ship. "I do not believe, young man," said the agent, "that the ship would have reached here at all but for you, and I am sorry you are going to leave it. Do you think that any dependence can be placed on the captain for good conduct during the voyage to London?"

"Yes," I replied. "He is a good and careful navigator, and with a European crew I believe he will have too much discretion or cowardice to attempt bullying them."

Hearing a light footstep on the door-mat behind me, I turned round, and stood face to face with Captain W——.

I merely bowed to him, bade the agent good-day, and left the room.

At the season of the year of which I write, the weather in Sydney was disagreeably warm, and every door in the house had been left open. The captain had probably heard the conclusion of my opinion respecting his future conduct on the ship; but this gave me no concern, for I had said nothing but what I was quite willing to repeat in his presence.

CHAPTER XL.

A FIGHT INTERRUPTED.

The city of Sydney had been much improved since my visit to it when a boy, or time had given me the understanding to form of it, or rather of its habitants, a more favourable opinion than what I possessed on leaving it a few years before.

Three or four days passed, in which I visited several places of public resort, and was much interested in all there was to be seen.

The Botanical Gardens contained some emus or Australian ostriches, and other things I had not before seen, and even with my
limited knowledge of what such gardens should be, I could understand that those of Sydney required but a little time to make them superior to those found in most climes, for the climate was favourable to the growth and sustenance of all for which such gardens are intended.

The number of drunken men and women in the city seemed rather to have increased since my last visit to it, but this, in the opinion of the publican, may have been a proof of progress of the inhabitants of the city towards wealth and civilization; and perhaps they are right. The narrative of my adventures does not include any discussion or opinion on the subject.

New South Wales was a place to which England and her colonies had for many years been transporting those who were thought too bad or too good for a longer residence in their native land; and many of the people I met had never purchased a passage-ticket for the voyage that had brought them to the colony. Some of them did not seem to be very bad men, notwithstanding they had left their native countries as involuntary exiles; and I was willing to believe from what I saw of them, that people who might be thought unworthy of a residence in one country, might become very good citizens of another.

One day, when trying to amuse myself by walking about the streets of Sydney, I was accosted by Captain W——. "I am a coward, am I?" he exclaimed in a tone, and with an expression, that showed he was anything but a man in strong possession of reason. "I would not dare say a word to a man with a white hide. So you think; but I'll learn you better. Take that! and that!"

As the captain uttered the last words, he commenced beating me with a light walking-stick or Malacca cane.

I did not think at the moment that he was a man inferior in muscular or physical power to myself, or that he had not yet recovered the full use of a broken arm.

I only knew that I was being beat in the streets like a dog or a donkey; and that was quite enough to arouse my anger higher than it had ever been before.

The captain was acting in a very illegal, ungentlemanly, and foolish manner; and after knocking him down, I proceeded to impress upon his mind my opinion of such conduct by kicking him on the head with the heels of my boots.

At this there was a cry of "Shame!" "Shame!" "Foul!" from several men who were running to the scene.

One man caught hold of me, and was rudely pulling me away from the prostrate body, when I turned around, and giving him a push that might be called a blow, I expressed some indignation at his interference.

"I never fight," said the man; "but I have a d——d good mind to do it now. That man on the ground is a respectable man—the captain of a ship; and if you was not so young I would punish you for the shameful manner you have used him."

"And if you was not so old," I replied, "I would teach you to mind your own business."

By this time a crowd of twenty or thirty men had gathered around us, and there were the cries of "Serve him out!" "Pitch into him, old 'un!" "Fight it out like Englishmen."

The crowd seemed determined to see a little amusement in the name of justice; and if some of my readers doubt that so strong a desire was exhibited by them to see a fight, they know nothing of the people of the Australian colonies.

More than ten years later than the time of which I am writing, two gentlemen—one a solicitor, and another a secretary to a school board—had a difficulty in the dress-circle of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, and came to blows.

When some one interrupted to separate them, there was a cry from several parts of the house to "let them fight it out like Englishmen."

The man who had very properly interfered to stop me from a further exhibition of my unmanly passion, was a fine-looking man, about forty-eight years of age.

He had expressed some unwillingness to have a combat with me on account of my youth; and I did not like to assault him for fear of showing more cowardice by attacking a man who had the appearance of having seen his best days.
The crowd thought each of us was showing the white feather by giving trivial excuses for not, as they would say, "pitching into each other." And to punish us for this, and afford themselves some amusement, they were anxious that we should come to blows.

"If one is too old and the other too young, they'll make a fine match," said one. "Go in, young man; go in and win," said one of the men, coming up to me. "I'll pick you up."

"I don't intend to go down," said I, now heartily ashamed of the position in which I was placed.

The man whom I was urged to fight with, at that moment was bending over the prostrate body of the captain, who was bleeding profusely from a cut given by the heel of one of my boots.

"Hang me if I don't serve that fellow out something!" exclaimed the man; and turning around, he struck me a heavy blow that fell upon one of my shoulders.

I had been, ever since my earliest recollection, trying to do what I thought was right; and had been very careful in refraining from giving offence to others. Yet, without the slightest provocation, I had, within the last five minutes, been beaten with a stick by one man, and then struck with a fist of another.

I was wild with rage; and a strong desire of inflicting death on the last assailant took possession of my soul.

I always carried a heavy sheath knife. The habit of wearing it had been formed when I was what may be called an ordinary seaman; and I continued carrying it, not that I ever intended the weapon should be used as one of offence, but merely through the force of habit, strengthened by the knowledge that I frequently found the knife useful for many purposes that arose in the ordinary pursuit of my daily business.

Under the influence of ungovernable passion, I seized the knife for the purpose of plunging it into the object of my rage.

One second more and I might have committed a murder. The knife was uplifted for a blow, and was about to descend, when the hand that grasped it was seized with a firm grip by a pair of strong hands, and I heard the words, "Avast, Bill! Avast."

In struggling to free my hand, I recognised the person who was grasping it as my old friend Tom Harris.

"Tom! Tom!" I exclaimed, still with passion; "let me go. That sound has struck me."

I was very strong and active for my year, and was just on the point of freeing myself and the knife from the grasp of the old sailor, when he nearly knocked me down by uttering two words.

Those words were, "Your father."

CHAPTER XLI.

MY FATHER.

The man who had struck me would undoubtedly have followed up his attack, but seeing me grasped by Tom Harris, he refrained from further hostilities.

When the sailor, turning towards him, said, "It is William, your son," the man seized upon me for a moment, then replied, "Follow me. Bring him with you."

He then forced his way through the crowd, followed by Tom and me, and as we walked down the street, I saw that the captain whom we had left on the ground was being led into the nearest public-house.

I was nearly incapable of thought while walking by the side of Tom, for my mind seemed to have lost all activity and strength. Every sense and mental faculty was stultified by the hope that my father was yet alive.

Tom had been acquainted with him, and would not deceive me.

Under the circumstances, I was acting in a very singular manner, and Tom and the man we were following were doing the same.

Could the man before me be my father? If so, why was I not wild with the joy of meeting him again? Why were my thoughts on the occasion so different from what I should have expected them to be? There could be but one cause for this. My brain was oppressed by the weight of thought resting upon it. Tom was talking to me, but I only heard a confused noise, and understood nothing he was saying.

About two hundred paces from the scene I have attempted to describe in the preceding chapter, following the man Tom had called
my father, we entered the parlour of a public-
house.

As we entered the room (which contained
no other occupants), the man turned to Tom,
and exclaimed, "Harris, what reasons have
you for thinking this is my son?"

"He is the young man as Mr. Thompson
told me was your son," replied Tom, "and
that is all as I knows about it, barrin my
belief from his looks, that if his mother was
not your wife, she ought to have been."

"What have you to say?" asked the man,
turning to me.

"Only that if you are John Manley, once
master of the ship —, destroyed by fire off
the coast of Africa more than ten years ago,
and that if you were once acquainted with a
family in London, named Graham —," I

"That is enough," he exclaimed, grasping
my hand, "You are my son."

At least a hundred questions were asked
without one being answered, and we have the
assurance of Tom Harris for the fact that for
more than half an hour after entering the
room we acted in a very strange manner for
intelligent men.

A few years had made a great change with
my father, and he looked twenty years older
than when I saw him last.

His appearance once commanded respect
from others, but now I could neither flatter
myself nor him with the belief that such was
the case. He was somewhat shabbily dressed,
in clothing of a material generally worn by
labouring men, and even Tom Harris, the
sailor, seemed the most gentlemanly of the
two; yet the latter was a rude, uneducated,
simple-hearted sailor, and my father had once
been a man of some education, very near in
his appearance, and with the deportment of a
gentleman.

What could have made this great change?
Some cruel misfortune, I was sure, for I was
unwilling to believe that he had not the
intellect and moral principles to place him
above the station in society he now seemed to
be occupying.

After we had sufficiently recovered from
the excitement caused by the discovery we
had made to be able to converse in an intelli-
gent manner, I learnt that Tom Harris had
met my father in the streets of Sydney about

a week before, that they had remained in each
other's society ever since, and had nearly all
the time been talking about me.

That day they were intending to join the
ship I had lately left, and were going to
London for the purpose of trying to learn
something about me.

My father had seen the captain the day
before, and after a long conversation with
him, had great hopes of being taken aboard
the vessel as second mate.

"I did not form a bad opinion of the man," he
to me, "and was somewhat enraged at the
way you were treating him. After
learning that you are my son, whom Harris
has been praising to me so highly, I am still
more surprised at your conduct. Why
should you try to murder the man?"

"It is all right, Mr. Manley," said Tom,
"I'll take my davy that the fellow deserved
all he got, for I know that Mr. William here
will do nothing as is wrong."

I explained that the captain had begun
beating me with a stick, and that my violence
was caused by rage and revenge.

"Thank God," I exclaimed, "those passions
can never lead me to another wrong! for the
lesson I have received this day will ever cause
me to remain inactive, if possible, when under
the influence of either. But for our friend
Tom I probably should have committed a
crime that would have given me life-long woe!

"Very likely," replied my father; "for a
man who cannot control his passion is a slave,
and is never safe. He is liable at any hour to
be deprived of liberty, happiness, and all we
love most dear. I have been taught that in
the only school in which it is said that fools
can learn."

"But, father," said I, "why have you never
returned to London? Why have you kept me
for years in the painful suspense of not know-
ing whether you were alive or dead?"

For some time my father was silent; and I
saw that the only explanation he could give
was one that gave no pleasure in contem-
plating.

I regretted having asked the question, for I
might have known that the mere loss of a ship
had not kept him away from home for years,
or reduced the father, of whom I was once so
proud, from an intelligent gentleman to the
humble and somewhat dissipated-looking person I saw before me.

"Yes, William," said my father, at last: "there is a cause for my strange conduct, and I must explain it; but not fully now, for my story is too long. Do not form a worse opinion of me from present appearances than I deserve. There is something yet left of life, and I will return to England and commence the world anew."

"Yes, Bill, it's all right now," said Tom; "and this is the happiest day of my life. Mr. Manley has found his son, and you have found your father. Hurrah for Old England! We'll all go there together; but not with the skipper you were serving out to-day; for, if you think so, of course, he's a bad un."

That evening my father and Tom went with me to the house where I was staying, and immediately after entering my room, I placed before my father the Bible I had purchased at auction on the Dublin Castle.

It was the only familiar thing he had seen for many years that seemed to awaken memories of the past, and connect his present existence with that once found in his native land.

The emotions that seemed agitating his soul on turning over the leaves to some entries that had been made with his own hand, showed me that, whatever might have been the cause of his long absence from home, and of his present downfallen appearance, his nature was not wholly changed—that there was something left of the kind spirit that had guided his actions in years long gone.

Tom would have left us for his own lodging-house, but this we would not permit.

He had been the means of making us known to each other. He had prevented me from committing a crime that would have made me for many years an involuntary resident of the colony while suffering from the consciousness of guilt. He was an old acquaintance of both, and neither of us would allow him to depart.

"No, Harris," said my father, "you have known me in better days, and justice to myself requires me to explain why you should find me here—a late convict—a man whose ankles and wrists are marked with the wear of irons. You must hear my story!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Tom: "that is a command I shall obey with pleasure."

CHAPTER XLII.

MY FATHER'S STORY.

After we had partaken of as good a dinner as the house could afford, pipes were introduced, and my father commenced his story.

"On the night the ship was burnt," he began, "and after the two boats separated, we had much trouble in keeping afloat. For several hours the seas ran so high that each wave threatened to take us under, and all except the man at the tiller were much of the time employed at bailing out the water that was constantly dashing in upon us.

"The next day, when the gale subsided, and the sea became calm, we were but little better pleased with our situation, for a long voyage was before us, and most of the little provision we had was damaged by water.

"We were nine days in that boat, and the hardships we suffered by thirst and hunger, I then thought, would be the last to be forgotten; but I was mistaken. My sufferings then were only physical, and not to be compared with the anguish I have since met. On the evening of the ninth day in the boat, we were picked up by a small coasting vessel bound from Port Natal to Cape Town.

"A few days after reaching the latter place, I had an opportunity of taking the command of a small schooner trading to the east coast. Having to do something for a living, and being unwilling to leave South Africa at present, this offer was just the business I wanted, for I expected that Thompson, with the long-boat, and its passengers, would land somewhere on the east coast, and I was unwilling to return to Europe until I had heard some tidings of my boy. I made one voyage to Algoa Bay, but was much disappointed in not hearing anything there of Thompson.

"He might have landed farther north, and yet be heard from, for news of any kind in Africa is a long time travelling a short distance. Thompson and those with him might be coming by express from some place far north, yet after the manner of South
African travellers, be crawling along with bullock drays. He might have landed on the southern point of Madagascar, and be several weeks before getting away, and reaching any settlement of Southern Africa. Time passed, and nothing was heard of the long-boat or those in it, and my fear became strong that the boat had foundered, and that I should never again meet with the boy I had so foolishly taken to sea. Soon after reaching Cape Town I wrote to London, giving all the information I could about the loss of the ship, and of late years I have been quite confident that the boat must have been lost, for I knew, or believed, that had such not been the case, Thompson would have learnt in London of my arrival in Africa, and I was well enough acquainted with him, and you, William, to know that you would try to hunt me up."

I here interrupted my father by stating that Mr. Thompson had several times made inquiries in London, but could learn nothing. The only intelligence of the loss of the vessel that had been received there, had been given by himself. After arriving at the opinion that my father's letter to the agents and underwriters in London must have been lost, he proceeded with his narrative.

"Still afflicted with hopes and fears," he continued, "and uncertain what to do, I remained in the colony, and in the command of the little trading vessel, the owner of which gave me much better wages than I had any reason to expect for managing so small a craft."

"During the time I was thus employed, I made two trips to a small settlement a few miles north of Algoa Bay. A few cases of freight taken at each of these voyages were sent aboard only an hour or two before the vessel was got under way, and were consigned to a Mr. Van someone, at the place where the schooner was bound. On my first trip to this place, these cases, which were marked 'Dried Fish,' were the last of the freight removed from the craft. I was unable to find the consignee. He came at last, and received his property, and informed me that he was a planter and grazier living about thirty miles in the interior, but of one thing I was certain, and that was that he was an Englishman, and not a descendant of the early Dutch settlers, as he represented himself to be."

"On the second voyage several more cases of 'dried fish' were hurried aboard, as I supposed, by the owner in a rather unusual manner, and consigned to the same man."

"On arriving at our destination, before the anchors were dropped, three or four military and two civil officers came off and took possession of the vessel."

"The Kaffers were at that time at war with the white settlers, and some merchant was supplying them with arms and ammunition."

"This was undoubtedly a very profitable business to some; but it did not prove so to me."

"The boxes marked 'Dried Fish' were opened, and found to contain carbines, powder, and shot."

"I was immediately placed under arrest, and every effort was made to find the man to whom the cases were consigned; but he, probably learning that the property had been seized, of course kept out of the way. The authorities took no proper means for detecting the parties really guilty, or they would have kept quiet and seized the consignee with the evidence of contraband trade in his possession."

"They seemed to think I was the person most guilty, and sent me back to Cape Town for trial."

"On examining the vessel's papers it was found that no boxes marked 'Dried Fish' were shipped in the owner's name, and he denied ever giving permission for, or having any knowledge of, such cases being placed aboard. He further declared, and made oath to the statement, that no one had ever applied to him as the owner and agent of the schooner to take any freight such as the cases were represented as being, and that if such cases had been smuggled aboard, the act was done by my connivance and assistance, and without his knowledge. I knew that when the man made oath to that story, he was committing the crime of perjury, but others did not. He was thought to be one of the most respectable merchants of the city, and therefore incapable of committing the crime of which I believed him to be guilty. Supplying the Kaffers with arms by which they could make war
against peacable settlers of the colony, was certainly a crime that deserved the severest punishment, and consequently great care should have been taken to find the parties truly guilty. The authorities of Cape Town seemed not to have the slightest doubt of the truth of the story told by their friend the merchant, and my attempts to prove myself innocent, and my employer guilty, only increased the abhorrence with which I was regarded by all. The man who would assist in supplying savages with arms to war against his own countrymen and countrywomen was not too good, so all thought to try and fix the crime upon an innocent man. In this they were quite right, but that was no proof of my guilt, though all seemed to regard the truth as such.

"Could I have procured bail, or an attorney who would earnestly have tried to assist me, the boatmen who brought the boxes aboard might have been found. From them some clue might have been obtained of the Mr. Jones who shipped them.

"I had good reason for believing that the contraband articles were, in reality, the property of the owner of the vessel, but I had no opportunity of proving that such was the fact, and the only interest others seemed to take in the case was to see me convicted and punished. Their wishes were gratified, for I was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. This sentence the judge admitted was severe, but that, inasmuch as I had not revealed the names of my accomplices, and that others might remain at large to commit the nefarious crime of which I had been proved guilty, he felt bound to make an example of me for the benefit of the general public.

"It was not in my nature to submit tamely to a wrong like this, and making a spring over the bar, I caught up a heavy inkstand and hurled it with all my force against the head of the man whose dishonesty and avariciousness had robbed me of liberty, and all for which I then wished to live.

"I was immediately seized and heavily ironed, and before being taken from the court the judge added to the sentence he had already given, the desire that I should pass the first two years in irons.

"Before leaving the court I had the satisfaction of seeing the merchant carried off insensible, with every feature of his face disfigured by the blow I had given.

"The Cape colonists were so shocked at the crime of which they believed me guilty, and at the outrage I had committed in open court, that on the first opportunity they set me here.

"I have but little more to tell you. During the first two years of my imprisonment I was heavily loaded with irons, yet my spirit was unsubdued. I was conscious of having done no wrong, and therefore would not act in the craven manner in which I saw many act, who admitted that they were thieves. In place of being released for a part of my time on a 'ticket of leave,' I was kept more than a year longer than the term for which I was last sentenced.

"This extra time was given me by authorities here, and only for the reason that I would claim to be unjustly suffering punishment, and would insist on being treated with a share of the respect due to an honest man. This has added much to the hardships I have had to endure, and has given me no opportunity of escaping from the colony as I might have done by exhibiting a more humble spirit. About two weeks ago there existed no reason, unjust or otherwise, why I should be detained longer, and I became a free man. I have long been intending when at liberty to go back to South Africa—join the Kaafers, and make war against those who have without the slightest cause consigned me to the miseries found here; but since finding Harris, and learning that, in all probability, I had a son living, I have had other hopes besides those of obtaining revenge, and have wished to return to my native land. I have no more to say that should please either of you to hear.

"The hardships I have suffered in this colony I will not mention, for I'm willing to forget them now."
TREE-HOPPERS, LANTERN-FLIES, &c.—(*Order Rhynchota*)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

"M"Y name is not Sins Reeves, most perfect of singers; nor Fielding, king of balladsingers; nor Santley, of kingly style; yet have I been called the 'Son of Phœbus,' the 'Favourite of the Muses,' the 'Nightingale of the Nymphs.' The Locrians erected a statue to me for very love and honour of my harmony; and the Locrians knew what music was. On the other hand, as even Sims Reeves may be evil spoken of, Dr. Shaw has characterised me—or, at least, my sister—as an impertinent creature, stunning ear with shrill, ungrateful squalling. The fact is, that, like the Distins, we are a musical family, though, perhaps, unlike them, we often appear before an unappreciative public. Madame Merian found a brother of mine performing in Surinam, and dignified by the Dutch with the name of the Lyre-player. A member of the family in Brazil has had his notes likened to the sound of a vibrating wire, and one in Ceylon has been termed the Knife-grinder. Another, who performs in Java, has had his voice described by Thunberg as being as shrill and piercing as the notes of a trumpet; while Smeatman declares that my brother in Africa can be heard at the distance of half a mile. My classic name is *Tettix*, or *Cicada*, but I am commonly termed Tree-hopper, and it's of no great consequence. Some people have envied us our talent, and Greeks and Chinese have kept us in cages for the sake of our song. With the Greeks it was the highest commendation of a singer to excel us; and the music of Plato's eloquence was only comparable to our voice. Others, again, have envied us for our domestic comfort, as the Rhodian sensualist Xenarchus, when he said,

\[ \text{Happily Cicada's lives,} \\
\text{since they all have voiceless wives.} \]

It is indeed a philosophical fact, that the females of our family are not capable of making any noise; and we males can only get through the two or three hours' squalling which Dr. Shaw charges us with, by the aid of a drum apparatus, situated on the under side of the body, and too complicated for me to describe.

"Our wives, however, are not without their qualifications, and the ovipositor (egg-placing instrument) which they possess is curious and wonderful. This instrument, like all those with which our insect tribes are furnished by nature for cutting, notching, or piercing, is composed of a horny substance, and is also considerably larger than you would imagine. In the larger members of our family, it is nearly half an inch in length, and admits of being partially examined without a microscope. It is lodged in a sheath, which lies in a groove of the last ring of the body, and requires only slight pressure to cause it to protrude. The magnifier will show you that it is composed of three different pieces, the two exterior armed with teeth, and the third pointed like a lancet. When about to deposit their eggs, the females of our family make choice of dead dried branches, for they seem to be aware that moisture would injure their progeny. M. Pontedera tells you that one female will lay from five to seven hundred eggs. The branches in which they are deposited may be recognised by the little oblong elevations caused by small splinters of the wood, detached at one end, but left fixed at the other, like lids on stiff hinges. The young larvae, which resemble their (perfect) parents in form, except that they are destitute of wings, soon quit their birth-place and descend to the ground, where they increase in size, and become pupae.

"It is one of my sisters who punctures a kind of ash, and causes it to discharge the sweet, slightly purgative substance, known as manna. You and your fellows might have been content with eating *that*, and have spared the goose which laid such a golden egg. But it has not always been so: the Greeks, notwithstanding their veneration for us, made us an article of food, and accounted us delicious. Well might Alian be angry with the men of his age, that a creature sacred to the Muses should be strung, sold, and greedily devoured.

"But others are waiting to address you. Let me tell you who they are:—There is Lantern-fly; there is Froth-hopper; there is *Aphis*, *Coccus*, and *Bug*—all members of our Order, the *Order Rhynchota* (from the Greek *rhynchos*, 'a snout, a muzzle'). We differ a good deal among ourselves, but in the construction of our mouth there is something like agreement. Our lower lip is elongated, jointed, and channelled like a gutter, the mouth being adapted for suction. I and my sisters are the largest of the Order, one of us measuring between six and seven inches in the expanse of the wings. Most of us live abroad—in the tropics and the warmer temperate regions, only one of us, indeed, being native to this country. Our wings are large, and are sometimes transparent, sometimes opaque. We are generally found on trees or shrubs, whose juices we suck; and we are not very active in our habits."

Exit Cicada; enter Lantern-fly. I saw that the Lantern-fly bore a general resemblance to the Tree-hopper, but had its legs more adapted for leaping, and was destitute of organs for producing sound. It was one of those distinguished by a curious prolongation of the forehead, which indeed nearly equalled the rest of the body in size. This projection is said by some to possess a luminous property, the existence of which is doubted by others. I observed nothing of the kind myself, but, of
course, cannot say that it is not luminous sometimes. Madame Merian, who spent several years in Surinam about a century and a half ago, says: "The Indians, before I knew that they shone by night, a number of these Lantern-flies, which I shut up in a wooden box. In the night they made such a noise (an exceptional proceeding for these insects), that I awoke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not knowing whence the sound proceeded. As soon as we found that it came from the box, we opened it; but were still much more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground in a fright at seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and so many animals as came out, so many flames of fire appeared. When we found this to be the case, we recovered from our fright, and again collected the insects, highly admiring their splendid appearance." This anecdote, referring as it does to the noise made by the flies, led me to seek more information, and I found that the Gulana-fly is an exception to the rule. Its noise there is said to be caused by the sounding of a razer-scissors-grinder and the clang of symbols: the Dutch call it Scare-sleep; but Ligon says, "So lively and chirping is the noise, that nothing can be more delightful to the ears if there were not too much of it, for the music hath no intermission till morning, and then all is hushed."

Exit Lantern-fly; enter Frog-hopper, alias Froth-hopper, alias Cuckoo-spit. I was glad that he came alone and in this peaceful way, for Professor Walch states, that one night, about eleven o'clock, sitting in his study, his attention was attracted by what seemed the pelting of hail against his window, and he found the noise was occasioned by a flight of the Froth Frog-hoppers, which entered the room in such numbers as to cover the table. From this circumstance, and the continuation of the pelting, which lasted at least half an hour, an idea may be formed of the most horrid of this insect passing over. The Frog-hoppers are not usually social insects, but seem to congregate like swallows, merely for the purpose of emigration. What incites them to this, says Kirby, is one of the mysteries of nature, which at present we cannot penetrate.

The individual before me was most grotesque in his form, but I understand that in Brazil are to be found several species still more singular. They are, however, often beautifully varied in their colours. I remembered that I had seen Frog-hoppers in my garden, on various plants and trees, especially the willow-tree; they were concealed beneath a frothy excudation, and I had routed them out. It seems that some of them are employed by certain species of ants, for the same purpose as the Aphides, next to be called before us.

The Frog-hopper with a gnat—enter Aphis, alias Plant-louse. Aphis came in, bearing herself on her four wings, though her body was thickly covered with long down, which seemed to impede her flight, and made her appear like an inanimate substance floating on the wind. She was one of those who feed on the fresh juices of the black poplar, preferring that of the leaves and leaf-stalks, which she punctures for this purpose with her beak. Observing her timid looks, and questioning her thereon, I learned that her family are very much preyed on by the lady-bird and other insects, against which she was desirous now of being on her guard. "Our family," said she, "live on the surface of plants of almost every description, and suck the juices by means of their proboscides, from the young shoots, leaves, stems, and even roots. Do you blame us? Is it not clear that where there is a proboscis for sucking, and a juicy leaf to be sucked, we are as much intended to go to work as man is to operate dentally on the kindly fruits of the earth? Again, if man cuts down the forest, and breaks up a country to get at its coal, may not we be justified in doing a little mischief? But, alas! your naturalists charge us with weakening the vigour of a plant, distorting its young shoots and leaves, and sometimes causing gail-like excrecences. They assert that many of the blights, so injurious to the gardener and to the corn, are really of Aphides. The Rose-louse, say they, is one of those best known to the gardener, whilst the one most destructive to the property of the cultivator on a larger scale is the Aphis Humuli, or Hop-fly. After such language you will not be surprised to find that Lady-birds are lauded for diminishing our numbers. There is plenty of vegetation for Lady-birds to feed upon, you would suppose, but no! both in the larvae and the perfect state their appetite is for Aphides exclusively. The insidious creatures lay their eggs amongst us—twenty or more upon a leaf—and when the young are hatched, we are despatched. The larvae of the seven-spotted Lady-bird is a huge creature in our eyes, and destroys us in vast numbers.

"Then there is the maggot of a Two-winged Fly (Syrphida, Leach)—a beautiful family, says one of your entomologists—a beautiful family, assuredly, and very voracious! Their horrid larvae possess sharp-pointed tridents, with which they transfixed the helpless members of our family. One of these, when disposed to feed, fixes himself by his tail, and being blind, gropes about on every side (as Polyphemus did for Ulysses and his companions) till he touches one of us, whom he immediately transfixes on his three prongs, elevates into the air so as not to be disturbed by our struggles, and then devours. On one occasion we had taken up our residence on Mr. Kirby's currant trees. Now, we have a way of puncturing the leaves, so as to make them rise into irregular bulbings of a reddish-brown colour; we also attack the shoots, which then become bent and contorted, in the same way that they might warp through loss of juice on the side exposed to a brisk fire. The curvatures thus made are a great advantage to us, for we conceal ourselves beneath, and are protected from both rain and sun. The Lady-bird herself seldom ventures into concealed corners, except in cold weather, and contrives to find food enough among those of our family, who feed openly and unprotected, such as the Zebra-aphides of the alder. The Lady-bird
grubs, however, come prying into the most secret recesses of a leaf, and so do the grubs of the flies I am speaking of, and we, alas! are too slow of foot to effect our escape. 'It was but last week, then,' says Kirby, 'that I observed the top of every young shoot of the currant trees in my garden curiously scarred, and I inquired of the friends of Aphides. On examining them this day, not an individual remained; but beneath each leaf are three or four full-fed larvae of aphidiaceous flies, surrounded with heaps of the skins of the slain, the trophies of their successful warfare. 'Not an individual remained,' says the naturalist, but one of my sisters told me the tale, remarking, as she concluded her narrative, 'And I only am escaped alone to tell thee!' 'We are sought out also by the ants, though for a very different purpose. If you take milk with your coffee, sit, and especially if you have ever lived in the country, you will understand our relations with the ants. Why should not ants keep cows? and then, if there be to be cow-keepers, somebody must be the cow, and I and my sisters are amiable enough to fill the position. From two horn-like processes at the posterior part of our bodies, we exude a saccharine secretion, of which the ants are very fond. Sometimes they will collect our eggs, deposit them in their own nests, guard them with the greatest care; and when the young Aphides are born, continue to keep an eye over them, as you would pasture milch kine. Those ants who are not clever enough to do this, are at least acquainted with our resorts. They follow us to the base of the trees and branches of the shrubs where we reside, and, at the beginning of frost, pursue along the hedges the paths which lead to our retreat. The severe cold reduces them to a state of torpor; but as soon as they recover, they come to us for the honied aliment, which, on their return home, is shared with their companions. Nor are we unwilling to give up the treasure: it is a convenience to us to have it removed and destroyed.' "This stands for your acquaintance, satisfied himself of our voluntariness in the matter. Having about a dozen of us on a dock-plant, he removed all the ants who had been with us, and kept them away during several hours. He watched us through a lens to see whether we would excrete, but, no! we wouldn't. He tickled and stroked us with a hair, to make believe it was the antenna of the ants, but we were not to be deceived. Afterwards he allowed an ant to visit us, and it immediately seemed, by its eager way of running about, to be well aware what a rich flock it had discovered (flora of cows! well, never mind). It then began to play with its antenna on the abdomen of first one and then another; and each, as soon as it felt the loving solicitation, immediately gave a limp drop of sweet juice, which was eagerly devoured by the ant. 'I have taken our eggs, but you are not confined to one method in our community; variety, you know, is charming. In the lower classes of the animal kingdom you have what is called the alternation of generations; perhaps it was the good old rule, if not the simple

plest of plans; at any rate, see observe it, and
are in that respect singular among insects. The Aphides, which you see in the spring and summer, are sexless individuals, which produce living young by a process of budding in their interior. In the autumn males and females are produced in the same way, and the latter lay eggs, which survive the winter, and give birth to viviparous individuals in the ensuing spring.

"This plan is found to answer very well. I don't know what Malthus would say to it, but nine generations, each of a hundred individuals, have been produced in three months, and it is calculated that from a single Aphis ten thousand million millions may be generated in that short period.

"You may suppose that we sometimes have to emigrate; and Gilbert White records, that on a certain 1st of August, the people of Southorne were surprised by a shower of Aphides. They who were walking the streets at that time found themselves covered with my insect sisters, who settled all on the trees and gardens, and blackened all the vegetables where they alighted.

"It is not to be expected that we can march without doing some damage. Was no mischief done by the Prussian troops in Bohemia? How is it that Austria cannot find manufactures to send to the Paris Exhibition of 1867? I pray you, therefore, think none the worse of us for the following:—The hop-grower is said to be completely at our mercy; we are the barometer that indicates the rise and fall of his wealth, as well as of a very important branch of the revenue. The difference in the amount of the duty on hops is often as much as £200,000 per annum, more or less, in proportion as the fly (for by that name, too, we are known) prevails, or is absent. Alas! it is suggested by Kirby that our prolific mothers shall be squeezed to death in the early spring, by the thumb and finger of the hop-grower taking hold of the leaf on which we reside.

"You have seen honey-dew? Pliny says, it is either a certain sweat of the sky, or some unctuous jelly proceeding from the stars; but I can assure you, it is nothing so far-fetched. I shall not satisfy you completely as to what it is —if everything is told you, you will cease to investigate—but I may say, that it is either our saccharine secretion dropped on the adjacent leaves, or sap flowing from the wounds we make. Leaving you to crack the nut, I wish you (speaking from my point of view) plenty of leaves to feed upon, with friendly ants in waiting, and no Lady-bird grubs within a mile!" Exit Aphis.

Enter Coccus. Speaks:—"We are a useful little family. My sister Lac produces the material known as stick-lac, lump-lac, shell-lac, &c., according to its preparation, and used by you in the manufacture of varnishes, japanned ware, sealing-wax, bracelets, waterproof hats, &c. My sister Kermea was mistaken by the ancients for the proper fruit of a tree, was known to the Hebrews by the name of Tola, and was used formerly in dyeing purple, to
give what is called the ground. My own name, my Christian name so to speak, is Co-
chineal. You were not aware that cochineal was a risk of Incas, or insect production? Few
people were aware of it several centuries ago, and we were often thought to be the berries or
seeds of certain plants. At length a Dutchman
named Melchior de Runnscher affirmed in a
society, from oral information he had obtained
in Spain, that cochineal consisted of small
animals. Another person maintained the con-
trary with such heat and violence, that the
dispute at length ended in a bet. Runnscher
charged a Spaniard, one of his friends, who
was going to Mexico, to procure for him in
that country authentic proofs of what he had
asserted. These proofs, legally confirmed in
October, 1725, by the court of justice in the
city of Antigua, in the valley of Oaxaca,
arrived at Amsterdam in the autumn of the
year 1726, and Runnscher published the in-
formation to the world.†

†As I have just intimated, our home is in
Mexico, where we were discovered by the
Spaniards on their arrival three and a half
centuries ago. We are brought to you in
the form of a reddish shrivelled grain, covered
with a white powder or bloom, and it needed
Runnscher's inquiries, or, at least, the dissec-
tions and microscopic observations of our
naturalists, to make out our real character. In
Mexico we feed on a particular kind of Indian
fig, called Nopal. Some plantations there
contain 50,000 or 60,000 nopalas in lines, each
being kept about four feet high, for more
easy access in collecting the dye. Much care
is necessary in the tedious operation of gath-
ering the cochineal from the nopalas, which is
performed with a squirrel's or stag's tail by
the Indian women, who, for this purpose, squat
down for hours together beside one plant.

Men and Cocciide alike must die, and if the death be violent, it is probably less painful
than when it results from disease. We, then
(may we ever be satisfied with our fate!), are
killed by being thrown into boiling water, or
by being exposed in heaps to the sun, or by
being placed in ovens used for vapour baths.

Women and Cocciide alike must dye. That
innocent cosmetic, so much used by the ladies,
and commonly known by the French term
rouge, is no other than a preparation of
cochineal. Cochineal is, doubtless, the most
valuable product for which the dyer is in-
debted to insects, and, with the exception,
perhaps, of indigo, the most important of
dyeing materials.

The quantity annually exported from South
America, was said by Humboldt to be worth
£500,000, sterling, and Dr. Bancroft estimated
the annual consumption in Great Britain at
about 200,000, which would not exceed 700,000, ye if hope
these facts may teach you the absurdity of depising any creatures on account of their
minuteness. It is, of course, by combination
alone that we accomplish great things; you
may satisfy yourself, if you have the time to
spare, that one pound of cochineal contains
70,000 of our dried bodies. And then, with
McCulloch's Commerce, in popular fiction, but to
hand, you may calculate that to form the
cochineal imported in 1839, 42,298,690,000 of
our little bodies were put together—a number
fitted to inspire you with feelings of wonder
at the power of God. Exit Coccus.

There now entered an individual whose
name I hesitate to mention. He is known
probably to most people, but then a very
slight acquaintance with him is sufficient, and
all it is polite to acknowledge. He gave some
such aristocratic name as Cimex, of the family
of the Geoceratse, but I knew there must be
some commoner appellation that suited, and
I soon found it out. His forefathers are
supposed to have been foreigners; at least,
the earliest mention of them in this country
dates little more than three centuries and a
half ago. In the year 1603, Dr. Penny was
called in great haste to a little village, called
Mortlake, near the Thames, to visit two noble
ladies, who were much frightened by appear-
ances which they regarded as symptoms of the
plague. Dr. Penny convinced them that our
present visitant was the cause of their alarm,
and their fears gave place to mirth and
laughter. Since he visited them in the night,
you will infer that he was a ghost or goblin,
nor will you be so far wrong. The Celtic
word for goblin or ghost, those "terrors by
night," those bugbear of the imagination,
may be seen in Matthew's Bible, which renders
the fifth verse of the ninety-fifth psalm, "Then
shall not need to be afraid of any bugs by
night." It was, doubtless, in reference to the
same ghostly visitant, that a gentleman I have
heard of, sitting up in bed one night, ex-
claimed, in the words of another psalm, "How
are they increased that trouble me!" But a
little girl, under examination by Lord Shaftes-
bury, will enable us to come more directly
to the point. "What is the pestilence that
walketh in darkness?" "Please, sir, bugs." Yes, it is the bed-bug which is before us now.
He speaks:—"Ah! you shrink from me as
from a loathsome creature, but I am perfectly
lovable compared with some. Let me caution
you not to travel in Ceylon, nor to visit the
South American province of Mendoza! The
newly-arrived traveller in Ceylon will be
attracted by an insect of a pale-green hue,
and delicately-thin configuration, which, rest-
ing from its recent flight, composes its scantly
wings, and moves languidly along a leaf. But
experience will teach him to limit his exami-
nation to a respectful view of its altitudes, for
it is one of a numerous family of bugs (some
of them most attractive in their colouring)
which are inoffensive to man, and only the jo
organisms, by being touched or irritated, exhal
an odour that once endured, is never afterwards
forgotten. Now for the Mendoza prodigy. 'At night,'
says Darwin, 'I experienced an attack (for it
deserves no less a name) of the Beuchula, a
species of Reduirsus, the great black bug of the
Pampas. It is most disgusting to feel soft.
wingless insects, about an inch long, crawling over one's body. Before sucking, they are quite thin, but afterwards they become round and bloated with blood, and in this state are easily crushed. One which I caught at Iquique (for they are found in Chili and Peru), was very empty. When placed on a table, and though surrounded by people, if a finger was presented, the bold insect would immediately protrude its sucker, make a charge, and, if allowed, draw blood. No pain was caused by the wound. It was curious to watch its body during the act of sucking, as in less than ten minutes it changed from being as flat as a wafer to a globular form. This one feast, for which the Benchuca was indebted to one of the officers, kept it fat during four whole months; but, after the first fortnight, it was quite ready to have another succor." It would be good for me, Cimex, if you would walk in the footsteps of a man mentioned in Nicholson's Journal, who, from disliking our family, took us under his protecting care. He would never suffer us to be disturbed, or his bedside removed, till in the end we swarmed to an incredible degree, crawling up even the walls in his drawing-room; and, after his death, our numbers were estimated at millions. We trust that such good times may come again. Can you tell me whether the Benian hospital at Surat is still open? If so, I should like to emigrate thither. When Forbes visited it, the institution contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds. But what he thought the most extraordinary, was a ward appropriated to rats and mice, bugs, &c. The overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night amongst the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Mayhew's work on 'London Labour and the London Poor?" We cut some figure in that book through the information given by Mr. Tiffin. A married couple of bugs, he says, will lay from forty to fifty eggs at one laying, and do this three times in a season. The eggs are oval, and are each as large as the thirty-second part of an inch, and when together are in the shape of a caraway comfit, and of a bluish white colour. The young ones are hatched direct from the egg, and, like young partridges, will often carry the broken eggs about with them, clinging to their back. As soon as they are born, they are of a cream colour, and will take to blood directly provided, if this cannot be found, in two or three days they die; but, after one feed, they will live a considerable time without a meal. 'I, myself,' said Tiffin, 'kept bugs for five years and a half without food. We generally go on our hunting expeditions in the spring, before the bugs lay their eggs; or, if that time passes, it ought to be done before June, before their eggs are hatched, though it's never too late to get rid of a nuisance. I mostly find the bugs in the bedsteads, but, if they are left un molested, they get numerous, and climb to the tops of the rooms, and about the corners of the ceilings. Where iron bedsteads are used, the bugs are more in the rooms, and that's why such things are bad. They don't keep a bug away from a person sleeping; bugs 'll come if they're thirty yards off. I knew a case of a bug who used to come every night about thirty or forty feet—it was an immense large room—from the corner of the room to visit an old lady. There was only one bug, and he had been there for a long time. I was sent for to find him out. Lord! yes, I am often sent for to catch a single bug. I've had to go many, many miles—even a hundred or two hundred—into the country, and perhaps only catch half a dozen bugs after all; but then that's all that are there, so it answers our employers' purpose as well as if they were swarming.' Thus far Mr. Tiffin; but now let me, in a few sentences, bring my story to a conclusion. Notwithstanding my individual propensities, most of my relatives are vegetable feeders, and it is among them that the most brilliant colours are exhibited. There is a curious group of very long-legged insects distantly related to us, who bear the family name of Hydrometrica. You may find some of them on almost every pond or stream, skimming along the surface, and turning rapidly about with the greatest ease. The form of the body strongly resembles that of a London wherry; while it is clothed on the under side with a fine coating of hairs, forming a sort of plush, which prevents contact with the water.

"Still more distantly related to us, but coming into the same sub-order, are some naval friends of ours—the Water-bugs. Some of them, from the peculiar aspect and movement of their bodies, have received the name of Boat-flies, or water-boatmen. They swim on their backs, and the general form of their bodies, as well as the arrangement of all their organs, are well adapted to their position. They can dive in case of danger, they can bite if need be. Both Willoughby, and after him Kirby, were made to suffer severely, as if they had been burned, by the insertion of my cousin's rostrum. Others of our sea-faring (at any rate aqua-faring) friends are called water-scorpions, receiving their name from the scorpion-like form of their forelegs, which are efficient instruments for seizing their prey. So thoroughly savage is their nature, that they would seem to destroy for destroying's sake; and it is related by Kirby, that one of them, put into a basin with several tadpoles, killed all and ate none. Now, I contend that my own practice, of biting all and killing none, is far preferable. Adieu!" Exit Bed-bug.
HOW JOHNNY BOUGHT A SEWING MACHINE.

JUST across the street, from the parish church, in the principal street of Benton, was a small house—a very old house—only one story high. This is occupied by Mrs. Cooper and her only son Johnny. Mrs. Cooper's husband was killed by an accident, and, of course, this threw the burden of keeping herself and her little son upon the widow. A small amount was raised for her, half of which enabled her to pay her rent, and the other half to buy coals and candles. But it costs a good deal to buy clothes and food for two people, and she was obliged to toil early and late with her needle to make up the requisite sum. She kept Johnny very tidy, and gave him the best education she could. She knew this would be very requisite in his after life.

One evening, just after tea, Mrs. Cooper laid down her work with a little sigh. "Johnny," said she, "I will get you to run over to Squire Baker's, and say that I shall not be able to finish his shirts to-night, but I will try to send them over in the morning before he goes."

"You don't feel well, mother, do you?"

"No, I have a bad headache. I think I shall go to bed early, and see if I can't sleep it off."

"I don't believe it agrees with you to sew so much," said Johnny.

"I sometimes wish I had a sewing-machine," said his mother. "That would enable me to do three times as much work with less fatigue."

"How much does a sewing-machine cost?"

"I suppose a good one would cost not far from fifteen pounds."

"Fifteen pounds! That is a good deal of money," said Johnny.

"Yes, quite too much for our means. Of course, there is no chance of my being able to purchase one."

As Johnny went across the field to Squire Baker's, he could not help thinking of what his mother had said. He had hoped the cost of a machine would not exceed four or five pounds, for in that case there might be some chance of his earning the amount in time. Occasionally the neighbours called upon him to do odd jobs, and paid him small sums. These in time might amount to five pounds. But fifteen seemed quite too large for him to think of accumulating.

"Still," thought Johnny, "I've a good mind to try. I won't wait for jobs to come to me; I'll look out for them. I have a good deal of time out of school, when I might be doing something. If I don't get enough to buy a sewing-machine, I may get something else that mother will like."

The next day was Saturday, and school was not held. It was about the first of October. In the town where Johnny lived there were many swamps planted with cranberries, which were now ripe and ready for gathering. It was necessary to pick them before a frost, else this fruit, if touched with the frost, will decay rapidly. As Johnny was coming home, he met a school companion, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"Where are you going, Frank?" he inquired.

"I'm going to pick cranberries for Squire Baker."

"How much does he pay?"

"Twopence a quart."

"Do you think he would hire me?" asked Johnny, with a sudden thought.

"Yes, and be glad to get you. He's got a good many cranberries on the vines, and he's afraid there will be a frost to-night."

"Then I'll go and ask mother if I can go. Just hold on a minute."

"All right."

Having obtained permission, Johnny rejoined his companion, and proceeded to one of the swamps. The fruit was abundant; for the crop this year was unusually good, and Johnny found that he could pick very easily. When noon came, he found that he had picked twenty quarts.

"Can you come again this afternoon?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, promptly.

"I shall be very glad to have you, for hands are scarce."

John had already earned more than three shillings, and hoped to earn as much more in the afternoon. He was so excited by his success, that he hurried through his dinner with great rapidity, and was off once more to the swamp. He worked till late, and found at the end of the day that he had gathered sixty quarts. He felt very rich when the Squire handed him two half-crowns in return for his services. He felt pretty tired in consequence of stooping so much, but the thought that he had earned five shillings in one day fully repaid him.

"Mother," said Johnny, when he got home, "if you are willing, I will keep this money. There is something very particular I want it for."

"Certainly," said his mother. "You shall keep this, and all you earn. I am very sure you will not wish to spend it unwisely."

"No, mother, you may be sure of that."

On Monday it so happened that the teacher was unwell, and school was suspended. Johnny found no difficulty in obtaining a chance to pick cranberries for another neighbour. He was determined to do a little better than on Saturday. When evening came, he was paid for fifty-three quarts.

"I wish there were cranberries to be picked all the year round," thought Johnny; "I shall soon get four or five pounds."

But this was about the last of his picking. School was kept the next day, and though he
got a little time after school, he could only pick a few quarts. When the cranberry season was over, Johnny found himself the possessor of twenty shillings. After that his gains were small. Occasionally he ran on an errand for a neighbour. Once he turned the grindstone for about half an hour, and received the small compensation of one penny from a rather parsimonious farmer. Johnny was about to throw it away, when the thought came to him, that, small as it was, it would help a little.

So the autumn slipped away, and winter came and went. In the spring Johnny found more to do. On the first day of June he counted his money, and found he had one pound fifteen.

"I'll take a long time to get fifteen pounds," sighed Johnny. "If mother would only let me go to work in a shoe-shop! But she thinks I had better go to school. But by-and-by there'll be a chance to pick cranberries again. I wish there'd be a vacation then."

One morning Johnny had occasion to cross the fields near a small pond, about half a mile from his mother's house. He was busily thinking about his little fund, and what he could do to increase it, when his attention was all at once arrested by a sharp cry of distress. Looking up, he saw a gentleman in a row-boat on the pond, who appeared to be in the greatest trouble.

"Boy," he called out, "can you swim?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Then save my little daughter, if you can. She has just fallen out of the boat. There she is."

The little girl just appeared above the surface of the water. Luckily it was very near the shore, yet too deep for any one to venture who was unable to swim. Our young hero had plenty of courage. Moreover, he was an expert swimmer, having been taught by his father. Without a minute's hesitation, he stripped off his jacket and plunged in. A few vigorous strokes brought him to the little girl. He seized her, just as she was about sinking for the third time. He held her till her father could receive her from his arms into the boat.

"Let me lift you in, too," he said.

"No, sir; I'll swim to shore," said Johnny.

"Come up to the hotel this afternoon. I want to see you."

The father applied himself to the restoration of his daughter, and Johnny went home and changed his wet clothes. He had recognised the gentleman as a merchant from the city who had been boarding at the hotel for a week or two. He felt a glow of satisfaction in the thought that he had been instrumental in saving a human life; for it was very evident that, her father being unable to swim, the little girl would, but for him, have been drowned.

In the afternoon he went to the hotel, and inquired for Mr. Barclay. He had heard the gentleman's name. He was conducted up stairs into a private parlour.

Mr. Barclay advanced towards him with a smile of welcome. "I am glad to see you, my brave boy," he said.

"Is your little girl quite recovered?" asked Johnny, modestly.

"Yes, nearly so. I thought it best to let her lie in bed the remainder of the day, as she might have got chilled. And now, my dear boy, how shall I express my gratitude to you for your noble conduct? Under God, you have been the means of saving my dear child's life. I am quite unable to swim, and I shudder to think what would have happened but for your timely presence and courage."

"I am very glad I was able to be of service," said Johnny.

"I cannot allow such a service to go unrewarded," said Mr. Barclay. "Adequate compensation I cannot offer, for money will not pay for the saving of life; but you will allow me to give you this as a first instalment of my gratitude." He pressed into the hands of the astonished boy a note of twenty pounds.

"Twenty pounds!" exclaimed Johnny, in bewilderment. "Do you really mean to give me so much?"

"It is little enough, I am sure."

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Johnny, delighted. "Now I can buy mother a sewing-machine."

"But don't you want to buy something for yourself?" asked Mr. Barclay, with interest.

"No, sir; I would rather have a sewing-machine than anything."

Then Johnny, encouraged by Mr. Barclay's evident interest, proceeded to tell him how, for nearly a year, he had been saving up money, without his mother's knowledge, to buy her a machine, in order that she need not work so hard in future. But thus far he had only succeeded in saving up one pound fifteen. Now, thanks to this unexpected gift, he would be able to buy it at once. "And it'll come just right, too," he said, with sparkling eyes; "for it will be mother's birthday in a week from to-day, and I can give it to her then. Only," he said, doubtfully, "I don't know whom I can get to buy it."

"I can help you there," said Mr. Barclay. "I am going to London in a day or two. I will select the machine, and arrange to have it sent down by express on your mother's birthday."

"That'll be just the thing," said Johnny. "Won't she be astonished! I sha'n't say anything to her about it beforehand. Here's the money, sir; I thank you very much for that, and for your kind offer."

"I ought to be kind to you, my dear boy, when I think how much you have done for me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. Call again to-morrow, and you shall see the little girl you have saved."

Johnny did call the next day, and made acquaintance with little Annie Barclay, whom he found a sprightly little girl of four years of age. She took quite a fancy to our young hero, with whom she had a fine game of romps.

Mrs. Cooper knew that Johnny had saved a little girl from drowning, but never inquired what reward he had received, feeling sure that he would tell her some time. As for Johnny,
he had his reasons for keeping silent, as we know.

At length Mrs. Cooper's birthday came. Johnny was full of impatience for evening, for then the luggage train would arrive from London with the present for his mother. By-and-by the train came in, and, not long after, the railway porters came down the High-street with a big parcel.

"Come here, youngster, and give us a lift," said one of them; "I've got something heavy for you."

It was a large article, looking something like a table; but what it was Mrs. Cooper could not tell, on account of its many wrappings. "There must be some mistake," she said, going to the door. "I am not expecting anything."

"No, there isn't," said Johnny; "it's all right, directed in large letters to Mrs. Mary Cooper, Benton."

"I shall want eighteen pence," said the railway-man.

"I've got it here," said Johnny, seeing that his mother was searching for her pocket-book. "Oh, by the way, here's something else,—a letter directed to you."

"Indeed!" said Johnny, surprised. "Well, here's the money." He took the letter, but did not open it at once. He wanted to enjoy his mother's surprise.

Mrs. Cooper was unwrapping the machine. "What is this?" she exclaimed, in delighted surprise. "A sewing-machine! Who could have sent it? Do you know anything about it, Johnny?"

"Yes, mother. It's a birthday present for you from me."

"My dear boy! How could you ever have earned money enough to pay for it?"

Then Johnny told his mother all about it. And her eyes glistened with pride and joy as she heard, for the first time, how he had worked for months with this end in view, and she could not help giving him a grateful kiss, which I am sure paid Johnny for all he had done.

It was really a beautiful machine, and though Johnny did not know it, cost considerably more than twenty pounds. Mrs. Cooper found that it worked admirably, and would lighten her labours more even than she had hoped.

"But you haven't opened your letter," she said, with a sudden recollection. "No, I haven't," said Johnny.

What was his surprise on opening it to discover the same twenty pound note which Mr. Barclay had originally given him, accompanied by the following note:

"My dear young friend,—I have bought your mother a sewing-machine, which I sent by express to-day. I hope it will please you both, and prove very useful. I also send you twenty pounds, which I wish you to use for yourself. The sewing-machine will be none the less your present to your mother, since both that and the money are a very insufficient recompense for the service you have rendered me. Continue to love and help your mother, and, when you are old enough to take a situation, I will receive you into my employment.

Your friend,

"Henry Barclay."

There was great joy in the little cottage that evening. Johnny felt as rich as a millionaire, and could not take his eyes from the corner where the handsome new sewing-machine had been placed. And his mother, happy as she was in her present, was happier in the thought that it had come to her through the good conduct of her son.

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**THE BIRD'S QUESTION.**

Behind us at our evening meal
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Ask'd, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing
And go to sleep;"—but o'er and o'er
He ask'd the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done!"
OUR FIRST PRIZE.

A TALE OF THE AFRICAN COAST.

In the year 1852, H.M.S. Alert—on board of which the present writer was, at that period, a midshipman—was stationed on the West coast of Africa, hunting after slavers.

We had been six months on the station, and had not captured a single slave-ship, though we had chased several, but—to use a nautical phrase—they had all “given us their heels,” and we were becoming thoroughly disheartened, especially as we had already lost several of our crew through the diseases incidental to the climate. The fact was, that though the Alert had the reputation of a fast ship, we found her to be a slow sailer; and what, perhaps, annoyed us more than anything else, we had heard that our vain efforts to capture them had become a subject for derision among the captains of the slave-ships.

One sweltering hot day, however, when we were lying at anchor in Clarence Bay, Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra, we perceived a large double-bunked war-canoe, with a chief, or “Headman”—according to the African term—seated in the stern-sheets, and paddled by some forty naked negroes, coming round the point at the mouth of the harbour.

The canoe bore down directly towards our ship; and, as the paddles were plying lustily, they were soon alongside the man-of-war.

The “headman,” who was attired from head to foot in a robe of white calico, came on board, and, on being introduced to our captain, informed him that a Portuguese slave-ship, with her lading almost completed, was lying in the river Bimbia, about twenty miles distant, and that it was the purpose of her captain to come out of the river the next day, and sail for the Brazils.

Here was an opportunity to secure a prize open to us at last. We well knew, however, that the Alert drew far too much water to enter the river, and that if we allowed the Portuguese to come out, there was a great probability that he would escape from us, as others had done.

The only plan was to sail to the mouth of the river, and then despatch the ship’s boats, well armed and manned, up the river to cut the slaver out, while the man-of-war kept guard at the entrance. The attempt, we knew, would be hazardous if the captain of the slave-ship should choose to show fight; but we resolved to run the risk.

The “headman” offered to pilot the ship to the river’s mouth, and conduct the boats to the “reach,” in which the slave-ship was lying, in condition of receiving a reward of a certain quantity of tobacco, rum, and gunpowder, and six ship’s muskets, if he faithfully fulfilled his promise; and his offer was accepted, and the reward guaranteed to him.

The island of Fernando Po lies distant about twenty miles from the mainland of Africa; and having weighed anchor, and spread sail with the customary celerity exercised on board a man-of-war, we reached the mouth of the Bimbia in less than three hours just after sunset—the time most suitable to our purpose.

Five boats—viz., the 1st and 2nd pinnaces, and the three cutters—were well armed and manned; and officers and men all dressed alike in blue shirts and dark trousers, we set forth hopefully and joyfully on our expedition, the headman, or pilot, being in the leading boat, which was commanded by the first lieutenant. One of the officers had given him an old uniform jacket, with tarnished gold-lace on the collar and sleeves, of which he seemed extremely proud, and though it had been insisted that he should divest himself of his conspicuous white garment, and attire himself like the rest of the boat’s crew, it was only with the utmost difficulty that he could be persuaded not to wear the jacket.

We pulled up the river for several miles without seeing any signs of a vessel. It is a prevailing opinion that the African coast is barren and sterile, but never was an opinion more ill-founded. Some portion of the north-west coast of Africa is barren and sterile, as is also a great portion of the south-west coast, beyond the limit of the tropic of Capricorn; but within the limits of the tropics the vegetation of the coast is luxuriant beyond comparison, and the scenery is in many parts grand and beautiful. The human population is numerous; animals of almost every variety roam the forests; reptiles abound in the marshy soil, and amidst the long, tropical grass; birds of gorgeous plumage are seen in immense flocks; and insects—especially at night—fill the air with a buzzing sound, and make their presence known otherwise by means of their poisonous stings.

We pulled on, therefore, in darkness, but not amidst silence. We could hear the howls of the wild beasts that were prowling in the woods, and the screams of the night birds hovering around in search of their prey, and the croaking and hissing of reptiles on the river’s banks, and the buzzing of the mosquitoes in the air, while the frequent stings from these abominable insects were almost unendurable; and every now and then, a sudden plunge in the water, ahead of the boats, betrayed the presence of alligators in considerable numbers.
Sometimes the river was so narrow that the boat's oars became entangled with the weeds and rushes on its banks; but in general it was sufficiently wide to permit of our pulling with ease and freedom.

There was a faint glimmer of starlight, but no moon—which was all the better for the object we had in view—and the close heat of the night was oppressive in the extreme, while a mist arose from the surface of the water that affected our breathing.

On we pulled for a distance, I should think, of full six miles, and still no sign of any vessel. We began to think that our pilot had deceived, or, perhaps, betrayed us, instead of the Portuguese; or else, that the slave-ship had already left the river.

Presently, however, the negro uttered a low exclamation, and directed the attention of the lieutenant to the tail, tapering masts of a schooner, rising above the foliage on the banks of a turn in the river, and just discernible in the faint starlight.

"Dat she is; pull easy. We take de turn ob de ribber d'reékly," said the pilot, who spoke English tolerably well for a coast negro.

"Pull easy—softly, my lads," said the lieutenant, in a distinct voice, though scarcely above a whisper. "Have your pistols and cutlasses ready," he added, "but don't use them unless it is absolutely necessary. We may board her unawares."

Then turning to the pilot, and perceiving that the negro had again donned the jacket that had been given to him, he said—

"I tell you what, Sambo; you'd better pull off that jacket, as you've been told. You'll make yourself conspicuous, and get a shot. Perhaps draw the fellow's fire upon me. Pull it off, I say—quick."

The pilot made a feint of doing as he was ordered; but we had, by this time, turned the bend of the river, and were rapidly and silently nearing the slave-schooner; the officer's attention was otherwise directed, and the jacket remained on the negro's back. It caused him to appear, in the darkness, as if he were the officer of the boat, and his pride was too much flattered to allow him to think of the risk he ran by persisting in wearing it.

It appeared as if our capture was to be an easy one. As yet there had not been a sign of life on board the schooner. A faint glimmer of light was visible through the cabin windows; but all on board seemed to be buried in sleep. Suddenly, however, there came a succession of bright flashes of fire, followed by the report of firearms. They had seen us, and fired upon us. Then came one or two sharp cries of pain from some of the men in the boat. In above all, was heard the voice of the first lieutenant, now loud and stern.

"Pull in, men. Dash in," he cried; "we are seen. Pull in quick, and board her, before the rascals have time to fire again."

In a few moments we were alongside, and on deck—but no further resistance was made.

The Portuguese captain, perceiving that escape was hopeless, surrendered his ship, and endeavoured, whether with truth or falsehood on his part I cannot say, to excuse his bringing upon a man-of-war's boats, which would have condemned him to a capital penalty, by assuring us that he believed, when he first saw us approaching, that he was about to be attacked by a band of natives in their canoes.

The slave captain, however, spoke little English, and as most of his crew were alike ignorant of the language, or pretended to be so, we endeavoured to extract some information respecting our prize from some negro sailors who were on board, who, we found, however, spoke only the language of the coast.

In this dilemma, the lieutenant called to the pilot to come on board the schooner, and act as interpreter. Most of the men had quit the ship's boats, but the pilot still remained sitting bolt upright in the stern-sheets of the pinnace, with his laced jacket on his back, as if he were the commander of the expedition. He did not stir when called upon, and the lieutenant repeated his summons in energetic terms.

"Come aboard, you black rascal," he cried.

"What are you afraid of? The schooner has surrendered, and if you have betrayed the captain, as I suspect, I'll take care that you come to no harm."

Still there came no reply, nor did the pilot offer to move from his seat.

"Confound the fellow!" exclaimed the lieutenant. "Jump on board the pinnace, some of you (to his own men), and drag the cowardly rascal on board the schooner."

Three or four sailors sprang into the boat, in obedience to their officer's orders.

"The negro's dead, sir; dead as a herring," cried one of the sailors, who had laid hold of the man and shaken him. "By jingo!" he added; "he's shot clean through the neck, and is bleedin' in'ard."

There was a cry of horror, such as the unlooked-for discovery of death by violence always gives rise to, even in the midst of blood and carnage, and others of the sailors stepped to the stern of the pinnace, and examined the person of the negro.

"By George, sir, it is true," said the coxswain; "the negro's stark, stone dead!"

And true it was. The poor wretch's vanity had cost him his life. His gold-laced jacket had made him a fair mark, even in the dim starlight, for the crew of the slaver; and while our own men had escaped with a few trifling scratches—only three, in fact, being hurt, and only one at all seriously—he had received his death-wound.

His death must, indeed, have been instantaneous; for, on closer examination, the surgeon of the Alert found that his jugular-vein was completely severed, and the rush of blood into his throat must have immediately choked him. Strange to say, not a stain of blood was to be seen. Two small livid spots, one on his throat, and one on the back of his neck, showed where the ball had entered and
come forth; but the orifices had almost closed, and were hardly perceptible.

The body was lifted on board the schooner, and we forthwith proceeded to ascertain the value—as near as we could estimate—of our prize. The vessel was a new schooner of about 250 tons burden, very long and narrow, and drawing but little water. This was, we learnt, her first voyage, and she was built for fast-sailing, and in open sea, with the wind fresh, or close-hauled. She would, probably, have easily escaped from the fastest ship on the station. Small as were her accommodations between decks, she had three hundred and twenty negroes, of both sexes, confined in the narrow space; one-half of whom would probably have died while she was making what is termed the middle-passage; and still, had she remained safely landed in the Brazil, she would have made a very successful voyage. She also had on board a large quantity of rice in barrels, for the use of the slaves, besides ordinary ship’s provisions; and six barrels of rum; about two hundredweight of leaf tobacco; and several cases of cheap, clumsy muskets. The last-mentioned articles were the remainder of a much larger supply that had been put on board for purposes of barter; and, besides her provisions and stores, she had on board, concealed in a locker in the captain’s cabin, two canvas bags, one containing four thousand full-weight Spanish dollars, the other two thousand light dollars. The latter having been intended for circulation among ignorant tribes on the coast, who would be unable to discover the fraud.

The slaves were liberated and sent on shore at Fernando Po, thence to be sent to Liberia, we, of course, claiming the head-money allowed by Government for each re-captured slave, and the schooner, with the property and stores on board, was sent in charge of a prize-crew to St. Helena for adjudication—her late captain and crew being confined in London, as prisoners for trial.

They were subsequently tried for piracy (slave-dealing being regarded as piracy in the eye of the law), and found guilty, and the confiscation of this vessel with everything on board as a prize to H.M.S. Alert, was duly confirmed. As, however, the captain and crew had surrendered quietly on being boarded by the boats of a man-of-war, the plea that they had fired upon us in the first instance in the belief that they were about to be attacked by an armed force of the natives of the coast, was admitted; the confiscation of their property was considered a sufficient punishment, and they were liberated on condition of quitting the island at the earliest opportunity.

The value of our first prize, after all expenses were paid, and all deductions made, was four thousand, three hundred, and forty pounds sterling, which sum was, in course of time, duly appropriated, so applying the naval regulations, among our officers and crew.

A few months later, the captain of the Alert put into Sierra Leone, in order that the vessel’s bottom might be examined, and the cause of her unwonted slow-sailing discovered. To our great surprise, we found the copper entirely eaten through, and the bottom of the vessel covered with barnacles, several inches in length, though she had not yet been twelve months in tropical waters. The barnacles were then scraped away, the bottom re-coppered, and, after this, we had no fault to find with the ship’s lack of speed. We remained two years longer on the station, and, during that period, captured six additional valuable prizes.

I should mention that the second “headman” of the Kroo man tribe, to whom the war-canoe belonged, claimed and received the stipulated reward that had been promised to their chief for the information he gave us, and his subsequent services in piloting us to the spot where the slave lay.

The untimely fate of the first headman was, however, but the result of an act of retributive justice on the part of the captain and crew of the slave-ship. As we had suspected, he and his tribe had made war upon a weakly neighbouring tribe, for the purpose of capturing slaves, and he had subsequently sold his prisoners to the slaver captain for a considerable sum in money, besides tobacco, rum, muskets, and gunpowder; and, having completed his sale and received his pay, he had given us the information which led to the capture of the schooner—a species of treachery not uncommon on the African coast, where rogue deals with rogue, each party striving to outwit the other.

The unfortunate headman’s features were recognised by the captured Portuguese, when his corpse was brought on board the schooner, and never before nor since have I seen such savage meanness of human beings. They yelled like wild beasts, and brandished their knives with ferocious joy as they danced frantically round the body; but they were far from being satisfied with the mere death of the “headman,” who had so treacherously betrayed them. Had they had their will, they would have torn the senseless corpse limb from limb, and pierced it through and through with their daggers, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could keep them from wreaking their vengeance upon it while we were lowering it into the war-canoe, where it was reverently received by the negro crew. They carried the remains of their late chief to his native village, amidst the plaintive lamentations of the tribe, and interred the corpse with all the savage ceremonial that are enacted by the savage tribes of Africa at the funeral of a man of rank among them. There was no disgrace attached to the manner of the “headman’s” death. As theft among the ancient Spartans was regarded as a virtue, provided it were successful, so among the savage tribes of Africa no disgrace is attached to treachery, if its object be secured; and though his treacherous act cost the “headman” his life, it brought reward and riches to his tribe.

J. A. M.
THE CHAINED BIBLE.

A FEW days ago I was at Windsor. Of course I went to look over the castle. I walked through the state apartments, where all the furniture—except one or two specimen pieces—and the chandeliers, are covered up with brown holland, and everything looked very much as if there was to be a removal or a sale. I went into St. George's Hall, and saw the chair of state of King Edward. I went into the Mews and saw the horses and carriages; but of all the places I visited I liked the Chapel best. It is a grand chapel. The roof is richly carved, and girt, and coloured; the pavement is suggestive of serious thought; for there, in characters that time has almost worn out, are the names of the great ones of the earth, kings, and queens, and princes, who lie asleep below. A subdued light falls through the stained-glass windows on the dusty banners and the oaken stalls of the Garter knights; and the visitor feels subdued also, as he looks round on these signs of grandeur and decay. But I was most of all interested in finding, adjacent to the Chapel, a large old Bible, printed in old English characters, and chained to the desk on which it was laid. There I stopped. I looked at the venerable book with reverence. I thought of the great truths which had been learned from its well-worn pages, and of the bright hopes that had been kindled by the promises written in its quaint old letters. I thought of how wonderful was the contrast between the days when that Bible was first set up by royal command, and our own happier times, when Bibles are plentiful and cheap. I thought it might be that they who read from that old Bible in the old time valued its lessons all the more from their being so difficult to obtain, and that perhaps we were a little neglectful of the precious book that is so common now. And so I stood there turning over the leaves, reading a passage here and there, and giving no heed to the sexton, or verger, or whoever the man was who went round like a showman to expound the curiosities; forgetful of him, my mind conjured up a different scene, and yet a scene something like the same. There was a chained Bible—just such as that on which I looked; there was a young man reading from its sacred page; there was a church official watching him as he read it; and here the likeness ended. I was deep in the book out of curiosity; the church official was only waiting for his fee. However, the story was suggested, and I may as well relate it here.

When the boy king, Edward VI., sat on the throne of England, a large print copy of the Bible was set up in almost every church. Outside the porch of the chapelery at Brentwood, in Essex, there was one of these Bibles,
was that, after a moment's pause, he breathed forth these four simple words, "To die is
gain." Nothing would now change his deter-
mination to return to the town. He knew that if he did not do so, his father's life would
be endangered. He felt a courage such as
martyrs feel. He was resolved. The old man
and his son went back to the town, and that
night young Hunter was lodged in gaol. They
made him fast in the stocks. I dare say he
remembered how persecutors had served Paul
and Silas the same way. Poor boy! Perhaps
he sang, perhaps he thought an earth-
quake would shake the prison walls and break
his bonds; but God worked no miracle, except
that there was joy and peace in the boy's
heart, and courage that made him more than
conqueror.

His sufferings were great. There was, first
of all, a long examination; then a long, long
ride to a palace near London, where lived the
Bishop of London—Bonner by name; then
was the sharp trial of gentle persuasion, and
kind promises, and soft assurance; then the
easier trial of threat and violence; then the
stocks again; then a long imprisonment in a
dismal dungeon, loaded with chains; then
another trial, very hard to bear, in which his
natural affection was appealed to, and tempting
offers made to him—would he not rejoice to
see his father's face, to be clasped to his
mother's heart again, to be placed in such a
position as to make his fortunes prosperous?
Would he give up his foolish notions about the
Bible? Then he should see Brentwood; then
he should enter it in triumph; then he
should be set up in business; then he should
be chief ruler in the bishop's own house. But
he thought of the old Bible at Brentwood; he
thought he saw it again, and read in its curious
old text—"He that loveth father or mother
more than me is not worthy of me; and he
that taketh not his cross and followeth after
me is not worthy of me: he that findeth his
life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for
my sake shall find it." No, he would not re-
cant; he would die. Then to the stake with
him; pile up the faggots, kindle the flames—
where? In Brentwood, where the boy is
known.

So William Hunter saw Brentwood again.
The people came out to see him as he was
brought along by the guard, who treated him
with the roughest usage, and mocked at his
weakness and sufferings. In gaol, as he lay
loaded with chains, watching the twilight as
it deepened into night, and whispering to him-
self—"There shall be no night there," the bolts
grated, the door was opened, and his mother
knelt beside him and sobbed like a child.

The grim gaoler turns his back on the
scene, leaves the cell, and seems not a little
softened.

The meeting ended. The mother returned
to her home blessing God for the patience
and constancy of her child; the prisoner was
left alone; and so the night passed. Then
the darkness began to fade; a faint glimpse
of light awoke the fowls in the farmyard, who
straightway gave a welcome to the morning;
and then the birds came out of their nests to
prune themselves and sing; then the farmers'
men and villagers began to appear in a lazy
sort of way, as if they were not quite awake
as yet; and then the sun came up above the
line of crimson in the east, and sent its bright
broad beams down the hill-side to the valley
and over the fields where the dew hung plen-
tifully; and making everything more beauti-
ful as it came through the clear, fresh morning
air, it fell upon a busy group who were finish-
ing their work on the village green; fell
through the iron-grated window of the gaol
into the cell where the poor prisoner lay wait-

ing for death.

Death was coming—death in a cruel, frighten-
ful form. What of that? God is the strength
of my heart, and my portion for ever!

Very busy is the little town of Brentwood.
Everybody knows the dreadful news. Poor
young Hunter is to be burnt alive. Here he
comes. There is the rattle of a drum, the

glittering of armour. Here he is. He walked
steadily, and looked on the faces he knew so
well, and the green where he had so often
played, without a change in his countenance.
An old man strives to get forward. The crowd
give place. He throws his arms about the
boy, saying, "God be with thee, my son!"—
"God be with thee, my father! be of good
comfort; we shall meet again to rejoice
together."

The place of death is reached. They have
bound the boy to the stake. They delay to
kindle until a free pardon has been offered if
he will recant. No, he will never recant. He
has one request to make. Will the people
pray for him? This is at first refused with
coarse brutality. Then one standing by utters
the words, "May God have mercy on his soul."
And the people say "Amen." The boy holds
in his hand a copy of the Book of Psalms, and
as the executioner kindles the fire, he throws
the book to his brother, who has followed him
to the place of death. What more? A cloud
of smoke rising straight upwards; a flame
of fire, clear and bright; a voice calling out,
"Lord, receive my spirit;" an intense heat
and light that make the people stand aloof
a heap of smouldering embers.

________________________________________
OUR SPHINX.

102.—A MAGIC SQUARE OF SQUARES.

1  2  4  15  17  20  26
18  19  21  23  24  25  3
4  5  10  13  14  16  17
15  16  17  18  19  20  3
8  9  12  14  15  16  17
21  22  23  24  25  26  1
10  11  12  13  14  15  16
19  20  21  22  23  24  25

The above square contains the numbers from 1 to 81 inclusive, and has the following properties:

1. The sum of any row of nine numbers, vertical, horizontal, or diagonal, is 369.
2. The sum of any nine numbers forming a square, wherever taken, is 369.
3. If the four corner numbers (1, 42, 60, 61), the middle numbers of the four outside rows (30, 72, 20, 12), and the central number (31) be added together, the sum will be 369.
4. The sum of the nine numbers similarly situated in any square formed by twenty-five or forty-nine numbers is 369.

One or more vertical rows may be transferred from the left to the right, or from the right to the left, or one or more horizontal rows from the top to the bottom, or from the bottom to the top, and the properties of the square be unchanged.

How many of our readers can reproduce this remarkable table for themselves on slate or paper, first studying it well, and then laying it aside while they puzzle over the problem?

103.—ARITHMOREM.

150 and Hesper (an eminent astronomer, died 1829).
500 Toae (a Flemish painter, died 1685).
551 Akewe (an English writer, died 1801).
1001 Sus (an English poet, died 1719).
6 Sar (an Italian painter, died 1678).
1005 Twhg (an American divine, died 1817).

The initials of the above, read downwards, will give the name of a celebrated philanthropist, and the initials upwards, an illustrious German musician.

J. S. BAREES.

104.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE GLOBE DIVIDED.

1. Wisdom blended with the earth
Isles but in folly's birth.
2. Backwards, forwards, all the same,
I am but a lady's name.
3. Thee of brittle conformation,
Falling is my occupation.
4. Patient worker though I be,
Still the rebel lives with me.
5. Now with light I am allied,
Now with darkest homicide.

105.—NUMBERED CHARADE.

I am a word of 8 letters.
My 2, 6, 7 is a resinous substance.
My 8, 3, 4 is a man's name.
My 1, 6, 5 means "dejected.

106.—BIOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

A great Unitarian who flourished in the sixteenth century.
A great writer who lived in the time of Queen Anne.
A great English commander.
An Archbishop of York who was forced to acknowledge the primacy of Canterbury.
The admiral who captured Gibraltar.
A Saxon king who was slain by an outlaw.

The initials of the above, if read downwards, will give the name of an English clergyman who suffered death in the fifteenth century.

J. V. EDWARDS.

107.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

The initials of the following, if read downwards, will give the name of one of our most illustrious generals:

A town in one of the midland counties of England.
A town on the Forth in Scotland.
A town on the Shannon in the county of Limerick.
A town in one of the northern counties of Wales.
An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
A town lately restored to France.
A town of Italy on a Gulf of the same name.
A town in Prussia.
A town in Canada.
A town in the United States.

J. V. EDWARDS.

108.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

At a banquet in ages past, there sits a king in the midst of revelry and enjoyment. Wine flows freely, and everyone seems bent upon pleasure and merriment; when suddenly, a man, dressed in rude clothes, enters the room, and offers resistance to the cup-bearer, who is ordered to eject him. The king becomes irritated at the outlaw's audacity, and rushes to the spot to despatch him; when suddenly, the outlaw draws a dagger, which had been concealed in his under clothes, and slays the king.

Required the name of the king, of the outlaw, and the place where the deed was perpetrated.

109.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

7, 19, 22 ... 25, 12, 2, 8 ... 14, 12, 13, 7, 19, 15, 2...
1, 13, 10, 12, 22, 5, 22, 9 ... 2, 22, 7 ... 11, 6, 25, 15
13, 8, 12, 2, 8, 7 ... 14, 2, 11, 12, 13, 2 ... 24, 12, 13, 2, 22, 9, 25
7, 12 ... 12, 21, 22, 2 ... 14, 2 ... 24, 12, 13, 20, 9, 25
7, 6, 15, 26, 7, 18, 12, 13, 8 ... 7, 12 ... 14, 9 ... 25, 22, 7, 12, 13 ... 12, 13, 19, 18, 8 ... 8, 6, 24, 22, 8.
21 ... 24 ... 24, 12, 3.
110.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1.
The moon it shone bright, yet long was the road,
My horses were weary, and heavy their load,
To pass the dull hours away, and enliven the way,
To a friend by my side I did mirthfully say,
"Come number to me as we travel the ground,
My wheel is a circle, twelve feet in the round.
Twelve miles is the distance, now pray can you tell,
From the lime-pits of Beantsbams, which stand on
the Fall,
How often that wheel round its axis will roam,
Till Carmel Town bridge bids us welcome home."
(To be solved by reduction.)

J. V. EDWARDS.

2.
Divide the number 50 into two such parts, that if
the greater part be divided by 7, and the less multi-
plied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product
will make 30.

111.—SQUARE WORDS.

1.
1. Without a rose.
2. Length without breadth.
3. 3. Quickly.
4. A soldier's dwelling.

2.
1. A rock.
2. To value.
3. A particle.
4. Precious stones.

3.
1. Crippled.
2. Sour, sharp.
3. A pit.

4.
1. Domesticated animals.
2. An open space.
3. Three or more horses.
4. Like.

5.
1. To break at once.
2. A point at every of Thames.
3. An open space.
4. A fruit.

6.
1. A metal.
2. French for "To be."
3. A scriptural character beheaded.
4. To indent.

ARCHIBALD D. DURBANT.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

Why are the Idea of March so called?—The Latin
and idea vnum is derived from the Etruscan word
signifying to divide; hence, literally, the
split or half month, because the fifteenth day of
the months March, May, July, and October, and the
latter half of the other months, was termed the
day—From Dr. William Smith's Latin-English
Dictionary.

What is the Camera Lucida, and how can it be
applied to drawing microscopical objects?—The
camera Lucida, as its name implies, is a "light
chamber," in contradistinction to the camera ob-
tra, which is a "dark chamber." It is constructed
in the following manner:—A glass prism
attached to a brass tube, which is fixed upon the
piece of the microscope; after that the per-
ated cap is removed. You must now place a
microscope in a horizontal position, and apply
your eye to the little oblong aperture—having pre-
viously laid a piece of white paper below the eye-
piece—when you will apparently see the object on
the paper. You should now make use of a hard
and very finely-pointed pencil, to trace the outline of
the object upon the paper. To insure success in your
drawing, you must remember to keep the pupil of
the eye exactly on the edge of the prism, so that
one-half of it looks at the object, and the other at
the paper and pencil. The great value of this in-
strument is, that any one totally ignorant of drawing
can, with the most perfect accuracy, make a sketch
of any object he pleases, much in the same way as
a child does on a transparent drawing slate. After
you have sketched the outline, you must, of course,
fill in the minute details, and, finally, colour, which
last operation is essentially necessary to render your
drawing at all presentable.

How can you tell the number of diameters a micro-
scope can magnify?—In order to tell how many
diameters a microscope may magnify, you must
purchase from an optician an instrument called a
stage micrometer, which will cost about 5s. This
useful little instrument merely consists of a glass
slide, on which are ruled a number of lines, some
the hundredth, and others the thousandth, of an
inch apart. To use it, you must slip the camera
lucida on the eye-piece, and sketch the object in
the manner I have previously mentioned; then take
away the object, and substitute for it the stage
micrometer, and draw the lines upon the sketch of
the object. If the hundredth lines coincide with an
inch, the object is magnified one hundred diameters;
if with two inches, two hundred, and so on.

CHARLES IRVINE GRAHAM.

Where was Robin Hood born?—In Locksley town in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood, he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin Hood of famous renown.

"Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valour, and
Marriages."

What is the derivation of the word calico?—From
Calicut, a seaport on the Malabar coast, in Hindo-
oster, where it was first imported from.

What are radicals?—A chemical term for the elements of bodies which see.

What is a symple?—A particular assembly of ec-
clesiastics.

How often does the moon change?—Every 27 days,
7 hours, 43 minutes, and 11½ seconds.

What year was Ireland subjugated by Cromwell?—
In the year 1650.

In what year was the Battle of Borthwell Bridge
fought?—In the year 1679, in June.

ARTHUR ADOLPHUS BOLLASON.

How many changes can be rung on eight bells?—
40,320.

The best and cheapest chemical cabinet, and its price?
—I think "Statham's Youth's Chemical Cabinet,"
5s. 6d. (with fancy paper cover), is a good one.

Who was the first to invent glass?—It is said
that some Syrian merchants, being shipwrecked,
made a fire on the shore of the plant Kali; the ashes
mixing with the sand and flint, produced the be-
autiful substance which we call glass.

HERBERT L. BRAMALL.

Dr. Curnow's Atlas may be obtained from or
through any bookseller for 5s. 6d.

Life of James Brindley—Price is 6s. Publisher's
name not mentioned in book; can be had at any
bookseller's.

A good and cheap Dictionary?—Walker's is about
the cheapest and best for the money. Price 4s. 6d.
OUR SPHINX.

What is the difference between “Enquiry” and "Inquiry"?—Enquiry and inquiry have the same meaning, only spelled different. Such as dispatch and despatch. It is a choice in spelling.

The origin of the superstitious of St. Swithin.—St. Swithin’s day is the day fixed by the Roman Catholics as the anniversary of the deluge or Noah’s flood.

Best and cheapest chemical cabinet?—See advertisement in "Boys’ Monthly Magazine" for May and preceding months. P. SMITH.

The best way to keep a donkey is to give him corn twice or three times a day, and, if oblige to be kept in a stable, give him a peck of corn a day, and plenty of straw to lie on, and plenty of water to drink. His exercise should be 30 miles a week in harness, and 20 under the saddle; if not, he is likely to get restless.

The way to keep rabbits?—They must be kept dry, and fed on bran and greens. If they get pot-bellied, they must be fed very sparingly on bran only.

What is the price of climbing iron?—3s. 6d. A blacksmith is the proper person to make them. X. Y. Z.

What is Gregorian music?—I would reply, that previous to the time of Pope Gregory I., music consisted of but four tones, called the tetradchord. Gregory, a man not only remarkable for his virtues and general erudition, but for his profound skill in music, invented the simple notation by the seven first letters of the alphabet, thereby superseding the complicated system of the Greek Church, and increasing the number of the tones from four to eight. At the same time he introduced an improved species of chant, which soon acquired the appellation of the Gregorian Chant, and to promote which he established schools for singing, superintending them in person, and providing ample revenues for the support of the same. These flourished for three hundred years.

Why is the Gregorian music sometimes objected to?—A very difficult question to answer, certainly. Different people have different notions. One person thinks it antiquated, and grown out of fashion, and prefers music of a lighter character; another objects to it because it is Roman Catholic in its origin; and others, because—well, really, there is such a variety of opinions that I forbear to adduce any more. CHARLES GILBY.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

How to make a plate-glass electrical machine as cheaply as possible?—CHARLES LOVIT GILBERT.

Where can I obtain a good and cheap encyclopaedia? Which is properly spelt, Phillip or Philip?—PHILIP SMITH.

How to become a cadet at Woolwich? The way to preserve and dry plants so as to keep their colours? How to make a fishing-rod? How to make a fishing-rod, and to catch fish to put therein? How to make a simple galvanic battery? Best book on training? Best exercise to strengthen the muscles of the arms?—W. HYNARD.

How to make a small printing press on the screw system? Please give the names and prices of the best elementary books on the following subjects, with the names of the authors and publishers—shipbuilding, rigging ships, sail-making, model ship-making, and any other books connected with the construction or sailing of ships. Where can I get plans for making the hull of a model ship four feet long?—W. GRAVES.

1. What kind of a lens is requisite for a compound microscope? Its local distance, its price, and how may it be got? 2. How to engrave on brass and silver? 3. What is, and how to prepare, oil of tartar? 4. The best book on composition, its price, and where it may be got? Where can I procure the song called Ben Bolt? What is fire composed of? When were watches first used? Who was Psammietichus? Where can I procure a cheap book on the language of flowers? What is a good treatment for canaries? Who was Polyphemus? Who was Odysseus in Ulysses? Between whom was the battle of Narnia fought, and at what date? What is Polyphemus? What were the names of Philip of Macedon’s parents? Where can I obtain a Greek Testament? How is guerilla pronounced? D. SMITH.

When was the game of billiards first introduced into England? Who is the best cricketer in England?—C. H. EVERTON.

How to make lemonade? How to cure corns? Miss TRENCH.

How to cure the toothache?—E. D. SMITH.

THE BOYS’ OWN CLUB.

Any young gentleman wishing to join the above club may do so on sending an enclosed, stamped, directed envelope to W. H. Cundy, 33, Judd Street, Brompton, who will, on receipt thereof, send a copy of the rules. Subscription—6d. a month, or 8s. a year. None admitted above fifteen.

W. H. CUNDY, Secretary.

CONTRIBUTIONS DECLINED.

Riddle and Charade, E. H. ANDREWS; Puzzle by C. & E. M.; Sonnet on Italy; Devotion, or the Saracen Maid; The Phantom Pressman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. E. SAVAGE.—The prize essays won by the "Boys’ Monthly Magazine" have not been published. It is possible they may be issued in a separate volume.

A READER.—An article on the Electric Telegraph will probably appear in our next number.

F. A. WHALER.—The story should be given as given in the play, following the incidents of the play without regard to history.

PHILIP SMITH.—The twelve months’ number of the "Boys’ Monthly Magazine" is published in one volume, price 3s. 6d., and called "The Boy’s Yearly Book." You can obtain the Annual from Messers. Ward, Locke, & Tyler, Warwick House, Paternoster Row.

* * * The adjudication on the prize essay is unavoidably postponed till next month.
Death of Guatelama.
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XXI.

In which the over-worked artificers are relieved by the arrival of fresh hands, and I am very much relieved by the arrival of an old relative and dear friend of mine, by whom I am soundly rated, and then taken into favour. Also the account of what the Spaniards did, and how Guadeloupe betrayed their secret. Also containing a perilous adventure of Shells, and what they were doing at the Devil’s Tower; together with many other particulars cogent to this history.

THOUGH the Spaniards had been entirely defeated in their attack on our stronghold with their vaunted “fire-proofs,” and though their attempts to starve us into surrender had likewise been frustrated, they were very unwilling to give up the siege, and they gave us a good deal of trouble.

The artificers had a hard time of it, building up what the Dons were breaking down, and strengthening those portions of our fortifications which were in most jeopardy. By reason of the artificers being so fully employed, I saw very little of Shell. Whenever we could get the chance, we had a talk together; but it was not often.

One day some English ships came into harbour: king's ships from old England, under Hood; and right well were they welcomed. They brought us lots of things we wanted, and what, perhaps, was most welcome of all, a good company of artificers, carpenters, stonemasons, engineers, &c., all fresh and strong, and well up to their work.

I had been pretty busy, spending most of my time, however, on ship-board, joining now and again with these artificers, but being most occupied on the salt water.

When the ships under Hood had anchored in the bay, I was told off with a boat's crew to carry one of our officers to the admiral's ship. When we got alongside the vessel, who should I see looking over the bulwark but old Uncle Price? I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was, however, no mistake about it. I should have known his figure-head among a million. He looked right down into our boat, but plainly did not know me. Touching my hat to our officer, I made bold to ask might I be permitted to go aboard? He was a good-natured fellow, and gave me leave at once. So when he had gone up, and been received with all due solemnity, I went up, and was received with no ceremony at all. I was at home with the tars in a minute; they wanted to know all about Gibraltar, and I wanted to know all about old England in general, and Uncle Price in particular.

"Haven't you shipped a Mr. Price?" said I.

"Price! What, our purser?"

"Yes, the very same."

"We have shipped him, and we don't want to unship him, neither. He is a good sort; nothing of the nip-cheese about him; he does not serve out six-water grog. Do you know him?"

"Guess I do; he is my uncle."

"Then you may be proud of him. Here he comes. Regular quarter-deck walk, you see; quite the gentleman."

Certainly uncle did look uncommonly well, and quite the gentleman. His smiling, good-humoured face did not seem a wrinkle older; his linen was faultless, and his broad-tailed blue coat without a crease. I stepped up to him, hat in hand.

"Uncle!"

Uncle stopped, rubbed his eyes, and then swore at them—he did, indeed, went the whole length of the expression; not that he was much of a swearer, except he was took aback.

"You!" said he; "you! It cannot be; it is not!"

This he added very positive.

"But it is me, uncle. I stuck to the ship, and am an old sea-dog now."
"An outrageous, impudent puppy!" said he; "a young lubber that should be kept on monkey's allowance for the rest of his born days."

"Well, uncle, I could not help it."

"But you could, sir. Why didn't you stop at your aunt's apron-strings, and learn cross-stitch and darnin' stockings? What did you want with salt water and his Majesty's service?"

"Well, uncle, if it comes to that, what did you want with them either?"

"Hold your tongue, sir; don't answer me, sir." But while my uncle was trying to look desperately angry, I could see he was secretly rejoiced; so I stood silent, pretending to look very demure.

"Now, look here," said my uncle; "you ran away to please yourself, mind that."

"Yes, I did; and did it."

"I told you to go home, didn't I?"

"Yes, uncle, you did; and I didn't."

"Well, then, the scrape you have got me into is awful. I would sooner have taken a couple of dozen at the gratings than take what I was forced to take—being women—from your aunt and mother. I am pretty used to rough weather" (and then uncle swore at himself again in a shocking way), "but such a gale I never weathered before."

"But how could they blame you, uncle?"

"How? Because they did, that's all. They told me to my face I had enticed you away; they did, upon my soul. And while your aunt was raking me fore and aft with red-hot shot, your mother takes to blabbering, and swamps my decks."

"I am very sorry I got you into trouble, uncle; but you know—"

"Never mind all that," he said; "it's over now. You took your own course, boy, and where has it brought you?"

"Gibraltar, uncle."

"Don't be impertinent, sir. Come into my cabin and explain."

"I can't, uncle, now."

"Can't?"

"No; I'm on duty."

Uncle stepped back a pace or two, and surveyed me in a critical way.

"Not so bad, not so bad; gear all right, taut and trim. The young dog, he has picked it up well, very well; every inch a sailor. Come, your paw, boy?"

He shook me heartily by the hand; told me if I could get leave I was to return him in the afternoon; if not, I was to wait. Then he resumed his quarter-deck walk, and I slipped down to the boat, and waited for our officer.

Without much difficulty I got leave that afternoon to visit uncle's ship, and then I drank grog with him,—grog of his own peculiar brewing; and what a fist he was at it! And there I showed him father's letter, and told him all that I had done. He listened very attentively, and obscured himself in a cloud of tobacco-smoke before he made any comment on my story. At last he emerged from the smoke, and said,—

"I expect, boy, we must trust the old'un to buy your father up. These Algerians will sell him to us. Seems odd to buy one's own father."

"Can it be done?"

"No doubt of it. We must hear what he can do."

"I believe he is doing all he can do now."

"That's well; we must wait and see. Your father must have seen some strange sights yonder, stranger things than he ever saw behind his book-counter in Fleet Market. Come, he will have something to tell us when we had him; and we are sure of that. Now, you disobedient and unnaturally dog, why don't you ask after the women folk?"

"I am really anxious to know how mother is," said I.

"And your aunt, sirrah?"

"I don't care 'that' for her;" and I snapped my fingers.

"Perhaps you've another snap for your uncle?"

"Not I, indeed. I always liked you, uncle, and wanted to be something like you; so it was you, you see, after all, that made me mad to smell blue water."

"Was it now?"

"Indeed it was, uncle; but for you I should have gone to the bad."

He shook my hand again; and after a little while told me mother was well in health, but generally low in spirits, on account of my aunt's temper. Aunt, he said, seemed to be
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

more exacting than ever, and was for ever
reminding mother of her runaway husband
and son. I was very sorry to hear this, though
of course it was really nothing more than I
might have anticipated. After we had talked of
home affairs, uncle made me tell him all about
myself, and grew enthusiastic over the few
little adventures I had had. He was an ex-
cellent listener, but I was a very poor story-teller;
yet the time passed so quickly, that I was
astonished when the hour came for me to
take leave.

Next day but one uncle went ashore, and I
was allowed to join him. Thanks to the
arrival of the new artificers, Shell had a holi-
day, and turned out what the Moosos call en
grande tenue. He looked exceedingly well,
and uncle praised him highly.

The work of the artificers had been carried
on with remarkable activity, and under peculiar-
ly trying circumstances. From one thou-
sand to two thousand rounds had been poured
into the garrison daily while the work was
going on. The artificers had rebuilt the
whole flank of the Orange Bastion on the sea-
line, quite 120 feet in length. It was a work
of solid masonry, and its erection, under so
hot a fire as the Spaniards kept up, was really
surprising, and, so far as I know, has no
parallel in history. Besides this great work,
the men were employed in piercing the solid
rock, and forming subterranean galleries,
covered ways of communication from one
part of the garrison to another. Under a
brave fellow, who was much distinguished
through the siege, a subterranean gallery was
constructed under Farrington’s Battery. Five
embrasures were opened in front of the Rock,
faceing the neutral ground. This great work,
which was carried on with zeal and with
speed, was known as the “Governor’s Hobby.”
It would be well if everybody’s “hobby”
were as useful.

As for the Spaniards, they seemed to give
themselves no rest, and they certainly did not
give us any. Morning, noon, and night were
they attacking us one way or another, and
they never seemed at a loss for new expe-
dients. One of their last stratagems was that
of mining a cave into the Rock, introducing
a quantity of combustibles, and blowing us
all into the air. The explosion was to be
chiefly directed against the North Front. The
first intimation we received of this novel
stratagem on the part of the Spaniards, was
conveyed to us by no other than the arch-
traitor Gutelama. The intelligence was un-
sought on our part, so that he gained nothing
by it, as he had hoped to do.

You see, Gutelama still lay in prison. I
wondered, and I dare say a good many others
wondered too, why he was not brought to
trial at once, and put out of the way with a
yard of rope or an ounce of lead. He was a
cunning fox, and knowing the danger he was
in, he kept up fencing with the Governor,
professing that he knew a good deal more
than he did know, and trying it on hard. I
heard that he begged for his guitar, and
sat thrumming on it for hours! Well, it
was Gutelama that told of this new scheme
of the Spaniards. If it were true, it explained,
of course, all the mysterious activity which we
had observed at the Devil’s Tower. As for
Shell, when he heard of it, not a word would
he believe, and I don’t think the authorities
placed much credence in it. Shell determined,
as far as he could, to find out whether it were
true or false. It was his duty to reconnoitre
the North Front; and while engaged in this
work, he contrived to descend the steep and
rugged rock. He succeeded with the help of
ropes and ladders, but the attempt was so
daring that it surprised even me, with the
knowledge I had of how plucky Shell could
be. Creeping downwards, now hanging over
a yawning precipice, nothing to save him from
instant death but his own firm hold on a
projecting crag of rock, Shell got down very
near to the base of the cliff. There he found
an opening, which he carefully examined,
and while doing so heard the hum of
voices and the busy strikes of hammers and
picks. There could be no mistake as to the
nature of the work. They were excavat-
ing the rock. Fully satisfied on this point,
Shell climbed the steep again, and reported
what he had heard. After that a vigilant
watch was kept on the Devil’s Tower, and
every precaution taken to cut off all commu-
nication between it and the Rock. Efforts
were made to choke up the entrance; and by
the use of hand grenades and fragments of
stone hurled over the precipice, the Spanish
workmen were in some degree intimidated from carrying on their work; but, to the credit of the Dons be it spoken, they were not easily frightened or readily baffled. Of course the idea of the engineer was as visionary as one of the exploits of Don Quijote. What sort of explosion must it have been that could move a compact mass of rock about four times as high as St. Paul's! Shell got well rewarded for his discovery, which, although it confirmed the truth of Guatelama's statement, did not in the least raise him in the estimation of the authorities.

CHAPTER XXII.

Which concerns Guatelama chiefly.—How he was brought to trial, and how we witnessed against him.—How he was, much against his own inclination, ordered for hanging.—How Jack and I had a long stroll, and how I met with the herdsman and got some news.—Likewise concerning the adventures which befell us.—The flight, the pursuit, and its fatal termination.

At last, one morning, when Guatelama was eating his breakfast and beguiling his long leisure by thrumming on his guitar, a file of soldiers summoned him before a court-martial; and there he was tried as a spy.

It was my duty to give evidence against him, and when I saw him he smiled in his most agreeable style, and seemed easy and confident. Not so easy or so confident was he when Jack Strap appeared. It was said that he turned pale as a corpse, and would not so much as look towards the witness. The inquiry lasted a long time; candles had to be lighted before it was over. The end of it was the condemnation of Guatelama. He was sentenced to be hanged the next morning in the presence of the garrison.

I was given to understand that he protested vehemently against this form of death; that he even shed tears at the dishonour put upon him. But entreaties and expostulations were all alike in vain: he was to die with his neck in a noose.

Thrum, thrum, thrum; he was heard thrumming away at the old guitar late into the night. A priest was permitted to visit him, and he was shriven after the manner of his Church. After this he ate heartily of cheese and onions, and then went on with his thrumming.

“Never man so exalted in his views,” quoth the priest; “the spirit of a true nobleman. He hath no fear of death.”

“Ay,” quoth the gaoler; “but he whimper at the gallows.”

“He did, say you. He does not now. He can bear the shame.”

Thrum, thrum, thrum, far into the night.

I was on shore that night, having been on the trial; and Jack Strap was with me.

It was bright moonlight; the moon at the full hung like a silver shield in the heavens. We were out late, and walked leisurely, smoking as we went. Everything was very still. As we stood on an elevated point of rock, and looked over the bay, the water was calm as a lake; the ships at anchor looked more like water-fowl than men-of-war. There was not a breath of wind abroad. We could hear the challenge of the sentinels as some wayfarer approached their rounds. We could hear sometimes the cry of a sea-gull. All else was still, except—hard by the place on which we stood, though 200 feet below us—the hammering of the carpenters erecting the gibbet for Guatelama.

We stood and listened.

“That’s pleasant music to me,” said Jack; “poor Nan will be avenged.”

“And my father.”

As I spoke a figure approached us, which I immediately recognised for that of the old herdsman. He gave me “Good even” as he passed by, but I stopped him.

“Any news for me, good father?”

“Good news. Your father is alive and well.”

He passed on for a few paces, then turned back and said,—

“Do you mark the ring of the hammers? The gibbet is growing fast, and will bear fruit to-morrow.”

“Ripe fruit?” said I.

“Ripeness rotten,” was the answer. He turned and walked with us as we descended the rock, and talked of Guatelama and all that he had done. We went down into the deep shadow, turning sometimes to look back at the height we had left, its sharp rugged outlines clearly marked against the still blue sky.

Suddenly a human figure sprang from the
THE COW-BOY'S SONG.

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, home from the wood,
They sent me to fetch you as fast as I could.
The sun has gone down, it is time to go home;
Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, why don't you come?
Your udders are full, and the milkmaid is there,
And the children all waiting their supper to share.
I have let the long bars down—why don't you pass through?"

The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, have you not been
Regaling all day where the pastures are green?
No doubt it was pleasant, dear moo-ly, to see
The clear running brook, and the wide-spreading tree,
The clover to cross, and the streamlet to wade,
To drink the cool water and lie in the shade.
But now it is night, they are waiting for you."

The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, where do you go
When all the green pastures are covered with snow?
You go to the barn, and we feed you with hay,
And the maid goes to milk you there every day;
She pats you, she loves you, she strokes your sleek hide,
She speaks to you kindly, and sits by your side.
Then come along home, pretty moo-ly cow, do."

The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"

"Moo-ly cow, moo-ly cow, whisking your tail,
The milkmaid is waiting, I say, with your pail;
She tucks up her petticoats, tidy and neat,
And places the three-legged stool for her seat.—
What can you be staring at, moo-ly? You know
That we ought to have gone home an hour ago.
How dark it is growing! Oh, what shall I do?"

The moo-ly cow only said, "Moo-o-o!"
HOUSE-FLIES, MOSQUITOES, &c.—(Order Diptera.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, P.G.S., ETC.

I had been reading Sir Emerson Tennent’s new book, and was sitting down to write a little paper about elephants, when a fly—an intrusive, buzzing, pilfering, buzzing, tickling varlet—persistently attacked my nose. “It is very annoying,” said I, “to be disturbed from my purpose, and prevented from attending to the huge and noble elephant by so small and insignificant an insect as a fly.” “I am not small, and I am not insignificant,” was buzzed in my ear; “if I chokes you, as I did Pope Adrian IV., you would not say I am too small to stick in a person’s throat, or too insignificant to affect human destinies.” I confessed, that under the circumstances, I should say nothing; but reminded my visitor that she was so far smaller than myself, that it would be as easy to me as it was to Domitian, to kill flies for my amusement. “Magnitude,” said the fly, with a philosophic air, “magnitude is but relative; a small thing may be greater than a large one, if it is a small elephant that you compare with a large cat, for men have no universal standard by which to measure all things, and so they compare every thing and creature with the average size of its species.” “Just so,” said I, “but surely I may speak of you as an animal; and as an animal I say again, that you are decidedly small.” Mr. Timbs’s Strange Stories was lying on the table—open at page 64—and the fly alighted on the sentence which asserts that the mouj, the smallest of animals, is only 1-12,000th of an inch in length. From this standpoint, addressing me in the words of Leo Grindon, the fly said, “Supposing that an individual of every known species were to take its stand between the two species that were respectively the next larger and the next smaller than itself, the smallest known animal being at one extremity of the line, and the largest standing at the other, and then asking which creature occupied the middle place, having as many degrees of size above it as below, that place would be found to be occupied by the common house-fly.” Having no better argument to urge, and believing it best to come to terms with the enemy without seeming to be defeated, I replied, “It must be evident at a glance that your body is much smaller than mine. However, I congratulate you on your wisdom in choosing a middle course, and I shall be glad to hear in what respects you are of importance in the world.”

“Dear friend,” said the captain of the Creole frigate, doubtless thought of us some importance when, in the year 1819, his vessel was lying in the outer roads of Buenos Ayres, and her decks and rigging were suddenly covered with thousands of flies and grains of sand. The sides of the vessel had just received a fresh coat of paint, to which the insects adhered in such numbers, as to spot and disfigure the vessel, and to render it necessary partially to renew the paint. Captain W. H. Smith, of the Adventure, was also obliged to repaint his vessel in the Mediterranean, from the same cause. He was on his way from Malta to Tripoli, when a southern wind blowing from the coast of Africa—then a hundred miles distant—drove such myriads of flies upon the fresh paint, that not the smallest point was left unoccupied by the insects.

“Do I mean to say that this mischief was done by the common house-fly—Musca Domestica—of which I am a representative? Oh, dear, no! by flies, I said, and the term includes all my cousins. Our order is the Diptera (from the Greek duo, ‘two,’ and ptera, ‘wings’), and under the head of two-winged insects come the tick, the forest-fly, gnat, Harry long-legs, mosquito, midge, gad-fly, dras-fly, spring wild bee, bot-fly, &c., &c. Of these again, there are various sorts, our own family, the Muscidae, numbering 1,700 species in Europe, about half of which are natives of Britain.

“You cannot see that the matter I mentioned—the disfiguring of the freshly-painted ships—gives us any real importance, except as creatures to be fought against and exterminated. I daresay not, but we can put in a better claim to your consideration. Mails has said for us, that the fly’s purpose in nature is to consume various substances which are given out by the human body, by articles of food, and almost every animal and vegetable production when in a state of change, and given out in such small quantities, that they are not perceptible to common observers, neither removable by the ordinary means of cleanliness, even in the best-kept apartment. James Samuelson also will tell you, that in our lowest stage we are indispensable to the existence of some, and to the health and comfort of the whole human race. This is no exaggeration: go into the fields or lanes, and seek the body of some recently-killed animal; or, if you reside near the sea, look at the carcass of one of the many creatures that are cast up by the waves; and if your olfactory organs be not too easily offended, turn the body over and examine it for yourself. See what myriads of maggots are writhing throughout its frame! A few hundreds of these may be the larve of the carrion beetle, or of the devil’s coachman; but thousands upon thousands are the maggots of flies; and if you return a few days after your first inspection, you will find that they have devoured the whole carcass, save a little skin and the indigestible bones. The elements of the tissues, instead of decomposing into poisonous and ill-savoured compounds, and filling the air with pestilence and death, at

* Samuelson’s Humble Creatures.
once spring, phoenix-like, into life again, and, in a few days, there appears the animated form of the fly, which only an Omnresent hand could have moulded with such rapidity and accurate design. Linnaeus estimated that three flesh-flies and their progeny would devour the carcass of a dead horse more speedily than a lion would do. If this estimate is at all exaggerated, it is probably not much so; and so you see that we are engaged in keeping clean some of the wheels of nature, which otherwise would be for ever getting clogged and impeded. I don’t wonder at all at the fly on the coachwheel, who believed that she herself was turning it.

“You are perfectly right, sir; we only get through a carcase so rapidly because of our great numbers. The eggs are deposited in carcases, &c., in order that the larvae, as soon as they are developed, may find abundance of food. For similar reasons I personally was born on a dung-hill (never mind, like some others of low birth, I have found my way into kings’ palaces!) though some of my sisters must have had a different origin, since Captain Beechey found them on Pitcairn’s Island, where there never was a horse.

In the larva or maggot state, some of my cousins are wonderful acrobats—the cheesehopper, for instance, leaping to a height of from twenty to thirty times the length of its own body. A viper, if endowed with similar powers, would throw itself nearly a hundred feet from the ground. The learned Smammerdam invites your sharpest geniuses and men of the greatest penetration and learning to judge of a creature, on the fabric of which there plainly appears so much art, order, contrivance, and wisdom—nay, in which is seen the hand itself of the Omnipotent God, could possibly be the production of chance or rottenness?

Of course, he was referring to the idea formerly entertained, that maggots found in decomposing matter are the result of the decomposition.

“When I had passed a few days as a maggot on my native hill, my outer skin became brown and tough, enclosing me in a little barrel-shaped case, or, to speak more correctly, causing me to resemble a grain of rice in the husk. I was now designated a pupa, and, while in this condition, was undergoing internal changes sufficient to raise me from the type of a worm to that of a highly-organised insect. My simple jaws were replaced by a complicated proboscis; I was furnished with compound eyes, delicately constructed feet and wings, and mysterious antennae. When these changes were completed, I forced my way out of my prison-house, striking my head against one end of the case till it burst open.

“Will I tell you anything about these compound eyes? Oh, certainly. The covered, or outer coat of our eyes, instead of being smooth, is, you will notice, marked with a species of network; and when placed under the microscope this network is found to consist of a vast number of convex lenses, disposed in regular rows upon the projecting surface. These lenses, each of which forms the external surface of a simple but perfect organ of vision, have been carefully counted, and their number amounts to 4,000. From each facet, or, rather, from each of the six-sided pyramids behind the facets, a distinct nerve passes into the substance of the eye, and all these nerves meeting in one common centre, form a large nervous trunk which conveys the image of surrounding objects to the brain.

“It used to be a question with your naturalists, whether these 4,000 eyelets gave us as many images of surrounding objects, or only one. But just as you, with two eyes, see objects to be single, and only fancy them to be double when you squint, so you may be satisfied our 4,000 eyelets give us only one picture of the object. But though our eyes do not multiply objects to us, you may, if you please, use them as multiplying glasses. Indeed, through the eye of a fly (so placed as to command objects with the assistance of a microscope) a single soldier has appeared as at once diminished and multiplied into a Lilliputian army, while the flame of a single candle has been made, in like manner, to represent a grand miniature illumination.

“A fly’s eye! Are we like flies? Well, not exactly; we belong to a different Order; but it is a pretty general thing among insects to have compound eyes, and many of them go far beyond us in the number of facets. Burmeister has drawn up a table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Facets</th>
<th>4,000</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The fly</td>
<td>12,544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The mordella</td>
<td>17,355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The dragon-fly</td>
<td>1,900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The butterfly</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

“Another wonderful piece of mechanism is our foot, which walks the window-pane and the ceiling, and before now has occupied the attention of a Sir Joseph Banks, a Sir Everard Home, and a pious Derham. They have stated that the sole secret of our marvellous walk and hold is a vacuum, produced by certain organs called suckers, attached to the end of the foot, which either adheres by atmospheric pressure, or is left free to rise, as these suckers are alternately expanded or contracted. On the credit of their great authority books without number have explained how we walk over gravity with equal ease upon a surface rough or smooth, upon windows and walls, upon ceiling and floor, with back downwards and with back upwards; and yet it would appear that they have been in error. Ask some friend to show you a fly’s foot under the microscope, and you will find that at its extremity it is furnished with a pair of membranous discs, resembling the broad termination of a child’s battledore formed of parchment. The higher powers of the microscope have revealed at the termination of each of the numerous hairs that cover the surface of these discs, a minute expansion which is kept moist by a fluid exuding from the extremity; and the belief now prevails among your n...
HOUSE-FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ETC.

turalists, that while each single hairlet serves as a sucking disc, the two membranous batte-
dores themselves act as cushions for the pres-
servation of two movable claws that we are
furnished with, and which enable us to fasten on
any little eminences or depressions that present
themselves to us in our course. You will readily
understand this from having observed the soft
cushions that protect the sole of the cat’s foot,
and enable it to tread so lightly.

“Our antennæ, again, have proved a mystery
to your wise men. They are commonly termed
‘feelers,’ but some zoologists have maintained
that they enabled us to hear and to smell. I
can’t decide the point for you,—‘Know thyself’
is an instruction I have not been able fully to
carry out, and I must not occupy your time
by setting before you the supposed facts of the
case. That we can smell, however, in some
way or other, you may infer from the fact, that
a blow-fly once committed the singular mistake
of depositing her eggs on some silk with which
a tainted meat had been covered, and another
laid them upon the ill-odoured Stapellas, a
tribe of hot-house plants possessing the odour
of decaying meat, but totally unsuitable as
food for the larvae. Their fate, of course, was
to die of hunger almost as soon as they were
hatched.

“I mentioned our wings? Yes, I did; and
I may just tell you, that a calculation has been
made, according to which we make six hun-
dred strokes every second, advancing a distance
of five feet in that time. But if alarmed, we
can increase the velocity six or seven fold, and
get over a mile in three minutes, which is one-
third of the way towards being race-horses in
speed. Indeed, if we did but equal the race-
horse in size, retaining our present powers in
the ratio of the increased magnitude, we should
be able to traverse the globe with the rapidity
of lightning.

“May I tell you some of the ills fly-flesh is
heir to? There is our natural enemy, the
spider, to say nothing of the bird and the cat;
and there is us our (unnatural, shall I say? our)
human enemy with his fly-papers. On finding
ourselves in the power of a spider, we utter
a shrill sound of distress, totally distinct from
our usual buzz. But the thought of such a
fate fills me with agony, and I will not pro-
ceed. When autumn is departing, innumera-
ble dead bodies of flies may be seen adhering
to the windows, walls, shutters, &c., in all parts
of the room, stiff, and in the attitude of life.
They are surrounded by a halo, composed of
whitish dust, which, upon examination, is
found to consist of the spores (seeds) of a fun-
gi, which has sprung from within outward,
and killed the poor things. And then those
‘Catch-em-alive-oh!’ boys, residing in Gray’s-
inn-lane and the Borough! Listen to what one
of them said to Mr. Mayhew:—‘The stuff as
they put on the paper is made out of boiled
oil and antipertussine and resin. It’s seldom as
a fly lives more than a minute from it; and
then it’s as dead as a house.

The blue-bottles is tougher, but they don’t last
long, though they keep on fizzing as if they
were trying to make a hole in the paper. The
stuff is only poisonous for flies, though I never
heard of anybody as ever eat a fly-paper.’

“Instead of having recourse to these horrid
papers, my good sir, I hope that you at least,
should you have occasion to get rid of us,
will rather follow the advice of Rhinias, Avien,
and Albertus, and ‘bury the tail of a wolf in
the house, and the flies will not come into it’ —
Exit Fly.

Enter Mosquito and Gnat.—It was well that
they came together, for in the books where their
deeds are recorded, the two creatures are often
confounded, and I will not promise on the
present occasion to keep their histories per-
fectly separate. Perhaps they sometimes con-
fuse their own individuality, like the man who
knocked at his own door, and asked whether
himself were at home; and if so, Mosquito
may tell me what Gnat should relate, and
Gnat claim credit for the feats of Mosquito.

Mosquito speaks.—‘I will confess to being a
pertinacious fellow, very annoying, very artful,
and I claim to be of some consequence in the
world. So annoying that, between the little
harbour of Higuerote and the mouth of the
Rio Unare, the wretched inhabitants are ac-
customed to stretch themselves on the ground,
and pass the night buried in the sand three or
four inches deep, exposing only the head,
which they cover with a handkerchief. So
annoying, that Captain Stedman’s men dug
holes in the earth with their bayonets, into
which they thrust their heads, stopping the
entry and covering their necks with their
hammocks. The captain himself, by a negro’s
advice, climbed to the top of the highest tree
he could find, and there slung his hammock
among the boughs, and slept exalted nearly
a hundred feet above his companions, whom
he could not see for the myriads of mosquitoes
below, nor hear from the incessant buzzing.
So artful are we, that Tennent was amused at
our ingenuity while he had to endure the pain
of our onslaughts. ‘As if aware,’ says he, ‘of
the risk incident to an open assault, a favourite
mode of attack is, when concealed by a table,
to assail the ankles through the meshes of the
stocking, or the knees, which are ineffectually
protected by a fold of Russian duck. When
you are reading, a mosquito will rarely settle
on that portion of your hand which is within
range of your eyes, but cunningly stealing by
the underside of the book, fastens on the
wrists or little finger, and noiselessly inserts his
proboscis there.’ Tennent sets down this cu-
ning as one of our ‘annoying peculiarities:’ but
when men have ceased to practise the ambush,
it may be time enough for me to apply.

‘Dr. Clarke relates that in the neighbour-
hood of the Crimea the Russian soldiers are
obliged to sleep in sacks to defend themselves
from our attacks; and even this,’ he adds,
‘is not a sufficient security, for several of them
die in consequence of mortification produced
by these furious bites after it gets on the paper,
and then it’s as dead as a house.

The blue-bottles is tougher, but they don’t last
long, though they keep on fizzing as if they
would make a hole in the paper. The
stuff is only poisonous for flies, though I never
heard of anybody as ever eat a fly-paper.’
"We have the credit of having driven back the army of Julian the Apostate, and of having compelled the inhabitants of various cities to desert their homes. Again, when Sapor, King of Persia, was besieging the Roman city of Nisibis in the year 360, James, bishop of that city, ascended one of the towers, and prayed that flies and gnats might be sent against the Persian host, that so they might learn the great power of Him who protected the Romans.

'Scarcely had the bishop concluded his prayer,' says Theodoret, 'when swarms of flies and gnats appeared like clouds, so that the trunks of the elephants were filled with them, as also were the ears and nostrils of the horses, and of the other beasts of burden. The elephants and horses threw their riders, broke the ranks, left the army, and fled away with the utmost speed; and this compelled the Persians to raise the siege.' After that, you may be disposed to agree with Tennant, that it was probably the mosquito, and not the ordinary fly, which constituted the plague inflicted on Pharaoh and the Egyptians.

"Sometimes our game is a lion. Our method of attack is to sit on his eyelids and bite. The beast, unable to bear the torture, tears out his eyes and goes mad; or else, fleeing for refuge to the river, is drowned.

"It was one of our family who pierced through the calf's-skin of General Washington's boots, even to the calves themselves; and some great and terrible relatives of mine, on the banks of the Po, who plunged their stilletes through a shield of leather, backed by a defence of triple hose.

"We were once made to serve the ends of justice in California, when a rogue had stolen a bag of gold, and hid it. Neither threats nor persuasions could induce him to reveal the place of its concealment. He was at last sentenced to a hundred lashes, and then informed that he would be let off with thirty provided he would tell what he had done with the gold; but he refused. The thirty lashes were administered, but he was still stubborn as a mule. He was then stripped naked and tied to a tree. My trusty sisters, with their long bills, went at him, and in less than three hours he was covered with blood. Writhing and trembling from head to foot with exquisite torture, he exclaimed, 'Untie me! untie me! and I will tell where it is!' 'Tell first,' was the reply. So he told where it might be found. Then some of the party with whips kept off the still hungry mosquitoes, while others went where the culprit directed, and recovered the bag of gold. He was then un-tied, washed with cold water, and helped to his clothes, while he muttered, as if talking to himself, 'I couldn't stand that man.'

"Each of our females lays several hundred eggs; and as the whole series of our metamorphoses is got through in three or four weeks of the summer, rendering several generations possible in one season, our rapid multiplication is easily understood." Mosquito gives way to Gnat.

In anticipation of addressing me, the Gnat had already commenced buzzing, and the note, as judged by the mechanical instrument called the siren, proved that the vibrations of the wings were fifteen thousand per second.

Gnat speaks.—"In almost every pond you may see a boat composed of eggs, a buoyant lifeboat, curiously constructed by myself. You may examine it at home, and at all hours, within the convenient compass of a basin filled from an adjacent pond. When complete, it consists of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty eggs, of which, though each is heavy enough to sink in water, the whole compose a structure buoyant enough to float amidst the most violent agitation. It never fills with water; and even if pushed under, it will rise unwetted to the surface. This cunning craft has been likened to a London wherry—being sharp and high fore and aft, convex below, concave above, and always floating on its keel. In a few days each of the numerous "lives" within having put out on the shape of a grub, or larva, issues from the lower end of its own flesh-like egg; but the empty shells continuing still attached, the boat remains a boat till reduced by weather to a wreck.*

"'Tis fortunate for the crew that they can swim, since they issue from the eggs into the water. Here they pose themselves, tail upwards, for the purpose of receiving a due supply of air, which is sucked through a sort of tube at that end of the body. Yet a little while, and they become pupae, when they come to the right position, breathing from behind the head, and acquiring a fish-like, finny tail, by help of which they can either float or strike at pleasure through the water. In the course of another week they struggle their way out of their stiff covering, which now serves as a lifeboat, in which they are wafted rapidly along. Presently the slender legs feel for the surface of the pool, and after standing a moment on the water, rise,—buoyant, winged inhabitants of air.

"In the air you have seen us merrily footing it on a balmy summer's eve. Our balls, contrary to usual custom, are made up of beads. The ladies, however, equalise matters by being the best biters. We are at rest in the pool, or, it may be, are regaling ourselves with nectar quaffed from flowers, they extract the red wine, and pay for each drop with poison. They it is who own the barbed shaft, the whirring wings, the dragon scales. Their weapons are at once calculated for piercing the flesh and for forming a siphon, adapted to imbibe the blood. You think us a plague, no doubt, since we follow you to your haunts, intrude into your most secret retirement, assail you in the city and in the country, in your houses and in your fields, in the sun and in the shade; nay, we even pursue you to your pillows, and either keep you awake by the ceaseless hum of our rapid wings, and our incessant endeavours to fix upon your face, or, should you have fallen asleep, awaken you

* Epistles, vol. 1.
by the acute pain which attends the insertion of our oral stings.

In the year 1736 we were so numerous in this country, that vast numbers of us, rising in the air from Salisbury, Cathedral appeared like columns of smoke, and occasioned many people to think the cathedral was on fire. Again, in the year 1766, in the month of August, we assembled in such incredible numbers at Oxford, that, like a black cloud, we darkened the air and almost eclipsed the sun. One day, a little before sunset, six columns of us might have seen ascending from an apple-tree, some in a perpendicular and others in an oblique direction, to the height of fifty or sixty feet. Our bite was so envenomed, that it was attended by violent and alarming inflammation.

"Civil war is not unknown among us—at least if your chronicler, Stow, is to be trusted. "A fighting among gnats," he says, "took place at the king’s manor of Skine, where they were so thick gathered that the air was darkened with them. They fought, and made a great battle. Two parties of them being slain, fell down to the ground; the third part having got the victory, flew away, no man knew whither. The number of the dead was such, that they might be swept uppe with besomes, and bushels filled with them.' But perhaps Stow is speaking of Ephemerida. Concerning our generation Monet says:—"Country people suppose them—and that not improbably—to be procreated from some corrupt moisture of the earth; but you may feel assured that gnats have gnat-fathers and gnat-mothers."—Exit Gnats and Mosquito.

Enter Gaddy, Droney, Croney, and quite a troop of others.—Thinking that I have had nearly enough of the Diptera, I exclude all but the first. "I am," said the insect, "one of the largest of my Order, and pre-eminent distinguished for my tormenting powers. I pierce the skin and suck the blood of various quadrupeds, both wild and tame, and do not spare man himself. I am a terror to sheep, reindeer, and other animals. You have, perhaps, observed sheep in the heat of the day shaking their heads and striking the ground violently with their fore-feet; or, perhaps, they run away and get into ruts, dry, dusty spots, or gravel-pits, where, crowding together, they hold their noses close to the ground. These movements are intended to keep me from getting at their nostrils, on the margin of which I like to lay my eggs, that the grubs may make their way into the head. Ten of us can put a herd of five hundred reindeer into the greatest agitation: the animals cannot stand still a minute. They puff and blow, sneeze and snort, stamp and toss continually; every individual trembling and pushing his neighbour about. About the beginning of July the reindeer sheds its hair, which then stands erect; at this time we are fluttering about, and take our opportunity of boring a hole in the skin and depositing our eggs. The bots remain under the skin through the whole winter, and grow to the size of an acorn. Six or eight of them are often to be found in a single reindeer that has seen only one winter; and these so emaciate them, that frequently one-third of their number die in consequence. We follow the animals over precipices, valleys, snow-covered mountains, and even the highest Alps, but we must give them credit for standing always on the watch, with erect ears and attentive eyes, and for flying from us with great swiftness in a direction contrary to the wind."—Exit Gaddy.

As usual with me, when my visitors were gone, I betook me of many questions I might have asked them. Particularly I wished I had inquired concerning their wings—why it is they have but two when so many insects are blessed with four?—whether, at any period of their history, they possessed a larger number?—or whether measures were being taken to secure a larger number in the future? My only resource now was to turn to a few books. I found from Samuelson that the fly and its congener existed very long before man was formed, since traces of its fragile remains have been discovered far down in the geological formations; but there is no evidence, apparently, that at that time it possessed more than one pair of perfect wings. However, at the present time, in place of a second pair of wings, there are two little members termed haltare, or balancers—rudimental wings of a club-shaped appearance—which appear to be of some use to it in its flight. Numbers of the Diptera are also furnished with two wing-lets, in addition to the balancers or poises.

I had been so interested, also, in listening to the fly's account of its two compound eyes, that I had not asked any questions with reference to the other three eyes which it possesses, and which I had noticed to be disposed in a triangle at the top of the head, between the two compound organs. These three eyes are simple in their structure, analogous to that of each element of the compound eye. Nothing very certain is known of the manner in which they act upon the light which falls on them.

We ought to feel gratified that so much is known; and if a great deal is yet involved in darkness, this should only stimulate us to further investigation. If you are disposed to make a beginning, you will find the eye, antennæ, and proboscis of a fly objects of great interest under the microscope. They may be had prepared in slides at the trifling cost of eighteen pence, and a microscope procurable for ten and sixpence will suffice to show that structure.
EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," &c.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

It is a bright, cold, frosty morning, the day on which Bernard is expected home, and the three little girls will keep running to the window to watch for him, though they have been assured he will not be home much before their tea-time. They talk of nothing else but what they have got to show him, and what he will have to offer them. Maude has such a nice doll, and it has been dressed since day-break in its very best to see Bernard. Evelyn can play a familiar waltz of his, she is longing he shall hear, and Lilly has worked him a pair of slippers and put in his room, and is so anxious that he should see and guess who made them. And so they talk and watch, and cannot eat their dinners, and cannot settle to any amusement, and the daylight fades, and the nursery tea is being got ready, and Maude, with tears in her eyes, says it will soon be time for "her dolly to go to bed," and still he doesn't come. Hark! Wheels now. Down they all rush. "It is the carriage gone for Mr. Leigh," explains the butler; so back they go again, Maude to persuade dolly to keep awake a little longer; and dear old nurse, who is very kind, and as anxious to see dear young master as his sisters, tries to amuse them with a new game, and they manage thus to pass the time till again there is a sound of wheels. It must be him this time, and away they all fly down the broad staircase, across the hall, the glass doors of which are just being thrown open by the servant to admit—not Bernard. The carriage is empty, and the coachman gives in a small note instead, and the door is shut, and the empty carriage goes slowly back to the stables, and the little girls crowd round mamma with anxious faces to know what is the matter.

The note runs thus—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I have brought Walter home very ill. I do not like to leave him or my aunt, who is, of course, dreadfully distressed. I'll come over early in the morning to see you all. Inflammation is poor Walter's malady—nothing 'catching,' so don't be uneasy, darling mother, aunt."

"Your loving son."

"Oh, dear darling Berny! I am sorry," said little Maude, with a strong inclination to cry. "Poor Walter, too," said Lady Grayling, "run and find papa, Lilly dear. I must talk to him about this. I think I ought to go myself to poor Cecilia. She will be distracted about Walter." Lilly ran off to find her father, and eagerly communicated her intelligence, and enlarged on their disappointment at the non-arrival of Bernard as they walked together to the drawing-room. After discussing the matter for some little time, Lord Grayling decided that as Bernard was already there, it would be better for Lady Grayling not to go that evening, but to send up a servant to say that she was ready to come if required, and to know if they could render any possible service.

It was indeed a sad return home for Walter. He was carried to his bed at once in exculcating pain, and the nearest physician sent for, who shook his head very ominously, and said his journey home had been most imprudent. Bernard had thought so too, for Walter had been alling for some days, and on the morning he was to return was decidedly worse. His tutor begged him to remain, and Bernard offered to remain with him, but he would hear of nothing of the sort, and seemed only anxious to get away as soon as possible. Each mile of the journey he seemed to grow worse, greatly to Bernard's distress and anxiety; and the alarm his state on arriving at home caused his mother decided Bernard on remaining all night, and making himself as useful to his aunt as he could, and he was a great comfort to her. His gentleness and patience with Walter, his quiet attentions to his aunt, and his thoughtfulness for all were most invaluable, and increased more than ever his aunt's high opinion of him.

Lady Grayling arrived early in the morning, having sent word that she should do so, and that Bernard had better not leave till she came. She found Walter very ill, and thought so badly of him, that she scarcely knew how to speak cheerfully to his mother.

"If your aunt can spare you a little while, Bernard dear," she said, "you had better, I think, go home and just see your sisters, who are dying to see you, and take home your luggage. The carriage that brought me can take you, and if poor Walter wishes you to return, you can ride Fair Star back and keep her here."

"Oh yes, come back by all means, dear Bernard," said Mrs. Neville; "I don't know what I should do without him."

And so, while his mother took his place by the sick bed, Bernard went home. His sisters devoted him nearly with kisses, and were sadly distressed to hear he was going back again; but he stayed to hear the waltz and see the doll and the slippers, and to guess that they were made by old Betty at the lodge, and by nurse, and by Maude, and by everybody of course but the right person. And then little Maude told him triumphantly it was dear, clever Lilly, and she was duly kissed and commended. And then he ran to the stables and
saw the horses and the dogs, and was obliged to stay, at the old gardener's request, to look in the houses at some "terrible fine plants sure," that had come in his absence, and say a word to Goodwin, sending by him a message to Steevey, followed everywhere by his sisters, who would not leave him for a moment; and then he and Fair Star were off back again from his bright home where so much of pleasant occupation awaited him, to the dark room and the fretful invalid.

Walter grew worse; for days he lay between life and death, and the poor mother with tears besought Bernard to stay with her. Lady Grayling came daily, and much as she longed to have her boy home, and feared that the anxiety and confinement to the house, which he was so unused to, would make him ill, still she could not find it in her heart to take him away from the poor widowed, anxious mother.

The doctor came four or five times a day, leaving always with that old cry which has struck terror to so many hearts—"If his strength will only bear up, he will do." "If," and each day he seemed weaker.

One afternoon he had been sleeping some hours, and Mrs. Neville had begged Bernard to take that opportunity to get a good ride, as in his waking moments he could not hear Bernard away from him. While he was gone he awoke, and as usual his first word was "Bernard."

"I am here, love. Bernard will be here directly," said his mother. "Oh! I want him so much. I want to talk to him before I go."

"He will be here very soon. But you are better, dear, you have had such a long sleep."

"Am I, dear mother? I hope so, for your sake."

And then he lay still, and said no more till the door softly opening roused him, and again he said—"Bernard."

"Yes, old fellow, here I am; been asleep a long while, haven't you?"

"Yes, a long while."

"That's the best thing you can do, except eat and drink, and when you're not doing one you must the other. I'm ready to prop you up while aunt feels you. Come along, aunt."

"But I want to talk to you."

"Not till you've eaten. I'm master here now, you know. When you get well you shall pitch into me."

He always eats for Bernard, however unwilling he felt to do so, and after he had recovered the exertion, and lain still for some while as Bernard bid him, he beckoned him to the bedside, and asked him to listen to him.

"Bernard," he said, "all the time I have lain ill here, I have had something on my mind. I feel able now to tell you about it. I know the doctor and you all think I shan't get well, and I wish you to hear it before—before—"

"Go on, Walter, and tell me anything you like; but first let me tell you that I am sure that long refreshing sleep has been a great thing for you, and when the doctor comes I know he will say you're ever so much better."

Walter shook his head. "However," continued Bernard, "go on, I'm ready to listen, only don't tire yourself."

"I haven't much to say, only to ask your forgiveness for the way he helped the boys to laugh at you at school. I told Cartaret about Steevey, and that's why they called you parse and saint; but you never seemed to mind it, or I should not have done it; it was only for a silly joke."

"I did not mind it in the least, I assure you. Why a fellow must be thin skinned to mind schoolboy chaff. As the man said when his wife beat him, you know, 'it amused them, and it did not hurt me.' If that's all, old fellow, make your mind quite easy."

"It is not quite all I would say. I want to tell you how right I think you now, and how wrong I think myself. Since I have lain here so near death I have wished oh! Bernard, so bitterly, I could recall those wretched Sundays at school. When I remember the jokes I have laughed at and helped to make on serious things when I think of my folly at church, it makes me shudder, for I know there is a text which tells us we shall give account for every idle word, and how near, how frightfully near, have I been, and still am to that account, Bernard."

"When we are ill we are sure to think of all we have done wrong, Walter," said Bernard, gently; "it is good for us to do so; perhaps that is why illness is sometimes sent us; but I hope we shall see you about amongst us again, and you and I—with this warning before us that even in our young days we may be summoned—will try more earnestly to be ready. Now you really must not talk one word more. Ah! here is the doctor."

Greatly to Bernard's delight, Dr. Hawthorne pronounced Walter decidedly better; he said a change had taken place, and he hoped he might say that, with great care, there was every prospect of his recovering.

And each day a little steady progress was made, and before another week was ended Walter was carried down on to the sofa, enjoying the exquisite sensation of renewed health after dangerous illness. Bernard was again at home, to the intense delight of his sisters, and of a certain little shy maiden who expressed her satisfaction by beaming looks of content, not by the vehement huggings, which threatened nearly to annihilate him, which he every minute or two received from his sisters.

It wanted but a week to Christmas-day, and they were all busily employed making decorations for the church, in the schoolroom, which had been cleared of books, desks, and maps, &c., for the purpose. Lady Grayling, Margaret Ashley, Bernard, Lilly, and Evelyn were all at work, and little Maude kept bobbing about amongst the green, pricking herself with the holly and getting in everybody's way, under the happy delusion that she was helping them. What a merry party they were—how they laughed and chattered—and how the firelight chattered and seemed to laugh as one flame chased another up the chimney, and how charmed Maude was when Bernard threw
EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT.  493

some holly into the fire to watch the leaves burn and see how beautiful they looked—and how charmed Bernard was to help sweet Margarett Ashley to the wreaths, and how very nice he thought the little fingers looked against the dark leaves of the holly—and then the shouts of laughter when the sly boy produced a little spring of mistletoe which he had tucked under the skirt of the little grey head which was bent down at her work, gave Margarett such a kiss, and then proceeded to pay the same compliment to old nurse too, who had just entered to fetch the little girls to tea! And reluctantly they went, for they thought it was much better fun downstairs, but the wreath-making proceeded rather better perhaps when they were gone, though it's true there was a little blushing and a little whispering over the wreaths Bernard was helping Margaret to make.

And Christmas-day came with a bright, clear, frosty morning; the sun shone on the crisp ground and on the leafless trees—shining on the hoar-frost, till each small branch seemed studded with diamonds—the beautiful old church gay with its decorations, the merry pealing of the bells, and the brightness of the weather, seemed all in accordance with the Church's great festival. Bernard had been several times to see Steevey since his return from his cousin's, but he saw nothing to make him very hopeful of a great change for the better in him; he would not hear of a return of the schoolmaster's visits—still, he would now read a little, and once or twice Bernard had had the gratification of seeing him reading the Bible Margaret gave him. On Christmas-eve he had gone again to see him, and take him a Christmas present. He was seated in his old place in the corner with a dog on his knees, when Bernard entered.

"I'm glad you are come," he said, "I wanted to tell you we're a-going."  "Going, Steevey, where to?"  "Out to Australia. She won't be happy here, and she fancies we can get out to those parts where she belongs to me where I be, so we're a-going. She's managed it somehow, I don't know how—but we're a-going—the first of the month, that's all I know. There," he said, producing a piece of paper, "is the list of things we're obliged to take. I believe she is out a-begging now, one of her other, to get the things together."

"Well, Steevey, if you're bent on going, this little Christmas-box I have brought you will just assist you in getting what you want."

"Thank you—mother says we shall get on better there where no one knows anything on us; now we've nothing to do, and a bad name too."

"Well, perhaps she's right. In another land I hope you will all begin a better life."

"Ha, ha!—who knows—get rich, eh?"

Poor Steevey! His idea of a better life was different to Bernard's: but Bernard felt how little good it was to say more to him: he only gave him his money, and told him he would see him again before he left, and hoped he was coming to church on Christmas morning.

"The last Christmas in your own church, Steevey, for many a long year, perhaps for ever."

Steevey murmured some reply which Bernard did not hear, but he saw him in his place at church that lovely Christmas-day.

Walter, though much better, was not permitted to be out, and so the Xmas services did not, as usual, join the party at the Park, but Mr. Leigh, and Mrs. Ashley, and Margaret were there, and a bright and happy day they passed. And that Christmas passed away and those happy holidays, and the boys went back to school, and the little girls resumed their studies, and Steevey and his mother sailed for Australia, and many months after—Bernard's words to Steevey seemed like a prophecy—for that ship with its heavy freight of human souls went down with all hands, so that it was the last time Steevey Barnell had entered his parish church on Christmas morn. Perhaps it was better so—perhaps, why do we say perhaps when we know that "whatever is, is right, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground unhedged, nor even the tiniest insect ends its short-timed existence till its work here is finished?"

Summer is come again, and Walter and Bernard are again home, and this time return no more to school. Walter has taken a fancy to be a doctor, has grown grave and steady, and his mother cannot complain now that he has no in-door occupation, for he is continually trying to blow up the house with chemical experiments. Bernard is going abroad with a travelling tutor, greatly to "somebody's" sorrow.

Bob is going back to school alone, and Herbert is being spoiled at home and growing disagreeable.

And so the years roll on, and Mr. Leigh dies, and Margaret Ashley finds herself an heiress, and visitors at the Park, knowing this too, are very civil to Margaret, and penniless younger sons, and poor curates, and even Walter Neville, pay their court to her; but Margaret takes no notice of any of them: the little heart is true to its first idol, and she still thinks there never was, nor ever can be, any one so good as Bernard Leigh.

I believe there are some persons who feel sad at that sound which to others seems so joyous—a peal of bells. Still even such do not object to their ringing on proper occasions, and certainly every one in the neighbourhood of Lord Grayling's park liked to hear them one sunny June morning when they rang a hearty peal in honour of the marriage of the Honourable Bernard Leigh and Miss Ashley.

"God bless them! I allays said they was made for each other," said old Mrs. Goodman, wiping her cheeks, down which ran tears of joy as she turned back into her cottage after watching the carriage out of sight, and "God bless them," said Walter Neville, "I wouldn't have borne to see any one else marry her, but he deserves her. He has convinced me that a fellow can be all that is good, without being the least of a muff."
COAL: ITS FORMATION, DIGGING, AND USES.

(Continued from p. 423.)

“My promise I shall now fulfill,
And will not tire your patience long;
For short will be the time until
We’re up; and then I’ll not prolong
My explanation, but will leave
You to examine, in the light,
The apparatus, which you can’t
See now, for it is dark as night.
This cage, on which we are, is joined
Unto a rope, which passes o’er
The ‘pit-head pulleys,’ and then goes
Over a drum, and thus does lower
And raise the wagons by the power
Of a steam engine, which I need
Not now explain; for this is not
The place of steam-engines to read.
As it is rather dangerous if
The rope should break, the cage upset,
Many precautions have been tried.
The danger now is nearly met.
In two sides of the shaft are fixed
Conductors, made of wooden beams;
Guides in the hutches work in these.
This meets one evil, but it seems
That they are useless, were the rope
To break, and so another plan
Has been invented this to check,
Which I’ll explain as best I can.
Two iron rods, by springs conjoined,
Hang from the slide to which (beneath)
The cage is hung, and, at the ends
Of these, there are placed wheels with teeth.
And thus at one conductor are
One pair of wheels (one at each side),
The second pair the other grace.
On the ascent they smoothly glide
Along the wood; but, should the rope
Be broken, and the cage descend,
The springs the rods together pull,
And then the wheels their steel teeth send
Deep down into the wood; and thus
In the beginning stops its course,
Which, but for this ingenious plan,
Would downward be with fatal force.
But now I see the long faint streaks
Of light, which the shaft head affords.
Brighter they get; and you will note
That o’er the top are placed two boards,
Opened by the ascending cage.
When it is up, again they close,
And form a platform, upon which
The cage to be unloaded goes
Now we are up; and you will find
There’s little more to see, I fear.
The wagons, when coal is brought up,
Are run along the platform here,
And then are emptied, through a screen,
Into the rail-trucks placed below;
Then, shorn of all their mineral wealth,
Again into the pit they go.

And, if you choose, you may inspect
The engine, but I need not name
Its parts and uses to you, for
As other engines ’tis the same.

“Now I’ve fulfilled my appointed task,
And I am sure I need not ask
If you’ve seen anything that’s new;
For, not to praise it more than due,
Each nook and gallery of the mine
Gives the most careless eye a sign
Of how even the poor miner’s trade,
With all its wonders, casts a shade
O’er the proud palace of a king—
And yet, coal is a ‘common thing.’
I will not tell you of its use,
Nor will I speak of its abuse;
I have done all that’s in my power
To make you spend a pleasant hour;
I’ve shown you all that’s worth the sight,
And now I’ve brought you back to light;
Therefore I think that you’re quite able,
When sitting round the evening table,
With blazing fire, and gas-light burning,
And coal’s wide influence discerning
In all you see around, to tell
Its uses; so I say farewell!”

PART III.

I.
Now when we have regained the upper air,
And left below us far the caverns drear,
When we have seen the labour and the care
That everywhere within the mine appear,
Doubtless you’ll ask what the great end may be
Of all the toil incessant that you see.

II.
Why, almost everything you view around
Does of coal’s use decided marks display,
Its presence can be ever easily found
Within the limits of the earth,—but stay,
We’ll talk it o’er, this cold November night,
Where the warm fire our presence does invite.

III.
Now, as we sit, attention first we give
To objects which before our eyes are set,—
Objects for want of which ’twere hard to live,
Or which as needless luxuries we get,—
Objects which all for use or comfort tend,
And which to life a matchless blessing lend.

IV.
And first we note the ruddy flames that spread
From out the grate their warmth around the room,
And, piercing through the ample curtains red,
Illumine with their rays the winter's gloom.
What nourishment do these bright flames require?
'Tis coal we heap upon the genial fire.

V.
But yet the fire requires some friendly aid,—
Aid not in warmth but brightness to surpass,
And here coal's use most strangely is displayed
In the production of the light called gas.
The coal is burned within a furnace great,
And coal-gas is exhaled, while in this state.

VI.
And after having been completely purged,
Of all things foreign to its purer state,
Through labyrinths of iron pipes 'tis urged ;
Nor does its strength and purity abate
Until it issues perfect in the hall
Of nobles, or lights up the poor man's wall.

VII.
But coal, in ways not so directly shown
O'er many manufactures reigns supreme;
For it is one of the great means well known,
Along with water, to produce the steam.
That, everywhere throughout our native land,
Turns quickly many a whirling wheel and band.

VIII.
By this most mighty power our clothes are made,
By this the lesson books o'er which we spend
Full many a weary night, and books that aid
To while away an hour, and pleasure lend;
Foul rags it first transforms to paper white,
And then imprints what'er you think or write.

IX.
The coal itself, by this great motive strength
Is raised from lowest levels of the mine;
And is by it conveyed, until, at length,
It gains our sea-craft country's boundary line;
By seas and land 'tis spread the island o'er,
And both on high and low its wealth doth pour.

X.
And is by it conveyed? Yes! Steam it is
That drives the "iron charger" on his way;
Yea, mighty steamers, swift impelled by this,
Force the proud sea their mandates to obey.
See the inestimable aid coal brings
To merchants, commons, nobles, ay, to kings.

XI.
But look we higher still; cast from our minds
The uses that to our own comfort tend;
Uses there are of higher, nobler kinds,
That all conduce to a more useful end.
How many multitudes of every sort
From coal and its productions draw support!

XII.
Though cotton high were heaped,—bale over bale,—
Though all our mills and storehouses were full,
If the immense supplies of coal should fail,
Dire famine o'er our land again would rule;
Steam works where water-power could not be found,—
And what is it to steam, we're to abound?

XIII.
And what a mighty staff of active men
Our lines of railways everywhere employ!
But here it lieth far beyond our ken
To know th' amount of health, and peace,
And joy,
These and their families day by day do gain;
Or, if coal were denied, the woes and pain.

XIV.
But far, far greater numbers are sustained
By coal, in a direct and plainer way.
Of all the countless blessings that are gained
From digging it, enough we cannot say.
Truly, the noblest use that ere can be
Is to support the miner's family.

XV.
At this, the crowning use, then, let us stop,
And to an end these few, stray droppings draw;
But yet, before we let the subject drop,
We're struck with admiration mixed with awe,
At God's great foresight, and His wisdom too,
Which are in coal so strangely brought to view.

XVI.
His foresight in its origin is shown;
For see how wonderfully 'tis prepared.
The trees, in earliest ages that have grown
And with our forefathers the country shared,
Are only changed and kept, when life is done,
Till many centuries their course have run.

XVII.
What marks of wisdom mining does afford!
Its works with wonders, wisely planned, abound.
See how the long and gloomy shafts are bored,
And coal is by itself raised to the ground;
How strangely to its destiny conveyed;
And this when it beyond our reach seems laid.

XVIII.
But greater still than these things we have seen
Is the benevolence with which 'tis poured
So generously, in stores that aye have been
Unbounded, from the depths where it is stored;
Much more there is than ere could be required,
Quite freely given and naughted for it desired.

XIX.
Thus we have noted some few things that tend
To make this gift with so much good imbued,
And that to man both health and comfort lend.
But pause here. Is not coal, when we have viewed,
The benefits that owe to it their birth,
One of the greatest blessings upon earth?
SEA-LIFE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE STAR-FISH TAKES A SUMMER JOURNEY.

Once there was a little star-fish, and he had five fingers and five eyes, one at the end of each finger, so that he might be said to have at least one power at his fingers' ends. And he had I can't tell you how many little feet; but being without legs, you see, he couldn't be expected to walk very fast. The feet couldn't move one before the other as yours do; they could only cling like little suckers, by which he pulled himself slowly along from place to place. Nevertheless, he was very proud of this accomplishment, and sometimes this pride led him to an unjust contempt for his neighbours, as you will see by-and-by. He was very particular about his eating; and besides his mouth, which lay in the centre of his body, he had a little scarlet-coloured sieve, through which he strained the water he drank; for he couldn't think of taking in common sea-water, with everything that might be floating in it,—that would do for crabs and lobsters and other common people; but anybody who wears such a lovely purple coat, and has brothers and sisters dressed in crimson, feels a little above such living.

Now, one day this star-fish set out on a summer journey,—not to the sea-side, where you and I went last year; of course not, for he was there already; no, he thought he would go to the mountains. He could not go to the Rocky Mountains, nor to the Catskill Mountains, nor the White Mountains; for, with all his accomplishments, he had not yet learned to live in any drier place than a pool among the rocks, or the very wettest sand at low tide; so, if he travelled to the mountains, it must be to the mountains of the sea.

Perhaps you didn't know that there are mountains in the sea. I have seen them, however, and I think you have too,—at least, their tops, if nothing more. What is that little rocky ledge, where the light-house stands, but the stony top of a hill rising from the bottom of the sea? And what are the pretty green islands, with their clusters of trees and grassy slopes, but the summits of hills lifted out of the water?

In many parts of the sea, where the water is deep, are hills, and even high mountains, whose tops do not reach the surface, and we should not know where they are, were it not that the sailors, in measuring the depth of the sea, sometimes sail right over these mountain-tops, and touch them with their sounding-lines.

The star-fish set out one day, about five hundred years ago, to visit some of these mountains of the sea. If he had depended upon his own feet for getting there, it would have taken him till this day, I verily believe; but he no more thought of walking than you or I should think of walking to China. You shall see how he travelled. A great train was coming down from the Northern seas; not a railroad train, but a water train, sweeping on like a river in the sea; its track lay along near the bottom of the ocean, and above you could see no sign of it, any more than you can see the train while it goes through the tunnel under the street. The principal passengers by this train were icebergs, who were in the habit of coming down on it every year, in order to reduce their weight by a little exercise; for they grow so very large and heavy up there in the North, every winter, that some sort of treatment is really necessary to them when summer comes. I only call the icebergs the principal passengers, because they take up so much room; for thousands and millions of other travellers come with them,—from the white bears asleep on the bergs, and brought away quite against their will, to the tiniest little creatures rocking in the cradles of the ripples, or clinging to the delicate branches of the sea-mosses. I said you could see no sign of the great water train from above; that was not quite true, for many of the icebergs are tall enough to lift their heads far up into the air, and shine with a cold, glittering splendour in the sunlight; and you can tell, by the course in which they sail, which way the train is going deep down in the sea.

The star-fish took passage on this train. He didn't start at the beginning of the road, but got in at one of the way-stations, somewhere off Cape Cod; fell in with some friends going south, and had altogether a pleasant trip of it. No wearisome stopping-places to feed either engine or passengers; for this train moves by a power that needs no feeding on the way, and the passengers are much in the habit of eating their fellow-travellers by way of frequent luncheons.

In the course of a few weeks, our five-fingered traveller is safely dropped in the Caribbean Sea; and if you do not know where that sea is, I wish you would take your map of North America and find it, and then you can see the course of the journey, and understand the story better. This Caribbean Sea is as full of mountains as New Hampshire and Vermont are, but none of them have caps of snow like that which Mount Washington sometimes wears, and some of them are built up in a very odd way, as you will presently see.

Now, the star-fish is floating in the warm, soft water among the mountains, turning up first one eye and then another, to see the wonders about him, or looking all around, before
and behind and both sides at once,—as you can't do if you try ever so hard,—while his fifth eye is on the lookout for small buds; and he meets with a soft little body, much smaller than himself, and not half so homely dressed, who invites him to visit her relatives, who live by millions in this mountain region. "And come quickly, if you please," she says, for I begin to feel as if I must fix myself somewhere, and I should like, if possible, to settle down near my brothers and sisters on the Roncador Bank."

CHAPTER II.

CORAL TOWN ON RONCADOR BANK.

Where is Roncador Bank, and who are the little settlers there? If you want me to answer this question, you must go back with me, or, rather, think back with me, over many thousands of years, and, looking into this same Caribbean Sea, we shall find in its south-western part a little hill formed of mud and sand, and reaching not nearly so high as the top of the water. Not far from it float some little, soft, jelly-like bodies, exactly resembling the one who spoke to the star-fish just now; they are emigrants looking for a new home; they seem to take a fancy to this hill, and fix themselves on bits of rock along its base; until, as more and more of them come, they form a circle around it, and the hill stands up in the middle, while far above, the whole blue waves are tossing in the sunlight. How do you like this little circular town? Is it the beginning of Coraltown; just as the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in America, was the beginning of Massachusetts. And now we will see how the little town grows. First of all, notice this curious fact, that each settler, after once choosing a home, never after stirs from that spot, but from day to day fastens himself more and more firmly to the rock where he first stuck. The part of his body touching the rock hardens into stone, and, as the months and years go by, the sides of his body, too, turn to stone; and yet he is still alive, eating all the time with a little mouth at his top, taking in the water without a strainer, and getting, consequently, tiny bits of lime in it which, once taken in, go to build up the little body into a sort of limestone castle; just as if one of the knights in armour, of whom we read in old stories, had, instead of putting on his steel corselet and helmet and breastplate, turned his own flesh and bones into armour. How safe he would be! So these inhabitants of Coraltown were safe from all the fishes and other fierce devourers of little sea creatures (for who wants to swallow a mail-clad warrior, however small?), and their settlement was undisturbed, and grew from year to year, until it formed a pretty high wall. Now going any further, you may like to know that these settlers were all of the polyp family; fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, all were polyps. And this is the way their families increased. After the first comers were fairly settled and pretty thoroughly turned to stone, little buds, looking somewhat like the smallest leaf-buds of the spring-time, began to grow out of their edges. These were their children, at least, one kind of their children, for they had yet another kind also, coming from eggs, and floating off in the water like the first settlers. The latter we might call the free children or wanderers, while the former could be named the fixed children. But even the wanderers come back after a short time, and settle beside their parents, as you remember the one who met the star-fish was about to do.

It was not very easy for you and me to think back so many thousand years, to the very beginning of Coraltown, nor is it less difficult to realise how many, many years were passing while the little town grew, even as far as I have told you.

The old great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers had died, but they left their stone bodies still standing, as a support and assistance to their descendants who had built above them; and the walls had risen, not like walls of common stone or brick, but all alive and busy building themselves, day after day and year after year, until now, at the time of the star-fish's visit, the topmost towers could sometimes catch a gleam of sunlight when the tide was low; and when storms rolled the great waves that way, they would dash against the little castles, breaking themselves into snowy spray, and crumbling away at the same time the tiny walls that had been the polyp's work of years. Do you think that was too bad and quite discouraging to the workers? It does seem so; but you will see how the good God, who is their loving Father just the same as He is ours, had a grand purpose in letting the waves break down their houses, just as He always does in all the disappointments He sends to us. Wait till you finish the story, and tell me if you don't think so.

And now let us see what the star-fish thought of the little town and its inhabitants. "Ah, these are your houses," he said; "why don't you come out of them and travel about to see the world?" "These are not our houses, but ourseleves," answered the polyps; "we can't come out, and we don't want to; we are here to build, and building is all we care to do; as for seeing the world, that is all very well for those who have eyes, but we have none." Then the star-fish turned away in contempt from such creatures,—"People of neither taste nor ability; no eyes, no feet, no water-strainers! Poor little useless things! what good are they in the world, with their stupid, blind building, of which they think so much?" And he worked himself off into a branch water train that was setting that way, and, without so much as bidding the polyps good-bye, turned his back upon Coraltown, and presently found a fellow-passenger fine enough to absorb all his attention. A passenger, I say; but we shall find it rather a group of passengers in their own pretty boat, some curled in spiral coils,
some trailing like little swimmers behind, some snugly ensconced inside; but all of such brilliant colours and gay bearing, that even the star-fish felt his inferiority. If he was not wishing to make friends with so fine a neighbour, he whirled a tempting morsel of food towards one of the swimming party, and politely offered it to him. "No, I thank you," replied the swimmer, "I don't eat; my sister does the eating, I only swim." Turning to another of the gay company with the same offer, he was answered, "Thank you, the eaters are at the other side; I only lay eggs." "What strange people!" thought the star-fish; but, with all his learning, he didn't know everything, and had never heard how people sometimes live in communities and divide the work as suits their fancy.

While we leave him wondering, let us go back to Coraltown. The crumbling bits beaten off by the waves floated about, filling all the chinks of the wall, while the rough edges at the top caught long ribbons of sea-weed, and sometimes drifting wood from wrecked vessels, and then the sea washed up sand in great heaps against the walls, building buttresses for them. Do you know what buttresses are? If you don't, I will leave you to find out. And the polyps, who do not know how to live in the light and air, had all died; or those who were wanderers had emigrated to some new place. Poor little things, their useless lives had ended, and what good had they done in the world?

CHAPTER III.
LITTLE SUNSHINE.

And now let us look at Coraltown once more. It is the first day of June of the very last year, 1865. The sun is low in the west, and lights up the crests of the long lines of breakers that are everywhere curling and dashing among the topmost turrets of the coral walls. But here is something new and strange indeed for this region; long one of the ledges of rock, fitted as it were into a cradle, lies the great steamship Golden Rule, a vessel full two hundred and fifty feet long, and holding six or seven hundred people. Her masts are gone, and so are the tall chimneys from which the smoke of her engine used to rise like a cloud. The rocks have torn a great hole through her strong planks, and the water is washing in, while the biggest waves that roll that way lift themselves in mountainous curves, and sweep over the deck.

This fine, great vessel sailed out of New York harbour a week ago to carry all these people to Greytown, on their way to California; and here she is now at Coraltown islands, driven off Greytown, and, having to make nearly a hundred miles away from land, are waiting through the weary hours, while they see the ocean swallowing up their vessel, breaking it and tearing it to pieces, and they do not know how soon they may find themselves drifting in the sea. But although they may be a hundred miles from land, they are just as near to God as they ever were; and He is even at this moment taking most loving care of them.

On the more sheltered parts of the deck men and women, holding on by ropes set to bulwarks; they are all looking one way or over the water. What are they watching for? See, it comes now in sight,—only a black speck in the golden path of the sunlight. No, it is a boat, sent out two hours ago to search for some island where the people might find refuge when the ship should go to pieces. Do you wonder that the men and women are watching eagerly? Look, it has reached the outer ledge of rock; the men spring out of it waving their hats and shouting, "Success!" and the men on board answer with a loud hurrah, while the women cannot keep back their tears. What land have they discovered? You could hardly call it land; it is only a larger ledge of coral built up just out of reach of the waves, its crevices filled in firmly with broken bits of rock and drifts of sand, but it seems to-day, to these shipwrecked people, more beautiful than the loveliest woods and meadows do to you and me.

It would be too long a story, if I should tell you how the people were moved from the wreck to this little harbour of refuge,—lowered over the vessel's side with ropes, taken first to a raft which had been made of broken parts of the vessel, and the next day in little boats to the rocky island; but you can make a picture in your mind of the boats full of people, and the sailors rowing through the breakers, and the great sea-birds coming to meet their strange visitors, peering curiously at them, as if they wondered what new kind of creatures were these without wings or beaks. And you must see, in the very first boat, little May Warner, three years and a half old, with her sunny hair all wet with spray, and her blue eyes wide open to see all the wonders about her. For May doesn't know what danger is;—even while on the wreck she clapped her little hands in delight to see the great, curling crests of the waves, and now she is singing her merry songs to the sea-birds, and laughing in their funny faces, and fairly shouting with joy, as at landing she rides to the shore perched high on the shoulder of Sailor Jack, while he wades knee-deep through the water.

So we have come to a second settlement of Coraltown,—first the polyps,—then the men, women, and children. Do you see how the good Father teaches all His creatures to help each other? Here the tiny polyps have built an island for people who are so much larger and stronger than themselves, and the seeming destruction of their upper walls was only a better preparation for the reception of these distinguished visitors; the birds, too, are helping them to food, for every little cave and shelf in the rock is full of eggs. And now should you like to see how little May Warner helps them in even a better way?

Did you ever fall asleep on the floor, and, waking, find yourself all stiff because it was so hard? Then you know in part what
AUTUMN.

Hard beds rocks make. And in a hot sunny clay, haven't you often been glad to keep under the trees, or even to stay in the house for a shade? Then you can understand a little how I felt it must have been on Roncador Island, where there were no trees or houses. And haven't you sometimes, when you were very hot, and tired, and hungry, and had perhaps also been kept waiting a long hour for somebody who didn't come, haven't you felt a little cross, and fretful, and impatient, so that nothing seemed pleasant to you, and you seemed pleasant to nobody? Now shouldn't you think there was great danger that these people on the island, in the hot sun, tired, hungry, and waiting, waiting, day and night, for some vessel to come and take them to their homes again, and not feeling at all sure that any such vessel would ever come—shouldn't you think there was danger of their becoming cross, and fretful, and impatient? And if one begins to say, "O, how tired I am, and how hard the rocks are, and how little dinner I have had, and how hot the sun is, and what shall we ever do waiting here so long, and how shall we ever get home again?" don't you see that all would begin to be discouraged? And sometimes on this island it did happen just so; first one would be discouraged, and then another; and as soon as you begin to feel in this way, you know at once everything grows even worse than it was before,—the sun feels hotter, the rocks harder, the water tastes more disagreeably, and the crabs' claws less palatable. But in the midst of all the trouble May would come tripping over the rocks, a little sunburnt girl now, with tattered clothes and bare feet, and she would bring a pretty pink conch-shell, or the lovely rose-coloured sea-mosses, and tell her funny little story of where she found them; the discontented people would gather around her, she would give a sailor kiss to one, and a French kiss to another, and, best of all, a kiss with both arms round his neck to her own dear father, and then, somehow or other, the discontent and trouble would be gone, for a little while at least,—just as a cloud sometimes seems to melt away in the sunshine,—and so May Warner earned the name of "Little Sunshine."

If anybody had picked up driftwood enough to make a fire, and could get an old battered kettle and some water to make a soup of shellfish, "Little Sunshine" must be invited to dinner; for half the enjoyment would be wanting without her. If a great black cloud came up, threatening a shower, the roughest man on the island forgot his own discomfort in making a tent to keep "Little Sunshine" safe from the rain. And so in a thousand ways she cheered the weary days, making everybody happier for having her there.

Do you think there are any children who would have made the people less happy by being there, who would have complained, and fretted, and been selfish and disagreeable?

Ten days go by, so slowly that they seem more like weeks or months than like days. The people have suffered from the rain, from heat, from want of food; they are very weak and some of them can hardly stand. Can you imagine how they feel when, in the early morning, two great gunboats come in sight, making straight for their island as fast as the strong steam-engines will take them? Can you think how tenderly and carefully they are taken on board, fed with broth and wine, and nursed back into health and strength? And do not forget the little treasures that go in May's pocket,—the bits of coral, the tinted sea-shells and ruby-coloured mosses, and, nestled among them all and chief in her regard, a little five-fingered star, spiny and dry, but still showing a crimson coat, and dots which mark the places of five eyes, and a little scarlet water-strainer, now of no further use to the owner. Do you remember our old friend the star-fish? Well, this is his great-great-great-great-grandchild.

In a week or two the rescued people have all reached California, and gone their separate ways, never to meet again; but all carry in their hearts the memory of "Little Sunshine," who lightened their troubles and cheered their darkest days.

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See me standing on the greensward, In this dreamy autumn time, Breathing in the air o'erladen With its redolence of thyme; Where the heavy pensile branches, Swaying slowly to and fro, Lead their errant shadows captive, Hither, thither, as they go;

O, the rich and glorious autumn, With the magic of its smile, How our wearied hearts are gladdened, Revelling in peace the while!

Leave me, then, ye earth-born troubles! Hasten hence, ye anxious cares! I would sleep amid the slumber Of sweet Nature, unaware.
CAIMAN HUNTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE Alligator lucius, or pike-nosed Caiman, is the largest and most ferocious of all the alligators in the new world. It abounds in the Mississippi and many of the large rivers in the south of North America. It feeds principally on fish, which having caught, it throws in the air, and raising its immense head above the water, gorges upon them as they descend; a plan by which the necessity of swallowing water with its food is avoided. The great strength of the alligator is shown to most advantage when in the water; and when surprised by hunters, it invariably makes for its native element. There it lashes the water with its tail till the river is white with foam, and bellows like an infuriated bull. But when its retreat is completely cut off, it fights bravely, snapping its tremendous jaws, and striking its tail from side to side, one stroke of which is sufficient to bring down the most powerful man.

The alligator is covered all over with hard, horn-y scales, which are proof against a musket-ball; and its bones are so strong, that it is impossible to sever them without the aid of a saw.

Having had some experience in the way of caiman hunting, I will relate an adventure that happened to myself in the summer of 1851, when all our folks were visiting the Great Exhibition.

It was a fine, cool morning. The sun had scarce risen its majestic head above the horizon to bid the sleeping world arise and bestir herself, when I, with two friends and four black guides, wound my way through the thick, entangled brushwood that clothes the banks of the great Mississippi just where it is joined by the Ohio. After walking about four miles up the bank of the river, we reached a low landing-place, where we found our canoes, made fast to some bamboo stakes by means of long strips of bark twisted together, which is extensively used in the backwoods as a substitute for rope.

Having pushed off, and reached the middle of the river, we set vigorously to work at the paddles, and before midday—when the heat is so great that any violent exercise is out of the question—we had reached a low, swampy ground, where our guides informed us we would be sure to fall in with a caiman. But as the sun shone full upon us, and we were tired with our long pull, we determined to wait till the cool of the evening before commencing our sport. We therefore landed on a small, grassy island; and, having eaten our lunch of cold meat and bread, with a little sherry to make it go down, lay down under some low bushes to sleep, while our guides kept watch lest some beasts of prey walked off with our fish.

It was all well enough lying down, but then those little demons, the mosquitoes, kept his bite, bite, till at the end of an hour we sprang up, declaring we should be eaten up whole if we remained there another minute. We therefore descended to the water, where we found our guides, all fast asleep, literally covered with flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. After many a good shake we succeeded in waking them up. They looked rather shy at being caught asleep, but as we said nothing they only dragged the canoes ashore, and when we were all in shoved off, and commenced pulling vigorously.

About seven in the evening we discovered the head of a large caiman appearing above the water. We approached him cautiously, and when within ten yards of him fired; but the three bullets flattened against his hard scales as though they had been sheets of iron. He then turned towards us, and opening his immense jaws, disclosed his long rows of sharp teeth. I confess I shuddered a little when I saw them; but just as he did so, we fired our second barrels right down his throat. By the time the smoke had cleared away we could see nothing of him; the water, however, was one mass of foam, tinged with blood.

After a few minutes he again rose, but this time on his back, and floated down the river with the current. We soon made up with him; and after towing him ashore, dragged him up the banks of the river to an open space in the bushes, where we pitched our tent and prepared for the night.

I might have slept three hours, not more, when I was roused by a loud scream and the discharge of a rifle. I sprang to my feet in an instant, and there I saw the huge caiman, that we had supposed dead, vigorously attacking my two friends, who were vainly endeavouring to keep their enemy at bay with the butts-ends of their rifles. I fired both my barrels at the monster, which, however, seemed not to affect him in the very least. But finding himself attacked in the rear, he turned round, and with one slash of his powerful jaws, wrenched my rifle from me, and snapped it in two as though it had been a stick. He then attacked me. I had nothing now to fight with except the weapons that Nature had provided me: how weak compared with those of my foe! I caught up a large stone that lay at my feet, and, with supernatural strength, dashed it upon the head of the reptile.

By this time our black guides were on their legs, and came to my assistance as quickly as blacks could possibly be expected to do; and in a few minutes the huge caiman breathed his last. We made sure of him this time, for our guides ripped him up with their axes. We took the skin to New Orleans, where it still may be seen in the museum.
THE ODD BOY ON THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

DEAR SIR,—During the last summer I have passed a good deal of time in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, and as a natural consequence in the Crystal Palace and the Crystal-Palace grounds. It is a delightful thing sometimes to be idle. I know the Latin poet has written, Labor ipse voluptas, but I feel sure he enjoyed—no man better—to twist a wreath of myrtle in his well-oiled locks, and to drink—moderately, let us hope—from the cup which both cheers and inebriates. Oh the luxury of having nothing to do and every want supplied; to take a sun-bath with your eyes half open; to feel the intense joy of indolence; the birds, the insects—I mean the bright-winged sort—the flying flowers—the trees, the blossoms, the shrubs—the odorous grass, all ministering to your ease and quiet; zephyrs whispering soft nothings in your ears, and the Naiads singing love-songs from the water-brooks! I do not care for the busy bee, I do not like ants, I am weary of the dignity of labour; I like the playhouse better than the workhouse; I am satisfied that all work and no play would make me dullest than I am, and even if all play and no work does lead to a tattered under-garment, what’s the odds as long as you are happy? A fellow visiting South Carolina lately saw a negro lounging on a bale of cotton, and he accosted him, saying,—

"Well, uncle, I suppose you are enjoying your freedom?"

"Yes, berry much."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing at de present time."

"But nothing won’t feed you long."

He replied with great deliberation,—"Sare, I am not speaking for long—I am speaking for de present time."

Bravo, Ebony! There are some folks will only go in for the "long," and lose all enjoyment of the present time; people who, worn out with yesterday’s annoyances, add to them the load of to-morrow’s anxieties, and the possible troubles of the week after next. Human nature cannot endure it. We are not strong enough. Pulvisiores et in pulverem revertoritis. Why should we exhaust our particles before the time?

Well, I had some deliciously idle days in the Crystal Palace, and the memory thereof is sweet to me as the scent of gathered rose-leaves.

I did not do the Palace in a day. I abominate the speed of some so-called pleasure-takers. Mercy on us! how they fag! they seem bent on storing up a vast accumulation of enjoyment, I suppose with the idea of taking it home with them for leisure digestion. They cannot do it. Better for them to sit at home, or lie in the fields. It makes me tired to think of the armies I have seen beleaguering the Palace early on Monday morning, storming the doors, anxious—madly anxious—to walk their legs off; up-stairs, down-stairs, and in the Palace-garden. No, that is not my line. Easy does it—no hurry—lots of time.

The way I used to get to the Palace from the tent where I had laid up my pilgrim-staff—"I am alluding to my umbrella—was always a pleasure. Not by the high road—bother the high road, everybody could go that way—but just across the road, down a steep embankment into a field, where sunburnt children played and cattle grazed. Through the fields, taking a clump of trees as your pole-star, up another embankment, into a wilderness of building material, where the operatives were always companionably lazy, along a sharp ridge of road, then cross the high road again, plunge into an enrapturing bit of sylvan scenery, leading straight on to the sharp ascent of a sand-hill. Then we went up, up—"Excelsior" the motto, but free of temptation to loiter—no voice to warn, no pretty peasants to invite, no mouks to pray. Up at the top the view was grand, as somebody said,—

"A panorama of its kind unexampled in England." Perhaps so, old hoss; at all events it
is refreshing. Now skirt the railway-station, out you come, boldly on the high road opposite the—

    Rare pavilion such as man—
    Saw never since mankind began
    To build and gaze.

What a transition, from quietude to bustle! Nothing stirring down below except the grass moved by the wind; everything astir here—strings of carriages and hosts of people—there the abode of the hermit, here the muse magnum of the world. Leisurly I was wont to cross—no hurry—lots of time—escaping as much as possible from the vortex of the excited crowd, madly rushing at the turnstiles. Click! here we are; a few steps forward, and what a burst of glory meets the eye! Wonderful! stupendous! amazing! Aladdin has been here with his lamp, the genie of the ring have been at work, the fairy godmother of Cinderella has had something to do with it, Titania and Oberon have been building a house for their old age—a refuge for worn-out fairies; swart goblins from the depths have been busy converting the crude materials of earth into pure crystal spun out on iron ribs. It is a region of enchantment; it is a soap-bubble, the wilful whim of a child Titan. The slender pillars, from which the glass roof springs, mingle with each other, and grow grey and visionary in the far perspective; long lines of beauty arrest the eye as the galleries recede on either side; the sculptured forms, the brilliant display of wealth and grace and beauty; the gay colours, the soft rustle, the fountain flinging its crystal water into the air to fall again a shower of spray; the flowers, the birds, the halls of dazzling lustre that open to the right and to the left,—what shall be said of them? What words are strong enough to tell the truth?

Let me get out of the way of the crowd. The marble tables and the waiters are in my way. I am in no mood for chicken and champagne, albeit I despise neither. Away into the heart of Assyria. There are few, if any, people here, and I can talk with Nimroud, and look on the winged bulls, and read the newspaper emblazoned on the walls—the Illustrated Nineveh News. It tells of battle, triumph and defeat, of state council, royal ceremony, lion hunting, castle building, and hard bond-

age. So I wag my sagacious head, and murmur something about the thing that is, the thing that was, &c. Il fait déjà le barbou. Let me go to Egypt. Welcome me, O Sphinx, to the river of mystery. Here I sit down to meditate on Thebes and the Pyramids of Pharaoh and his hosts. By Amenra, there's enough for serious thinking, though I had the wisdom of Nepth, though I were strong as Chons, how could I discourse with enough of wisdom and enough of strength on these wondrous masters of the old, old time? Ante barbam doce sene. Exactly so—youth always thrown in my teeth. Well, talking of the Egyptians, do you remember how a learned man—let us say Smelfungus—was once unrolling the body of a dead Egyptian in the presence of a number of students? Do you recall how, as he removed one waxen bandage after another, he dwelt with singular fondness on his treasure, waxed warm over cold clay, and lo, a youth—an odd boy—inverently called out, and sent his compeers cackling like to the cracking of thorns under a pot,

"Oh, my eye, don't be he love his mummy!"

Let us pass on. Here am I in the Greek Court. Let me enter the Atrium; let me feast my eyes on Laocoon and Psyche and the Belvedere Torso. Good. "A wonderful people the Greeks, sir." This to intelligent-looking party, who says, "Pretty well—better known than trusted—them Greeks are rum 'uns."

Romans! Here am I in a Roman Court, thinking of Romulus and Remus, put out to nurse to good Dame Lupus, and building their city by candlelight because it could not be built in a day. Rome! Great city of the great! Built—a man informed me once—on seven ills. Here is Pompei—atrium, tablinum, thelamus, and ambulatory. It occurs to me they are particularly short of furniture. Here is the Alhambra Court, one blaze of gold and colour. I feel at home in the Alhambra; the spirit of the Cid in Washington Irving hangs over it. I am in the Court of Lions; I see the Tribune, the Hall of Justice, the Abencerrages, the Divan,—everything of grandeur and glory. I wander still onwards, in chambers and state-rooms, among tombs and monuments, ecclesiastical furniture and old-fashioned upholstery. Again and again I get glimpses of the multitude in pursuit of pleasure, and wonder why they will be so
business-like upon a holiday—why they won't enjoy themselves and laze like me.

There are flowers to see, flowers—lilies floating on the water and plants of the tropics in full bloom. There are monkeys chattering and quizzing their visitors, and parrots screeching evil compliments. There are groups of figures, representatives of all the nations upon earth—and marble tables, and waiters, and champagne, and chicken.

Out of the crowd here let us go and sit down in Shakespeare's house, and picture the immortal one smoking his comfortable pipe and dozing over it 't the chimney corner. What dreams come back upon us in that doze!—mad Lear shrieking to the elements or maundraing over his children's ingratitude—mad Hamlet philosophising about everything in earth and heaven, and seeing in the clouds strange images that are "very like a whale." There is Lady Macbeth washing her hands; there is young Prince Arthur pleading for his eyes; here are the Dromios, one another's double. Here meet Richard and haughty Lancaster. Round about this house of Shakespeare are pictures of all his principal characters, and there are busts of great theatricals and poets, and busts of Shakespeare himself. Let us sit here for the whole of the day and muse about the man who is declared to be the first who painted woman fairly.

Muse! there is no time to muse. We have to be amused. Up into the camera, and see the landscape properly focussed up into the water tower, and survey the landscape from on high. Down into the grounds, and pay a visit to the Rosary and water temples; seek out the ornamental water and the "distinct" animals. Here is the giant lizard Megalomasurus—very much at your service—he can a tail unfold. Here are the enormous birds, Pterodactyles, that ancient beast the Paleotherium, and the gigantic sloth called Megatherium. Shall we stop and muse on the world before the flood—the world that had hardened after floods of fire? Let us sit for the rest of the day on this rustic seat, and wonder what this world was like before it was made.

Whoop—hurrah! There are sports going on. Hurdele races, throwing the bar, leaping, wrestling, running. There are teetotal advocates preaching the virtues of cold water; there is a band of music parading the grounds and inviting to the Circus. There is agile manhood dancing on the back of a high-mettled racer; there is graceful womanhood leaping through a gilded hoop. There are Foresters—with green doublets, bugle-horns, slouched hats and turnover boots—there are Old Friends with banners and badges; there is Ethardo ascending his spiral column, and a band playing like thunder.

We are inside the Palace, and shut up in a close room where a learned, but almost indible lecturer is prosing to us from a platform. No—he is no lecturer, but Proteus—engaged regardless of expense, who is now a German philosopher, now a 'cute Yankee, anon a blighted housemaid perambulating infantine innocence, and now a demon of play. Play— the man is a conjuror—one wise as Pharaoh's Magicians—he can do all things—all nature subject to him—hey presto a wizard of the wizards deepended in the depths of wizardry. No—he has changed, and there are children of the sock winning laughter from us. There is Norma, or Paul the Popular, or both—are we here or there—are we ourselves or somebody else—are you you? or are you different? Non omnia possimus—I believe you, my boy!

We are out in the broad walk—where the parti-coloured sand is stirred by the breath of novelty, and eddies hither and thither as the wind shifts. Est quoque cunctarum novi tri carrissima rerum. Momus is abroad—no, scarcely abroad, for he is here, and Winking Joey is going to sleep with one eye and waking up again at intervals. Bang, bang, bang!— Crash, crash, crash!—"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! just a going to begin. Place reserved for you, mum—we see you a coming and kep' it select." Is this the Crystal Palace or a fair? A fair—a very fair fair, with the fair emptying pockets at the fancy fair, and waiters ever busy with no fancy fare, but something very solid. Here is Chang—we all look up to him, and his Highness looks down upon us. Here is the Chinese exhibition; we may learn all about China proper and China improper, and get presented with a piece of plate. Here is Richardson with sensation dramas, and comic singers from all the music-halls, and here is a gipsy tent, and here a betting-house, and here a dog show,
and there a cat show, and here the original Madam Two-Swords’ waxwork!

And now all these vanish away, and we see a grand orchestra crammed with people, and hear the children of song discoursing sweetest music. They are singing old favourite ballads. They are waking up the echoes with a ringing chorus. They are ravishing our senses with the strains of classic harmony. And now their places are all usurped by real children, who are singing excellently well, and they in turn give place to a great host of amateurs, who send us into fits of delight with the old laughter-compelling swell of “Pray don’t tickle me!”

And now we are looking out upon the grounds again, and it is night. Thousands of people are gathered there. They swarm like emmets. All eyes are turned towards the fountains, and presently there is a burst of dazzling glory. Fire-balls are floating in the air, rockets are bursting into millions of coloured stars, blazing comets are rushing with terrible speed from the top of the water towers to the water temples. The fountains are playing; light, bright as the light of day shines on everything. Fire and water are at play with each other, a girandole of splendour shuts out the sky.

We are in the Palace, and there is music. Long lines of light extend from one end of the building to the other, and soft and slow the people seem to float rather than walk up and down the nave and across the transept. It is, it must be fairyland.

Did I see all this at once? Not I; but it seems to me as if it were all at once, as if one of these fêtes faded into another like a splendid series of dissolving views. I have been to see all sorts of sights in town, but here all the sights of town seem to come down to me, and with the bloom of country freshness on them to wear new charms. All the graces were there, all the muses were there; all the shades of the mighty ones of earth seemed to float in the air and to sanctify the place with their presence. Here all fables seem verified, all the fairy tales come true. Who was the Merlin who first conjured it up? Has he broken his wand or buried it five fathoms deep? Come over the grounds hither—there is a little cottage and a small garden exquisitely kept. Here dwelt Merlin—now at rest—but his sceptre is not broken or buried, and his wizardry is felt and owned: Si monumentum requiris circumspice. We stand bareheaded and do homage to the shadow of great Paxton.

Yours always,

THE ODD BOY.

BOYS

“Turn proper study of mankind is man,”—
The most perplexing one, no doubt, is woman;
The subtlest study that the mind can scan,
Of all deep problems, heavenly or human!

But of all studies in the round of learning,
From Nature’s marvels down to human toys,
To minds well fitted for acute discerning,
The very queerest one is that of boys.

If to ask questions that would puzzle Plato,
And all the schoolmen of the middle age,—
If to make precepts worthy of old Cato
Be deemed philosophy,—your boy’s a sage!

If the possession of a teeming fancy
(Although, forsooth, the younger doesn’t know it),
Which he can use in rarest necromancy,
Be thought poetical,—your boy’s a poet!

If a strong will and most courageous bearing,
If to be cruel as the Roman Nero,
If all that’s chivalrous, and all that’s daring,
Can make a hero,—then the boy’s a hero!

But changing soon with the increasing stature
The boy is lost in manhood’s riper age,
And with him goes his former triple nature,—
No longer Poet, Hero, now, nor Sage!
"I make some new acquaintance."
WILLIAM MANLEY;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of “Paul Mascarenhas,” “Seven Years in the Slave Trade,” &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CONVERSATION WITH A “NEW CHUM.”

We did not retire until a late hour, and till the three of us had agreed to take the first ship for England in which we could work a passage, providing it was not one commanded by my father’s new-found friend, Captain W———.

Tom Harris had been to London since my last visit there, and the day after meeting him so unexpectedly, he informed me that Mr. Thompson was much displeased at my leaving the Dublin Castle—that he had taken much trouble in getting me on board the vessel as a midshipman, with the hope that I might some day have the command of a ship belonging to the same owners.

I had left Captain Clarke for the sake of promotion, and was now anxious to find an opportunity of working my passage to London as a common seaman; but I did not regret what had happened, for the circumstances produced by the change I had taken had led to my finding the parent I had long thought dead.

A large ship had lately arrived from London, and was taking in a cargo for a return voyage.

Some of the crew had deserted, others had been discharged, and we had no difficulty in shipping as able seamen, but for nothing more.

“Never mind, William,” said my father: “a man who has been compelled to serve his full time as a convict should not refuse any opportunity of getting away from the colony. Unless I have been robbed in England, as well as elsewhere, we may yet have a ship of our own.”

After signing articles for the voyage to London, we learnt that the ship in coming to Sydney had followed the usual route, and had come around the Cape, calling at Cape III.

Town on the way, bringing three or four passengers from that place.

This unimportant information was obtained from one of the passengers who had resided for many years in Cape Town; and my father, in making some inquiries of the man, learnt that the merchant of that place, who had been the means of condemning him for eight years to the life of a convict, had lately returned to England to live the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of a fortune he had made in the Cape colony.

“Mr. —— is an old master of mine,” said my father, “and I should like to find him when I reach England. He might give me some employment ashore that would keep me from going again to sea; and I should like that, for I’m too old for a good sailor now.”

“You are not so well acquainted with him as I am,” answered the man, “or you would want nothing to do with him. He is one of the most artful, scheming men that ever lived, and all who have anything to do with him are sure to be robbed in some way, and without the least chance of getting any satisfaction.—No, not all; for there was one man who once served him out beautifully.”

“How was that?” asked my father, anxious to hear of any misfortune that had befallen the man who had robbed him of liberty.

“Didn’t you hear of the way he lost one eye and had his nose broken?”

“No: that must have been since I left the Cape.”

“Then you have not been there for several years. The old fellow would swear away a man’s life for five pounds; and one time when he was trying to do it, the man of whom he was swearing false caught up an inkstand and threw it in his face, and knocked out one eye and broke his nose.”

“But I thought,” said my father, “that Mr. —— was one of the most respectable
merchants of Cape Town. That was the general belief when I was in his employ."

"Yes, that's very likely; but that was because he had plenty of money. However, people began to find him out at last, and I believe that is the reason he left the colony. I don't believe he ever made a shilling honestly if he could help it; and yet he was regarded as a respectable man by all in the city who thought anything of themselves. He would rob settlers living in different parts of the colony, and strangers who had just arrived; but would not risk too much reputation with those who commanded any influence in the city. His only safety depended on his character for respectability, and in order to keep that he used to subscribe liberally for charitable purposes, and people would not believe that a man who did that would, in some dishonest way, get rid of paying his gardener, coachman, and other servants."

My father, evidently much pleased with this conversation, and unwilling to change its subject, remarked that he never heard one word against the character of the merchant while in Cape Town.

The man, apparently annoyed with the suspicion that his word was doubted, replied, rather sharply, "See here, my friend: will you answer one question truly? You say that you have been in Mr. ——'s employ? Did he pay you your wages according to the agreement between you?"

"No: he did not."

"Now I am willing to believe you; but had you answered otherwise, I would not have believed that you had ever been in Cape Town. Now, I'll give you some advice. If you wish to live on land when you reach England, as you say, try and get into the workhouse, the county jail, or anywhere but into the service of that man; for he is sure not only to rob you of time, but a good name too, if you have one, which I much doubt if you have had anything to do with him."

"You have only been making some general assertions," said my father; "but why do you not state some particular case of his dishonesty?"

"So I will. He used to send arms and ammunition to the Kaffirs during the war with them. That I know to be a fact; for I assisted him in doing so by taking cases containing those things aboard of his schooner, although I was not supposed to know at the time what the boxes contained."

"Then you are one of the tools he used in robbing me?" exclaimed my father, becoming highly excited.

"What? were you the captain of the schooner? — the man who threw the in—"

"Yes."

"Then you are the best fellow who ever lived, and I regret that I was not present to aid you on the trial. The saddle would have been put on the right horse then; for I would have told all I knew."

"What prevented you from being present?"

"Before you were landed in Cape Town, after being sent back under arrest, I was despatched with two others to look after the schooner, and by the time we returned the trial was over."

"But why did you not expose him afterwards?"

"For several reasons, two of which I'll give you. One was, that I was a fool, and the other, that my word would not have been believed. Every man likes to hear something about the fate or finish of a vessel he has once commanded; and perhaps you would like to hear what became of the schooner. I'll tell you. The owner gave its master to understand that if it was lost, there would be a larger vessel for him to command, and a present of fifty pounds besides. Of course, the master was anxious to please his employer under those circumstances, and the schooner was lost. The one-eyed merchant got the insurance, and then refused paying the fifty pounds. The master could get no legal redress without exposing his complicity in the crime of defrauding the underwriters, and all he gained by the transaction was a little wisdom."

My father's curiosity being thus satisfied, we bade good-day to the "new chum," as late arrivals in the colony were then called, and left him.

"That man," said my father, as we walked away, "was the master of the schooner when it was lost. He is a weak-minded man who can be bribed to commit a crime. I can now
fully understand the cause of animosity he
has against the merchant; but, in my opinion,
he has no cause to complain, for he has only
been defeated by his own dishonesty. As I
before said, he is a weak-minded man. The
man who is not strong in the determination
to do what is right should never be guided by
the advice or promises of those who have no
particular interest in their welfare."

In case the reader may fancy that this
chapter has very little to do with my story,
I wish to assure them that I have reasons
for thinking otherwise, or it would not have
been written.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TO LONDON.

On the ship in which we sailed for Liverpool
were between ten and fifteen passengers, men
and women, who were old colonists, and happy
with the hope of soon being with the fondly-
remembered scenes and friends of their native
land. Yet I do not believe that any of them
were any more happy than my father, Tom
Harris, and myself.

It was true that we had no relations or
friends to welcome us on our return, and
London would probably be but a starting point
for more hardships and adventures: neverthe-
less we were happy.

My father was leaving a land where he
had innocently suffered several years of slavery,
and was in the society of a late-found son
whom he had long supposed was lost to him.
I was happy for the reason that I was young,
and in the strong possession of hope, health,
and honest resolves that ever bid defiance to
care.

The kind-hearted sailor, Tom, was joyous
for the only reason, I believe, that he saw
himself and others the same.

He was the reverse of those wretched beings
who are made miserable by the sight of hap-
piness in others.

So many years had passed since my father
had performed a sailor’s duty before the mast,
that at first he was a little awkward, and had
to listen to some sharp words and oaths from
the first mate.

I could see on such occasions from his
flushed face and the expression of his eyes,
that he, who had once been accustomed to
command on a ship, felt keenly the position
circumstances had placed him in; but he had
the good sense to bear patiently all that was
disagreeable, and performed his duty with
others to the best of his ability.

"Never mind, William," he would say,
"this voyage will end sometime, and I shall
again have a ship of my own."

The monotony of a somewhat weary voyage
was only broken by one incident which was of
a disagreeable nature.

As passengers aboard the ship were a man
and his wife who had one child, a bright-eyed,
fair-haired, active little fellow, who was a
favourite with all on the ship.

Little Harry was about ten years old, and
like many boys of that age, he had one great
fault. He would not do as he was bidden.

He had repeatedly been told that he must
not climb on to the bulwarks, but no com-
mands or entreaties would prevent him from
incurring the risk of tumbling overboard.

One day, under a fine breeze, we were
plunging through the waves about twelve
knots an hour, when all on deck were startled
by a fearful cry from little Harry’s mother.
Harry had fallen overboard.

The yards were backed, buoys were thrown
over, and a boat launched without one second
of unnecessary delay, but the boy could not be
found.

Another boat was lowered, and the two
pulled in every direction about the buoys
which were found, and the search was kept
up for two hours. Night then came, the
boats were taken aboard, and the ship put on
its course.

Never shall I forget the painful sight of the
parents of the lost boy in their anguish. He
was their only child, the only offspring of a
union of twenty years, and both were quite
frantic in the expression of their agony. They
blamed the captain and every one belonging
to the ship for not making a longer search,
and the mother, I believe, would not have been
satisfied in relinquishing the search had it been
continued for a month.

After many days had passed, and when
silent and heart-broken the poor woman would
stand for hours gazing over the bulwarks, I
fancied that she still had a faint hope her boy
might be seen.
She was gazing upon his grave, but the body it contained was far away.

"I don't wonder at that woman feeling much sorrow for the loss of her boy," said my father to me one day, "for she is partly to blame for his tumbling over."

"How is that?" I asked.

"I was at the wheel at the time the accident happened, and saw it all. The boy was on the bulwarks as usual, and on seeing him the mother made a rush as though his life and her own depended on her seizing him that second. The boy was in no particular danger had he been left alone, but in trying to avoid the grasp of his mother he fell over. Some women have no sense, and it is a pity they cannot be taught that such is the case. A man would have quietly told the boy to come down, and then, on getting him safely on the deck, should have given him a lesson that would have taught him never to go where he had been forbidden."

"A man overboard!" is frequently a cry at sea, and in nineteen cases out of twenty, when it is heard, some one has been guilty of great carelessness.

Sailors alone are exposed to the danger of falling over, but such an accident does not happen to them so often as the passengers who do not incur the risk without being guilty of folly.

One morning we were "lying to," being in a dense fog, fearful of being abruptly stopped on our way should we go ahead.

About ten o'clock a light breeze sprang up and took the fog suddenly off, and the "white cliffs of old England" were before us and not more than two miles away.

The view was hailed with three cheers, and joyful excitement was reflected on the features of all, all but two—the parents of the lost boy. They had come on board joyous with hope, and would land sad and dull with sorrow.

Two days after we took the ship into the East India Docks, and went ashore.

"We are natives of this city," said my father, as we stepped ashore; "but in it we have no home. There is no one to welcome us on our return."

"That's not my case," said Tom Harris, "for I've a good home to go to, one where I'm always welcome."

"Indeed, Harris!" said my father, "I was not aware of that. Where is it?"

"At the Sailors' Home."

"Yes, certainly, I had quite forgotten your London address."

After bidding Tom good-bye for the day, we called a cab and drove to the west end of London, where we tried to make ourselves at home in a coffee shop. My father as well as myself liked when ashore to be away from ships, and those who always talk about them.

CHAPTER XLV.

PARK HILL HALL.

Early the next morning we started east—my father to find some of his old acquaintances, and I to see Mr. Thompson.

I could see from the expression of my old friend's features, and from the firm grasp of his hand, that he was pleased to see me—far more so than what could be understood from his words.

"It is just as I expected," said he. "You left here an officer of a fine ship, and with every chance of rapid promotion, and you have returned a common seaman. I thought that would be the way when I learnt that you had left the Dublin Castle. I am only surprised that you should have the impudence to return at all."

"I may have lost something by leaving Captain Clarke," I replied, "but I have also found something, and am quite satisfied with what I have done."

"Well, that is a blessing. I am pleased to see every one satisfied with their fortune, whatever it be. You have certainly found a suit of shabby clothes, and a pair of soiled hands. That is more than you had on going away. Have you anything else to be pleased with?"

"Yes. I have found my father."

"How? When? Where? Where is he?"

"He is here in London, and will be with us in two or three hours."

Mr. Thompson seemed nearly as much pleased at learning that my father was still living as what I had been myself, and after hearing a narrative of my adventures, he scolded me no more for having left Captain Clarke.
While waiting for the time I had appointed for meeting my father, we went to “the Home,” to find Tom Harris, whom we found in the reading-room, hard at work spelling over the columns of a newspaper.

The old sailor seemed pleased at an excuse for relinquishing the laborious occupation of reading, and came out with us.

We all went to meet my father, whom we found in a high state of pleasant excitement.

The meeting between him and Mr. Thompson was expressive of strong friendship, for they had sailed together many years, and never had had any serious misunderstanding.

“Here, William,” said my father, after he had conversed awhile with Mr. Thompson, “here is some money. Get a decent suit of togs on your back. We are almost gentlemen now, if we can behave ourselves as such. The money I had been saving for years before I left here, is safe, and has been constantly increasing during my long absence. We have not returned here for nothing, but for a ship of our own.”

While making this speech, my father pulled from his jacket pocket a roll of notes, a few of which he gave to me.

The next day we removed to furnished apartments, and were, as he had said, “almost gentlemen.” It was true our hands were somewhat discoloured with tar, and bore other evidences of our having lately earned an honest living; but neither of us were inclined to think any the less of ourselves for that.

I had not forgotten the promise made to Captain Knowls, and three days after reaching London, I went to No. 11, -- Square, to fulfil his dying request and see his parents. On knocking at the door; it was opened by a servant in livery, and I asked for Mr. Knowls.

“Been dead a year, sir,” answered the man.

“Can I see Mrs. Knowls?” I asked.

“Perhaps so, if you should go where she is. She is now out of town.”

“That is unfortunate,” said I, “but will you please to give me her address?”

“That depends,” answered the flunkey.

“If I thought your business with her was of much importance, perhaps I should.”

“It is very important,” I replied, “as much so as you think yourself to be.”

The man was going to close the door in my face, but I prevented him from doing so, and without the slightest exhibition of anger again civilly asked him for the address. By showing this determination of accomplishing my purpose, the footman’s insolence was immediately subdued. He saw that my business with his mistress would not be made known to himself, and the fear of doing wrong, or rather of offending her, caused him to grant what I required, and I was then told that Mrs. Knowls was staying with her father at Park Hill Hall, near Uxbridge.

The promise made to young Knowls was one that I was anxious to keep, and thinking that I might never have more leisure than at the present time, I started for Uxbridge the next morning.

On reaching that place I inquired for Park Hill, and a pleasant walk of about a mile and a half brought me to the house.

It was a fine building, yet had the appearance of having been built about one hundred years ago.

The rows of trees bordering the path that led to it through a small park, had been placed there by the hands of man, and they were full grown.

I stood for a moment gazing upon the scene presented by the house and its surroundings, and although not familiar with the residences of English country gentlemen, I felt quite certain that the place I saw was the abode of a man of wealth and refinement.

I knocked at the door, and the next instant it disappeared, and before me stood a man about sixty years of age, wearing a wig heavily loaded with powder, giving an amusing contrast to a full red face. I asked for Mrs. Knowls, and was conducted into a parlour well filled with furniture having an ancient appearance. Everything was elaborately carved, massive, and shining with varnish.

I was not long in waiting before a middle-aged lady entered the room, and I knew from her appearance that I was in the presence of the woman I had come to meet, for her features, though not masculine, bore a strong resemblance to those of Captain Knowls.

Although the subject upon which I had come to speak was one that might awaken her thoughts upon a painful theme, I lost no
time in introducing it, but told her that I had lately returned from India.

"Yes, and you have seen my son there," she exclaimed, with woman’s instinct jumping to a correct conclusion. "Is it true—the sad news we have heard? Is there not some error mistake?"

"You have read of his death—that he was killed in a skirmish with the enemy about a year ago?"

"Yes, that is all we have heard."

"I have called to corroborate that news, for I was present at the scene of his death. His last request was that I should call on his parents on my return to England."

"Was that on the 20th of January, last year?"

"Yes."

"And that was the day his father died," exclaimed Mrs. Knowles, with a trembling voice.

She then arose, and saying something, of which I only heard the words "My father," left the room.

Believing that I was expected to remain, I took up a book and waited for her return.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"STRUCK WITH ADMIRATION."

Mrs. Knowles was not more than two minutes absent, and returned followed by a venerable-looking old gentleman, about seventy-four years of age, and a young lady not more than eighteen.

"My father and daughter," she said, on entering the room; "they are as anxious as myself to hear about poor Arthur, and to see one who can give us any particulars of his fate."

I took but very little notice of the old gentleman, or of what his daughter was saying, for my attention was wholly engaged by the appearance of the young lady.

I had wandered much about the earth, but never had I seen anything in my opinion so enchantingly beautiful as she seemed.

After making a slight bow, she took a seat across the room from where I was sitting, and making a violent effort I succeeded in tearing my gaze from the form that seemed to entrance it, and turned to her mother.

I then informed them that I had been an officer of the ship in which young Knowles had sailed to India, and that I had again met him three years after, when he was in the command of an escort guarding a train taking stores into the interior of the country.

The old gentleman was a little hard of hearing, and I was requested to speak above my ordinary tone.

This under the circumstances was not pleasant; however, I tried to comply, and gave them the particulars of the manner in which Captain Knowles was killed, stating, as near as I could remember, all that he had said previous to his death.

I could see while making this communication that Mrs. Knowles was deeply excited with grief; but she had been educated a lady, and taught to control any exhibition of what might be thought vulgar emotions.

This was not the case with her daughter, for although I dared not look at her, I knew that she was sobbing.

"My daughter and granddaughter are all that is left to me now," said the old gentleman with a sigh, after I had finished my story.

"There has been nothing but sorrows and misfortunes in the family for many years, but during the last year Fortune seems to have been trying to do its worst; for a few weeks after the death of Mr. Knowles we learnt that Arthur had been killed. We have long been anxious to see some one who was present at the time, and from whom we could learn some satisfactory account of his fate, and our warmest thanks are due to you for calling."

I then rose to depart, but before leaving Mrs. Knowles said, "There may be some particulars respecting the loss of my son upon which I should like to question you on some other occasion. Can you call and see me again?"

"Certainly," I replied, thinking of the young lady.

"I shall be pleased to see you if you will, for I am sure to think of something I would like to ask you. We shall be living in town next week at No. 11, - Square, and you can call there."

I then bade her and the old gentleman good day, and in bowing to the girl another opportunity was given me of observing her incomparable beauty.
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

She rose from her chair as I bowed, and I fancied that she seemed inclined to speak. She said nothing, however, and I left, being conducted to the hall by Mrs. Knowls, and to the outer door by the footman with the white wig and damning face.

On reaching Uxbridge, I had a few minutes to wait before having an opportunity of being conveyed to London.

This time could be agreeably employed in taking a luncheon, for I was somewhat weary and hungry.

While amusing myself by eating some cold boiled ham and fresh bread, the idea occurred to me that I had not been treated in a very courteous manner in the house I had left.

They knew that I had come from the city, and might have supposed that I could have partaken of some refreshments, yet had not offered me a glass of wine or anything else but air.

In fact, they had not even asked my name. A moment's consideration made me ashamed of myself for indulging in these reflections, for I had made no allowance for the very natural grief my visit had awakened, excluding all considerations from their minds.

Furthermore I could excuse anything, or rather any treatment of myself in the grandfather and the mother of the young lady I had seen, and was willing to believe that the condescension of allowing a rude sailor like me to be for more than half an hour in the presence of a creature so charming, was a greater favour than my wildest hopes should ever desire.

I was happy with the knowledge that I had been invited to call on them again, when I might once more behold the one who had so fully aroused my wonder and admiration. I was not a youth smitten with a silly regard for every or any pretty face I chanced to meet, and was confident that the girl who had just awakened my astonishment that there could be anything so lovely, was no ordinary person.

She was——. Well, I shall not attempt describing her charms, for I should make a miserable failure.

Should I state that her hair was a heavy mass of black ringlets, that her eyes were hazel, that her brow was full and formed with beauty, that a wax figure of the "sleeping beauty" could not be made with so fine a complexion, and give an exact description of the form of her features, I should fail to give the reader any idea of her enchanting loveliness. Hardly knowing whether to be pleased or dissatisfied at the result of my visit to Mrs. Knowls, I returned to London.

I had fulfilled a duty, and seen something to admire.

So far all was satisfactory, but common sense, or uncommon sense, gave the suspicion that there were reasons for regretting that my promise to Captain Knowls had been so faithfully performed.

CHAPTER XLVII.

PATERNAL ADVICE.

"Well, William, where have you been all day?" asked my father, on seeing me in the evening.

"Down to Park Hill Hall, near Uxbridge," I answered.

"What! Park Hill Hall?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, that led me to think that he had been taking a glass too much.

"What, in God's name, have you been there for?"

"To see a Mrs. Knowls, and fulfill a promise made to her son in India."

"How and where did you become acquainted with the Knowls family?" asked my father, now speaking in his usual tone.

"I'm not acquainted with them," I answered; "but I happened to be present when young Captain Knowls was wounded and dying. Believing that I would soon return to England, he asked me to call on his parents, and let them know how he met his fate, and I have been to obey his dying request. I saw his mother, grandfather, and sister, who is the finest-looking girl I ever saw in my life. I've heard and read of angels, and seen pictures of them, but that girl is something wonderful, and I am astonished that I never heard of her long ago."

"Knowls—Knowls! I fancy I have heard of the family; but I don't think the daughter led to the name being known to me. Perhaps that was because she was very young at the time we left London. Did they ask you to call again?"

"Yes: next week, at—— Square."
"Shall you go?"
"Yes—certainly."
"Take my advice, and don’t do it."
"Why?"
"Because I believe the family consider themselves members of the aristocracy, and that fancy will prevent the old man from being a gentleman, and the others from being ladies: therefore you should have nothing to do with them. They only look upon you as an inferior being. Should they show you the least civility, they will think that you should be eternally grateful for the favour, when the chances are just a hundred to one against their being worthy of your acquaintance, although your father has been a convict. Perhaps they may not be bad people; but you, as an honest, intelligent, good-looking young man, demean yourself by giving vain, conceited, selfish, ignorant, prejudiced people a chance to assume any superiority over you. You have kept your promise; now keep away from them. Did they learn your name?"
"No: they did not ask that."
"Of course not. I thought so. They would no more think of asking your name than they would that of the postman who brings their letters. Keep away from them. Thank God, you are in a position where you are required to act like a gentleman. Such being the case, you must not have anything to do with those who will not treat you with respect. I tell you not to go near them again. If you do, you will incur my displeasure."

My father’s words only confirmed suspicions I had previously entertained, and I resolved to follow his advice. I had done all that duty, courtesy, or anything else required, and that was enough. There was a strong desire to see the young girl again; but it was associated with the thought that perhaps it was as well or better that I should not. Her beauty was dangerous. It was intoxicating, and the less I had of such excitement as it had given me, the happier and wiser I should be.

Every day my father went to what is called "the City"—not that he had any particular business to perform; but he was an industrious man who wished for business, and therefore employed his time in looking for opportunities of investing his money to the best advantage. Two weeks passed, during which I had never been more idle. Sometimes I would go to see Tom Harris or Mr. Thompson; but most of my hours were passed in wandering about trying to fill time.

One evening, for the want of something else to talk about, I spoke to my father on a subject, which many years before he had forbidden me to mention in his presence. It was about my mother’s relatives.
"Father," said I, "you have once or twice refused telling me the name of my grandfather. I do not ask you to tell me now, for I know it. From what I learnt in my mother’s Bible, which you now have, I know that his name was Shelburne. There is to me a family mystery. Why should there be? Where does my grandfather live? and why have you such an ill-feeling against the man?"
"I think that I have answered your last question once," said my father; "but I can do it again. There need be no mystery about the affair now, and I will partly satisfy your curiosity. Your grandfather was a man who thought too highly of himself, or too little of others. He was a wealthy landed proprietor, and had relatives who bore hereditary titles. For these reasons and some others, he thought that an enterprising, intelligent, and well-meaning young man, named John Manley, was unworthy of his daughter. The young lady, who was your mother, had a better opinion of me, and we were married against her father’s will. The old man then disowned his child, and from the hour he learnt of our marriage, he never had the slightest communication with her; but I accidentally heard that he often expressed the hope that if ever he heard from her again, he was sure he would be that she had died of starvation! You ask why I have such ill-feeling against him? and my reply is, because he has ill-used and shamefully neglected his own child;—because he is an obstinate and prejudiced man, unworthy of the respect of a gentleman;—and because he has insulted me by speaking in a disrespectful manner of my wife and myself. In reply to your wish of knowing where he lives, I shall only answer that since my return I have made no inquiries about him, and do not intend to."
“But where did he live when you heard from him last?"

“The information you wish, my son, cannot, in my opinion, be of the least value to you, and therefore I withhold it. He, if still living, would never acknowledge you as his grandson; and should you make any attempt of inducing him to do so, you would insult the memory of your mother.”

“I have no intention of doing anything of the kind,” I answered; “and after what you have told me, I would not acknowledge my mother’s father as a relative. He is unworthy of having for a grandson a respectable young man, such as I have long been trying to make myself.”

“That’s right, my son; do not belie your name. A young man cannot think too much of himself, providing he depends for self-respect on good resolves well carried out; for then the more he thinks of himself, the greater will be his abhorrence of doing what common sense should tell him is wrong.”

Our conversation ended by my father again requesting that it should not be resumed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FAMILIAR FACES.

One day when returning from a short excursion in the country, I saw in the railway carriage a person who bore a familiar face.

The man was sitting opposite to me, not three feet away, and I could not be mistaken in thinking that he was one of the young officers who went to India a passenger in the Dublin Castle.

He had been a companion of young Knowls, not only for the voyage, but in the excursion to Elephant Island, which I have mentioned in a previous chapter.

I could see from the expression of his features that he recognised me, although for a while he did not speak.

When I last saw him he was but little more than a boy, but now he was a man with worldly experience, and could regard little animosities of the past as boyish follies.

This I believe was the case, for with a pleasant smile he at last spoke, and said, “I think we have met before this. Did you not belong to the Dublin Castle?”

“Yes, and I remember you as one of her passengers.”

“And do you remember going to Elephant Island?” he asked, apparently highly amused at the memory of the holiday on the occasion to which he referred.

“Yes, certainly, and I am pleased at having an opportunity of apologising to you for my conduct on that day. I was young then, and knew no better.”

“Don’t mention it, sir; don’t mention it,” he exclaimed: “I have no doubt but we richly deserved all the annoyance you gave us; although I was so foolish at the time as to think that if ever I saw you, or either of your companions, again, there would be a little war; but I’m feeling much better now. Young Knowls and I have often laughed over the folly we displayed that day in first tempting you to a trial of speed, and then becoming annoyed at our defeat. But we shall never speak of that or any other subject again. Poor fellow! he is dead now.”

“Yes,” I replied, “I was with him when he died.”

“You were? Then you are the young man who called on his relatives a few days ago?”

“Yes.”

“I saw them yesterday, and Mrs. Knowls is very anxious to see you again. She has been expecting you to call for several days.”

Every word my father had said to me on the evening after my return from Park Hill Hall, at that moment was remembered, and having learnt that the man with whom I was conversing was acquainted with the family I had seen at that visit, I replied to his communication in a manner inspired by envy, false pride, and some other sentiment or propensity I do not yet fully understand, but which may be nothing more than folly.

“They did ask me to call again,” said I, “but I don’t think either duty or business requires me to do so, and to see them under other circumstances would only lead to forming acquaintances. I have a horror of that, especially with people who are nothing to the world. I have ever been very particular with whom I associate, under the belief that success in life depends on my doing so.”

The man looked at me with some surprise
for a moment, and then said, "I have no doubt of your being quite right, but without wishing to say anything to change your resolutions, I may state that Mrs. Knowles and her family are highly respectable. The family is old, and the highest in the land need not feel above associating with them; why should you? The old gentleman, her father, thinks his family the most noble in the kingdom."

"Why?"

"Because they have resided on the estate where he now lives for nearly a thousand years."

"If that is his only qualification for respect from others," said I, "he is entitled to but very little. My respect is all for energy, enterprise, intellect, and perseverance. The men who act, constitute the real aristocracy of this world, and the sloth whose ancestors have inhabited the same forest for many generations is more entitled to our respect than men who are content to live in the same manner. Nothing that should be worth possessing can be gained by any acquaintance with people who depend on their ancestors or wealth for esteem, instead of their own deeds and acquirements."

My fellow-traveller made no reply to this, and soon after the train arrived at the station in London, and with an abrupt inclination of the head, intended for a bow, he left me on the platform and hastened away.

"I cannot see what the foregoing conversation has to do with the story," the reader may now think, and perhaps will be quite right in doing so, but we assure the reader that it proved afterwards to be the cause of a complete change in all my plans and hopes for the future.

One day, for the want of some better amusement, I accompanied my father to the City. While waiting for him in a cab in front of a merchant's office, I saw another familiar face. It was that of Mr. Mervill, the Bombay merchant. He had just come out of a bank, and was hailing a cab as I saw him.

"Mr. Mervill," I exclaimed, and the next instant he was by my side trying to crush one of my hands.

"You are just the man I wish to see," said he, "but have long been afraid we should never meet again. Why did you desert me? Why did you not return to Bombay?"

"Because I was afraid you might serve as you have once done, and I don't like being shipwrecked."

"Quite right, but that was uncle's fault, not mine. He has retired from business disgusted since the loss of the ship, and has left me to manage everything. We only have an agency in India now, a man to wind up our business, and I'm going to do great things here. You must help me. Meet me tomorrow, at twelve, at the City of London Hotel, and we'll have a talk."

My father then came, and Mr. Mervill shook hands with me and left.

CHAPTER XLIX.
ENGAGED.

The next morning I was punctual to my appointment, and found Mr. Mervill waiting for me.

"We must talk fast, my friend," said he, "for we may have much to say, and I must be off in an hour."

"Very well," said I, "go on; I'm listening."

"I have got up a company for starting a line of steamers between here and Ostend. Everything is nearly ready for a start, and I want you to take the command of one of the boats. What do you think of it?"

"I don't know anything about steamboating, and the last vessel in which you had an interest, and I was an officer, was lost."

"Yes, but that was not your fault, I'm sure, and I can have more confidence in you than in any other person with whom I am acquainted. Are you doing anything?"

"No, I have no business at present."

"Then we will call the affair settled. You shall have one of the boats. I'll not take any refusal. You shall have one of the best of them, and I'm sure you'll take care of it. Tomorrow I shall have plenty of time, and we'll see the boat and have a dinner together."

As soon as Mr. Mervill gave me an opportunity of speaking, I told him that I had lately found a long-lost father, who was now trying to get a ship of his own, and having been away from him so long, I must not leave him; he would want me for his first officer.
"Then I'll tell you what must be done. If the pair of you wish to work together, the old gentleman must be your mate."

"That would not look well; and, besides, my father would not agree to that."

"Is he an old man?"

"No."

"Then we might give him one boat and you another; but I'm a little afraid of old and experienced skippers. They are the men who always lose ships. However, you can bring him with you to-morrow, and we will see what can be done."

"But my father has some money, and wishes to buy a small ship and trade on his own account."

"He had better invest his money in our company, and take command of one of the boats. He'll get good wages and ten per cent. for his money. I don't promise your father a boat until I've seen him; but I must have you."

I left Mr. Mervill after promising to meet him the next day with my father.

In the evening I told my father the offer I had received, and asked his opinion of it.

"If you can get the command of a steamer running to any port of the Continent, I don't think you can do better. It is a good position for a young man like you, and I think you had better take it. I'll go with you to see your friend to-morrow, but I know nothing about steamboats, and don't wish to know anything about them. I would as soon think of going to sea in a tea-kettle."

The next day we went to the City and saw Mr. Mervill, with whom my father had a long talk, and we then went to the wharf and saw the boat he wished me to command.

During the time we were together Mr. Mervill made many inquiries of my father respecting the ships he had commanded, the names of their owners, and other questions, evidently made with the intention of learning his qualifications for taking the command of another steamer. After making an appointment to meet the merchant the next day, we returned home.

"Your friend Mr. Mervill is a sharp, intelligent man," said my father in the evening.

"Why do you think so?" I asked; "because he has a good opinion of me."

"Yes, that is one reason. But there is nothing strange in his placing confidence in you, for he has sense enough to know that you will do your best, and probably knows that you have abilities for doing well. He appears to be a man who forms his own opinions in place of being guided by others, and to have the judgment enabling him to form correct ones. Where he risks his money I am not afraid to trust mine, and I'll tell you, William, what I'm going to do. I shall invest my money in the company he has started, and live in idleness. I've had a hard time for the last eight years, and I shall rest awhile. I shall not go to sea without you, and I am not going to be knocking about the channel in a steamer. I feel quite contented now, for I'm no longer undecided what to do. It is settled that I do nothing at present, and I must become reconciled to the business."

I was well satisfied with this arrangement, for my father having worked hard all his days, was now entitled to a little leisure, and being young and willing to work, I was highly delighted with the opportunity fortune had presented for doing something for myself.

The next day I accompanied Mr. Mervill to the office of the Company, saw the Secretary, and entered into an agreement binding myself to act as master of the steamboat Henrietta.

The next day I saw Tom Harris, and was just in time to save him from a voyage to China, by having him shipped for the steamer as third mate.

"William—no, Mr. Manley I mean," said the old sailor, "there is but one man I had rather sail with than you, and that is your father; but if he is no longer seaworthy, I'll stand by you as long as you can command a plank, though I don't much think I shall like a steam craft. This has got to be a strange world. When I first met you, you was only a boy. But a few years have passed in which I don't seem to have got a day older, yet now I am happy in the prospect of sailing under your orders. People when young live fast."

The next three weeks I passed in getting the Henrietta ready for her first voyage.
STARTING among the volcanic precipices, eternal snows, and arid deserts of the Rocky mountains, the Snake river winds its sinuous way towards the Pacific; at one time rushing headlong through deep gorges of mountains, and at another time spreading itself out in still lakes, as it sluggishlly advances through ever varying scenes of picturesque grandeur and of voluptuous softness. In all this variety, the picture only changes from the beautiful to the sublime; while the eye of the civilised intruder, as it speculates on the future, can see on the Snake river, the city, the village, and the castle, in situations more interesting and romantic than they have yet presented themselves to the world. The solitary trapper, and the wild Indian, are now the sole inhabitants of its beautiful shores; the wigwams of the aborigines, the temporary lodge of the hunter, and the cunning beaver, rear themselves almost side by side; and nature reposes, like a virgin bride in all her beauty and loveliness, soon to be stripped of her natural charms, to fulfil new offices, with a new existence.

On an abrupt bank of this beautiful stream, overlooking the surrounding landscape for miles, a spot of all others to be selected for a site of beauty and defence, might be seen a few lodges of the Wallawallah Indians. On the opposite shore stood a fine young warrior, decked with all the tinsel gawgaws his savage fancy suggested to catch the love of his mistress. With stealthy step he opened the confused undergrowth that lined the banks, taking therefrom a delicate paddle. He searched in vain, until the truth flashed upon him that some rival had stolen his canoe. Readily would he have dashed into the bosom of the swollen river, and, as another Leander, sought another Hero; but his dress was not to be spoiled. Like a chafed lion he walked along the shore, his bosom alternately torn by rage, love, and vanity, when, far up the bank, he saw a herd of buffalo slaking their thirst in the running stream. Seizing his bow and arrow, with noiseless step he stole upon his victim, and the unerring shaft soon brought it to the earth, struggling with agonies of death. It was only the work of an adept to strip off the skin, and spread it on the ground. Upon it were soon laid the gaily-wrought mocassins, leggings, and hunting-shirt, the trophies of honourable warfare, and the skins of birds of beautiful plumage. The corners of the hide were then brought together, tied with thongs. The bundle was set afloat upon the stream, and its owner dashed in its rear, guiding it to the opposite shore with its contents unharmed. Again decking himself, and bearing his wooling tokens before him, he leapt with the swiftness of a deer to the lodge that contained his mistress, leaving the simplest of all the water-craft of the backwoods to decay upon the ground.

The helplessness of age, the appealing eye and the hands of infancy, the gallantry of the lover, hostile excursions of a tribe, are natural incentives to the savage mind to improve upon the mere bundle of inanimate things, that could be safely floated upon the water. To enlarge this bundle, to build up its sides, would be his study and delight; and we have next in the list of backwoods craft, what is styled by the white man, the buffalo-skin boat. This craft is particularly the one of the prairie country, where the materials for its construction are always to be found, and where its builders are always expert. A party of Indians find themselves upon the banks of some swift and deep river; there is no timber to be seen for miles around, larger than a common walking stick. The Indians are loaded with plunder, for they have made a successful incursion into the territory of some neighbouring tribe, and cannot trust their effects in the water; or they are perchance emigrating to a favourite hunting-ground, and have with them all their domestic utensils, their squaws and children. A boat is positively necessary, and it must be made of the materials at hand. A fire is kindled, and by it is laid a number of long slender poles, formed by trimming off the limbs of the saplings growing on the margin of the stream. While this is going on, some of the braves start in pursuit of buffalo. Two of the stoutest bulls met with are killed and stripped of their skins. These skins are then sewed together. The poles having been well heated, the longest is selected and bent into the proper form for a keel; the ribs are then formed and lashed transversely to it, making what would appear to be the skeleton of a large animal. This skeleton is then placed upon the hairy side of the buffaloes' skins, when they are drawn round the frame and secured by holes cut in the skin, and hitched on to the ribs. A little pounded slippery-elm bark is used to caulk the seams, and small pieces of wood, cut with a thread-like screw, are inserted in the arrow or bullet holes of the hide. Thus, in the course of two or three hours, a handsome and durable boat is completed, capable of carrying eight or ten men with comfort and safety.

Passing from the prairie, we come to the thick forest, and there we find the perfect water-craft of the backwoods—a variety of the canoe. The inhabitant of the woods never dreams of a boat made of skins; he looks to the timber for a conveyance. Skilled in the knowledge of plants, he knows the exact time when the bark of the tree will readily unwrap from its native trunk. And from this simple
material he forms the most beautiful craft that sits upon the water. The rival clubs that sport their boats upon the Thames, or ply them in the harbour of Mannahatta, like things of life—formed as they are by the highest scientific knowledge and perfect manual skill of the two greatest naval nations in the world—are thrown in the shade by the beautiful and simple bark canoes, made by the rude hatchet and knife of the red man. The American forest is filled with trees whose bark can be appropriated to the making of canoes. The pecan, all the hickories, with the birch, grow there in infinite profusion. A tree of one of these species, that presents a trunk clear of limbs for fifteen or twenty feet, is first selected. The artisan has nothing but a rude hunting-knife and toma-hawk for the instruments of his craft. With the latter he girdles the bark near the root of the tree; this done, he ascends to the proper height, and there makes another girdle; then taking his knife, and cutting through the bark downwards, he separates it entirely from the trunk.

Ascending the tree again, he inserts his knife under the bark, and turning it up, soon forces it with his hand until he can use a more powerful lever. Once well started, he will worm his body between the bark and the trunk, and thus tear it off, throwing it upon the ground like an immense scroll. The “ross,” or outside of the bark, is scraped off until it is smooth; the “scull” is then opened, and braces inserted to give the proper width to the gunnels of the canoe. Strong cords are then made from the bark of the lime tree or hickory, the open ends of the bark scroll are pressed together and fastened between clamps, the clamps secured by the cord. If the canoe be intended only for a temporary use, the clamps are left on. A preparation is then made of deer tallow and pounded charcoal, and used in the place of pitch to fill up the seams, and the boat is complete; but if time permit, and the canoe be wanted for ornament, as well as for use, then the clamps are dispensed with sewing together the ends of the bark. This simple process produces the most beautiful model of a boat that can be imagined; art cannot embellish the form, or improve upon the simple mechanism of the backwoods. Every line in it is graceful. Its sharp bow, indeed, seems almost designed to clear the air as well as water, so perfectly does it embrace every scientific requisite for overcoming the obstructions of the element in which it is destined to move. In these apparently frail machines, the red man, aided by a single paddle, will thread the quiet brook and deep running river, speed over the glassy lake like a swan, and shoot through the foaming rapids as sportively as the trout and when the storm rages and throws the waves heavenward, and the lurid clouds seem filled with molten fire, you will see the Indian, like a spirit of the storm, at one time standing out in bold relief against the lightning-riven sky, and then disappearing in the watery gulf, rivalling the gull in the gracefulness of his movements, and rejoicing like the petrel in the confusion of the elements.

The articles used in savage life, like all the works of nature, are simple, and yet perfectly adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. The most ingenious and laborious workman, aided by the most perfect taste, cannot possibly form a vessel so general in its use, so excellent in its ends, as the calibash. The Indian finds it suspended in profusion in every glade of his forest home; spontaneous in its growth, and more effectually protected from destruction from animals, through a bitter taste, than by any artificial barrier whatever. So with all the rest of his appropriations from nature’s hands. His mind scarcely ever makes an effort, and consequently seldom improves.

The simple buffalo skin, that forms a protection for the trifles of an Indian lover when he would bear them safely across the swollen stream, compared with the gorgeous barge that conveyed Egypt’s queen down the Nile to meet Antony, seems immeasurably inferior in skill and contrivance. Yet the galley of Cleopatra, with all its gay trappings and its silken sails glittering in the sun, was as far inferior to a “ship of the line,” as the Indian’s rude bundle to the barge of Cleopatra. Imagination may go back to some early period, when the naked Phoenician sported upon a floating log; may mark his progress, as the inviting waters of the Mediterranean prompted him to more adventurous journeys; and in time see him astonishing his little world, by fearlessly navigating about the bays, and coasting along the whole length of his native home. How many ages after this was it, that the invading fleets of classic Greece—proud fleets, indeed, in which the gods themselves were interested—were pulled ashore as now the fisherman secures his little skiff?... Admire the proud battle-ship riding upon the waves, forming a safe home for thousands, now touching the clouds with its sky-reaching masts, and then descending safely into the deep. With what power and majesty does it dash the intruding waves from its prow, and rush on in the very teeth of the winds! Admire it as the wonder of human skill; then go back through the long cycle of years, and see how many centuries have elapsed in thus perfecting it; then examine the most elaborate craft of our savage life, and the antiquity of their youth will be impressed upon you.
THE BROTHERS.

ONE January evening, 1794, in a pretty apartment of the Rue de Pô, at Turin, there met a party of eight young gentlemen to smoke, and drink, and talk as pleasantly as might be. They were soldiers. Some of them, though still young, had seen much service, and could discourse on marches and counter-marches, and all the manoeuvres of war, as well as the best. But something very different from martial glory brought them together that night; they had come to hear and to criticise a new composition by a young aspirant for fame—no other than the now justly-celebrated Xavier de Maistre.

Personally, Xavier de Maistre was unknown to most of them. They had heard of him as a young soldier of promising ability, fond of adventure, and bent on improvement; they had heard that he had made a balloon ascent, and with a provincial Mongolfier had taken a journey into the air. Recently he had made another journey, not so startling, nor so perilous, but one which promised to make him far better known than the first, namely, "A Journey Round my Room." He had written a book—this was the title—and by request the manuscript was to be read that night. Already the critics felt prepossessed in his favour. He was the brother of Joseph de Maistre, senator of Savoy, whose " Eloge de Victor Amédée" had gained him great popularity.

The Count d'Alilly, a brave but impetuous man, had been selected reader; and having chatted for some time on indifferent topics, he received the paper, unrolled it, glanced down the page with the eye of a connoisseur, and began.

Everybody knows the plan and subject of "A Journey Round my Room," that small chef-d'œuvre which has found no rival for sixty years.

When the Count d’Alilly had achieved his task, and finished the reading of the manuscript, he was pleased to declare the author a man of talent, a man of first-rate order, and one who was destined for immortality.

Everybody praised the book except a young husar, who had listened attentively all the time, but expressed no opinion on its merit. From words of civil praise, the company became enthusiastic in their admiration of the young littérateur; and, excited by the punch of which he had been drinking pretty freely, and the applause which his reading had obtained, the count began to draw a critical comparison between the compositions of the two brothers—a comparison which in no degree tended to the credit of the elder.

"Messieurs," said he, "it is clear enough to us all that the 'Eloge de Victor Amédée' is nothing more than a wild rhapsody when compared with this 'Journey Round my Room.' One abounds in words, gracefully piled, I grant you, but still little more than phrases; here you have thoughts, genuine thoughts, powerful thoughts—here the foliage is never cultivated at the expense of the fruit."

"Pardon me, sir," said the young husar, "if I venture to differ; it seems to me that you overrate the ability of the writer. Xavier may have talent, but Joseph has something far beyond talent; he possesses genius as a common order."

The company became interested in the discussion; opposition adds to the entertainment of a critical disquisition. A combat of wits is far more agreeable than perfect unanimity.

"Sir," said the count, curling his long moustache on his finger, "you are greatly mistaken. I can detect a splendour in this rising orb which shall banish the pale light shed by the genius of the other."

The young husar changed colour.

"The pen of Xavier," he remarked, "may amuse an idle hour, but that of Joseph is ever employed in imperishable work. Poetry will crown him with favour when the 'Journey Round my Room' is entirely forgotten."

With this he began to recite some of the most eloquent passages from the "Eloge de Victor Amédée," with a power and beauty not easily described.

"You are remarkably critical, sir," said the count, ironically—the count was evidently piqued; opposition made him obstinate—"doubtless Joseph Xavier would be greatly obliged to you for your good opinion; so doubt he would fully concur in the sentiments which you have expressed; no doubt he is already—"

"What?" cried the young man, advancing three paces, and with a flush on his hitherto pale cheeks, that made them red as crimson.

"Peace! peace!" said the others, "the count meant nothing."

"I demand," cried the young man, "that he state distinctly what he did mean."

"As you will, as you will," returned the count; "I meant to say, and say it now distinctly, that Joseph's proud heart will be filled with envy at his brother's success."

"It's false!" cried the other, "it's a base calumny!"

"Your words are violent, sir," said the count, and he laid his hand on his sword-hilt; "doubtless a gentleman so ready with warlike words will be as ready to support them in the war-like way."

"I understand you, count," returned the young husar, "and am ready to support everything I utter. Joseph has too noble a heart to grudge at a brother's fame, if that brother ever deserves it; and he that says otherwise lies!"

"Bravely spoken," said the count, as he rapped the lid of his comfit box; "now to business. Your name?"
THE BROTHERS.

"Xavier de Maistre!"
The count drew back in mute astonishment—the rest were filled with admiration.

"You see," said the count, "that the duel is not impossible—unnecessary—must not be—the matter is cleared up."

"Not so," returned the young man, "I cannot understand why a brother may not defend a brother's reputation as well as any one less tenderly connected."

"Of course," said the count, "the word chummy, the imputation on my character, is withdrawn, and we have but to pledge each other in a bumper, and be firm friends for ever."

"Stop, sir count, stop—I will never withdraw the word, unless you first withdraw that which called forth that word."

"Impossible!"

"Then the duel must proceed. I am not ashamed to assert my brother's honour, and I am not afraid to defend it with my blood."

So they agreed that the duel should take place upon the following morning. Xavier went home, and wrote a loving letter to his brother, telling him the whole circumstance of the case, the provocation he had received, the quarrel that had ensued, and the duel which was to decide it at dawn next day.

He went along with the letter his manuscript, begging his brother to read it and then commit it to the flames. As for himself, he expected to be slain—victory he did not look for; but how could he fall more nobly, so he wrote, than in defence of a man whom all France revered, and who was endeared to him by the still more loving ties of brotherhood? At early dawn he received a note from the count; it was couched in the following terms:

"Monsieur,—You have prudent friends. The governor of Turin has had me arrested, and I am to be carried beyond the frontiers of Savoy. You must feel that this circumstance must not in honour be allowed to interfere with our meeting. I shall be ready, sir, to attend you at Cambray."

"Cambray," repeated the young man, mechanically—"and why not? should not a man go forty leagues, if necessary, to defend a brother's honour?"

He attached a postscript to his letter, saying that it was not at Turin, but at Cambray, that he should meet his antagonist; and then, having despatched the letter and manuscript, prepared to set out for the rendezvous.

But he was arrested—arrested in the full meaning of the term—disarmed in the name of the governor, and lodged as a prisoner in a chamber of the citadel.

Not many days after, Joseph de Maistre arrived at Cambray. There he learnt that no duel had occurred, that the count was boasting of the pusillanimity of the younger brother, and still condemning the envy of the elder. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, Joseph wrote immediately to Turin, and—duels are conti-

uous—professed his willingness to fight on Xavier's behalf. As for the book, that was already, not in the flames, but in the printer's hands: and when the news came that Xavier was in prison, Joseph hastened to him without a moment's delay.

Early one morning the garrison of the citadel were surprised by the sudden arrival of the senator of Savoy. The old walls echoed to the clatter of his horses, and half-a-dozen men were ready enough to answer all the questions the senator could ask. But they had no good news to tell. Xavier had escaped. Under cover of night he had stolen out of the citadel; they had sought for him in vain, and it appeared—they could not say for certain—but it seemed that he had taken the road to Cambray.

Allons! Joseph was on the road again. Never it seemed had horses travelled so fast before: away like the wind, over broad open country parts, down pleasant lanes, through village streets, over rustic bridges—fields and houses, towns and villages, left one after the other far behind—forward to Cambray.

At the hotel Joseph alighted. The servants were ready to render him assistance. What would monsieur please to take? Had monsieur heard the news—there was to be a duel? The Count d'Aliy and a young officer were about to fight. What was the young officer like? He was about monsieur's height, but younger, much younger; he was not unlike monsieur. The armurer had provided monsieur with a sword; he had none with him when he came. They would doubtless soon return—the wood was not far distant; a bed had been made ready for the wounded man. But there was a letter for monsieur and a book. A letter—so Joseph found—from the printer of his brother's book, and the book no other than "A Journey round my Room."

So with this book held fast to his bosom, as if it were a precious relic, or some rare and valuable gem, the brother sought his brother. Several people accompanied him, and at length they came upon the very spot chosen for the encounter. The duel had not begun. And to make, as they say, a long story short, the duel never did begin. The matter was cleared up. The count saw well enough that he had misjudged both brothers, and the affair ended as such affairs have often ended before—in a breakfast.

As to the work, Joseph pronounced it a chef-d'œuvre—he declared his brother to be the Sterne of France, and said so many other things about the good qualities of the book and the talent and genius of Xavier, that the count confessed he had been greatly mistaken in one thing, namely, the envy of the elder brother, but that he had been right all along about the merit of the book: had he not said it from the first?—had he not predicted the fame of the author? and did it not seem something like fame, when in so short a space of time as had intervened since the night of the quarrel, the book had been printed, and ten thousand copies sold?
TRAINING OF SINGING BIRDS.

BY JOHN OLIVER SNOWDON.

"HARK, HARK, THE LARK AT HEAVEN'S GATE SINGS."

THERE is scarcely a cottage in Britain but what can boast of one or more of our feathered pets, on the management of which I intend briefly to hint in the few following pages.

Although I condemn the trapping and keeping of birds for the sport or "the fun of the thing," as mischievous lads, and even men, call it, which is nothing else but the most unprompted cruelty, yet the sweet song of the canary, in its neat wire cage by the window, has lightened the feelings of the weary invalid, the treble pipe of the finch has cheered the heart of the mechanic at his toilsome work, the notes of the thrush, in its wicker cage under the thatch, have gladdened the soul of the rustic after his day's labour; and when we hear the harmonious voices of our feathered friends, may we not exclaim, with old Isaac Walton, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou givest bad men such music on earth?"

In catching birds, adepts use various means, suitting the snare to the habits of the bird they wish to catch. Limed twigs, decoy bushes, trammels, and springs are generally used.

There are few persons who do not remember their first captive in the brick trap, probably a poor cock-sparrow, lured into the snare by a few bread-crumbs, or two or three grains of corn; or, if they have been more professionally inclined, the unlucky thrush, that, in attempting to steal fruit, was caught in the gin.

I will now observe—

Firstly, the habitation and food that will be necessary for the comfort of your favourite; secondly, the breeding and rearing required to make it a bird; thirdly, the teaching and training to render its song pleasing; and fourthly, the diseases to which it is subject.

Firstly, Habitation and Food.—In regard to habitation, this depends greatly upon the kind of bird in question. Scrupulous cleanliness and attention are the greatest points which should be impressed upon a bird fancier. Although there are some mature birds that do not sing well unless confined in a small cage, as much room, generally speaking, should be afforded them as possible. Cleaning out the cage every day is not requisite, as it will disturb the little prisoner more than necessary, yet it should be cleaned out at least twice a week; and those birds that live on fruits and berries every other day. It may be here well to add that the bird, through the constant attendance, kindness, and regularity of its owner, will attach itself to him, and become very familiar, showing signs of pleasure at his approach. It is of great importance that the perches be kept clean, as they are subject to various diseases arise, such as gout, and the bird will eventually lose its claws and become lame. This is peculiar to larks and other warblers; the best preventative of which is to soak the feet occasionally in warm water.

It is not at all advisable that the lady should leave the management of her pet bird to servants. It is quite natural that they should either kill or hasten its death, because it is a nuisance.

These remarks are made chiefly with the view and sense of the wrongs to which caged birds are often subjected through their careless gaolers.

The best wooden cages are made of mahogany; soft woods should have a few coats of paint. The colour may be according to fancy; green is, however, best, but on account ought the wires to be painted, as it will in a short time peel off (the colour being non-absorbent), which, if eaten by the bird, will cause death. I have seen cages made of glass, which, though very pretty, and seem well. One side of the cage ought always to be of wood, so that the little pet may be shaded when necessary. Some persons hang birds in open cages out of doors, which practice cannot be too highly denounced; they should be muffled with thick balsa always on the side upon which the sun's rays are most severe, and upon the side that the wind blows.

If you should happen to have an old, useless cage, you may make it into a net cage by taking out the wires and substituting the net. It will be found useful for putting young birds in, whose spirit at first will not confound the limits of a cage. A store cage will be found very convenient to amateur fanciers; they may be bought at a moderate price from dealers, and are used for birds newly caught. As they are only measure six or seven inches in height, and have a thick cloth top, the birds placed therein cannot hurt themselves much. A feeding-box greatly assists young birds in feeding themselves; and one may with propriety be placed inside the breeding cage. School cages economise room; they resemble a nest of pigeon-holes, and may be made any size, tier upon tier; they have wire fronts, and a door to each compartment, at the back. A seed box running the whole length of the cage is enough for each tier. The description
of an aviary would take up too much room; suffice it to say that they are buildings built with every accommodation for birds: nature is imitated as closely as possible; for instance, young trees are planted in pots, and the birds are fed on these for nest and roosting-places; but it is generally acknowledged that birds do not sing so well in an aviary as they do in smaller cages, consequent upon having more to engage their attention.

In supplying food to birds you must study their natural habits as closely as possible; sometimes it is very difficult to get newly-caught birds to eat at all, even if the food be what they have been accustomed to, and eventually they pine away and die. Bechstein records the following mode of overcoming this obstacle. Place the bird in a cage with an open vessel containing food and drink. Let the bird remain there quietly for some hours, then take it out and plunge it in water, and put it in the cage again. The bird will be so engaged with pruning its feathers, that together with the water, it will begin eating, and very soon forget its state as being one of captivity. A bird is far the most likely to live and do well that refused the food given it for a short time, than one that swallows it with great relish or apparent greediness. The latter bird is most likely to die, consequent upon the sudden change of diet, or that of disease, owing to its indifference at the loss of liberty impelling it to eat.

Bechstein classifies the diet of birds thus:

In the first class he comprises seed-eating birds, such as siskins, linnets, canaries, finches, &c. He says that siskins and goldfinches should be fed with crushed hemp and poppy seed; linnets and bullfinches with rape seed. This latter seed should be placed in a pipkin in quantities that will be consumed in a day, covered with water, and allowed to stand for twenty-four hours exposed to the sun, or on the hob for a while; and canaries should be fed with crushed hemp and rape seed, mixed with canary seed.

The second class, he says, consists of birds that feed upon seeds and insects; in which class may be named larks, tits, buntings, and chaffinches. Some of them eat berries. Larks, buntings, and chaffinches seem to accept rape and cabbage seed, mixed with hemp seed occasionally. The first and last birds should have green food sometimes. Tits prefer hemp and fir seed together, with oats, barley, or nuts. These two classes are very easily domesticated and kept in confinement.

Those that feed on berries and insects, comprising thrushes, redbreasts, blackcups, nightingales, and most of the warblers, form the third class. A general food thus prepared is recommended for these birds of the grove by Sweet. He says to this effect:—Hemp seed soaked in boiling water and, crushed small, with an equal proportion of scalded bread (without salt), mixed and made into a paste, should be given fresh every morning; and, to humour their tastes, there should be a little minced raw meat put into it, which they occasionally prefer, also the yolk of an egg boiled hard, and crumbled small, should be given on various occasions as a change of diet.

Birds that feed on insects only are placed in the fourth class. Wagtails, chaffs, and the remaining warblers are included here. Crickets, cockroaches, snails, and worms ought to be procured for these birds. The best time to get this food is late in the autumn, and place them in a cellar or cool place in pots of mould. They are very fond of 'ants' eggs, which, with all other food, should be clean when given to them.

Birds of the first and second classes are called hard billed, of the third and fourth classes soft billed. Most of the soft-billed birds are very difficult to rear, but, with attention, become fine singers, which amply repays any little trouble taken with them. Boiled green peas, with cabbage, cauliflower, &c., may be given them, also lettuce, cresses, groundsel, chickweed, and a variety of other green meat.

Herbert, a great authority, objects to milk. It cannot be well dispensed with in cases of rearing young birds; and Professor Rennie says that it may be given as a medicine. Highly-seasoned food is very injurious, and, like stale food, should be avoided as a poison.

In concluding this part of my essay, I think I cannot do better than give you a few of Bechstein's receipts for making a general food.

White bread enough to serve your birds for three months, baked well and left to get stale; put it in the oven again and dry it, so that it may be powdered in a mortar. Put the powder in a dry place, and every day for each bird take a teaspoonful, pour over it three times as much lukewarm milk, form a stiff paste, and beat it up smooth. For delicate birds, sprinkle dried flies or meat worms over it; this tempts the bird to eat the paste, which they will be afterwards fond of. He says that his

Universal Paste, No. 1, may be made by taking stale, well-baked white loaf soaked in fresh water for half an hour, and then pressed. Boiling milk must now be poured over the bread, after which barley meal, in quantity about two-thirds, must be mixed with it, and used when required.

Universal Paste, No. 2, is white bread, mixed with grated carrot, the bread being previously soaked and squeezed dry, with an equal quantity of No. 1 Paste. The whole is to be mixed together in a mortar.

Mr. Bechstein also adds that the pastes ought to be made fresh every day, as they soon turn sour. A little rape, poppy, and hemp seed may be occasionally added as a treat.

We now pass to the second division of our subject—viz., the Breeding and Rearing required. This part scarcely admits of general rules. You must make up your minds in the first instance to attend constantly and regularly to your duties. The birds must not be left to themselves, as if they were in their
natural state, or they will most assuredly die. Every necessity must be attended to of the proper kind and at the proper time. Fright is very injurious to them; they should be left undisturbed for as long a time as possible. Care should also be taken to prevent them from sudden changes of temperature.

Not more than one family should reside in the same compartment during the breeding season, else the cocks begin to quarrel, and they break each other's eggs, or continually disturb the hens, and it is very seldom that the eggs get hatched under such treatment. Wool, moss, &c., should be strewn at the bottom of the cage; and it is advisable to have a nest made of wire or stout leather, so that the birds may build inside the framework. Care should be taken in feeding them, when they have young ones, that the food should be suitable for the nestlings.

Let us now observe that the birds have a disposition to pair,—on no account intrude upon their privacy; give them stimulating food, fresh water, clean sand, and sufficient building materials. Some authorities advise that, as the eggs are laid, balls similar to this, or a bunch of the first, besides which it impairs the health and constitution of the hen.

In rearing young birds from the nest in a wild state the rule is that they must not be taken until the tail quill feathers are growing strong, and the other feathers begin to show themselves, or, as some call it, "stump feathered." On the contrary, they must not be left too long in the nest, or most probably you will never catch them at all, or if you do secure them, they will not allow themselves to be fed, and consequently die. A great danger also lies in overfeeding them; whenever they cease to manifest a desire to eat, do not force it upon them. They are best fed by a piece of wood, flattened at one end like a spoon, to hold as much as a small pea, which is enough at a time to allow of growth. It is most advisable that the nest, as well as the young, should be brought and hung up in the cage. They should be fed at intervals of about an hour for the first few days. At night, if the cage be covered with any kind of dark cloth, they will fall asleep, and slumber till it is removed and light admitted. No sooner is this done than they should be fed, as above mentioned. Bread crumbled small in milk, with crushed, scalped rape seed, answers well for almost all kinds; in addition to which the soft-billed or insectivorous class should have ants' eggs, minced meat, or any other little thing they fancy. If necessity cause you to leave young nestlings for a few hours, cover them in the same manner as you do night, and they will very soon go to sleep; if you get older, you must lengthen the intervals between meals; just before they begin to pet for themselves, a kind old bird (a cock is best) may be placed in the cage with great advantage. He will soon teach them to peck, and even feed them when they are unwilling to be fed with the hand. When young birds get their feathers matted or soiled, which they invariably will do, a warm bath, with soap, puts them to rights again. This, however, should be sparingly indulged in, as it weakens the body of the bird. It is not at all advisable that young birds should be brought up by their wild parents, as they will acquire their natural note, and spoil them from ever singing well afterwards.

The third point is Teaching and Training. Most unnaturally, birds are taught artificial strains in preference to their natural notes. The canary is considered the chief cage-singer in Britain. Relating to that bird, a celebrated bird-tamer, named Lewis de Berc, writes:—"There is neither a lark, linnet, bail finch, nor goldfinch, but that may be brought to as great perfection in song as the canary finch; but the English do not take the pains a German does. They love to sleep while the German is tuning his pipe and instructing his feathered songsters. There is more to be done with the lark from two to three o'clock in the morning, than can be done in many months in the daytime, or when the least noise or sound is to be heard but from the instructor; and this rule holds good with all finches. Everything should be quiet but the master. As it is with the human kind, so it is with the feathered: a good master often makes a good scholar, and a good tutor seldom fails in making a good bird. I say, begin with your birds when all is quiet; they will take much more notice of what you endeavour to teach them. The age for beginning to instruct should not exceed three months. I sometimes begin sooner. I seldom stay less than an hour with each bird. I sometimes use my pipe, sometimes whistle, sometimes sing; but whichever method I adopt I seldom fail in bringing up birds to please, inasmuch that I have often sold a lark for two guineas, a linnet for one guinea, a bullfinch, when it could pipe finely, from five to ten guineas, and a goldfinch from one to two guineas. In short, the whole art of bringing a bird up to sing depends entirely upon visiting him early, and furnishing him the last thing before you leave with what he is to eat for the day. He should be supplied daily with fresh water at his fountain, and small gravel at the bottom of his cage; but short allowance of eating is absolutely necessary to make him a good songster. When I come to him in the morning, he is glad to see me; if he is hungry, he will begin to talk to me, and bid me welcome. At first approaching my bird, I very often give him
three or four grains of rice which have been steeped in Canary (wine). I sometimes add a little saffron or cochineal to the water, according as I find my Canary in health and strength, and I seldom fail in being rewarded with a song for my pains. In the general way of feeding the lark I give a small quantity of bruised rice with egg and bread, and now and then a few hemp seeds. I feed the smaller birds with rape seed, and a very little canary with it—the latter being apt to make them fat and dull. I give them likewise, at times, a little bruised rice, which does abundance of service, and most assuredly prevents their falling into scurvy, which is the death of many a fine bird. Birds accustomed to this sort of feeding are seldom troubled with what is called the pip; they shed their feathers with far more ease than other birds, and are in general much prone to singing, and have a more agreeable note than birds so trained.” Here stands the epitome of bird training. Regularity, concentration, gentleness, and kindness are essential qualifications to bird training. The great Bechstein recommends De Berg’s condiment.

As I alluded to the canary in the preceding pages, here are some practical remarks from reliable authorities.

Soon after young canaries begin to twitter, and at this early period the male is distinguishable, from the more connected song, De Berg says, begin your musical lessons. They should have very little light admitted to them, and be removed from all noises. A short time ought to be whistled, played, or sung to them about six or seven times a day, and about the same repetition at a lesson. Morning—feeding time—and evening are the best times for making an impression on the bird. Some birds are quicker in catching a tune than others are, from two to six months being the general time taken. You may make a bird acquire the song of another species by hanging them together in a darkened room.

Some canaries sing so loud, and with such energy, during the pairing season, that they have been known to rupture blood vessels, and fall dead in the midst of their glee.

In the last place let us notice a few of the principal Diseases to which our feathered pets are subject.

That all must die is a well-known fact; and it is also said that “Nature charms and physic cures,” but I think it is generally believed to be wise versed.

Caged birds are exposed to more maladies and diseases than those in a natural state. Although it must be said that they are exempt from many dangers and accidents to which wild birds are liable—such as being shot, frozen, or devoured by larger birds or animals,—yet the wild bird has instinct what to take in case of disease, and he has the ocean for his promenade. Liberty, then, it is plain, is no more all sunshine, than some people would have us believe captivity to be all sadness.

There is one particular point, however, which ought to be borne in mind—viz., that of the responsibility you hold of caring for the little pet who, for your pleasure, is thus deprived of liberty. No doubt many of the ailments arise from the artificial food given them. I will name a few of the principal diseases that occur to birds generally. These, as well as many other hints and remarks, have been noted down from a most valuable book of H. G. Adams, on singing birds.

The pip generally follows a cold; the beak is often opened, and has a yellow tint at its root; the feathers appear ruffled, the tongue hard, dry, and coated, and the nostrils stopped up. Butter, pepper, and garlic, made into a pill, and given, with an infusion of speedwell, as a pectoral drink. Nourishing food should be given slightly warmed, with a little oatmeal and salt if the bird’s bowels are confined.

Rhinos results also from cold; the bird often sneezes and shakes its head. The pectoral drink, as above mentioned, should be given, with warm bread and milk diet.

If there be any cure for consumption, it is iron water, or a live spider; green nourishing food should be given them.

Constipation is seen by the unsuccessful attempts of the bird to relieve itself. A live spider, which is a purgative, generally effects a cure.

Dysentery will quickly cause death if not checked. It is noticed by a chalky-like fluid sticking about the vent and other parts of the body adjacent, greatly inflaming them. Iron water and a linseed-oil oyster, applied on a pin’s head, should be used. Let the food be natural, warm bread and milk, with the yolk of an egg hard boiled, is very good for them. Anoint the sore parts with butter.

Fistulas are the obstruction of the gland situated at the ramp for secreting oily substances used for the plumage. The bird, by pressing this gland with its bill, causes the oil to ooze out. Sometimes the pores are apt to clog up, which causes the gland to get hard and inflame. The bird generally sits with its tail downwards, picking its ramp very often with its bill. To relieve it, rub the gland with fresh butter and sugar, enlarging the pore with a needle. Do not cut it off, as some recommend, it deprives the bird of a very useful member, and it will most likely die in consequence.

Epilepsy or fits are caused by the bird being too closely confined, and by its getting too much nourishing food. Catch up the bird as soon as it falls, and plunge it in cold water; if this does not answer, pair one of the nails, so as to draw blood. Drop olive oil, mixed with sherry wine down its throat. If it recover, give it plenty of green food, and keep it on low diet.

I now conclude, hoping that the few practical hints laid down may be useful.
THE MULETEER.

MULES are highly serviceable animals in the mountainous parts of Spain. They are commonly regarded as the most obstinate and unmanageable creatures; and so in truth they are to a certain extent; but in the rocky passes of Spain the mules are allowed to have their own way, and, uncontrolled, they follow with sure feet and unerring instinct the right road, traversing the most dangerous paths, where a false step would be destruction, as easily and securely as horses in the streets of Madrid, or any other city you like to name.

And in the mountain passes of Spain a team of mules with their jangling bells, their riders reclining at their ease, perhaps smoking, perhaps playing old-fashioned guitars—for the muleteers talk about the only travelling minstrels left in Spain—a troop such as this, I say, is as picturesque a sight as you may find in the old land, especially when you add to it a wild rocky scene, with strips of verdure here and there, a sky of intensest blue, and a dazzling sunshine.

Pedro was a muleteer, so was his father, so was his grandfather, so had been his grandfather's father; in fact, it seemed as if the family had always been muleteers, from the days of the Old downwards. They were Catholics, of course; for Spain was, and still is, the very stronghold of that faith. There, I think, the cruelties of the Inquisition were practised longer than anywhere else; and it was from Spain that the Involuble Armada was sent forth by King Philip, which was intended to put down Protestantism in England, and re-establish the authority of the Pope. Well, Pedro was a Catholic, so was his father, and his grandfather, and so upward to the days when the Spaniards drove out the Moors. Pedro never passed the cross by the wayside without lifting his cap and bending his knee; never came to the shrine of the Virgin without kneeling down and saying his "Hail, Mary;" he never let Christmas pass without bringing a candle to the priest for the cradle of the Child Jesus; nor Easter without gathering a posy which helped to make the little church look gay when they kept the feast. A merry, light-hearted fellow was Pedro—with yellow, brownish skin and crimson cheeks, like poppies in the corn; eyes that were so bright they seemed to want the heavy black lash to keep down their lustre; teeth that were as white as pearls, and that showed their double row to great perfection whenever Pedro laughed, which, I can tell you, was very often indeed. There seemed a charm in that boy's laugh—let a muleteer be ever so surly, he thawed at once, like snow in the sunshine, and became good-humoured when Pedro laughed; and let the most obstinate mule of all the team be in his most provoking mood, he would prick up his ears, give a peculiar neigh, and start fast if Pedro only laughed.

Now, I might tell you many amusing stories about Pedro and his mules. I could tell you about the songs he used to sing to his old guitar—songs of fierce war and faithful love—but these are not the stories I have to tell.

Pedro's father was as good-humoured as his son; not quite so lively, perhaps, because there is a good deal of difference even in the virility of sixteen and six-and-forty. And Pedro's father was always willing to lend a helping hand when a helping hand was needed. Now, it happened, that in the winter of 181—, a team of mules was coming over the mountains, one of them slipped, and a strange traveler who rode it was much hurt. Pedro's father had him taken to his cottage, and there he lay for ten days, in great suffering, and then died. Before he died, he told them he was an Englishman, directed them what to do with his valuables, gave them money to pay expenses, and was buried. They followed his instructions implicitly; but some days after they had forwarded the valise, they found that a parcel of papers had been left behind. Then they sent on, but the person to whom they were directed, at a town not far off, had left, so they had to bring the papers back again.

Pedro, as I told you before, was merry and light-hearted; but besides this, he was quite a student in his way. The parish priest had taught him to read. So, when these papers came back, Pedro set to work to read them; and it was only a short while after this, that all his companions noticed a change in his manner. He grew silent and more thoughtful than he was wont to be; he stopped away from merry-makings; he was irregular at the chapel; he did not bring cakes at Christmas, nor flowers at Easter; and, so it was averred by one who had watched him, he neither lifted his cap nor bent his knee when he passed the shrine of the Virgin. But, more than this, he had been seen reading the strange papers in a lonely part of the mountain; he had been seen to kneel where there was neither cross nor shrine, and, with many tears and sighs, to pray. All sorts of stories were abroad respecting him, but he said nothing, let folks talk as they would.

At length he fell ill—desperately ill—and his father and his mother thought he would die, and they sent for the priest. When the priest came and stood by the bedside, and began to chant the prayer for the departing, the boy lifted his head from the pillow, and said—

"Padre, I beg of you to cease; I am resting on Christ, not on prayers and masses, and feel sure that He will receive my spirit, as He received the spirit of Saint Stephen."

You can scarcely imagine how indignant..."
and how surprised the priest became at these words. He upbraided the youth with sin and folly; he called him by many hard names, and threatened him with terrible punishment in the world to come.

"Confess at once all your guilty crimes," he said.

"Padre," answered the boy, "I have confessed already to Jesus Christ."  

"Child of sin," said the priest, "never expect absolution from me."

"Padre," answered the boy again, "Jesus Christ has absolved me already."

"No intercession shall be made for you," said the priest; "not a mass shall be said."

"Padre," answered the boy, "Jesus Christ has interceded for me; and the only mass I need is, the sacrifice which was once offered."

The grief of the boy's parents was very great, for they thought if he died without the rites of the Catholic Church, he would never go to heaven; so they besought him, with tears, to confess and receive absolution. He smiled on them sweetly—"I am very weary, but I will rest to-night with Jesus—fear not—believe only!"

And his eyes closed; and the friends raised a great cry, and the priest left the house, and the news spread abroad, "The little muleteer is dead!" and there was lamentation in all the valley.

But he was not dead, after all. He had only fainted; and when he came to himself he was better, and gradually recovered. Then his friends found out that he had learned a new religion from the papers which had been left behind by the strange gentleman; that these papers were parts of the New Testament, and tracts, printed in Spanish; and that the reading of these papers had shown him—as they showed them also—a better way. They, under the blessing of God, were thus brought to a knowledge of His truth; and they were obliged to leave their native valley, on account of the persecution which was raised against them.

The little muleteer afterwards did good service in assisting to circulate the Scriptures, and parts of the Scriptures, among the peasantry of Spain; and, though he endured many hardships, and was exposed to much danger, the blessing of the Lord rested on him; and, in the sunshine smile of the King of kings, he possessed that peace and that joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

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GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME AND HANG HIM!

(A SORRY CUR SOLILOQUISETH.)

Oh! won't some one please to hang me?  
Hang me to relieve my pain,  
That the urchins may not bang me,  
Stone and hunt me yet again.

Once, I was as blithe a terrier  
As e'er barked in playful glee;  
Nowhere could you find a merrier,  
Or a better dog than me!

Till one day a bad boy teased me,  
When I growled, he did but laugh,  
Till at last an impulse seized me,  
And I seized him by the calf!

Oh! that one display of temper,  
Often since I've had to curse;  
If I'd had the dog's distemper,  
They could not have used me worse.

Soon 'twas said throughout the village,  
That a vicious dog I was;  
Given much to theft and pillage,  
And to bite without a cause.

So I then by all was scouted,  
Kicked and cuffed, with none found grace;  
Was from all my slumbers routed,  
Chased about from place to place.

---

Some more cruel, whene'er they found me,  
Tied tin kettles to my tail,  
Then all down the street they'd hound me,  
Rattling like a coat of mail!

Then the youngsters all would rush out,  
To my piteous tale quite deaf,  
And with stones would try and crush out  
All the little life I'd left.

Soon I cut these cruel people,  
Made tracks for the neighbouring town,  
Guided by the lofty steeple,  
There next night I laid me down.

But the "Bobbies" came and found me,  
Loitering in the public street,  
Oh! if they had only drowned me!  
That I should have called a treat.

No! they did not think me worth it,  
So they chased me from the town;  
And of life I've had a surfeit,  
Now to die I've laid me down.

Will no one to that tree suspend me,  
Or into that horsepond fling?  
What! will none assistance lend me?  
Am I then not worth the string?  

A. D.
OUR SPHINX.

112.—CHARADE.

The sun shone down on fields of waving grain,
That glistened in the slumberous summer air;
A dream of quiet brooded o'er the plain,
And veiled the landscape with a magic rare.
Past quiet meadows, and by clumps of trees,
The sleepy river glided to the sea.
Its tranquil flood, unruffled by a breeze,
Scemingly still, it moved so softly.
A scene of peace and quietness and rest,
No sign of man its placid beauty cursed,
Save where, upon yon hillock's woody crest,
Reposed the gay pavilions of my first.

An hour more, the still and calm repose
Had gone from meadow, plain, and sleepy stream,
And on that charmed landscape shrilly rose
The ring of steel, the clash of angry blows,
The shout of Hate, and Frenzy's maddening scream.
Fiercely the din and rush of battle surged,
And lance met lance, and visor rang again.
And valiant knights their foaming coursers urged
'Mong fearful heaps of wounded and of slain,
Where stilly waved, but now, the rustling grain.

The day is done! one army's valiant head,
Enshrouded by my second, yields at last:
He falls upon a mound, all gory red
With his own blood, that gushes thick and fast.
Yet ere he sinks the falling hero calls
With one faint cry his followers to his side:
In vain! the weakened voice unheeded falls,
Lost in the angry swell of battle's tide.
The day is lost: alas! the potent arm
No sooner yet o'er conquered or withstood,
Tremulous now, is powerless to harm
The palsy of my second in its blood.

Night falls on meadow, plain, and tranquil stream
The din of strife is hushed and still, and red
The clash of arms, the lance's deadly gleam;
The moonlight shimmers on a heap of dead.
From the far distance rings a joyous burst
Of bugle-peat, and shout, and booming gun,
With which my jubilant and conquering first
Tells the glad story of the battle won.
The hero by whose fall an army falls,
With bitter sorrow preying on his soul,
Banished from home, must live in prison walls,
And drag away my second as my whole.

113.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 5, 14, 13, 19, 18, 14 is very hard.
My 16, 2, 15, 9, 3, 18, 19 was best known in the Inquisition.
My 4, 11, 12, 5 is a French coin.
My 16, 12, 15, 8, 11, 13, 19, 18 is often baked for good children.
My 8, 17, 9 is something that squirrels appreciate.
My 4, 8, 6, 18, 19 we should avoid.
My 1, 15, 6, 7, 11 you can trace an Indian by.
My 10, 14, 8, 16 is a time when much fish is sold.
My 15, 19, 13, 14, 18, 14 is what every loyal citizen does for his country.
My 5, 8, 7, 13, 14, 10 is what cowards do.
My 4, 6, 7, 8, 1 is an excellent person.
My 14, 6, 4, 9 is in the neighbourhood of sunrise.
My whole is the name of a hero contemporary with Napoleon Bonaparte.

114.—ARITHMOREM.

505 and A Key N (a Dutch painter).
107 ,, A (an island off the coast of Spain).
1650 ,, Sour U (the founder of Rome).
1551 ,, Goths (a celebrated English poet).
12 ,, No (a famous character in heathen mythology).
1152 ,, and Ker (a town in Ireland).

115.—DECAPITATION.

When whole I'm seen in London's streets—
No wonderous sight I own;
And when landsmen are 'tween the ships,
Sailors hear my moan.
My head take off, and 'twill be seen
Truth lieth at my bottom:
Again behead, you have, I ween,
A measure nothing rotten.
My head again if you take off,
I shall not take it ill:—
I think you will be pretty soft
If you've not a hundred still.

116.—ENIGMAS.

1.
You find me will in gems so rare,
In diamonds for my lady's hair,
In pearls on princely diadem,
In eyes, in ears, and in all them
That goodly are to mortal sight;
In pitch-like darkness and in light,
In good, in ill, in wickedness,
In things to curse, in things to bless,
In weeks, in months, in hours, in days,
In gnomes and fairies, genii, fays;
I'm found in nothing, something, aught;
In all teachers, in all taught,
In all shapes, in round, in square,
Here and there, and everywhere;
Twist me, turn me round and round,
Still in everything I'm found—
In book, in reader, writer, all,
Both rich and poor, and great and small:
But to tell you all, why, what's the use?
If you don't know me, you're a—goose.

2.
Three-fourths of a fall and a facial organ gives place in England.

3.
A door fastening and a very common noun compose an artisan.

4.
Four-eighths of one of Dickens's characters wrought metal with a thousand added, and some form one of the counties of England.

5.
Two-fourths of glad, and five-sixths of to gently, signify a faint light.

6.
A man's name and a town are a place in Norfolk.
118.—RIDDLES.

1. Why is a jolly old chap like frozen rain?
2. Why is a racing-ground like a dead body?
3. When is a cricketer most courageous?
4. Which is the most crooked grain?

119.—REBUS.

1. A round root.
2. A woman's name.
3. One of the tribes of Israel.
4. A fish.

The initials read downward give a packet of goods, and the finals read in the same way a secrecy.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

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Are pigs legally a nuisance?—Pigs are legally a nuisance if they are kept too near a house, and are not kept sufficiently clean.

In Pitman’s easiest style of phonography? — Yes.

Why are the Ides of March so called? — The Ides of March, on the 15th of March, March, May, July, and October, and in the remaining months on the 10th, are derived from an obsolete verb which signifies to divide, because they nearly halved the months.

WILLIAM PINGLAND.

What is the meaning of charity? — Love! We may find that in the First Epistle to the Corinthians. We may find it in the Turk’s creed also. Mahomet’s definition of charity embraced the wide circles of kindness. “ Every good act,” he would say, “ is charity. Your smiling in your brother’s face is charity; an exhortation to your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving; your putting a wand-er in the right road is charity; your removing stones, and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man’s true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, ‘ What property has he left behind him?’ But the angels who examine him in the grave will ask, ‘What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?’ ”

J. W.

Was Magna Charta ever lost? — Yes, literally lost; though it still continued in force. Sir Robert Cotten, being one day at his tailor’s, discovered that the man held in his hand, ready to cut up into measures, the original Magna Charta, with all its appendages of seals and signatures. He bought this singular curiosity for a trifle; and recovered in this manner, what had long been given over for lost.

P. L. W. S.

Is bathing essential to health? — No doubt of it. Next to eating and sleeping, the bath may be ranked among the very foremost of the necessaries and supports of life. It is of far higher consequence and of more general utility than any kind of exercise, gymnastic, or sport. It affects the system more powerfully than these, even in the very points wherein their excellence consists; and it is applicable in a thousand circumstances where they are not. It does not supersede, but it ought to come before, these other practices.

Are the stars inhabited? — A large question. We answer in the language of Professor Nichol: — For one moment let me glance at the nature of one question.—of all the most interesting: that which concerns the probable existence of life through the spaces whose contents we have reached. The problem is perhaps equivalent to this: Are we, without passing into extravagance, entitled to assume that forces which enter so essentially into the constitution of our earth, are not confined within its conditions? Take in illustration the vast power of gravity. Before science raised the veil from the distant, we knew it only in the fact of the fall of a stone, or in the roundness of a drop of water; now we have followed it through the complex motions of the moon, and through the order of the entire system. It pursues the comets through the abysses; it governs the orbits of the double and triple stars; it guides the sun in his path through the skies; and, even those stupendous evolutions of the planets, during which the stars congregate into dazzling clusters, or arrange themselves in galaxies. Boundless the sphere of this force; and shall an energy yet nobler, more subtle, probably with a root much more profound, be fancied so weak, so feeble, so dependent on circumstances, that only in our world, or some one like it, it is free to work out its wonderful products? Look at its history in that very earth. In the chalk cliffs, in caverns unseen by the sun, in marshes that to man are desolation and death, life yet teems and rejoices—its forms growing in adaptation to their conditions. Long ages ago the odd Trilobite swarmed in our oceans, and the large-eyed Ichthyosaurus dashed through their waters. These are gone; but plastic nature, ever forming with ceaseless activity, has, by the most mysterious of her actions, brought up new forms to play their parts among her vast scenes. Through space, as through time, she is doubtless working; and—with all their joys and sorrows—ever ever forming with ceaseless activity, has, by the most mysterious of her actions, brought up new forms to play their parts among her vast scenes. Through space, as through time, she is doubtless working; and—with all their joys and sorrows—ever evolving far mightier results than dead, inorganic worlds. I see this in the blush of the morning which beams on all these globes, and there, too, awakens the glad creatures from their repose. I see it in the downfall of evening, that speaks of refreshment from toil; but also of the living time of activities not fitted for the sun. I see it in the progress of the earth, and in its course, through much conflict, towards perfection; for its rocks and stones tell not only of change, but of the struggles of its creatures to become linked to something higher:—Yes! ye worlds wondrous and innumerable, that shine aloft, and shower round us your many mystic influences.—ye, too, are the abodes of sentence suited to your conditions; ay, and of intelligence, different, far different from ours. and in states of approach to the divinity of all possible gradations; but of which every constituent—every creature of whatever kind—is pressing outward like the bud in spring, and stretching with longings that are unutterable towards the infinite and the eternal!
How to preserve the eyes?—One thing may be said for certain, rubbing the eyes on awaking is a destructive habit which many people have contracted; and though healthy persons, whose sight is moderately used through the day, may not be sensible of receiving any injuries from this custom, yet those whose occupations demand close application of their visual organs for any continued space of time, will soon be convinced, by painful experience, of the truth of this remark. Besides the daily injury thus done to the eyes, it sometimes also happens that hairs and other foreign matters are forced into them by their being violently rubbed, which may occasion inflammation, and are frequently very troublesome to dislodge. The inflamed and weak eyes of many persons are likewise in a great measure to be attributed primarily to this most imprudent habit. Should, however, the eyelids be so fixed that a difficulty in opening them is felt, let them be moistened with a little warm milk-and-water for a few minutes, which, in all cases where the organ is healthy, will be found to answer the purpose in a manner such as they can have no idea of who have never tried this simple remedy.

104.—ACROSTIC.
W isser E
A nn A
T umble R
E nme T
R us H.

106.—BIOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
Sawtre.

107.—GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
Wellington.

108.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.
The name of the king was Edmund the Magnificent.
The name of the outlaw was Leaf.
The scene where the deed took place was Pucklechurch, in Gloucestershire.

110.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.
1.—5260.
2.—35 and 15.

111.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. 2.
1. FLAT 1. C R A G
2. L I N E 2. R A T E
3. A N O N 3. A T O M

3. 4.
1. L A M E 1. C A T S
2. A C I D 2. A R E A
4. E D E N 4. S A M E

5. 6.
1. S N A P 1. L E A D
2. N O R E 2. E T E R
3. A R E A 3. A R O N
4. P E A R 4. D E N T

ANSWERS REQUIRED.

Which is the best and cheapest book on heraldry?
State price, and name and address of publisher.
Who was Jugurtha?
What is the best book on sea-weeds?
What causes thunder and lightning?
Who was Amphitryon?

HENRY PROCTOR.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

103.—ARITHMOREM.
G ranada
E be
N icomedia
E xeter
V irginia
A rchange.

GENEVA.

PRIZE ESSAYS.

TRAINING OF SINGING BIRDS.
The Essay written by the successful competitor for our prize is printed in this number. There were only three other competitors, and their productions were far inferior to that of the prizewinner. The adjudication on the story of Henry V. will be given in our next number.
SHOT AND SHELL.
A STORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

By the Author of the "Stories of the Wars."

CHAPTER XXIII.

In which I am let into a secret, feel a little disappointed, and get asked to a wedding; there a handsome present is made to me; and other circumstances of interest.

SHELL came to me one morning and said, "It is all settled, and it will come off in a week at the latest."
"What," said I, "the end of the siege?"
"Well," said he, "in one sense the end of the siege; and I can tell you it has been a pretty tough one."
"You need not tell me that," said I. "Have not I had my share in it?"
"You!" said he.
"Yes, me; and I am right glad for old Elliot's sake that the business will soon be over."
"To the mischief with both of you," said he. "What have either of you to do with it?"
"Everything."
"Nothing!"
"What, not with the siege of Gibraltar? Come, Shell, you are off your head—you're crazy!"
"Who was talking about the siege?" said he. "Come, Shell, you are downright mad! I was speaking of my sweetheart."
"What, the little gipsy girl?"
"The young Spanish lady!"
"Oh!"
"Why—what's the matter?"

There was nothing the matter, but I felt queer—just a little shade of disappointment. At this distance of time, I can recollect the feeling as if it was yesterday, and how I tried and fairly succeeded to stop it. I know what it was: I had a sort of liking for the "Spanish" lady myself, and had a sort of dreamy notion that I should be supremely happy could I dance the Cachucha with her all my life long. I felt how wrong it was in a minute, and how selfish not to be glad when my old chum was so jolly, so I shook hands heartily with him, and gave him all joy.

Then you are to be married?"
"Yes, old boy, in a week at latest."
All joy again.
"And I suppose——"
"No, you don't suppose, you know that we shall want you at the wedding."
"I'll be there."
"Of course. I have asked Uncle Price."
"And he is coming?"
"Yes—sure."
"I am glad of it. Uncle Price is a——"

A hand was on my shoulder, and a voice said, "An officer in his Majesty's service, and not accustomed to be so freely spoken of by loploolibys."

It was Uncle Price himself; and though his words seemed a little sharp, his face was one great beaming smile.

"And so," said he, surveying us both, with his hand still on my shoulder—"and so this young seapergace is going to tie himself up to a Spanish girl when there are a dozen English hearts ready to break for him at home."

"But I don't want to break anybody's heart," said Shell; "and my advice is that you two had best make your choice out of the dozen and save them from breaking."

"And your wife that is to be," said Uncle Price, "what is her dower—her bright eyes and dark hair, eh?"

"Quite enough in themselves," said Shell, "to satisfy a more mercenary fellow than I; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Price, she will have a good fortune in doubloons—that patriarchal guardian of hers told me as much. And, by-the-way, Shot, he is going to make you a present on the wedding-day."

"Me!"

"Yes—don't start, man—he has another pretty gipsy to dispose of; but he will make you a present, nevertheless, and it wou't be in doubloons."

"What do you mean?"

"Wait."
Waiting is weary work, but I had to wait—Shell would not or could not say a word more about it; and the days went on slow with him, I understand, he being in a wonderful hurry to haste to his own wedding; but they fled quickly enough with me.

The day came at last, and a splendid day it was. There were lots of fellows present; and though the enemy's guns boomed out at intervals a sort of surly threat, we kept never-minding, and took no more heed of the Dons than if they had been giving a complimentary salute.

The wedding took place in the garrison chapel, which was filled in every corner, and some regular tip-top people there; plenty of sky-scrappers and swabs, and many of the officers' ladies. The old herdsman seemed to be respected by everybody, and was as familiar with Governor Elliot as if they had been boys together. He had been, I heard it rumoured, of great assistance to the Governor; and Elliot was not a man to forget a service. Shell looked as brave as a lion, and his charming bride seemed more beautiful than I had ever seen her before. Of course I was Shell's best man, and the patriarch gave her away.

I might describe the scene if I had the power, which I have not, which met us when we came out of chapel—such cheerings, such enthusiastic wavings of hats, caps, and handkerchiefs; such—but there, never mind all that.

There was a great spread for us—something sumptuous, considering our limited resources—in one of the large rooms at the barracks; and after we had eaten and drank—did not we drink the health of the newly-wedded pair with all the honours? rather. After all this the herdsman—patriarch I have called him—rose up, and with a pleasant smile addressed me—told me he was going to make me a present, and then going out of the room for a minute, came back with a bearded gentleman who looked pale and worn, but into whose arms I rushed in a moment and cried out, "Father! father!"

By the good offices of the old man—at the cost, I believe, of a heavy ransom—my father had been liberated from slavery in Algiers. He was a good deal shattered in health, but the same earnest quiet way about him which I remembered from the first. He had seen Uncle Price already. Uncle had kept the secret from me, at the express desire of the herdsman. How happy we were! how hopeful! even while the Spaniards' guns growled their old threats, as if they would or they could put a final stop to our pleasure.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The end of the siege, and the end of the story.

At last the soldiers of the Rock, whose spirit and confidence had risen higher with every new emergency, heard the last shot and received the last shell from the Spanish batteries.

On the 5th of February, 1783, the siege of Gibraltar ended, intelligence being received that the preliminaries of a general peace were concluded.

The siege had lasted four years; and it has no parallel in history.

The Duc de Crillon visited our stronghold, and was shown over the marvels of the Rock. He was most particularly interested with the extent and strength of our batteries, and declared them to be works worthy of the Romans.

The works which had been commenced during the siege, and carried on under extraordinary difficulty, were in course of construction for many years, and they are the surprise and wonder of the whole world. I would not attempt to describe them here—I could not if I tried; but, after all, the best description would fail to give any real idea of the deep excavations, the magazines and spacious halls hewn out of the solid rock. So I leave this matter, and all comment on the siege in which my humble part was played, to able hands, and briefly relate what happened to me after the siege was over.

I was very honourably mentioned, and got a handsomer reward than I think I deserved; but of course it would have been inconsistent with my duty to rejudge the good opinion that was expressed of me by my superior. I was sorry to part with Shell, and yet I was glad because I knew he was comfortably settled, and had not any particular reason for wishing to return to England. I supposed he did not care to go back to the "oil and colour list," when he held the King's commission as lie-
ORY OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

tenant, and was appointed one of the surveyors of the Gibraltar works. I asked him what he meant to do, and of course he said stop where he was. Father was not going to stop where he was, Uncle Price was not going to stop where he was, neither was I, if I could get away; and there was not, on my score, much difficulty in getting away. I was in great favour—I don’t know why; I think a good deal of it was owing to Shell. Bless your heart alive, I was nothing to him, never was, never could—only last Saturday was a twelvemonth I said to him—

"Shell, you had always the makings of a great man in you."

And he answered in his chaffy way—"I’ll be Shot if I had."

Well, to resume my story. I did not leave the King’s service; I did not want to leave it, I like it a great deal too well for that; but I got permission to go home. You see I was not an ordinary sailor, I too had been promoted, and have been since—very much, in my humble opinion, beyond my deserts, I can tell you that. At all events, I got leave to go home, and I went with father and Uncle Price.

Home! where was my home? where was father’s home? Not in Fleet Market, certainly—there we had long ago been quite entirely sold off. A greengrocer had taken our shops, and stowed bunches of turnips, onions, and lettuces, to say nothing of cabbages, potatoes, and carrots, where we had stowed away sublime poetry and eloquent prose. But the greengrocer had made a failure of it, and then the shop had been shut up, dreary outside and dark within, till a pork butcher took it—a dealer in spareribs, “learning pieces”—did not we deal in learning pieces?—loins with the crackling on, smoking hot, sausages, &c. Well, he bolted! Then the shop was let to a fellow who kept a lottery-office, and he followed the pork butcher’s example, and was not when he was wanted. Then our shop was let alone for a long time, being finally let to a coal dealer, who sent out on the backs of bearers sacks, and hundredweights, and half-hundred dittos to the residences of consumers who had not cellarmage accommodation, perhaps—or, what is still more likely, tin to pay for tons. So, when I saw my home—the home that had been patronised by good Dr. Goldsmith and strong Dr. Johnson—that Burke had looked into sometimes arm-in-arm with J. Reynolds, of the Royal Academy, I found it—a coalshed!

Sentimental people might have been sorry for it: I was not. Was there some light and warmth to be got out of the coals? Well, I think there was.

Father was rather cut up about it; and when we adjourned to “The Mitre,” Uncle Price, solemnly as if he were singing the Litany at church, remarked—

“Where are sorrows, trials, and troubles, vexations, annoyances, and temptations: these things we are called to bear. Will you take some rum-and-water, hot?”

Take it—well, we did take it under his brewing. I think I have before remarked that uncle was peculiarly favoured in the way of capacity for rum-and-water making. He knew to a drop the quantities of water and of spirit; he knew to a grain the allowance of sugar; he knew to a squeeze the proportion of lemon. There was no nonsense about it: if uncle had a genius for anything, it was for the adroit mixture of grog!

We did a little smoking; and when we all felt pretty quiet, and were only disturbed from our private thoughts by the snortings of a next-door neighbour—I mean the man in the next box—over two kidneys and potatoes, Uncle Price spoke up.

“I know what you’re a-thinking of.”

Observation addressed to my father.

“‘Eh,” says my father, waking up from a reverie, “eh; I am not aware that I was thinking at all.”

“Yet you were thinking,” says my uncle.

“Well—perhaps,” says my father, with extreme hesitation; “perhaps I was thinking about a book I was reading when I left my home for the last time.”

“Was it a comfortable book?” says my uncle.

“It was, and it was not. Let me see—let me see. Yes—it was ‘Drellincourt on Death.’ I had been reading it a good many times, and it did something with my mind.”

“Flavoured it,” said my uncle.

“Well, perhaps so; it left the thought in
my mind that it was a good thing when Sexton Time had dug your grave, and it was ready for you to lay down in."

"Rather a chambermaid notion," says my uncle. "May be so—may be not so; but what were you thinking about the book?"

"Whether I should ever see it again."

"I've got it, father!"

Uncle Price, as you will perhaps remember, had taken care of that for me, and saved it from the auctioneer's hammer.

"But you were thinking deeper than that," says my uncle.

"I was thinking of my wife. You know, to the letter I wrote we had no answer."

"None."

"I wonder what we ought to do."

"Being in London," says my uncle (he was a very strange man, was uncle), "being in London," says he, "we had best look after our distinguished relative." He meant my aunt.

"But," said my poor father, "if she sees me she'll only tax me with idleness, and rate me for a rogue."

"Rates and taxes," says my uncle, trying on a joke; "those are things we know nothing of at sea. We will suppose"—and he swallowed the contents of his fourth tumbler—"that we are altogether at sea now. Suppose we look 'em up."

I was quite agreeable.

Father did not object.

Uncle paid the score, and at the end of Mitre Court we took a hackney coach, and drove straight off to aunt's, just as the giants outside St. Dunstan's Church were striking with their clubs in a manner quite ferocious, because it was nine o'clock.

When we reached aunt's, we found the house occupied by new tenants. They had heard of my late aunt: she was dead; and of the lady who resided with her: she had left shortly after aunt's funeral. One of the servants remembered the address she had gone to. We drove there under protest from our driver. It was a long way off, beyond Hyde Park Corner; still we drove, or jolted there.

And we reached there at last. A quiet, pretty little house in a garden; small, but quite genteel. Our Jehu knocked at the door, and, by Jove, it was opened by Jupiter! I ought to have mentioned that Jupiter had disappeared some time before we left Gibraltar. He had, to use a vulgar phrase, "fought shy" of me; and not having much time to look after him, he went as he came—quite without my knowledge.

When I saw him standing in the doorway, when, on the mention of my mother's name, he said, and accompanied himself on the bones—I mean he showed all his ivories at once—I thought it was all a dream—"My lady will facilitate herself in seeing you in the drawing-room!"

It was all over in a minute. There was mother. There was father, and mother clinging to him. There was Uncle Price, urgently ringing the bell for rum and water.

There was Jove, showing us all his teeth, but as good, and kind, and true, and noble, as any soul under skin, white or black, could be.

**

My aunt, after one or other of those reunions whereat blighted genius was wont to figure—where the Garricks that were goosed raved, and the Reynolds that were unemployed cast poisoned darts on more fortunate limners; where the Johnsons that had never done anything good superseded the characters of those who had—after one of these little reunions, aunt caught cold, and was ill for a long time; and the maid could not comfort her, and the dog could not comfort her, and the cat could not comfort her, and the bird could not comfort her; but mother succeeded. So she grew to like mother, and—not to make a short story long—she died, and left her all her money.

When we found mother, then, she was very rich. She was not altogether surprised at our coming, for Jove, who had run away, came back again, having obtained honourable discharge; and he telling mother all about what had happened in Gibraltar, kept his eye, or eyes rather, on us, and we were expected, Uncle Price being in the secret.

Now, who do you suppose were in the kitchen along with Jove? I know you'll never guess; so I'll tell you: why, Job Cassidy and old Timbertoes; there they were, bless their old hearts, there they were.

So we were all happy and comfortable. Is not that the right end of a story?
THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

SOMWHERE in a garden of this earth, which the dear Lord has planted with many flowers of gladness, grew a fresh, bright little daisy.

The first this little daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters where the Heavenly Shepherd was leading his sheep. And very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes, with their crimson lashes, opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below, where the sunshine made every hour more sparkles, more rings of light, and more brilliant glances and changes of colour, than all the jewellers in the world could imitate. She knew intimately all the yellow-birds, and meadow-larks, and bobolinks, and blackbirds, that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture, and she was a prime favourite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems; and their silent motions, as they glided hither and thither, were full of beauty, and told as plainly of happiness as if they could speak. Multitudes of beautiful flowers grew up in the water, or on the moist edges of the brook. There were green fresh arrow-heads, which in their time gave forth their white blossoms with a little gold ball in the centre of each; and there were the pickerel-weed, with its thick, sharp green leaf, and its sturdy spike of blue blossoms, and the tall meadow-grass, with its graceful green tassels hanging down and making wavy reflections in the water; and there was the silver-weed, whose leaves, as they dipped in the brook, seemed to be of molten silver, and whose tall heads of fringy white blossoms sent forth a grateful perfume in the air; and there, too, were the pink and white azalias, full of sweetness and beauty, and close along in the green mosses of the banks grew blue and white violets, and blood-root, with its silvery stars of blossom, and the purple hepatica, with its quaint hairy leaves, and the slender wind-flower on its thread-like stem, and the crowfoot, with its dark bronze leaf and its half-shut flower, looking like the outside of a pink sea-shell. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew and flourished in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy as first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes; but there was always a pleasant flutter of expectation among them,—either a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms; and when the blossoms passed away, there was a thoughtful, careful maturing of seeds, all packed away snugly in their little coffers and caskets of seed-pods, which were of every quaint and dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel-box. Overhead there grew a wide-spreading apple-tree, which in the month of June became a gigantic bouquet, holding up to the sun a million silvery opening flowers, and a million pink-tipped buds; and the little winds would come to play in its branches, and take the pink shells of the blossoms for their tiny air-boats, in which they would go floating round among the flowers, or sail on voyages of discovery down the stream; and when the time of its blossom was gone, the bountiful tree from year to year had matured fruits of golden ripeness which cheered the hearts of men.

Little Daisy's life was only one varied delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds, that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet perfumed messages from the violets and anemones of even the more distant regions.

There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart; not a tiny fish glided in his crystal paths, or played and frolicked under the water-lily shadows, that was not a well-known friend of hers, and whose pleasures she did not share. At night she held conferences with the dew-drops that stepped about among the flowers in their bright pearl slippers, and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest. Nice little nurses and dressing-maids these dewy! and they kept tender guard all night over the flowers, watching and blinking wakefully to see that all was safe; and when the sun arose, each of them spread a pair of little rainbow wings, and was gone.

To be sure, there were some reverses in her lot. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross schoolmaster, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and call in a gruff voice to the little winds, her playfellows, to come away from their nonsense; and then he would send a great strong wind down on them, all with a frightful noise, and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth; and there would be a great rush and pattering of rain-drops, and bellowing of thunders, and sharp forked lightnings would quiver through the air as if the green pastures certainly were to be torn to pieces; but in about half an hour it would be all over,—the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened, and the little winds would come laughing back, and each little flower would lift itself up, and the winds would help them to shake off the wet, and plume themselves as jauntily as if nothing had gone amiss. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own pink blossoms, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible store; for, as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still...
THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

to come on, even down to little green cushions of buds that lay hidden away in the middle of the leaves down close to the root. "How favoured I am!" said Daisy; "I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the liverwort and the blood-root have their turn, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blossoming perpetually; how nice it is to be made as I am!"

"But you must remember," said a great rough Burdock to her,—"you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with."

"What do you mean?" said Daisy, in a tone of pride, eyeing her rough neighbour with a glance of disgust. "You are a rough, ugly old thing, and that's why you are cross. Pretty people like me can afford to be good-natured!"

"Ah, well," said Dame Burdock, "you'll see. It's a pretty thing if a young chit just out from seed this year should be imperious to me, who have seen twenty winters,—yes, and been through them well, too!"

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this horrid Burdock has been saying? What does he mean by winter?"

"I don't know,—not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air, and then perched himself airily on a throttle-head, singing,—

"I don't know, and I don't care;
It's mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it's mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer."

"Say, Humming-bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said Humming-bird; "we have wings, and follow Summer round the world, and where she is, there go we."

"Meadow-Lark, Meadow-Lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said Daisy.

Meadow-Lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said, looking confused.

"Butterfly, Butterfly," said Daisy, "come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter?"

But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, "What is Daisy talking about? I never heard of winter! Winter? ha! ha! What is it?"

"Then it's only one of Burdock's spiteful sayings," said Daisy. "Just because she is not pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that sheds me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter?"

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, "Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not."

The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming; the leaves were turning yellow, but they had beautiful green-seed caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eye-bright had gone under ground, so that no more was seen of them, and Daisy wondered whether they could be gone. But she had new acquaintances far more brilliant, and she forgot the others. The brook-side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue fringed gentian held up its cup, that seemed as if they might have been cut out of the sky,—and still Daisy had abundance of leaves and blossoms, and felt strong and well at the root. Then the apple-tree cast down to the ground its fragrant burden of golden apples, and men came and carried them away.

By-and-by there came keen, cutting winds, and driving storms of sleet and hail; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen, and grew black, and turned to decay. The leaves loosened and fell from the apple-tree, and sailed away by thousands down the brook; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.

"Tell me, dear tree," said Daisy, "is this winter that is coming?"

"It is winter, darling," said the tree; "but fear not, the Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer."

"I still hold my blossoms," said Daisy,—for Daisy was a Hardy little thing.

But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone,—there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

"Ah, dear tree!" said Daisy, "is not this dreadful?"

"Be patient, darling," said the tree. "I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower; they will all come again."

By-and-by came colder days and colder, and the brook froze to its little heart and stopped; and then there came bitter, driving storms, and the snow lay wreathed over Daisy's head; but still from the bare branches of the apple-tree came a voice of cheer. "Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost: winter is only for a season."

"It is so dreary!" murmured Daisy, deep in her bosom.

"It will be short: the spring will come again," said the tree.

And at last the spring did come; and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple-tree. And one bright, rejoicing day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo! there were all her friends once more,—there were the eye-brights and the violets and the anemones and the liverwort,—only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed and moistened by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its
own flowers. The birds all came back, and
began building their nests, and everything was
brighter and fairer than before; and Daisy
felt strong at heart, because she had been
through a winter, and learned not to fear it.
She looked up into the apple-tree. "Will
there be more winters, dear tree?" she said.
"Darling, there will; but fear not. Enjoy
the present hour, and leave future winters to
Him who makes them. Thou hast come
through these sad hours, because the Shep-
herd remembered thee. He lovesth never a
flower out of his pasture, but calleth them all
by name: and the snow will never drive so
cold, or the wind beat so hard, as to hurt one
of his flowers. And look! of all the flowers
of last year, what one is melted away in the
snow, or forgotten in the number of green
things? Every blade of grass is counted, and
puts up its little head in the right time; so
never fear, Daisy, for thou shalt blossom
stronger and brighter for the winter."
"But why must there be winter?" said
Daisy.
"I never ask why," said the tree. "My
business is to blossom and bear apples. Sum-
mer comes, and I am joyful; winter comes,
and I am patient. But, darling, there is an-
other garden where thou and I shall be trans-
planted one day, where there shall be winter
no more. There is coming a new earth; and
not one flower or leaf of these green pastures
shall be wanting there, but come as surely as
last year's flowers come back this spring."

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SONG OF THE SHIP-BUILDER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The sky is ruddy in the East,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad-axe to the gnarled oak,
The haw to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The gouging anvil scourg.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
"Her helm obey his hand, And seamen tend her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture's beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave;
Mast float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free;
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Shaks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world;

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No leathen drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!
THE DEATH OF THE FIRE-BREATHER.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE IN THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN.

Those portions of the globe which, so to speak, are enclosed within the polar circles, have, for more than two centuries past, attracted the attention of enterprising seamen. To the ice-bound solitudes of the North Polar Regions, however, as lying nearer the great maritime nations, and so being more accessible than the Southern, their expeditions have been more especially directed, and consequently more fully rewarded by discovery. Thanks to the courage and hardihood of these adventurous mariners, who, underwitting the dangers of the enterprise, undismayed by repeated failures, and the entire loss of one expedition, returned again and again to their task; thanks to these brave men, a great part of the Arctic Region has been discovered; its geographical features defined and classified; its human inhabitants, its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions described; and the remaining portion is becoming more and more known to us every day.

Of the South Polar Region, however—that enclosed by the Antarctic circle—this cannot be said. The discoveries of Biscoe, Dumont d'Urville, Balleny, Wilkes, were small and comparatively unimportant; and even the splendid achievement of Captain Ross added little to our knowledge of this region beyond some six hundred miles of coast line.

It was anciently supposed that the southern hemisphere of the earth contained an extensive continent, which surrounded the Antarctic pole, and extended to a great distance from it. This imaginary continent, called Terra Australis Incognita, makes a conspicuous figure on all maps of the world more than a hundred years old. The reader knows what a mistake this notion was: the proportion of land to water in the southern hemisphere is far less than in the northern; and the gloomy abyss of the Southern Ocean has been sounded to a depth of nearly five miles without reaching bottom.

While the Arctic Region contains probably one of the largest archipelagoes in the world, the extremest parts of which are buried under enormous masses of eternal ice, the progress of research has revealed to us no large groups of islands in the southern frozen region. The Terra Incognita of our forefathers, reduced to a title of its dimensions, would give no bad idea of the proportion of land to water; but the immense masses of ice congregated around the poles, etc. really acting upon each other, reproducing frost, and multiplying themselves, must for ever interpose an insuperable barrier to a definite knowledge of its boundaries.

From my earliest days these mysterious regions had a peculiar and engrossing charm for me. Books on the subject were my favourite reading; and the exciting incidents I found in them became so vividly impressed on my mind that they did not forsake me even in sleep. My dreams were often of many-coloured icebergs, floating from sea to sea, nodding their giant heads at the wash of every wave; extensive and ever-moving ice-islands, carrying on their broad bosoms white-haired wolves and bears, and seahorses and seals; fur-encased men, women, and children, stunted in stature, and speaking barbarous tongues—the inhabitants of these wintry regions.

In the year 1840, when I was about fifteen, an expedition was fitted out in England for the purpose of making an attempt to reach the south magnetic pole, and placed under the command of Captain James Ross. The walls of London and the seaport towns were placarded with invitations to enterprising sailors and ambitious lads to join the ships, and high pay was offered. To me this opportunity was too tempting to be resisted; and so one morning I ran away from home, presented myself with a beating heart on board the Erebus, then lying in the Docks, was accepted, and in a couple of hours had entered my name on the ship's books.

As the interest of my narrative does not lie in this part of my adventures, I pass it over without detail. We had a most favourable voyage, and on the first day of the year 1841, crossed the Antarctic polar circle, near 178° E. long. On the 11th land was observed near 70° 41' S. lat. and 173° 36' E. long.; and on a nearer approach we saw that it was a continuous coast trending southward and rising in mountainous peaks to a great height, and covered with snow. Captain Ross resolved to attempt a landing on the following day—a work of great difficulty and danger; for to reach the bold and lofty shore the boats had to force a passage through large and rugged masses of ice, which, either in a solid or broken form, extended quite five miles from the shore to the open sea. In effecting this, we were constantly in danger of knocking a hole in the boats' sides on sharp angles and jutting points of ice sunken beneath the waves; or being crushed by some gigantic iceberg, which, towering above our heads like a church spire hewn out of pure marble, glittering with all the hues of the rainbow, went sailing grandly past us, bowing to the action of the waves, or borne along swiftly by an undercurrent. The submerged part of the berg, which, so long as it is the heavier of the two, keeps the crest of the ice-giant erect, gradually dissolves under the action of the water, and as soon as the turning-point is reached, as soon as the sunken part becomes lighter than that which is out of the water—the first wave tips the monster over, and, with a crash like thunder, the upper part falls on the surface.
THE DEATH OF THE FIRE-BREATHER.

of the sea, then sinks beneath it, and the lower part emerges, green and glittering, from its depths.

After much hard rowing, and many narrow escapes, we succeeded in reaching the barren shore. Having effected a landing, the glorious old British flag was unfurled to the icy breeze, a broadside was fired from the distant ships, and amid our triumphant cheers the land was taken possession of in the name of the Queen.

A hasty attempt was then made to explore the new territory; but the rocks were so rugged and precipitous, the blocks of ice so numerous, and above all the cold was so intense, that we were not able to penetrate very far inland. The aspect of nature there was barren and uninviting in the extreme. An extensive white plain, the brilliancy of which dazzled our eyes, stretched out before us, rising in places into jagged prominences, scattered over with boulders, or divided by horrid fissures and yawning chasms—the latter often running in a direction towards the sea. Something filled up as they approached it, as though they were great river-beds whose currents were for ever frozen. In this place no animal, tree, or shrub relieved our eyesight; and save the wash of neighbouring waves, the crash of falling bergs, and our own voices, no sound disturbed the awful stillness. Our new land might well have been named "The Region of Universal Barrenness."

As our captain stood on a small eminence surveying the scene through his glass he thought he made out, in the extreme south, a volcano in action.

"Lend me your glass, Hammond," said he to one of the lieutenants who stood near; "my eyes are bleared through long looking at the snow, and my glass is misty."

"Yes," he continued, "it is no doubt a volcano, and in action too. We shall probably see more of it if we follow the coast, which seems to trend nearly south. And now I think we must return to the ship."

We had got a quarter of a mile or so on our backward journey when Captain Ross suddenly missed his own telescope. I had noticed him place it on a projecting piece of rock close to which he was standing when he borrowed the lieutenant's glass to look at the burning mountain, and in the excitement consequent on the discovery, it had been left behind. I started off at a run to fetch it, the captain and the men continuing the route to the boats. The ground was dangerous, and I had to look carefully to my footing; but I soon reached, as I thought, the spot near the little hill, and looked round for the missing glass. It was not there. Somewhat bewildered, I suddenly found it was not the right hillock I stood near. I had looked so carefully to my footing that I had gone to the wrong place. I ran eagerly to a similar hill a little to my left—still not the right one. Surely I had not gone far enough. There was a third hill a little distance ahead, and to this I made my way. I ran hurriedly round it and was seeking the lost telescope, when, to my horror and amaze, I saw crouched in a hollow at the foot, only a few paces from me, a huge white bear, and behind that another and yet another! My first impulse was to turn and flee, but before I could even utter a cry the monster bounded from its lair and was upon me. I felt its shaggy paws on my breast, and its hot breath on my face. I reeled backwards from the force of the shock, and fell, striking my head so sharply against the hard ground that I thought my skull was split open.

As I lay prone on the earth beneath the hairy body of the bear, at the point, as I thought, of a frightful death, I tried to mutter a prayer. But my control of my thoughts was gone; all the images in my mind became blurred and distorted; and the last thing of which I had a clear knowledge, ere my senses left me, was an impression that the grim face and grey "whiskers" of the grisly brute above me were comically like those of an old man!

How long I remained insensible I never knew, but gradually I became conscious that I was being borne along by something that grasped me firmly though not painfully round the waist. "Ah!" I thought, "instead of being devoured instantly, I am to furnish food and sport for the cubs of this cursed brute!" My mind becoming filled with thoughts of the agony I should thus endure, I struggled desperately in the grasp of my captor, opened my eyes, and cried loudly for help. I was instantly set on my feet.

I nearly lost my senses again at the spectacle I then beheld. The bear who had just released me was not alone; there were at least five bears beside, and—I could hardly believe my eyes—they were all standing upright on their hind legs. Turning from one to the other in astonishment, I presently discovered between the grim open jaws of what was really only a bear's skin, the face of a man—a man wearing a hairy hide which covered him to the heels, with the head drawn over his face like a hood—and no bear at all! I had been made prisoner by some of the aborigines of this Antarctic wilderness, who were now bearing me rapidly away from my own friends and countrymen into its icy recesses. I had already been carried far beyond the bounds of the hasty search the latter would dare to make for me, and they would conclude that I had been precipitated down some deep chasm, or had fallen a prey to some wild beast.

My captors stood silently and stolidly by as I gazed wistfully back. They regarded me oddly—wonderingly, and, I thought, even reverently—as if they had never seen one of my nation before; but their determination to take me with them was so unmistakable that I made no appeal to them to restore me to my friends.

Presently my more especial master—he who had just released me from his grasp, and who appeared to be the chief of the party—said a few words to me in a harsh and guttural language which, from the accompanying gesture, I construed as a command to move
forward. Silently I obeyed as rapidly as my feebleness would allow, a deep despair having fallen upon me.

My companions conversed together in their unsmiling dialect as we proceeded, seemingly unencumbered by the skins in which they were muffled, for they went at great speed over the rough ground. It was not so with me. I was still giddy and weak from the effects of my fall; and I suffered great pain in the chest from breathing the intensely cold air. They were very anxious to put as much space as possible between themselves and our landing-place; and they sought to accelerate my flagging steps by encouraging shouts and gestures. My strength was all but spent when, after descending a hill, we came upon a rude sleigh covered with skins, to which were harnessed a dozen of white-haired and sharp-snouted dogs, the latter setting up a terrific yelling and snarling as we drew near. Two men dressed like my captors sprang from the vehicle, and hastened towards us. They were evidently fasting and excitedly chattering, of which of course I understood not one word. It ended in my being transferred with my first acquaintances to the sleigh; one of the two men originally in charge of it taking his place with the marauding party.

Some great lumps of what I took to be bear's flesh were then produced from beneath the skins in the sledge, and a general feast ensued, during which each of the icemen—as I shall call them—ate as much of the putrid, disgusting-looking stuff as would have sufficed half a dozen of the most ravenous Englishmen. A piece was offered to me; but hungry as I was, my stomach revolted at this horrid food. When the meal was over, the dogs were kicked and shouted at until they were in their proper places; the two men who were with me took theirs; one of them laid hold of the long strip of skin which was fastened to the collar of the foremost dog, and with a wild hallow gave the signal for starting. Answering the shout with a chorus of yelping, the dogs dashed off, and away we went at a great rate into the interior.

I had now an opportunity to examine more closely my companions. They were so muffled in skins that the outlines of the figure were indistinguishable; their swarthy faces were ugly and unintelligent, but not unkind. They were very short in stature—not more than four feet six inches; and I, although so young, was taller by head and shoulders than the biggest of them. But in muscular strength they far exceeded me, and were accustomed to carry heavy weights, the produce of their hunting excursions, from great distances. My original captor—whom in my own mind I had believed my friend—had long black hair, dark locks, and little red braided eyes. He took great care of me, covering me with the skins in the sleigh to keep me warm; and presently expressed by pantomime that I might if I chose go to sleep in safety. I tried to learn from him in the same manner whither he was taking me; but his only reply was to point with his finger to the extreme south, where the two volcanoes we had seen some hours before now appeared in distinct outline. Tired and worn out with sickening feeling in my heart that I should never see home and friends again, but should die in this icy wilderness, I covered under the skins, closed my smarting eyes, and soon fell into profound slumber.

When I awoke the sleigh was at a stand amid a quantity of low conical hills, which I found to be houses built of ice; the dogs were freed from the rude vehicle, and were scurrying over the village, the air sounding with their joyful cries; and my conductors were surrounded by some dozens people dressed like themselves, who greeted them with every sign of joy. Evidently we had reached the home of the tribe. Not half a mile from us were the two volcanoes, one extinct, the other vomiting columns of black smoke; and to the left, almost washing the base of the active volcano, was the sea—encumbered with ice, solid and broken, near the shore evidently frosty—perceived an unprecedented sea. The only feeling of joy I had experienced since my capture thrilled through me as I gazed upon it; I might yet escape. It was possible that Captain Ross might follow the trend of the coast-line, and even, attracted by the volcanoes, land on the shores.

The ice village contained some fifty huts, each inhabited by a family, but the women were so like in appearance to the men, I could hardly tell one from the other. The children were mere bundles of shaggy wrappers. My white skin and, compared with theirs, tall figure, attracted a great deal of attention; and the narrative of my capture was received with acclamation. As soon as the detail was finished the men of the tribe who were in the village—for many appeared, like those who carried me off, to be away on hunting expeditions—set to work to build me a house. This was done in so curious a manner that I cannot forbear describing it.

With a long-handled knife made of bone or wood, a circle about twelve feet in diameter was cut in some smooth frozen snow, the incision being about a foot deep. A second circle of the same depth was then cut inside the first, about a foot from it; next, cross cuts were made, so as to divide the ice contained in the ring thus formed into four pieces, which were then taken out bodily, and carried to the spot chosen for my habitation, and there placed in the position they at first relatively occupied. Other circles were cut in the same manner, the blocks of ice from which were placed on the top of the first series, one layer above the other, the upper surface of each being sprinkled with loose snow to bind the mass firmly together. When the walls were sufficiently high they were surmounted by blocks cut in the same manner, but wedge-shaped, which slanted inwards, and so abruptly roofed in the edifice. An aperture was then cut in the wall to form an entrance; and when a bedstead had been made of large square blocks of ice, placed side by side in the hut, and covered with
THE DEATH OF THE FIRE-BREATER.

... skins to prevent the heat of the body from melting them, my house was complete.

In this cheerless habitation I lived I know not how long, for I had no means of measuring time; occasionally making short hunting excursions with my barbarous masters, but never allowed to go far from the village. By degrees I learnt a few sentences of their language, and the limited means of expression thus afforded revealed to me a state of ignorance, superstition, and barbarism, at which I was astounded. Knowing no happier lot, however, the Icemen were content with their wretched life. In eating, sleeping, and expeditions in which they caught fish, or with their rude weapons killed bears, walruses, and seals, they passed their whole time, dreaming of no higher object in life, and utterly ignorant of any fairer clime than their icy home.

But to me—used to brighter lands and more civilized pursuits—such an existence as this, in a region in which was neither day nor night, but only perpetual twilight, among a people who knew nothing of the higher aspirations of humankind,—whose only religion was a gross superstition, whose only God was a devil,—to me an existence like this was a living death. I cannot express the intense yearning after my country, my kindred, the home I had so carelessly left—which filled my mind. Every time I rose, weary and unrefreshed, from my couch of skins, I looked longingly out over the blue ocean stretching away into the dim distance, looked for the sails of the hoped-for ship, but, alas! I looked in vain. Every time when, sick unto loathing of my miserable life, I repaired to my bed, on casting myself on it to seek a few hours' oblivion, I murmured again and again my fruitless prayer for deliverance. But "there was neither voice nor any that answered."

Many times during my captivity I asked why I had been carried off—what motive the savages had for wishing to take me prisoner? They could have no expectation of ransom, for they could not know a big ship would ever again approach their shores; and I was too kindly treated for cruelty to have been the incentive. It was only when I had been some weeks in durance that I learned the real motive.

I have said that the religion of the Icemen was a gross superstition. They had no notion of the existence of a Being supremely good; but attributed disease, death, and all calamities, to the veneful fury of a terrible spirit, who they imagined was confined within the burning mountain. They believed the flame and sulphurous smoke which the volcano vomited forth was the breath of the giant, and that the shaking and trembling of the ground with which the region was visited when the volcano was in action, were caused by this dreaded being in his efforts to get free. On one side the mountain, and a torrent of fire had burst upon the village, destroying many of the huts and some of their inmates; but, with the unreasoning fatalism of an ignorant people, the Icemen had rebuilt their habitations in the same situation, and were content to brave daily the probability of a calamity which they daily feared.

When our party landed, some half-dozen of the tribe, who were on a hunting excursion, had crossed the neck of a peninsula, round which our ships were no doubt then sailing, and, seeing us plant our flag and fire our salute, instantly concluded that the strange beings who had disembarked on their shore were in some mysterious way connected with the terrible fire-giant of the burning mountain, and hid themselves in fear in the cave under the hill-side. With intense relief they saw us depart; but when I returned alone, in my unfortunate search for the telescope, they instantly determined to make me prisoner, and carry me to their own settlement; not doubting, in their ignorance, that by securing possession of one of the mysterious men from the fire-ships they would have something to hold in terror over the turbulent fire-giant of the volcano. It was to this wretched superstition I owed all my present misery.

We were on our homeward journey, after a hunting excursion, when I gleaned these particulars from my friend White Bear, who related them with lowering glances at the burning mountain, and many a sidelong look at myself. I felt dull and dispirited. My attention had not been diverted from my wretched condition in our late expedition, for we had been unsuccessful. As the superstitious narration fell on my ear, however, an idea passed suddenly through my mind—a glorious hopeful flash of Heaven-sent thought—by aid of which I might yet be free from my detested bondage.

"Ta-kee-kee," said I to White Bear in his own barbarous dialect; "I can help you against your tormentor, but I must in return have my liberty. If I show you how to still his struggles—to stop his burning breath for ever—if I kill him—will you release me, and help to restore me to my friends?" White Bear eyed me wonderingly, as if not understanding my words.

"Kill the fire-giant!" he muttered. "That cannot be. It would be joy indeed for us; but he cannot die. He has existed from the beginning, and will exist to the end. How, then, can he be killed?"

"I swear to you, that if you promise to set me free, and send watchers to the coast to make signals to the fire-ships if they come in sight, I can, and will, destroy for ever the fiend who torments you. Only, you must place at my orders twelve men of your tribe, who must obey me implicitly. Then, before we have gone to rest and risen again twelve times, the fire-giant will have perished, and you be no more liable to his direful fury."

By this time we had reached the village, and the chief, in a subdued voice, communicated my proposal to his followers, glancing fearfully from time to time towards the dreaded volcano. After a few moments' silence, he called for twelve volunteers. There was not a single
response. The men who unhesitatingly attacked a ferocious bear with better weapon than a pointed stake were faint-hearted as very babes in the presence of a mysterious and unknown danger.

But the chief was a bolder man. He reproached his followers with cowardice, and then burst into a violent tirade, of which I only comprehended a few sentences. "If," said he at last, "none of you will help me, I myself, and the tall stranger from Unknown, will attempt unassisted the destruction of the fire-breather." With this he walked towards me, and took his place by my side.

The icemen stood muttering one to another; but at last the force of example conquered their irresolution; and first one, then another, then three together, and finally the whole body, followed their leader. My heart gave a great bound at even this small instalment of success.

The design which I had conceived was a bold one. I have before said that the active volcano stood not far from the sea-shore. In the previous eruption — the one, I suppose, which had partly destroyed the village — two great rents had been made in the crater-walls, through which two tides of molten lava had rolled; one seaward, which was the largest, and one landward. When the great subterranean vent had ceased, the ice which had been swept away by the burning flood, resumed its place, and King Frost reigned supreme as before. The seaward gap, however, remained a gap still, though great masses of ice blocked up the channel which the lava had made. My design was to cut a canal through this ice some twelve feet wide, let in the waters of the mighty ocean, and so extinguish the volcano.

I will not weary the reader by a recital of the difficulties I encountered during the prosecution of my scheme; the slow progress we made with our rude tools — the intense labour necessary to insure progress at all — the fierce reproaches I was subjected to — the danger even of losing my life, to which I was often liable. But spurred on by hope of liberty, my efforts were unflagging, and I stimulated the falling energies of my savage allies, by alternate promises and menaces of the vengeance of the fire-fiend. I told them that their only way of safety was in the achievement of our task, and the annihilation of the malevolent being they so much dreaded. The catastrophe came at last.

One night, after a day of arduous toil — if I may speak of day and night in a region where there was neither — we were returning to our habitations, when an unusually dense mist gradually spread over the shore, and coming up thick and fast from the sea soon enshrouded the settlement. Through it the flames of the volcano gleamed redly. Some yards of block ice or solid earth — we knew not which — still remained to be cut through before the channel was clear to the volcano mouth. We had left two dams, or bridges, of ice towards the sea end of the channel; the inner to be of service in case the outer broke and let in the sea before all was ready.

The mist grew denser and denser, until we could see neither our huts nor each other. After an hour of darkness a raging wind began to blow, coming from the same direction, and driving away the mist before it; and great waves dashed with immense force and noise upon the beach, sending their icy spray far inland. The fury of the elements grew intense each moment, until such a storm prevailed as I had never witnessed. Crashing peals of thunder broke over our heads, as if they rent the very canopy of heaven, and were echoed from crag to crag, from peak to peak, until a succeeding peal drowned the reverberations of the first; vivid flashes of lightning shot through the murky sky, followed by broad sheets of violet flame, which lit up the white tops of the ice-mountains with a ghastly glare; large masses of ice were torn from their places by the fury of the wind, hurled through the air, and dashed with immense force to the ground; while mighty mountains of waves precipitated themselves upon the shore, sweeping all before them.

I soon became aware that the dams of my canal would be powerless against the tremendous force of the sea; and if, having been broken down, the sea burst through the narrow piece of land yet remaining uncut, my fate would quickly be decided. Apart from the interest with which I regarded the extinction of the volcano as a means of my deliverance, I now felt a sort of wild exultation in the thought of triumphing by mere force of will over the conflicting elements — pitting a man's brain against the material forces of nature. Little did I reck of the frightful calamity about to ensue.

The outer barrier presently fell under the shock of the waves, which, filling the intervening channel, threw themselves against the second with irresistible force. That also gave way; and the rushing waters, sweeping away the mighty blocks of ice as though they had been corks, dashed again and again on the obstruction. Immense volumes of water breaking on the rock shot up high into the air, and, topping over, fell hissing into the flames. Presently I observed a cleft in the wall, and then, with a crash like the breaking-up of the foundations of the world, the barrier was overthrown, and the victorious ocean poured into the horrid chasm.

I uttered a shout of triumph; but no responsive cry came from my companions, who stood close together, waiting anxiously for the result.

For a few moments the ocean uninterruptedly poured its waters into the crater of the burning mountain; the noise of the conflict between the two elements — fire and water — being inaudible amid the roar of the tempest. But presently a huge jet — first of steam, then of water — was spouted from the outlet. The column bent, and, falling on the ice enshrouding the mountain, changed its aspect instantly — melted it. It was boiling. A cry of horror
now broke from the icemen; for the scalding
flood, descending upon their habitations, would
destroy them and their inmates—the wives
and children of my terror-stricken associates.

"Is this the relief we promised?" cried White Bear, turning to me fiercely.
"Liar! Deceiver! To death with him, my men!"
"Death to the deceiver!" cried the icemen,
and with vengeance shouts they rushed towards
me.

Quickly I turned and fled towards the shore.
Nerved by despair, I outran my foes, and had
reached a flat stretch of ice near the sea, towards
which I had blindly directed my course, when
a sudden rocking of the ground threw me on
my face. Ere I could regain my footing I
heard a frightful crash behind me, then expe-
rienced an awful shock, and presently felt
myself rising, as if the piece of ice on which I
lay were being projected bodily by some enor-
mous force high into the air. I clung des-
perately and tenaciously to a small projection
within reach of my arms, though what I
expected to gain by so doing it would be hard
to say. In a few moments I felt myself
descending, and then the large ice-flat, which
had been lifted by an earthquake and thrown
out many hundred feet into the sea, bearing
me with it, fell with a tremendous crash on
the surface of the water, breaking into a hun-
dred pieces.

Fortunately for me it had fallen flatly, or I
should have been buried some hundred fa-
thoms under water. As it was, though I still
clung to one of the fragments, I was half
stunned, and liable to be washed off by every
wave. Bruised, bleeding, dizzy, almost un-
conscious, knowing not what had happened to
me—whether I was being carried towards
shore or out to sea—lying prone on the frag-
ment of ice—tossed by the ruthless waves,
bathed by the spray, though never long under
water—I could hardly have been in a more
miserable condition. Yet I still clung to life.

After floating thus for some hours—which
seemed to me like days—during which the sea
grew calmer, and the angry waves subsided to
great rollers, I was roused suddenly from my
stupor by the sight of a ship, not five
hundred yards off. Merciful Heaven! could
it be that the looked-for ships had come at
last? Rising presently with my ice-raft on
the crest of a billow, my eyes were gladdened
with the sight of a second ship, but much
farther off, whose white sails seemed like the
wings of a sea-bird. They were, no doubt, the
two ships of the expedition.

Fearing they would not see me, I tore off
the skin coat I wore, and—the energy of des-
peration inspiring me—held it up with one
hand to the breeze. After a few minutes'
horrible suspense, the course of the nearest
vessel was suddenly stopped, and a boat lowered
over the side. Ah, thank Heaven! Thank
Heaven!

In a few moments more I was in the boat,
and shortly after was hauled on board the
ship more dead than alive. I was soon suffi-
ciently restored to detail to Captain Ross my
miserable adventures and extraordinary escape.
My recital determined him to sail as close in
to the volcanoes as might be safe, and send a
boat to the icemen. The course of the vessel
was altered to due south, and I was taken
below for a few hours' repose. When I awoke
the vessel was at anchor, and I was told that
Captain Ross wished to see me on deck,
to point out the locality of the icemen's
village.

I was carried up in the arms of a sturdy sea-
man, for I was still weak and languid; but
the sight I saw when I cast my dull eyes over
the scene struck a cold thrill to my heart, and
caused me to spring to my feet. All the
northern part of the peninsula on which I had
lived for so many dreary weeks was not now
to be seen: one volcano only, and that an
extinct one, stood now on the extreme norther-
ern point! My unhappy efforts to extinguish
the burning mountain had resulted in an
earthquake, which had submerged the penin-
sula, and—more dreadful than all—had
plunged the whole of its inhabitants into
the unfathomable abyss of the Southern
Ocean!

Many years have gone over my head since
these unfortunate occurrences, but I have
never made a second voyage to the Antarctic
regions. The shock ensuing on the discovery
of the consequences of my fatal experiment
caused me an illness which I had not fully
recovered when the Antarctic Expedition
reached England; and the remembrance that
by pandering to a gross superstition, even to
effect my own liberty, I caused the death of
so many of my fellow-creatures, casts a shadow
over me even to this day.
WINDSOR CASTLE.

WINDSOR and its neighbourhood are peculiarly rich in historical association. In old Saxon days, before the Normans had pressed the English soil, Windsor was a manor of the Saxon kings. Its name is of Saxon origin, Windles-efra, or Windles-hoera, so named from the winding course of the Thames—an etymology far more consistent than the story which is given by Stow, of the ferry which once was there, managed by a rope and a pole, and in which the passengers were accustomed to call out, “Wind us over!” or that which ascribes its name to the hilly locality, because the place lies high and open to the weather, and the Wynd is sore.

Edward the Confessor kept his court at Windsor; but in the latter period of his life he gave the manor to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. This right William the Conqueror procured again by exchange; and it appears that even after the building of Windsor Castle, the palace of Old Windsor was occasionally inhabited by the kings of England, till the year 1110, when Henry I., having completed some additional buildings at the Castle, which it is probable was at first intended as a military post, kept his court there for the first time at Whitsuntide. After this it is supposed that Old Windsor soon lost its consequence.

The site of the royal palace at Windsor is not known.

By reference to the Domesday Book we find that at the period mentioned, New Windsor, if indeed there was then anything more than the Castle, was neither a parish nor a manor. The Castle, which had then been lately built by William the Conqueror, was within the manor of Clewer, of which Windsor formed a chapelry; it afterwards became the seat of an extensive manor. The chroniclers of that time chronicle a succession of feasts. They tell us how the sovereign kept his Christmas, his Easter, and his Whitsuntide; and we can picture the entertainments which the first two English Williams gave,—the rough sport, the rough fare, the rough guests,—when every great man was a fighting hero, who left learning to the monks and the poorer sort, and was himself content to win fair fame at the point of the lance, and who gloried to die in harness. But all these feasting were kept at the old Windsor Palace, as Windsor Castle appears to have been intended rather as a tower of defence, or military post, than a royal residence.

New Windsor was honoured by the marriage of Henry Beaumile to his second queen, Adele, daughter of Godfrey, duke of Louvain; and there, too, David, king of Scotland, and the English barons, swore fealty to the Empress Maud, the king’s daughter. When England became the scene of intestine struggle,—when the hosts of Maud and Stephen played havoc in the land, and fields where yellow corn was wont to wave became battle-fields, and drank in blood,—it does not appear that Windsor Castle sustained any siege; but, upon the peace, this Castle being then esteemed the second fortress in the kingdom, was committed to the safe custody of Richard de Lac, Henry II. kept his Easter at Windsor, in 1176; at which time William, king of Scotland, and his brother David, were entertained by him as they came to offer their congratulations on his return from Brittany.

The Lion-hearted Richard, upon his departure for the Holy Land, left the Castle in charge of the Bishop of Durham; but, during the whole time of the king’s absence, its guardians were continually changing, and the possession of Windsor Castle became a constant matter of contention. John found a refuge there when the barons of England took up arms and became earnest about the rights and liberties of their land. He did not venture to quit his retreat till the signing of the Charter.

In the days of the third Henry the Castle was garrisoned with foreigners, who nearly destroyed the town, and did much injury to the country round about. Edward I. and Edward II. resided a considerable part of their time at Windsor, and in the wide-stretching park a grand tournament was held. But all historians agree that Windsor Castle owes its magnificent fabric to the affection which Edward III. bore to the place of his nativity.

The king’s method of conducting the work may serve as a specimen of the condition of the people of that age. Instead of engaging workmen by contracts and wages, he assessed every county in England to send him a certain number of masons, tilers, and carpenters, as if he had been levying an army. Three hundred and sixty workmen were thus impressed; and, some of them having clandestinely quitting Windsor, writs were issued forbidding any one to employ them, on pain of forfeiting all their goods and chattels. This may be taken as a fair specimen of those good old times which Young England sighs for and pictures as a very Eden,—good old times, when a man could not call his land, his labour, his life, his time, his money, his body, or soul his own,—when a fire or water ordeal, a trial by battle, or a morsel of execration stood in the place of judge and jury,—when fire and candle were extinguished at eight o’clock at sound of the melancholy curfew,—when, by a system of tenures, the landowners were reduced to absolute slavery.

The plague having carried off a great number of the king’s workmen, writs were again issued to the sheriffs of counties to impress masons and diggers of stone. The counties of York, Salop, and Devon, were to furnish sixty men each. Few commissions having been issued after the year 1278, and none after 1300, it may be presumed that the work was then completed, comprising the king’s palace, the
great hall of St. George, the lodgings on the east and south side of the upper ward, the round tower, the chapel of St. George, the canons’ houses in the lower ward, and the whole circumference of the walls, with the towers and gates. Windsor Castle continued to be the occasional residence of our monarchs, who, from time to time, made various alterations in the buildings, particularly King Henry VII.; he made several additions to St. George’s chapel and the upper ward. Bluff King Hal beautified the principal entrance-gates. His virgin-daughter, Elizabeth, raised a terrace on the north side of the Castle, which is now carried round the east and part of the south front, and extending 1,670 feet in length. Every monarch seemed to add some fresh attraction to the royal residence. Charles II. caused a magazine of arms to be there constructed, and then formed a collection of paintings; William of Orange and Queen Anne improved the parks; George III. effected many improvements; and George IV. gave a new impetus to the works at the expense of nearly a million of money, restored the castle as it now meets the eye.

And there it stands, raised on a chalk hill, and overlooking the Thames. Says Camden, “Windsor Castle enjoyeth a most delightful prospect round about; for right in front it overlooketh a vale, lying out far and wide, garnished with corn-fields, flourishing with meadows, decked with groves on either side, and watered from the most mild and calm river Thames; behind it rise hills everywhere, neither rough nor over high, attired as it were by nature for hunting and game.”

Truly Windsor’s towering Castle constitutes one of the greatest attractions in all broad England. Its halls and vast saloons, its carvings, tapestries, and armour; its paintings, its chapel, its tomb-house, all are interesting. Entering by the gateway of Henry VIII., you make your way to St. George’s chapel, a beautiful building containing some remarkable fine specimens of Gothic architecture; and there, with the solemn banners which once so proudly floated in the wind—the mantles, swords, and helmets of the Knights of the Garter, you seem to live amid the glories of past chivalry. Eastward of the chapel is the royal tomb-house, where, when the glory of the world is over, the monarchs of England sleep their last sleep.

The Round Tower forms the principal feature of the castle, originally intended for the assembling of a fraternity of knights who should sit together as equals, as the knights of old sat round the table of King Arthur, an intention which Edward, not being able to carry out to the extent with which he desired, gave rise to the far-famed Order of the Garter. It was appropriated also to another purpose. For three hundred years it was the state-prison of the castle, so that one walks solemnly as he makes the hundred and fifty paces which, according to Stow, is the compass of the fortress. From yonder window, James I., the poetry-loving king of Scotland, gave his own immortal Lady Beaufort, as she walked in the garden below. There his heart was first touched with the tender passion, and there he inscribed the lines that tell us how fair and beautiful he thought her,—

“The fairest and the fairest young flower
That ever I saw (me thought) before that hour;
For which sudden bliss am I astonder,
The blood of all my body to my heart.”

It seems that in those prison-walls some inspiration lurked; for there the chivalrous Earl of Surrey immortalized the Lady Geraldine, and there too was lodged the poetical Duke of Buckingham. The first prisoners of note confined within its walls were, John king of France, and David king of Scotland.

The elevation of the tower from the little park to the top of the flag-staff is nearly 500 feet. The interior of the tower is approached by a covered flight of 100 steps, commanded by a piece of ordnance fixed in the wall at the summit. At the top of this staircase, an arched gateway and another flight of steps to the works. From the battlements a panorama, unequalled in its kind in Europe, presents itself, embracing twelve counties. Another magnificent prospect is afforded from the north terrace; so fine, indeed, that Pepys grows eloquent with admiration—“But, oh! the prospect that is in the balcony at the queen’s lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world!” Let us not forget the grand banquetting hall of St. George, with its armorial bearings and traces of the knights of old; here, as in the chapel, our fancy peoples its vast dimensions with a stirring host of warlike men, true heroes of chivalry—the courtiers of the third Edward; the throne room is a magnificent apartment, and the guard chamber, the Queen’s presence chamber, the Rubens room, the council chamber, the royal closets, and other apartments in the Castle contain, beside their other attractions, a number of valuable paintings. For gorgeous furniture and bedizenment, fine paintings, and royal trappings, there is no place in Great Britain, or probably in the world, can excel Windsor Castle; but it is not only on account of these internal decorations—not only on account of its historic associations,—the view of the Castle itself, its bold, clear, well-defined outline, against the deep sky, is worthy a visit to the place. Look at it with its pentagon terrace, its bastions and angles, its stately towers rising in the distance, or look at it from the distant river, and who can help owning that it is indeed a glorious sight?

But the neighbourhood is interesting, and this is an additional attraction of Windsor! The very name is suggestive of the frolic which certain merry wives of that same town once had with jolly Falstaff, one thinks of the buck-basket and Datchet Meads. And then the park and forest call up reminiscences of poetry and romance. Once upon a time Windsor Forest was computed at 120 miles in circumference, and in 1607 its circuit was 77 miles; but it has gradually decreased, part has been
WINDSOR CASTLE.

thrown into the Great Park, and the plantations about Virginia Water. The northern part of the forest is luxuriantly timbered; and there, in the abandonment of leisure, one might yield to the influence of the place, and with Shakespeare's Henry VI. exclaim—

"Methinks it was a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill as I do now—
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they ran;
The shepherd's homely curds—
His thin cold drink out of his leathern bottle—
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade—
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delights.

Windsor Forest is celebrated for its widespread oaks, stretching their gnarled arms over the rich greenward.

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description and lost green in song;
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chase-like together crush'd and bruised,
But as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checker'd scant display,
And part admit and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There interwoven in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades;
There, in full light, the russet plains extend,
There, vast in clouds, the bluish hills extend,
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering heights,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear:
See Pan, with flocks, with fruits Pomone crown'd;
There blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground.
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospects stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

But not one of these possessed the same attractive power as one which until lately reared itself within the home park—"A pale, shattered, leafless ruin, the embrace of whose sapless arms even the clinging ivy has deserted"—but which had attached to it the liveliest interest. Heune's Oak was a classic tree. It is the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves, and with which it is connected. Abbotsford is something more than the residence of a Scottish laird; Lake Leman derives additional interest from having been the residence of one of our modern poets; Canterbury is something more than the metropolis see when viewed in connection with old Chaucer's pilgrims; Auburn is dear to the heart, though it be but a deserted village; even Bolt-court has a Johnsonian air with it; and so it is with the Rock at Dover, the Temple Gardens, Datchet Meads, and Herne's Oak; Shakespeare has made them his own, and they participate in his glory. Herne's Oak, the relic of the past, is now protected by a fence, and may be seen in an avenue called Queen Elizabeth's Walk. There, as evening shadows deepen, we may recollect and almost realise the legend of the forest—

"And shun the spirit's blasted tree."

Farther away rise up the towers and spires of Eton—where Fleetwood, Pearson, Camden, Stanhope, Walpole, Hale, Harley, Bolingbroke, Chatham, Lyttelton, Gray, Fox, Canning, and a host of others distinguished in the senate, the Church, or the bar, or who have won their fame with Captain Pen or Captain Sword—were there first educated.

Every step in and about Windsor reminds us of the past. We picture to ourselves the groups which once gathered on the castle terrace, when Elizabeth reigned; the picturesque costume of the period—the slashed pourpoints, the broad ruffs, the rich brocade, the splendour of the court—we think of them all; and how the forest's stillness was broken by the huntsmen's shouts, when royal cavaliers rode forth to hunt the deer; or earlier still, the knights of old who tilted in that same venerable forest, when war was the aristocratic trade, and the world was mad for fighting. Stretched on the odorous grass we watch the deer come forth with their stately step; and, while a man is absent and life is present, we build our castles in the cloudless air, and speculate about the great ones who have played their parts on the world's stage, but have been gathered to their fathers long ago,—Henry, Wolsey, the bright-eyed Boleyn, the broken-hearted Katharine, the ever-changing scene of history, now bright and beautiful, now dark and solemn—the stately march, proceeding now to joyous strains of minstrelsy, and now to muffled monotone—till we begin to think that, after all, it is not the highest and the greatest who have been most free from care—that royal crowns have oftentimes been crowns of thorns—that the heroes of the day have burned with the mad fire of passion—that the lofty genius has been left a ruin and a wreck,—but while greatness and popularity have died out, goodness and virtue have lived on, and shine upon us still with all the bright, clear glory of their steady light.
"What! that cursed name again!"
WILLIAM MANLEY;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG SEAMAN.

By the Author of "Paul Mascarenhas," "Seven Years in the Slave Trade," &c.

CHAPTER L.

A DISCOVERY.

There is not much in the life of a sailor while making short voyages to and from ports in Europe that can be interesting either to himself or others.

There is some amusement to be found in observing the deportment of tourists, who are under the impression that when a few hours' run from their native land, they are in some far-away sea, with the prospect of reaching some distant land of which but little is known.

Often have I been afflicted with a little feminine curiosity for perusing their journals, and learning what unimportant events were in them hourly recorded.

What reverence the most of my passengers must have had for Galileo; or, if not, they should have had, for the use of glasses of some kind seemed indispensable to their existence.

Whenever a sail was in sight, glasses of various kinds, ever kept ready for immediate use, would be directed towards it, and the vessel would be examined with the earnest attention it might have deserved had we hourly expected the appearance of a merciless pirate.

My third voyage was one which even to me was interesting. As passengers on the boat were Mrs. Knowles, her father, and daughter, the young lady whom I hoped and feared to see again. She seemed more beautiful than when I had seen her last; but perhaps this opinion was formed from the fact that on recognising me she changed colour and seemed a little agitated.

The old gentleman was apparently in delicate health, and immediately on reaching the deck was conducted by two servants to his cabin.

Mrs. Knowles for a moment hesitated whether to acknowledge having previously met me; and then, with a slight inclination of her head, admitted that she had seen me before, and turned away.

"My father was quite right," thought I; "they are proud, disdainful, silly people. That woman would allow me to call at her house for her own convenience in the same way she would receive a dressmaker or a tradesman; but she will not speak to me on the deck of a boat where her condescension would be observed by others. They are vulgar, contemptible people, unworthy of my notice, notwithstanding the young lady is beautiful."

The day was fine; and as we ran down the river, Mrs. Knowles and her daughter remained on the deck, attended by two servants.

As the boat was under the management of the river pilot, I had but little more to do than to observe that the crew obeyed his commands.

The lady and her daughter were seated near the wheel, and while passing near it on my duty, I heard the former address the latter by the name of Emily.

The name of the one I so much admired was Emily Knowles. I had learnt this much, and the information seemed very valuable; but for what reason I could not tell.

At the time dinner was announced, Mrs. Knowles had retired below, leaving her daughter on the deck.

Duty commanded me to be polite and attentive to my lady passengers, and a sudden change came over me as to the manner I should treat the haughty people I had seen at Park Hill Hall.

Half an hour before I had intended to assume over them an air of superiority, and leave them to the neglect they tried to win; but fearing that they might attribute that neglect to diffidence and fear of their high
position, I walked up to the young lady, and with my best bow, informed her that I was the captain of the boat, and offered to conduct her below.

She did not politely refuse the honour I sought or offered, but with a slight blush arose and took hold of my arm.

My steward, who always managed in some way to learn the social position of every passenger, had arranged for the old gentleman to be seated on my right, with Miss Knowls placed between him and her mother. The fatigue and excitement of coming aboard had made the old gentleman indisposed to turn out for his dinner, and I found myself seated next to the young lady.

I exerted myself to be agreeable, and have reason to believe that my efforts were not without some success, for before the dinner was concluded, the young lady became sociable.

"We expected that you would call and see us in London," said she; "but I can now understand that it might not have been convenient for you to do so, and perhaps we were wrong in inviting you to trouble yourself about us."

I now repented not having fulfilled my promise and called on Mrs. Knowls the second time. But this repentance did not lead me from trying to deceive others; and I told Miss Knowls that I had been prevented from seeing them by want of time.

"I knew there was some good reason why you did not come," she replied; and then turning to her mother, added, "It is not true what we were told, mother. The gentleman is the captain of this boat, and of course he has no time for obeying our wishes."

Mrs. Knowls then commenced a conversation with me, by asking many questions about the death of her son, and the manner he was buried.

The conversation was only interesting to me from the fact that her daughter was sitting by my side, and listening with deep interest to every word I uttered.

Before leaving the table, I learnt that the family were going to reside for two or three months on the Continent, with the hope that the health of the old gentleman might improve by a change of scene and climate.

There was one remark made by Miss Knowls to her mother that I did not clearly understand, and a few minutes were passed after my return to the deck in trying to comprehend it. She had said, "It is not true what we were told."

I must have been very stupid not to have understood immediately the meaning of those words. The man I had met in the train a few weeks before—the one to whom I had represented the Knowls family as being unworthy of my notice—had undoubtedly told them every word that I had said.

This had been the cause of Mrs. Knowls's strange conduct when first meeting me on the boat.

She had acted perfectly right; for I had deserved all the scorn that words and looks could give.

The next morning on coming on deck, I found that the old gentleman had already turned out, and seemed to be enjoying the morning air.

"Good morning, sir," he exclaimed in a pleasant tone, as he extended his hand. "I'm glad that we have met again, for I am determined to have the honour of your acquaintance. You cannot refuse granting a request to one of my age."

I took his proffered hand, and after expressing some regret at having learnt that his health was not so good as when I saw him last, asked what request he wished to make.

"Like too many of mankind," he answered, "I am afflicted with the desire of claiming an acquaintance with those who are, or who believe themselves to be, superior in every way to myself. For that reason I am glad that circumstances have again placed me in your company."

These words to me seemed inspired by bitter irony, and had they been uttered by a young man I should have been strongly tempted to try the experiment of knocking the speaker down.

As this argument did not seem a proper one for the occasion, I said nothing, and the old gentleman continued—"I have lately seen Captain Hollis, who not long ago had a conversation with you in a railway carriage, and he told me every word you said about me and my family. I've had a great respect for you ever since then, and I am quite of your
opinion, that a young man of your age who has attained the responsible position you are now filling, should not think himself in any way inferior to the highest in the land. Allow me to call myself your friend, and I shall esteem the favor as a high honor. I have not yet learnt your name."

"My name is Manley—William Manley."

"What! that cursed name again!—then I shall have to hate you!" exclaimed the old man as he turned away and walked below.

What was the cause of his strange behavior?

I remembered the exclamation my father had made, and his look of astonishment when I told him that I had been to Park Hill Hall, and hastening to my steward I asked the name of the old gentleman with whom I had just been conversing.

"His name is Shelburne, sir—Mr. Arthur Manderville Shelburne."

All was explained then.

The old gentleman was my grandfather, and the lovely Emily Knowles was my cousin.

CHAPTER LI.

THE TIME TO DIE.

One afternoon when in London I went with my father and Mr. Merrill to attend a meeting of the shareholders of the company in whose employ I was engaged. The secretary was to make a report—some evidence was to be taken, and as the business to be brought before the meeting would give a very fair idea of the ultimate success of the company, there were a number of attendants, all much interested in the result of the meeting.

Soon after entering the room, my attention was arrested by the appearance of a man dressed in the fashion of about fifty years before.

He was a man of the old style in appearance—one who seemed out of place while attending a meeting of a late formed Steam Navigation Company.

He was a stout man about fifty years of age, and had a short thick neck—a full red face—a broken nose, and but one eye, which was bloodshot and restless.

The man evidently wished to appear "a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time." This could be seen by his dress—a bunch of seals, and a gold snuff-box carried in his left hand. Some might have thought him a highly respectable city merchant, representing a firm established in sixteen hundred and something, but for some reason I did not think so. His assumed ancient respectability was not worn with natural dignity. The wandering glances of his one eye showed me that he was somewhat different from the quiet respectable old gentleman he was pretending to be.

"Do you see that man?" whispered my father, glancing at the person whom I had been for some time observing. "He is the one I want, and thank God I have found him."

"Who and what is he?" I asked.

"The Cape Town merchant—the man who robbed me of time, money, liberty, and reputation. One of us must die before I lose sight of him."

My father spoke in a calm and quiet manner that alarmed me, for I saw that he meant all that he had said, and that unless some strong means were used to restrain his actions he would bring himself and me into trouble.

I tried to awaken in his mind a sense of the folly of indulging in any anticipations of revenge, or of making any attempts at the present time for obtaining it; but he seemed to hardly mind what I was saying.

I called to his recollection the advice he had once given me on the same subject.

"That is very true," he at last answered; "but what is proper for a youth of your age may not be so for me. I must settle with that man before we part again."

While hesitating as to what I had better do, I noticed that my father's colonial acquaintance was taking quite an active part in the proceedings of the meeting, and was calling upon the secretary of the company for some explanations of a nature that convinced me that he was anxious to create a difficulty or a suspicion that something was wrong.

He was attempting to show that there had been some misrepresentation to the shareholders, and was getting highly excited in his efforts when my father interrupted him by

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"Well, what reason have you to complain? If the promoters, directors, and others concerned in the company are scoundrels and swindlers, you should be the last one to complain. You seem to think it is wrong for anyone to be a Villain but yourself."

"Order! order!" "Chair," shouted several persons.

"There shall be no order here until that man leaves the house," exclaimed my father, still having a perfect control over his voice. "He is unworthy of the privilege of meeting us, and must leave."

I now noticed that the features of the ex-colonial merchant seemed a mass of glowing coals.

"Do you know me?" continued my father, walking towards him. "I am Captain John Manley, one you have robbed of everything but life, and one who has sworn that you must die."

Before my father had got within five paces of him, the merchant turned nearly around, then fell, striking his head heavily upon the floor.

The room for the moment was the scene of much confusion. Two physicians were summoned, and the man who but a few minutes before had appeared in perfect health was removed to another room insensible, and an hour afterwards was pronounced to be dead.

My father was arrested pending the result of a coroner's inquest, though why it should be thought that he was in any way to blame for the death of the merchant, no one was able to explain. At the inquest, which was held the next day, a verdict was returned in accordance with the medical evidence, which was that the deceased had died of apoplexy.

"That is just my luck," said my father, as we were returning from the inquest. "I am robbed of everything. Fortune has now robbed me of revenge; but never mind, that passion is an unprofitable tenant in the mind, and perhaps it is well that it is gone, never, I hope, to return."

I was not without the knowledge that we should never feel pleased at the untimely and sudden death of anyone, yet I could not drive from my mind a sense of gratification that my father had been so strangely saved from the danger and crime he was seeking at the time the hand of death fell upon the man who had injured him.

Before leaving my father I was a little inclined to tell him of the discovery I had made respecting my grandfather, but knowing that the subject to him was an unpleasant one, I refrained from doing so, and for one reason, that it was nearly as unpleasant to me as to him.

The last words I had heard my mother's parent use on learning my name were, "Then I must hate you."

This, under the circumstances, was not agreeable, for the young lady whom I thought about much too often for my own happiness was his granddaughter, and common sense commanded me to drive her from my thoughts.

This was not to be done. For several days I could fancy myself displaying much wisdom by forming a resolution many times a day that I would think of Emily Knowls no more.

When at last I discovered that the more often this resolution was made, the more my thoughts were occupied with the cause afflicting them, I resigned myself to an impatient endurance of a feeling that instinct told me must be love.

CHAPTER LII.

MY GRANDFATHER.

EARLY in the month of October, I was returning from the Continent, and again saw amongst my passengers Mr. Shelburne, Mrs. Knowls, and her daughter. Such were my emotions on again meeting with the young lady, that for awhile I seemed doomed to a life of hopeless despair.

After I had obtained leisure to accost Miss Knowls and her mother as former acquaintances, they met me in so kind and pleasant a manner that my despondency vanished, and the manly determination of trying to be worthy of all hope could desire, and of claiming all to which worth is entitled, took possession of my soul.

"A good-looking, intelligent, moral youth," thought I, "is worthy of any woman on earth, and if the one I must love cannot be taught this, she is not deserving of my regard."

"Well, what reason have you to complain? If the promoters, directors, and others concerned in the company are scoundrels and swindlers, you should be the last one to complain. You seem to think it is wrong for anyone to be a villain but yourself."
I'LL have the courage to act like a man, and strive to win the one that fate commands me to admire."

I could see no harm in this resolve then, and cannot now. If her grandfather had not been properly educated, if he had silly prejudices, the fault was not mine, and therefore it should not interfere with my happiness.

No honest man should be blamed for trying to win the object of his love. This was my opinion, and I determined to act upon it.

Mr. Shelburne appeared much better in health than when I saw him a few months before, and also a little better in mind, for he spoke to me in a pleasant manner.

"I must apologize to you for my former rudeness," said he, "although I have but very little to say in excuse for my conduct. I am an old man now who has seen trouble, and am of an uneven disposition, sometimes saying what I do not mean. When you told me your name, it recalled to my memory one who has deeply injured me and mine. I have reason to believe that you are in no way related to that person, and therefore I acted in a very silly manner the other day. I once told you that I admired your manliness of character, and respected the talent and integrity that has gained for you the position you are filling. I do not suppose that the undeserved interest of friends has placed you here."

"No. I am happy in thinking that any confidence placed in me has been fairly won by my own exertions. My friends have been fairly purchased."

"I have reason for being inquisitive, and hope you will not think me inspired by idle curiosity when I ask, have you any relatives?"

"Only one whom I acknowledge," I replied—"a father, Captain John Manley."

"The same name," exclaimed the old gentleman, muttering in a low tone, and immediately after he asked, "Will you tell me your mother's maiden name? I fear that I was acquainted with her family."

"I have never been informed what it was," I answered, "and have no desire to know. I have understood from my father that my mother's relatives are unworthy of my acquaintance, and this was about all the information he would give me about them. I have often asked him my mother's name, but he would never tell me."

"That is strange. They must have been very bad people."

"So I believe; but it is enough for me to know that they have insulted my father, and treated my mother with inhuman neglect. That is enough to cause me to shun them; and should I see my mother's father now, I would not acknowledge him as a relative."

"Why?"

"Because he is an ignorant, conceited man, who has ill-used an affectionate daughter. I respect the memory of my mother too much to seek any acquaintance with her relatives."

"Perhaps you are quite right; and I must not doubt that you are, for in these strange times old age learns wisdom from youth. May I ask you one question more? With whom did you reside after the death of your mother?"

"With a family named Graham."

"I am an old fool, and have been deceived," said the old man, as he again abruptly terminated our interview by turning away and walking below.

I was well pleased with the opportunity presented for this conversation, for in it I had expressed to my grandfather an opinion of him, and in a manner that he could not think was intended wholly for himself. I had let him know that my father, whom he so much abhorred, was so little vain of having married a daughter of the proprietor of Park Hill Hall, that he had never mentioned the name of Shelburne to his son.

I had also informed him that I was so confident of my own ability for succeeding in life, so independent of the interest of relatives, and so indifferent as to any knowledge of my mother's proud relatives, that I had never taken any trouble to learn who they were.

This would teach him something about his own insignificance, and his real position in the opinion of a young man for whom he had expressed some admiration.

Being of the opinion that ladies have but little respect for a man who thinks so little of himself as to fear them, I plainly expressed to Miss Knows my admiration of her loveliness, and my determination to gain her hand if possible.
Sailors, unlike landsmen, do not in love-making depend on a necklace or an arrangement of the hair for success, but on a plain expression of manly feelings and conduct; and the fact that they are generally successful is much to the credit of the ladies. The young lady did not seem displeased at my communication, but, on the contrary, appeared somewhat flattered that a sensible young man like myself had formed an opinion of her so flattering to female vanity.

I was nearly happy, for I could see, from the manner my communication was received, that she could regard me with respect; and where this exists, a good-looking, enterprising young man may win love.

CHAPTER LIII.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Two weeks after making the voyage, in which Mr. Shelburne returned to London, I found one morning in the office of the company a letter addressed to “Captain William Manley.” It was in a strange handwriting, and, on opening it, I was surprised to learn that it was from my grandfather, Mr. Shelburne.

A copy of that letter I now give to the reader.

“Dear Sir,—Believing that I have not much more time for making myself and others unhappy in this world, I shall endeavour in the few days that are left to me to atone for the follies of the past.

“You are my grandson, and fortune has kindly thrown you in my way, to remove from my mind the ignorance and prejudice which you have justly accused me of possessing.

“I once had two daughters, who were all that fate had left me of a family consisting of a wife and six children.

“My eldest daughter, Mary, left my home to become the wife of a sailor named John Manley, and from that hour she was, in my opinion, no longer my daughter. I will do Mr. Manley, your father, the justice to admit that I never took the trouble to learn anything about him.

“He may have been a person whom [I should have had pride in calling a son-in-law; but, disappointed in other schemes I had formed for your mother’s happiness I could only believe that she had thrown herself away on a sailor dishonest enough to take advantage of the folly of a romantic girl whom fortune had placed in his way, to injure a family already suffering from many misfortunes.

“I had lost four children, but the death of all did not grieve me so much as the elopement and marriage of your mother to a man with whom I was unacquainted.

“The others I had lost could not help dying, but she seems to have wilfully brought me to grief, and I disowned her.

“Three or four years ago I was told by a Mrs. Graham that the daughter I had so long neglected was dead, and with shame I record the fact that I was glad to learn that the one whom I thought had disgraced my family was no longer in existence. But Mrs. Graham made another communication with which I was not so well pleased. It was that my unfortunate daughter had left a son—a young vagabond who was very anxious to learn the name and residence of his rich grandfather; and I have often paid her money to withhold the information I was led to believe that you desired.

“I have long understood from Mrs. Graham that you were a boatman on the Thames, and that you were a dissipated, bad young man, who would annoy me should you learn where I could be found.

“With such a grandson I, of course, wished no communication.

“Fortunately circumstances introduced us to each other, and before learning your name I formed a good opinion of you. I believed you to be a young man possessing the esteem and confidence of intelligent men, and I admired the manly, independent principles you had expressed, even though they were directed against myself.

“Such being the case, why cannot I have the same respect for you after learning that you are my grandson? Common sense tells me if that relationship is any reason why I should dislike you, the fault is not yours.

“Give up your profession, and I will try to atone for the neglect of the past. I will assist
you in any way that money and interest can advance you on the road to happiness, and for this I will only ask one favour, which I will make known on seeing you again.

"Tell your father that from what I have seen of his son, I am willing to believe that I have treated him with great injustice. I certainly admire the spirit that has led him to refrain from telling you the name of the grandsire who had so cruelly neglected your mother.

"Tell him to come with you to see me, and I will make every reparation in my power.

"It is a duty you both owe to the memory of the daughter I have wronged, to allow me to do so.

"I shall expect to see you immediately after you have received this.

"Very respectfully yours,

"A. M. Shelburne."

After reading this letter I was the happiest man in existence, not that the prospect of inheriting great wealth was before me, not because I had conquered the prejudices of an obstinate, wrong-headed grandfather, and caused him to do some justice to the memory of my mother, but for the reason that I again had an opportunity of meeting Emily Knowls.

"I am glad of this for your sake, William," exclaimed my father, after he had hastily read over the letter; "but to me the old man's repentance comes too late. Once the dearest wish of my soul was that my wife might again be on friendly terms with her family. To see her sensitive mind suffering anguish from the unkindness of her father was to me a sore affliction, which I had long to endure. He might have saved much unhappiness had he once possessed the common sense that he seems now to have so suddenly acquired. If he acknowledges you as his grandson, your fortune is made, and on your account I am glad that he has relented; but I am no better now than when your mother was alive, and any civility that was denied to me then cannot be accepted from him now. I hope that we shall never meet either in this world or the next. You may as well resign your command as the old man advises, for there is not the least doubt about his keeping faith with you.

He promised that he would never again speak to your mother after learning that she had married me, and he kept his word. Go and see him to-morrow, and I'll take your place in the line if no one makes any objections. I have been a gentleman long enough, and will give you a turn at the business, for I don't like it."

I was more than willing to follow my father's advice, but for reasons that to him were unknown, and which were not clearly understood by myself.

I only knew that my principal motive in going to Park Hill Hall would be the hope of seeing Emily Knowls.

CHAPTER LIV.

CONCLUSION.

On reaching the residence of Mr. Shelburne, I was conducted to the old gentleman's presence, and greeted by him in a very cordial manner.

"I am glad you have come so soon," said he, "for I have much to do, and am afraid but little time is left me for the accomplishment of all I wish. Since my return my health has been daily becoming worse. I am not much disappointed in not seeing your father. He would not meet me?"

"No," I replied; "but he advised me to follow your wishes in all things."

"Very well, and I hope that you will prove a dutiful son and follow his advice. I told you in my letter that I had one small favour to ask you, and I will explain what it is. The estate on which I am living has been in the Shelburne family for more than five hundred years, but now I have not a relative bearing the name. I have long been intending to leave the estate and all my property to my granddaughter, Emily Knowls, whom you have seen, but since learning that I have a grandson, of whom I may justly be proud, this plan is changed. She might not marry to suit me, and my meeting with you may be the means of preventing some spendthrift from spending the property that has been so long in the family. Although Emily is very well provided for by her late father's will, she has had great expectations from me, and must not be disappointed. When I see you married to
your cousin I am ready to die, and you now understand the favour I ask."

"Am I to understand that the conditions on which you acknowledge me as a grandson, depend on my marrying the person you designate?"

"No, certainly not; for I believe that you would not agree to any such conditions—at least I hope not. I have only told you what I should wish."

"Then your wishes shall be accomplished if possible. To me Emily Knowls has seemed perfection ever since we first met."

"And so she is perfection, and will obey the wishes of her mother and me, and marry you. The affair is settled."

"Not yet," I replied, "for I also have a favour to ask. Does Mrs. Knowls and her daughter know that I am your grandson, and that you are going to own me as such?"

"No. They are now at their house in town, and I have said nothing to them on the subject."

"Then do not, but leave me to gain the hand of Miss Knowls without her knowing that I am her cousin who is bribed to marry her. I wish the chance of trying to win her on my own merits, and not by the influence of wealth or of her friends."

"That is a capital idea, young man, and you shall have the full benefit of it. Should she receive your suit favourably I will even oppose it, and, perhaps, that would be the best way of having my wishes accomplished; for women are obstinate creatures, and do not like to do as they are advised. I disowned you mother for acting in opposition to my commands, but I shall allow Emily to do as she pleases, and show no displeasure."

That afternoon I returned to London, and the next morning called at No. 11, Square.

My reception from Mrs. Knowls and her daughter was all that I could desire, and from the friendly manner of the former during my visit, and the earnest manner in which she urged me to call again and often, I could see that in the presence of her father she had ever acted under some restraint in her conversation with me. I could easily form a reason for this: my name was Manley.

Time passed, and my attentions to Miss Knowls became so marked that her mother became alarmed, and again went to reside at Park Hill Hall.

I had no opportunity then of seeing the one for whom my reverence and esteem had been daily becoming stronger, without meeting her in the presence of Mr. Shelburne, when the little scheme we had formed for gratifying my self-love would have been discovered.

The man who proposes marriage to a young woman and meets with a refusal, has no ability for reading the thoughts others, through design or diffidence, would conceal from his knowledge.

I could not believe that I was afflicted with the vanity that would lead me to the mortification of a refusal; and with full confidence that my attentions to my fair cousin had not been received with indifference, I wrote her a letter—a silly one, of course; for the subject was love.

The answer was all that I could desire. It requested me to make all further communications on that subject to her mother and grandfather.

I do not like to read love stories; and giving my readers credit for being as sensible as myself, I have but a few words more to write.

Emily Knowls became my wife; but not before her regard for me had been cruelly tested.

She was called upon to choose between me with poverty, the displeasure and neglect of her relatives and acquaintances, and the high position in society that her grandfather's wealth would command.

She chose me.

"Bless her soul," exclaimed Mr. Shelburne to me, the day after this decision was made; "she is like your mother; and now I cannot but praise what I once have condemned. She has a true woman's soul, and we must not tease her any more."

The little plot we had laid to prove her unselfish nature was then revealed, and the joy that filled her soul is still dwelling within it.

Mr. Shelburne lived two years after our marriage, and I believe never had cause to
regret for one moment that he had found a grandson.

The last time he came to London I accompanied him; and as we were descending from a carriage, we were accosted by one of the many beggars infesting the great metropolis. A demand on our charity was made by a wretched-looking woman, clothed with dirt and rags; but notwithstanding this disguise, I recognised her as Mrs. Graham.

"I am William Manley," said I, addressing her; "and if you expect anything from me, you must tell me the truth, if possible; and tell me what you did with my mother’s Bible."

The miserable object before us turned her gaze from one to another, and then asked, "What will you give if I’ll tell you?"

Not the slightest expression of shame was on her features at knowing that she had been detected in the lies she had uttered against me to extort money from my grandfather.

She was now a London professional beggar, and therefore lost to all sense of shame and honesty.

I was turning away, without making a further attempt to satisfy an idle curiosity, when Mr. Shelburne exclaimed, "Stop a moment, William; I owe this woman some gratitude for the lies she has told. The surprise at finding you so different from the account she gave of you, has had something to do with the happiness I now enjoy in trying to do justice to the memory of your mother."

The old gentleman then gave the miserable woman a sovereign.

"Now, if you’ll give me another," said she, clutching the coin, and turning to me, "I’ll tell you what I did with the Bible."

We then walked away.

I did not care to gratify her depravity for the sake of being told that she had pawned the book, sold it to a second-hand bookseller, or some other story that might or might not be true.

Years have passed since then; but fortunately I have not been annoyed by the sight of Mrs. Graham.

My father is still living, and apparently very happily passing his time in a club-room, with a paper and a cigar.

He frequently visits my house; but I believe principally for the purpose of seeing my children, of whom he is very fond.

Not wishing my old friend Tom Harris to follow the sea in his old age, I persuaded him to take the money from me to go into business. The old sailor consented, and said that he should retire into private life. He carried out this resolution by getting spliced and taking a public-house.

My friend Mr. Merrill is still living, restless and speculative as ever; and with Mr. Thompson I often meet, and talk over "some scenes I have seen."

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GOOD-NIGHT!

I bid thee good-night!
So quickly go to sleep—
To slumbers calm and deep.
The evening star has long since gone to rest,
Behind the trees that fringe the dewy West;
And darkness broods upon the silent wood,
Where night now holds her cloistered solitude.

The lights that lately shone
So cheerily across the village green and street,
Have vanished, one by one;
The weary household, wrapped in slumbers sweet,
Forget the busy day.

Hark! ’tis the distant bell;
High in its massive tower
It notes the passing hour—
A faithful sentinel!

Unnoticed, all the day, its deep tones fell;
But now, how solemnly its echoes swell,
As if another hour it tolls the funeral knell?

The winds are all asleep;
The leaves hang motionless, and not a flower
Has stirred its petals since the twilight hour;

There’s not a bird awake, in bush or bower,
To break the silence deep.
The gentle night has hushed its very breath;
And over hill and mead,
With noiseless hand, has spread
The stillness of repose—but not of death.

Good-night!
Aurora fair!
E’en now, with light and rapid feet,
Is hastening with her colours sweet,
And colours rare,
To invade the tranquil realm of night,
And fill its courts with roseate light.
Haste thee to rest, while yet
The stars, so thickly set
Around night’s coronal of jet,
Their peaceful vigils keep.
God’s angels guard thy sleep,
And keep thee till the morrow’s light
Shall waken thee
To greet again the morning bright,
And listen to its melody—
Good-night!
PULEX AND OTHER INSECTS.—(Orders Aphaniptera, Anoplura, Mallophaga, and Thysanura.)

BY GEORGE ST. CLAIR, F.G.S., ETC.

"Dear Miss," said a lively old lady to a friend of Kirby's—a friend who had the misfortune to be confined to her bed by a broken limb, and was complaining that the fleas tormented her—"Dear Miss, don't you like fleas? Well, I think they are the prettiest little merry things in the world. I never saw a dull flea in all my life." Now it is about the flea that I wish to talk a little, and by way of disarming prejudice I have introduced him by his aristocratic name, for in learned circles he is known as Ixodes. The old lady above mentioned inferred the merit of the little creature from its constant hopping and skipping, and she might from the same fact have drawn inferences as to its wonderful muscular power. Considering the size of the creature its leap is truly astonishing; the steeple-chase presents us with nothing like it. The author of the Epistles gives a funny picture of hunters mounted on fleas bounding over church steeples, and this steeple-chase in earnest would be no exaggeration if Pulex had the size of a horse. According to Aristophanes a flea on one occasion "by chance had skipped straight from the brow of Cherephon to the head of Socrates," which led the philosopher to put the question—"How many of his own lengths a flea can hop?" In later ages, as we may see by Butler's "Hudibras," it was still an interesting question with the entomologists—

How many scores a flea will jump
Of his own length from head to rump;
Which Socrates and Cherephon
In vain asayed so long ago.

It is now considered as settled that Pulex can leap to the distance of two hundred times its own length, which, in proportion to its size, is as if a man should leap from 300 to 400 yards.

This marvellous power of Pulex led an ingenious person to turn him into a little draught animal, in which capacity he has proved capable of drawing 300 times his own weight, which again we may say is as though a man should draw 27 tons of coal placed in a warehouse. "Pilgrims" that "one Mark Society in London made a lock and key and chain of forty-three links, all which a flea did draw, and weighed but a grain and a half." Moufet, writing in the reign of Elizabeth, says he had heard of another flea that was harnessed to a golden chariot, which it drew with the greatest ease. Bingley, in his "Animal Biography," tells us that Mr. Boverick, an ingenious watchmaker in the Strand, exhibited some years ago a little ivory chaise with four wheels, and all its proper apparatus, and the figure of a man sitting on the box, all of which were drawn by a single flea.

Having thus, as I trust, established the right of Pulex to an impartial hearing, I shall introduce him, and let him tell his own story.

Enter Pulex, with a leap. Pulex speaks—"I belong to the order Aphaniptera (Greek phaino, 'to show,' a, meaning 'not,' and ptera 'wings'), but although possessing at the utmost very indistinct rudiments of wings, I claim to be arranged with the winged or typical insects, as my metamorphosis, whilst the structure of my mouth has induced many entomologists to class me with the Diptera. Like the Diptera (flies, mosquitoes, &c.), I and my friends have suctorial habits, and feed exclusively on animal juices. Moufet says of some of us, 'The lesser, leaner, and younger they are, the sharper they bite, the fat ones being more inclined to tickle and play... As soon as they are arraigned to die, and feel the finger coming, on a sudden they are gone and leap here and there and so escape the danger. But as soon as day breaks they forsake the bed. They then creep into the rough blankets, or hide themselves in rushes and dust, lying in ambush for pigeons, &c.'

"This propensity of ours to hide in the dust led the Romans perhaps to call us Pulicidae, since Isidorus considers Pulex to be derived from pulchris, 'dust.' In accordance with this notion Moufet declares that we are produced from dust, especially when moistened in a certain way. A singular tradition was found by Ewilin, among a sect of Kurds, who dwell in his time at the foot of Mount Sindschar. 'When Noah's ark,' says the legend, 'sprung a leak by striking against a rock in the vicinity of Mount Sindschar, and Noah despaired altogether of safety, the serpent promised to help him out of his mischaf if he would engage to feed him upon human flesh after the deluge had subsided. Noah pledged himself to do so; and the serpent coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture and stopped the leak. When the pluvius element was appeased, and all were making their way out of the ark, the serpent insisted upon the fulfillment of the pledge he had received; but, Noah, by Gabriel's advice, committed the serpent to the flames, and scattering its ashes in the air, there arose out of them fleas, flies, lice, bugs, and all such sort of vermin as prey on human blood, and after this fashion was Noah's pledge redeemed.'

"If I tell you how fleas are to be caught and killed, you must accord me all the privilege of an informer, and let me at least escape. If your opinion is that the world is large enough for all, and you so simply wish us to keep our distance, the Hungarian shepherds,
PULEX AND OTHER INSECTS.

preaching by their practice, will recommend you to grease your linen with hog's lard, and so render yourself an abomination to us. If you wish to carry on a thirty years' war, you may adopt the method of Queen Christina, and cannonade us with a piece of ordnance four or five inches in length. Is it not written in the chronicles by Linnaeus, and is not the Lithuanian cannon exhibited the arsenal at Stockholm unto this day? If you wish to take away our place and nation, Pamphilus recommends that you set a dish in the middle of the house, and draw a line around it with an iron sword (it will be better if the sword has done execution), and sprinkle the rest of the house except the places circum-scribed, with an irritation of staphisagria, or of powdered leaves of the bay-tree, previously boiled in brine. By this means, he says, you will bring all the fleas together into the dish, when you may do with them as you please.

In Ceylon fleas are very numerous, and may be seen in the dust of the streets, or skipping in the sunbeams which fall on the clay floors of the cottages. The dogs, however, are enabled to bid them defiance by selecting for their sleeping places spots where a wood fire has been previously kindled. Here prone on the white ashes, their stomachs close to the earth, and their hind legs extended behind, they repose in comparative coolness, and remain unmolested.

As I know you like to smile, and as I have the best of reasons for wishing to put you in a good humour (for to me you are the greatest of giants, and likely at any moment to say 'Fe, fi, fo, fun,' &c.), I will give you a piece of satire from Poor Humphrey. A notable projector became notable by one project only, which was a certain specific for the killing of fleas. It was in the form of a powder and sold in papers, with plain directions for use, as followeth:—The flea was to be held conveniently between the thumb and finger of the left hand, and to the end of the trunk or probosces, which protruded in the flea somewhat as the elephant's trunk, a very small quantity of the powder was to be put from between the thumb and finger of the right hand. And the deviser undertook, if any flea to whom his powder was so administered, should prove to have afterwards bitten a purchaser who used it, then that purchaser should have another paper of the said powder gratis. And it chanced that the first paper thereof was bought idly, as it were, by an old woman, and she, without meaning to injure the inventor or his remedy, but of her mere harmlessness, did frequently ask him, whether when she had caught the flea, and after she had got it as before described, if she should kill it with her nail it would not do as well. Whereupon the ingenious inventor was so astonished by the question, that, not knowing what to answer on the sudden occasion, he said with truth to this effect that without doubt her way would do too. And according to the belief of Poor Humphrey, there is not as yet any device more certain or better for destroying a flea, when thou hast captured him, than the ancient manner of the old woman's, or instead thereof, the drowning of him in fair water, if thou hast it by thee at the time.

"As compared with the generality of insects, we are long lives; for Bertolotti, the Italian, who exhibited a company of us in London, speaks of having kept one of my brethren for twenty-three months, when he died apparently of old age, having grown gradually darker till he became nearly black. Besides thus enabling a man now and then to earn a living, we may be said to promote the success of thousands of men of business, assisting them to observe practically the proverb, 'Early to bed, early to rise,' &c. Dr. Townson bestows an encomium upon us for thus supplying the place of an alarum, and driving men from the bed of sloth.

"Our family, however, do not give their undivided services to mankind. By a division of labour among ourselves, we are able to wait upon dogs, oats, parrots, peacocks, bees and beetles, butterflies and crickets, &c. Throughout each order of animated being, from man down to the meanest insect, there is scarcely one exempt from some parasitic attendant:—

Even little fleas have lesser fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And these, again, have lesser fleas;
And so ad infinitum.

I confess that when preyed upon myself I find it very annoying; and as this reflection strengthens my impression that you still regard me with suspicious eye and thumb, I beg leave to——" Here Pulex leaped in the direction of the nearest blanket.

Enter Chigois, alias Jiggers, alias Nigua, &c.

Speaks.—"I am a relative of your last visitant; my name is Pulex penetrans, and I have the character of being one of the direst personal pests with which the sins of man have been visited. I generally attack the feet and legs, getting, without being felt, between the skin and the flesh, usually under the nails of the toes, where I nidificate and lay eggs. Some have considered the sensation to be at first rather pleasing than otherwise; but if our little colony is neglected, amputation of the limb may be necessary, if indeed death does not ensue. You will be glad to know that we reside so far away as the West Indies and South America; but, should you ever come to those parts, I can promise that you shall receive attention. Humboldt, you know, observes that the whites born in the torrid zone walk barefoot with impunity, in the same apartment where a European recently landed is exposed to our attacks. Concerning this care of ours to entertain strangers, the traveller goes on to say, 'The nigua, therefore, distinguishes what the most delicate chemical analysis could not distinguish, the cellular membrane and blood of a European from those of a creole white.' Walton, in his 'Present State of the Spanish Colonies,' tells you of a Capuchin friar, who brought away with him a colony of my brethren in his foot, as a
present to the scientific colleges in Europe; but, unfortunately for himself and for science, the length of the voyage produced mortification in his leg, and it became necessary to cut it off in order to save the seas missionary life; and, for the safety of others, to throw it, with all its inhabitants, into the sea."

I began to be a little figdgety for my own safety, or at least comfort, which Chilgoe perceiving, made off, doubtless imaging that I should become his accuser, judge, and executioner.

To get my thoughts into a new channel, I took up Burns's poems, but lighting on the lines—

O would some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us, &c.,

I reflected that the little creature that occasioned their being written ought to have a word or two said about it in this series of insect papers. "I will mention it," I said to myself, "I will mention it, but not now; a more convenient season will doubtless come." And then allowing my thoughts to run on (feeling sure, of course, that they would run away from the unpleasant subject), they took the following direction. Who was it that once talked of a more convenient season? Ah! Felix, of course, the Roman procurator of Judea, appointed by the Emperor Claudius, whose freemason he was, on the banishment of Ventidius Cumanus, in A.D. 53. This same Claudius, by-the-bye, twelve years previously, gave the government of Judea to Herod Agrippa I., whom we read of in Acts xii. as killing James, and putting Peter in prison. That twelfth chapter contains the record of his own death also, concerning which Josephus gives us further interesting particulars. If I remember rightly, it was in A.D. 44 that the king attended some games at Cesarea, held in honour of the Roman emperor. When he appeared in the theatre in a robe of silver stuff, which shone in the morning light, his flatterers saluted him as a god; and suddenly he was seized with terrible pains, and being carried from the theatre to the palace, died after five days' agony. Singular, but did not his grandfather also, Herod the Great, die after intense agony, of the horrible disease phthisiasis, occasioned by myriads of pediculi? Pediculi! What, am I brought back again to the thing I wished to avoid—to the little insect on the lady's bonnet, which led the Scottish poet to moralise, and which, like Poe's raven, never fitting, still is sitting, still is sitting?

Then, like Poe, I will suffer myself to be beguiled; and, wheeling a cushioned seat in front of the creature, make the best of it. "Pediculus," said I, "tell your story, and have done with it."

Pediculus speaks—"I belong to the Order Anoplura (from the Greek anoptos, meaning 'unarmed,' without the hoplon or large shield). Though Dr. Carpenter says that I and my friends are regarded with disgust by the common consent of civilised man, I may mention that Linnaeus gravely states that we probably preserve children from a variety of complaints to which they would be liable. We undergo no metamorphosis, and our generations succeed each other very rapidly. We are destitute of true compound eyes, but have one or two minute ocelli (or simpler eyes) on each side of the head. Our legs are short, and terminated by a strong nail or by two opposing hooks, whereby we can easily fasten ourselves to the hairs of quadrupeds, of which animals we suck the blood, and upon the bodies of which we pass our lives.

"As we are lovers of the human race also, a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1746, asks concerning us, 'Were they created within the six days assigned by Moses for the formation of all things? If so, where was their habitation? We can hardly suppose,' he continues, 'that they were quartered on Adam or his lady—the nearest, nicest pair (if we believe John Milton) that ever joined hands. And yet, as they disdained to graze the fields, or lick the dust for sustenance, where else could they have had their subsistence?'

"Besides the two Herods, whose fate you have been considering, we have been instrumental in ridding the world of Antiochus Epiphanes, the Emperor Maximin, and Philip II. of Spain, the greatest persecutor of the Protestants.

"Great Sylva, too, the fatal scourge hath known; Slain by a host far mightier than his own."

"Thank you," said I, "you may possibly be useful in ridding the world of tyrants, and in punishing the slothful; but, if such is your business, pray get about it at once, and may the theatre of your operations be as far as possible from mine!" Exit Pediculus, alias louse.

At this point I was informed that several individuals of the Order Mallophaga were waiting for an interview; but judging from their name that they were of similar habits to the pediculids, I declined seeing them. They derive their name from the Greek mallas, "a lock of wool," and phagein, "to eat," because they feed upon the finest parts of the hairy covering of the mammalia, upon which they are parasitic. Almost all birds are subject to the attacks of these creatures, the most delicate parts of the feathers affording them food. Unlike the Anoplura, whose mouth is adapted for suction, the Mallophaga have no mouths which possess a mandibulate, or biting structure.

The only remaining Order of insects is the Thysanura (from the Greek thysanos, "a tassel or tuft," and oura, "a tail"). Like the preceding Order, they neither have wings nor undergo metamorphosis, whilst among themselves they differ very much in regard to the structure of the mouth and eyes. The Order contains two families, Lepismide and the Po- duride. In the first family we may mention the machilis, which has long antennae, consisting of a great number of joints, very large palpi, and eyes of numerous facets, occupying nearly the whole head. To the same family belongs
PULEX AND OTHER INSECTS.

to the number of distinct species which it includes, and is probably unsurpassed by any, save the infusory animalcules, in regard to the number of individuals at any time existing on the earth's surface. While the whole subkingdom of vertebrated animals may probably be estimated as not containing above 30,000 species, there are 30,000 or 40,000 species of beetles alone; and we should probably not be far wrong in saying that the number of species of the whole insect class exceeds that of all other animals put together. Moreover, on account of the small size of all, and the very minute size of a large proportion of the animals belonging to this class, it is probable that the number of species already known is far surpassed by that which remains to be discovered.

Even in our own country new species of insects are continually being discovered by the industry of observers, who devote themselves to this particular branch; and the number at present unknown must of course be far greater in countries that have been less completely explored.

If this is indeed the case, that even in our own country new species of insects remain to be discovered, it is possible for all of us to become discoverers; and, likely enough, that some of us have before now seen at our feet, or held in our hands, specimens that the entomologist would have thanked us for. Our doctor, already quoted, says in another volume, "It cannot be too constantly borne in mind, that in the present state of natural history, there is ample room for the labours of all who devote themselves to it as their regular object of pursuit, and with the intention of raising it in the scale of the sciences,—much more, therefore, for the less constant inquiries of those who seek but for refreshment and novelty by occasionally turning to the study of nature, from the harassing cares of business, or the wearying monotony of a handicraft occupation, and who are contented with the humbler but not less honourable task of collecting and supplying the materials with which the skilful builder may erect his edifice. . . . . The mere collection of specimens and the arrangement of them according to their external characters, is in fact laying the foundation for the operations of the scientific naturalist. Even in districts which have been most completely explored, it will be rare for the diligent collector to find himself unrewarded by the discovery of some species new to that locality, if not previously altogether unknown. But in those which have been but comparatively little examined, it cannot be doubted that a rich harvest of discovery awaits every one who will devote himself to the search for it. We need not leave our own island for this purpose. To the number of the larger animals which tenant the land, we cannot expect any considerable addition; but not a year passes without many new species of insects being discovered.

"The works of the Creator, when they afford neither sustenance nor physic for the body, yield both food and medicine for the mind. It
THE SNOW IMAGE.

is surely a more worthy occupation to study the works of infinite wisdom and boundless power, than to bestow the labour of a life upon the critical examination of a Greek Drama, or a Latin Satire. And it is surely a more likely means of advantageously developing the intellectual and moral faculties of the young, to exercise them upon the objects which are everywhere around them, and a knowledge of which will be useful to them in almost every possible scene of their future lives, than to confine them to subjects which leave many of their powers unemployed, and numerous sources of the purest pleasure undeveloped. "Strange indeed, it has been well remarked, "must be the perversion of that mind, which is made neither wiser nor better by studying the works of Him whose own wisdom is infinite, and all whose operations tend to good and happiness."

Nor are these the sentiments of one naturalist alone; many others have seen the same importance in the study, and felt the same devoutness and admiration in its pursuit. They agree, too, in declaring, that whatever may be the case in other departments of science, in the study of entomology fresh discoveries may be made without any previously very large acquaintance with scientific facts and principles. To cite only one other author, James Rennie says:—"It can never be too strongly impressed on a mind anxious for the acquisition of knowledge, that the commonest things by which we are surrounded are deserving of minute and careful attention. . . . The spider weaves his curious web in our houses; the caterpillar constructs his silken cell in our gardens; the wasp that hovers over our food has a nest not far removed from us, which she has assisted to build with the nicest art; the bumble that crawls across our path is also an ingenious and laborious mechanic, and has some curious instincts to exhibit to those who will feel an interest in watching his movements; and the moth that eats into our clothes has something to plead for our pity, for he came, like us, naked into the world, and he has destroyed our garments, not in malice or wronkeness, but that he may clothe himself with the same wool which we have stripped from the sheep. An observation of the habits of these little creatures is full of valuable lessons, which the abundance of the examples has no tendency to diminish. The more such observations are multiplied, the more are we led forward to the freest and the most delightful parts of knowledge; the more do we learn to estimate rightly the extraordinary provisions and most abundant resources of a creative Providence, and the better do we appreciate our own relations with all the infinite varieties of nature, and our dependence in common with the ephemeron, that flutters its little hour in the summer sun, upon that Being in whose scheme of existence the humblest, as well as the highest creature, has its appointed purpose.

'If you speak of a stone,' says St. Basil (one of the Fathers of the Church), 'If you speak of a fly, a gnat, or a bee, your conversation will be a sort of demonstration of His power, whose hand formed them, for the wisdom of the workman is commonly perceived in that which is of little size. He who has stretched out the heavens, and dug up the bottom of the sea, is also He who has pierced a passage through the sting of the bee for the ejection of its poison.'

If it be granted that making discoveries is one of the most satisfactory of human pleasures, then we may, without hesitation, affirm that the study of insects is one of the most delightful branches of natural history, for it affords peculiar facilities for its pursuit.

Wishing my readers all success in any efforts they may make, I may also take the opportunity of wishing them a merry Christmas, and of expressing the hope that the new year will bring us acquainted on another platform.

THE SNOW IMAGE.

A wonderful wealth of stainless snow
Had noiselessly dropped from the skies above,
And had decked the bare old earth below
With a garment as fair as ever was wore;
And the sun that alone from the morning skies
Till the dazzling shimmer blinded our eyes
As the sight of God did the prophet of old.

And John and Joe and Charlie Brown,
With overcoats, mittens, and comforters warm,
Have gathered up from the level lawn
The icy sum of the last-night's storm,
And have formed from the drifted powdered pearl
An image as fair to their childish eyes
As marble one by the noblest artist,
In the court of Art's grand royalties.

And down by the pilgrim back of the house
They have stood it up by the rugged wall,
Preparing soon for a big carouse,
That shall end with the image's direful fall;
A fall that is greeted with shouts and cheers
As the balls of ice and snow are thrown.
And with sneering taunts and scornful jeers
As the snow image topples down from his throne.

Ah! what a lesson of life is taught
By the gleeful sport just back of the lawn!
How many a battle has manhood fought
With as little that's real to base it on!
How many an image does he uphold
From the mythical realms of a fevered brain,
To be battered down amid shout and cheer,
And to be on the morrow raised again!
A POOR woman named Mrs. Liles was weeping bitterly. Her husband, a navvy, had been killed by an accident, and she was left alone in the world with one child, and he a cripple. She was far away, too, from friends and relations, all of whom, however, were too poor to have helped her much even had she been nearer them. Poverty is not a lightener of one’s cares, and she was very sad indeed because she knew not how to support herself and child. She had not yet learnt to look to the Friend who sympathizes with even the poorest of His creatures in their sorrows, and yearns to draw them to Himself, to pour into their sad hearts the balm of His great consolation. Jim tried to comfort her in his own artless way. He nestled timidly into her, and talked to her in his child-like innocent manner about the thoughts that were in his little mind. He was a cripple, poor boy. He was both hunch-backed and otherwise deformed. But he had one of the sweetest expressions of countenance imaginable.

It has been often and truly said, that the poor make no new friends. It was so in Mrs. Liles’s case. She struggled on for a time, but had, at length, to apply to the parish for relief, which was denied her unless she and her boy entered the poorhouse or union. She told Jim about the union, or the “house,” as she called it, and how that when they entered it they would be separated. He felt very sad at this, for he loved his mother dearly, and could not endure the thoughts of being separated from her even for a day. They went into the union at last; Jim into the children’s ward, his mother into the women’s ward. Now the “house” was by no means a nasty, ugly, repulsive-looking place. It was quite the reverse; in fact it looked too grand a place to put very poor people in. It stood on an eminence, had two storeys, and was approached by an imposing-looking flight of stone steps. In its front was a well-kept garden, full of nice flowers, which made the place look very easy and attractive. It stretched back, too, for a great distance, for it was a very large place, and intended to hold a large number of people. The children had a very nice playground behind the “house,” and to hear their merry laughter and prattle as they gamin-balled and sported together, you would say that they weren’t very unhappy, anyhow. Neither were the mothers. In this union there was a nice matron, who was kind to all under her care, but particularly so to the children. Of course under such circumstances as these it was not wonderful that Jim soon got over his sadness, or that he became very happy in the company of his playfellows. He felt happier now than he did when at home with mother. Now, he had enough to eat, was well clothed, had a comfortable bed to lie on, and plenty of playmates. Then, he often knew what it was to be hungry and cold, and sorrowful. He saw his mother too, sometimes, and this also reconciled him to his lot. But what he liked most was school. Somehow his mind yearned after knowledge, and once having tasted it, his relish for it became very great indeed. He made such progress in learning as to be soon able to read the Bible, all about the love of the gentle Saviour, and how that when he was on earth he said, “Suffer the little ones to come unto me, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” These words set him thinking and wondering whether such a little creature as he was included in their gracious invitation; what sort of place heaven was, and whether there was room in it for him, and, if he ever got there, what Jesus would say to a poor boy like him.

A year after his entry into the union his mother died, and he was alone in the world. She caught a violent cold, which turned to inflammation, and about the time that the winter came, she sank and died. Jim, when they met, had often spoken to her about Jesus, for his heart was so full of this theme that it welled up from it quite naturally, and he loved to speak on it to everybody, but to his dear mother particularly. During her illness too, he used to read to her out of the Bible, about the great love of Jesus for poor perishing sinners. These words were blessed to her soul’s good, for on her dying bed she gave proofs of having found her Saviour and His great salvation. In fact he was so good to her in every way that she felt quite comforted and happy. It was a touching sight to witness their parting. Oh! how much was expressed in that last parting kiss, that silent pressure of the hand; that silent upturning of the eye to God, as a petition, pinioned on the strong wings of faith and a mother’s love, ascended on high to that God who has declared himself to be the “Father of the fatherless,” the orphan’s true friend! Her last words to him were, “Continue to love Jesus, my son, and we shall soon meet in heaven, to part no more, for ever.” He felt his mother’s loss keenly, and his young heart was full of grief. Her parting words comforted him very much though, and that night he knelt and prayed Jesus to enable him to love Him to the end, so that he might meet dear mother in heaven at last.

It has been shown that Jim was fond of sitting by himself in some quiet nook to read. During one of these times he was startled somewhat by the appearance of a strange-looking woman, who looked very wild and unhappy. It was mad Bridget, who was confined in the lunatic ward, and had managed to elude the vigilance of her keepers. He tried to talk to her, but all she said to him in return was, “Poor, poor Bridget! and will the captain
come meaning? He could not understand the meaning of these strange words at first, but after a little thought a bright idea struck him, and he felt certain he knew why she was so unhappy. It was because she did not know and love Jesus, and he brought to mind how unhappy he had been when he was similarly circumstanced. It was quite clear to him, too, that "And will the captain come again?" meant the coming of Jesus, for was He not called in the Bible the great "Captain of our salvation." In this simple style he reasoned the puzzling matter out, and was glad to think that he could now comfort poor Bridget. He at once began to tell her all he knew about Jesus, and read about Him to her out of his Bible—his constant companion. Whether it was the sweet tones of his voice soothed her, or whether she felt tired and wanted to be seated, she took her place beside him, and in a little time when her keepers searched for her, they found her at the window, gazing with simple wonder. They were greatly alarmed, for Bridget was at times very violent, when it took a great many persons to hold her, for she would often as soon kill anybody as not. When the matter was explained to him, tiny Jim felt thankful that although he was crippled and deformed, God had left him his reason; a most priceless gift. He used afterwards often to inquire about poor Bridget.

About six months after his mother's death he began to droop visibly. His face got thinner and thinner, he could eat hardly anything, and could not get about on his crutches as usual. All who saw him remarked how bad he looked, and shook their heads, saying that he was not long for this world. He had the best of care and attention. Everybody loved him and was kind to him, and did all they could for him. The doctor, too, tried all his skill to make him better, but couldn't. So he continued to droop and waste away. One of the able-bodied paupers used to wheel him about in an invalid-chair, and when the weather was good and clear used to give him an airing in the country. He loved very much to see the green and pleasant fields, to hear the birds singing so gleefully, and rejoiced with nature in its joyousness.

It was during one of these trips into the country that he made the acquaintance of a nice young lady, who became a great friend of his. He was passing by the lodge-gates belonging to a large and beautiful house, when a little dog, a funny, curly-haired little creature, ran out and began barking at him. He threw it some of his cakes, and it soon came to him, wagging its tail by way of thanks. It soon gained confidence, and frisked and jumped about Jim's chair, and when he called it, it came and licked his hands, and placed its paws on the chair to reach his face, which it licked. On moving off it followed him a short distance, wagging several "how, wow, wow, wow," by way of farewell, and then raced back again into the lodge gates. It got so used to his passing that it was always on the look-out for him, and used to run to meet him, and welcome him by barking loudly and wagging its tail as if to say "How do you find yourself to-day?" It used to sit up, too, on its hind legs, and beg for some of Jim's cakes, artful little creature that it was. One day its young mistress stood at the lodge gates as our young friend passed, and noticed that Fido—that was the dog's name—ran up to him, and gave him the welcome of an old acquaintance. Jim's dress, and that of his attendant, showed her that they belonged to the "union," while his sweet and engaging-looking face led her to converse with him. Henceforth they became fast friends, and when at last he was unable to bear the fatigue of being wheeled about in his invalid-chair, Miss Clara used to visit him at the union, and bring him such nice books and things to tempt his weak appetite. Her father was a very rich gentleman, and a very pious one, too, and fond of doing good to the poor, and had brought her up to be kind to them also. So Clara did not despise Jim because he was a poor little crippled orphan pauper boy. No, she soon got to love him dearly, for she found that he had a heart full of the love of the Lord Jesus, whom she loved also, and she knew that the Saviour died for him, and that in His sight he was as precious as even the greatest king or queen of the earth. These visits were very delightful things, and Jim used to look eagerly forward to them.

He lingered on for some considerable time. Past the autumn, when the ripe corn waved its golden ears in the warm breeze, as if inviting the reapers to gather its golden grains into the barns, and past the time when the trees were stripped of their leaves, which were caught up by the wind and rudely tossed and flung about in all directions. Past the winter also, when the frost and snow caused the robin redbreast to saucily beg his food from men, and when the poor little sparrows twittered so mournfully on being able to find so little to eat. He lingered on past these changes until the opening of the spring, when nature began to burst out into gay looks and budded into life, beauty, and freshness. He had taken leave of all his friends, and looked bright and happy. Miss Clara was at his bedside, and had been reading to him that beautiful hymn for children, "Around the throne of God in heaven." On finishing it he said to her very feebly, "Please, Miss Clara, I have a favour to ask. Won't you give me one kiss, just one, that I may take it away fresh with me into heaven, to tell the dear Saviour how kind you have been to me?"

She stooped reverently and imprinted a gentle kiss on the dying boy's lips, and with his hand clasped in hers he passed away, as if in a gentle sleep, murmuring, "Dear mother, I come—Lord Jesus, I come." His soul was safe with Jesus. His body was laid in the earth to await a joyful resurrection. Miss Clara, at her own expense, had a tombstone placed at the head of his grave, with these words on it, "Here lies Cripple Jim, who loved the Lord Jesus."
AN ACTING CHARADE.

CON—TEST.

Characters.

MRS. LOCKITT.
ADA LOCKITT, her daughter.
CHARLES BEAUCHAMP.
ADOLPHUS SPARKS.
SUSAN, a servant.

CON—

SCENE I.—A parlour.

Enter SUSAN, followed by ADOLPHUS.

ADOLPHUS. I declare, Susan, you are looking positively charming.
SUSAN. Thank you, sir, I always do.
ADOLPHUS. Really, now, you don’t say so? But where is your mistress?
SUSAN. Mrs. Lockitt, sir?
ADOLPHUS. Mrs. Lockitt! No! Miss Ada; the adorable, the incomparable Miss Ada.
SUSAN. She is up-stairs, sir.
ADOLPHUS. Up-stairs—eh? Susan, would you like to have a half-crown given you?
SUSAN (courtesy). Yes, if you please, sir.
ADOLPHUS. Well, then, who comes here, besides me?
SUSAN. Let me see,—there’s the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the—
ADOLPHUS. No, no; you misunderstand me. I mean, who visits here?
SUSAN. Oh, there’s Miss Cann, Mrs. Staunton and her two daughters, Mrs. Jones—
ADOLPHUS. Stop, stop, I mean male visitors.
SUSAN. Oh, we never have any male visitors. ADOLPHUS. None! Susan, I’m a happy man. There’s the half-crown for you.
Gives half-crown.

ADOLPHUS. Susan, I am afraid you have got that money under false pretences. But, never mind, take my card up to Mrs. Lockitt.

SUSAN. Very well, sir. (Aside.) Obtaining a half-crown under false pretences, indeed!
Exit SUSAN.

ADOLPHUS. Now, who the dickens can this Mr. Beauclump be? Can he be a rival? If he is, I’ll—

Enter BEAUCHAMP, who places his hat upon table, slowly draws off his gloves, and sits down; ADOLPHUS sitting at him the while.

ADOLPHUS. That’s cool.
BEAU. Eh? Did you speak?
ADOLPHUS. No, nothing.

[BEAU. I beg pardon.
TAKE up book, and begins to read. A pause.
BEAUCHAMP gives a slight cough.
ADOLPHUS. Eh? Did you speak?
BEAU. No, nothing.
ADOLPHUS. I beg pardon.
[BEAUCHAMP puts down book, and walks up and down stage. ADOLPHUS does the same; finally they knock against each other.
BEAUCHAMP and ADOLPHUS. What do you mean, sir?
ADOLPHUS. I insist upon knowing what you mean, sir?
BEAU. Who are you, sir?
ADOLPHUS. Never mind, sir.
BEAU. There’s my card, sir. Will you favour me with yours?
Gives card.

ADOLPHUS (reading card). Charles Beauclump!

[Enter MRS. LOCKITT.

MRS. LOCKITT. Good morning, gentlemen.
BEAU. I am charmed to see you looking so well this morning.
MRS. LOCKITT. Flatterer! But you, gentlemen, do not know one another. Allow me to introduce you. Mr. Beauclump, Mr. Sparks—Mr. Sparks, Mr. Beauclump.

BEAUCHAMP and SPARKS bow.

ADOLPHUS. By the way, Mrs. Lockitt, why is—Do you understand cons, Mr. Beauclump?
BEAU. Cons—cons—what are they?
ADOLPHUS. What an extraordinary individual you are!—don’t know what a con is? Why, a conundrum, to be sure.
BEAU. Oh! a conundrum!
MRS. LOCKITT. Yes, Mr. Sparks is famous for making conundrums.
ADOLPHUS. Well, then, what article of navigation resembles an animal? (A pause.) Do you give it up—eh?
BEAU. I’ll give it up.
MRS. LOCKITT. And so will I.
ADOLPHUS. Why, a (s) cow, to be sure. (Laughs.) Isn’t it good—eh? Ain’t it capital?
BEAU. (forcing a laugh). Yes, yes, very good. I suppose you have heard the news, Mrs. Lockitt?
MRS. LOCKITT. No. What is it?
BEAU. Mr. Bearleigh has failed for a quarter of a million.
MRS. LOCKITT. You don’t say so! I wonder what his poor girls will do for dresses.
ADOLPHUS. Here is another con. Why is an oyster like a tell-tale?
BEAU. (shrugging his shoulders.) I’m sure I don’t know.
ADOLPHUS. Do you, Mrs. Lockitt?
MRS. LOCKITT. No. You know I’m a bad hand at guessing conundrums.
ADOLPHUS. Well, then, because it is impossible to keep its mouth shut.

[Laughs immoderately.]
Enter Ada.

ADA. Good morning, gentlemen.

[BRACHAMP and ADOLPHUS bow.

MRS. LOCKITT. Where have you been so long, my dear?

ADA. I had a visitor.

MRS. LOCKITT. A visitor! Who was it?

ADA. How inquisitive you are, mamma!

Well, it was the—the—the dressmaker.

MRS. LOCKITT. Oh!

ADA. Is there anything new at the Opera to-night, Mr. Sparks?

ADOLPHUS. Really—that is—no, I believe not. But I have a first-rate con for you. Why is bacon like the asthma?

ADA. Really, I cannot tell.

ADOLPHUS. Can anybody else? No. Well then, because smoking cures it.

[Laughs excessively.

BEAU. I think you have been misinformed about the Opera, sir, for Madame Solferigo sings to-night for the first time.

ADA. How I should like to go!

BEAU. Would you allow me to be your escort?

ADA. Mamma, shall we go?

MRS. LOCKITT. As Mr. Beauchamp is so kind as to offer, I really think we will accept.

ADOLPHUS. Now, upon my word, this is too good to be lost. Why is a speechless monarch like Great Britain?

MRS. LOCKITT. I have it. Because it’s great but silent.

BEAU. Really, a very good answer indeed.

ADOLPHUS. Ah! but that’s not it!

MRS. LOCKITT. No!

ADOLPHUS. No. The answer is, because it’s a king-dumb. Now that’s very good—ain’t it?

[Laughs exceedingly.

BEAU. Ladies, I will now take my leave. I will call for you this evening at half-past seven.

ADOLPHUS. If you would allow me, I should like to accompany you.

MRS. LOCKITT. Certainly. With pleasure.

BEAU. Good morning, Miss Lockitt. Good morning, Miss Lockitt.

[Bow to the ladies, and to ADOLPHUS, and exit.

ADOLPHUS. (calling after him.) Mr. Beauchamp—Mr. Beauchamp—I have such a capital con to ask you. Why is a rhinoceros like a—

[Runs off after Beauchamp.

MRS. LOCKITT. What an extraordinary man that Mr. Sparks is! But come to my room, my dear, I have several things to show you.

ADA. Very well, mamma.

[Exeunt MRS. LOCKITT and ADA. Scene closes.

—TEST.

SCENE II.—The same.

Enter ADA, and SUSAN carrying a very large bandbox.

ADA. You are sure you have packed up the right bonnet?

SUSAN. Oh yes, Miss. The yellow one, with the bird of paradise feather.

ADA. That’s right. Has Miss Shipton been here to-day?

SUSAN. Yes, Miss, and I gave her these dresses to alter for you.

ADA. Has Mr. Sparks called?

SUSAN. No, Miss.

ADA. When he does, I’m at home.

SUSAN. Very well, Miss.

ADA. That’s all. Stay, the lace of one of my best handkerchiefs is torn; will you mend it?

SUSAN. Yes, Miss. [Exit SUSAN.

ADA. Heigho! How those men do torment me! I suppose I shall have to marry one of them, to get rid of the other. I know mamma likes Mr. Beauchamp the——

[Enter SUSAN.

SUSAN. Mr. Sparks.

[Exit SUSAN.

[Enter Adolphus Sparks.

ADOLPHUS. Good morning, Miss Lockitt.

ADA. Good morning.

ADOLPHUS. I am glad to find you alone.

ADA. Indeed! Why?

ADOLPHUS. Ever since I—— You cannot be insensible to—— Miss Lockitt, I am in love.

ADA. You don’t say so? It is a very delicious feeling, is it not?

ADOLPHUS. Eustasy! What would man be without love? His life would be a blank,—a ship without a rudder. Yes, love is the guiding star of our existence, and without it all would be chaos and confusion.

ADA. Quite poetical, I declare. I must certainly get you to write me a sonnet on love, in my album.

ADOLPHUS. With pleasure. Oh, Miss Lockitt, do you not pity me?

ADA. Pity you! I thought the feeling was delightful.

ADOLPHUS. Have you no compassion?

ADA. Compassion is pity, is it not?

ADOLPHUS. I will speak plainly. Miss Lockitt, I lo——

[Enter MRS. LOCKITT.

ADOLPHUS (aside). Confound the woman.

MRS. LOCKITT. Ada, dear, I want you. How do you do, Mr. Sparks?

ADOLPHUS. Well, madam. (Aside.) Save a secret sorrow. (Sighs.)

MRS. LOCKITT. When you send your parcel to Miss Shipton, Ada, tell her I want to see her.

ADA. Very well, mamma. Mr. Sparks, will you do me a favour?

ADOLPHUS. With pleasure.

ADA. I want this small parcel taken to my milliner’s; will you do it for me?

[Take up bandbox.

ADOLPHUS (looking aghast). Really——upon my word——

ADA. You object?

ADOLPHUS. Oh, no; not in the least—that is—I’ll send for it.

MRS. LOCKITT. Don’t trouble Mr. Sparks.
AN ACTING CHARADE.

ADOLPHUS. It is no trouble, I assure you. I'll go and get a boy to carry it immediately.

[Exit Adolphus.]

MRS. LOCKITT. How silly of you, Ada! The idea of wanting Mr. Sparks to carry a bandbox.

ADA. It's only a little plan I have, mamma, so say nothing more about it, please.

MRS. LOCKITT. I have such a number of things to do, that I hardly know which to begin first; so I'll set to work and do them.

[Hurries off rapidly.]

ADA. It was quite funny to notice Mr. Sparks's face when I asked him to carry that box for me. I wonder what there can be in bandboxes that makes men so afraid of them. I am sure if I were a man I wouldn't mind carrying one.

[Enter Beauchamp.]

BEAU. Ah, Miss Lockitt, I am so glad to find you alone.

ADA (aside). Here's another man glad to find me alone. (Aloud.) Mamma has this moment left me.

BEAU. I am pleased to hear it, Miss Lockitt; I have come to place my fate in your hands.

ADA. And what am I to do with it?

BEAU. Oh, can you not guess? For the last six months I have been miserable—wretched—yet happy,—happy to be in your society, happy to be near you.

ADA. I am glad that I have been able to contribute to your happiness.

BEAU. Oh, Miss Lockitt, believe me, I know that I am unworthy.

ADA (aside). This is becoming serious. (Aloud.) Excuse me interrupting you, but, Mr. Beauchamp—I hardly dare ask you—will you do me a favour?

BEAU. A thousand, if you wish it.

ADA. Well, then, would you mind taking this box into Regent Street for me?

[Take up the bandbox.]

BEAU. (surprised.) That box?

ADA. Yes, this box. There is nothing very extraordinary in a box, is there?

BEAU. Certainly; I will take it with pleasure.

ADA. Thank you. Susan will give you the address.

BEAU. Before I go, let me—

ADA. No, not now; place your fate in my hands when you return.

BEAU. Well, as you wish. Au revoir. (Aside.) I must certainly get a boy to carry this confounded thing.

[Exit Beauchamp.]

ADA. I knew that Mr. Beauchamp would not mind carrying it. Men make vows and protestations, but the best way to test their sincerity is, to get them to carry a bandbox.

[Exit Ada. Scene closes.]

CONTEST.

SCENE III.—The same.

[Enter Adolphus.]

ADOLPHUS. No one here! I am determined to come to some definite understanding with Ada. I will be accepted or rejected to-day; this uncertainty will drive me mad. I was certainly foolish—yes, decidedly foolish in refusing to carry that bandbox, for it would have been so easy to have hired somebody to have carried it. Ah, stupid, stupid Adolphus Sparks!

[Sits down at back of stage; takes up book and reads.

[Enter Beauchamp.]

BEAU. Precious unfortunate! Couldn't find anybody to carry that blessed bandbox, con- found it! Just my luck; I met five people I knew. No matter, it has pleased Ada; I am sure; so in that quarter I am safe. (Seeing Adolphus.) Ah! you here?

ADOLPHUS. (Rising and coming forward.) (Aside.) My rival! (Aloud.) Yes, sir, and why shouldn't I be here?

BEAU. I'm sure I don't know.

ADOLPHUS. No, sir, and you won't know.

BEAU. I don't want to.

ADOLPHUS. Don't prevaricate, sir.

BEAU. Prevaricate?

ADOLPHUS. Yes, sir, prevaricate. Do you object to the word, sir?

BEAU. I have yet to learn that it is necessary for me to explain my actions to Mr. Sparks. Adolphus, you're another, sir.

BEAU. (smiling). Indeed! I am sorry to hear it.

ADOLPHUS. Yes, sir, I say it emphatically, you're another.

BEAU. Mr. Sparks, I am at a loss to know the meaning of your conduct.

ADOLPHUS. That for my meaning, sir!

[Snaps his fingers in his face.]

BEAU. Ah! If you do that again, I'll pitch you down-stairs.

ADOLPHUS. No, you won't, sir.

BEAU. I give you fair warning, so take care.

ADOLPHUS. That for your warning!

[Snaps fingers in his face again.]

BEAU. Ah!

/[Seizes Adolphus by the collar, and they struggle about the room.

[Enter Mrs. Lockitt and Ada.

MRS. LOCKITT. What is all this noise about? What is the meaning of this disgraceful contest in my house?

BEAU. I have to apologise to you, Mrs. Lockitt, for this unseemly conduct on my part.

ADOLPHUS. Yes, it is all on his part.

MRS. LOCKITT. Gentlemen, I see how it is; it is some misunderstanding on your part. Let us think no more about it.—Come, shake hands, and be friends.

BEAU. I have no ill-feeling towards Mr. Sparks.

ADA (aside). What a magnanimous creature! Adolphus. I have no objection to shake hands.

MRS. LOCKITT. That's right. Come. (She takes their hands, joins them together; they shake heartily.) Now let us go to lunch.

[Beauchamp offers his arm to Ada. Adol-

PHUS does the same to Mrs. Lockitt. As they are walking off, the curtain drops.
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

THUNDER has long been suspected, rightly or wrongly, of all sorts of mischief, which has furnished innumerable little paragraphs to the newspapers, much relied on by non-scientific readers. But in the following narrative read by M. Biot before the Academy of Sciences, and published by M. Leon Foucault, lightning is seen in the act of uncovering a passer-by, of rummaging in his pockets, of deranging his watch, and taking his purse, while leaving him his life. The fire of heaven would be a very dangerous footpad to encounter, if it should take to repeating such rascally proceedings, for all was done in an Instant, a flash, the millibinth of a second, and in a way which defies the vigilance of the detective police.

"About eleven o'clock in the evening of Monday, the 17th of May," says M. de H., "I was returning home by the Rue Saint-Guillaume, the Rue de la Chaise, and the Rue de Vernone, when a very loud thunderclap made me quicken my pace in the expectation of a very heavy shower very soon. I had scarcely taken twenty paces when a second thunderclap resounded almost at the same time that the lightning flashed. Large drops of rain began to fall; I was not more than two or three hundred steps from home, and I began to run. Suddenly I found myself enveloped in an effulgence so powerful that I felt a keen pain in my eyes. A frightful thunderclap pealed instantaneously, and my hat flew ten yards from me, although there was not a breath of wind. The pain in my eyes was so violent, and my fear of blindness so cruel, that all my attention was turned to it; so much so, that I cannot say that I felt anything else than the electric shock, properly so called, which was not indeed in itself very violent. The last thunderclap was followed by a torrent of rain. The water which fell upon my head dissipated very quickly the giddiness and dizziness which had lasted about seven or eight seconds, and my joy was so great in seeing, that I saw still quite well that I cleared very quickly and very joyously the distance which still remained to be run over to reach home.

"When going to bed I took out my watch, and then perceived the tracks of the electric fluid across the left pocket of my waistcoat. In the bottom of the pocket was a hole through which I could pass two fingers, of which the sides appeared to be at once burned and torn. The waistcoat was of cashmere, the lining of glazed cotton, and the second inside lining of cloth. As I ran to reach home before the heavy shower, my watch-chain formed in front a free circuit jumping over my waistcoat; the thunder was attracted there, probably by the middle, which was the lowest part of the curve, the part above being fixed to one of the button-holes of my waistcoat was not the least injured, whilst the swivel (porte-mousqueton), which held the watch, had disappeared with the first two links of the lower part. The swivel was of silver like the whole chain, but was furnished inside with a small ferrule of steel necessary to give solidity to the screw. As for the chain it was solid, and made in the form of a curb. Here are the remainder of the effects which I experienced.

"A broken gold ring, which united several gay gawgs, was cut in five pieces. The steel watch-key, covered with gold-leaf upon the cannon, was completely carried away, all except the gold-leaf, which remained intact. A little compass in silver had had its poles interverted. As for the watch, it had no exterior sign of having been injured, not even at the link whence the swivel of the chain had been torn. But although the time was only half-past eleven, the hands marked three quarters after four. Persuaded that the main spring or some other piece was broken, I left the watch upon the table, intending to go to the watchmaker in the morning. But in the morning I was advised to wind up the watch, just to see how far it was damaged; and I saw the hands move with a regular march, which never varied, as if the lightning at the same time that it displaced the hands had unwound the mainspring and conducted it rudely to the end of its course.

"Near the watch there was, on the day of the storm, a little iron medallion from Berlin, surrounded with gold, and a little gold key of a piece of furniture. These two objects disappeared completely, carried away, apparently, with the swivel through the hole made in the waistcoat pocket. The chain, which had acted as conductor, did not retain any outward trace of the passage of the discharge. For myself, I felt, on the morrow, only an extreme asthenia, like that from unaccustomed and violent exercise, without any mark upon my clothes or upon my skin.

"I ought to notice here a peculiarity of my dress, which may not have been without influence in the production of these effects. I have contracted in Spain the habit of wearing upon my shirt and under my waistcoat a band of red silk, which went four or five times round my body. Did not this band preserve me by determining the passage of the discharge by the surface of my clothes rather than by the interior of my body?"

M. Biot read this statement before the Academy, and the objects injured were exhibited—the little silver compass and the empty golden envelope of the key. The tenor of the narrative, and the character of the learned man who read it, prove, says M. Leon Foucault, the serious exactness of the facts, which he countersigns with confidence.

Certainly not upon evidence comparable with that which establishes the extraordinary narrative attested by MM. Biot and Leon
OUR SPHINX.

FOCAULT, but on excellent and credible hearsay testimony, we think it right to record the following statement:—An American, who has the fact directly from an eye-witness, tells it us seriously. A stroke of lightning killed a man in a forest among the trees, and on his neck, on his white skin, there was distinctly and unmistakably seen a picture, with all their natural colours, of the trees through which the flash had reached him. It was just a photograph, with the natural colours. We tell the tale as it was told to us, with perfect confidence in the veracity of our informant. Mr. Talbot, the inventor of the Calotype, has produced a paper so sensitive, that, when he placed a column of the Times upon the rim of a wheel, and set it in rapid motion, he was able, notwithstanding in a dark room, to obtain a representation of several lines of the print in the instant occupied by the flash of an electric spark. But, should the fact we have narrated be examined, it may be found that the electrical power can display far greater marvels than have yet been dreamt of.

In a thunderstorm the clouds are mere non-electrics, or conducting surfaces, positive with a negative sphere extending to the earth; and the discharge, at a point from one large surface to another, is the lightning; or the earth is negative, and the clouds positively positive. All bodies in the sphere of action are affected, and the stroke produces an extensive lateral action in all conductors, and affects all combinations of oxygen, &c., with weak affinities, such as beer, wine, &c., which require the protection of conductors. The cloud, the air, and the earth, resemble the zinc, fluid, and copper in a galvanic combination. The human body and all animal bodies are electrical, or galvanic combinations, and the excitement is the principle of vitality and energy. The surfaces positively excited are those of the lungs and the skin. The lungs fix oxygen and are positive, while the skin fixes an equivalent, and is negative. The circulations and secretions are intermediate results, and the action of the heart arises from the proximity of positive arterial blood with the negative venous blood. The action exhausts itself, as it ought, in the system.

Closed windows are dangerous during lightning, because the inner side of the panes acquire an opposite electricity to the outside, and then any conducting body is likely to concentrate the action on the inside.

Crosse enumerates the following circumstances which increase atmospheric electricity:

1. Regular thunderclouds.
2. A driving fog and small rain.
3. Snow, or brisk hail.
4. A shower on a hot day.
5. Hot weather after wet, and wet after dry.
6. Clear weather, hot or frosty.
7. A cloudy sky.
8. A mottled sky.
9. Sultry and hazy weather.
10. A cold damp night.
11. North-east winds.

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OUR SPHINX.

CONUNDRUMS FOR CHRISTMAS.

1. Which is the mildest sea in the world?
2. What is that which we often give, yet still retain?
3. What is that which never eats nor drinks, and yet it has a tongue, and though it never speaks, yet is often heard, and always understood?
4. What is that which, though it does not feel grief, yet never falls emphatically to express it?
5. What is that which, though especially designed for the use of wild fowl, deer, &c., yet is always offered you at lunch and tea?
6. What old women's employment are sailors celebrated for indulging in?
7. What train is that which is the fastest in the world; it carries no passengers, and yet it cannot go without us?
8. What "Great Goose" once wrote wise laws for the Grecians?
9. Which is the fastest building in London?
10. Which one reminds you of Pantaloons' favourite trick?
11. If a gentleman asked a father for his daughter, what seaport in France would he like him to name for answer?
12. Which is the contrariest crop a farmer can raise?
13. What woollen material do we all become when defeated?
14. When does a ship perform the work of an agriculturist?
15. Who was the first mathematician?
16. Why is a commercial traveller like a model character?
17. What is the difference between a young lady dressed à-la-mode, and a fast young man?
18. Suppose Lord Derby were displeased, what celebrated object of beauty would he resemble?
19. Which is the most grammatical vegetable?
20. And which is the most grammatical flower?
21. Which vegetable forms a jeweller's precious weight?
22. Why is a mountain stream a most paradoxical thing?
23. What great ugly farm implement do all fine ladies carry into company?
24. And what clumsy conveyance do they frequently beg of their friends?
25. When would you suppose a man's days to be numbered?
26. What fruit is it that, though ripe, is still green?
27. What kind of nut must always be grey?
28. Which is the most valuable of trees?  
29. And which is the most poetical?  
30. When does a sportsman supply a bird with the means of escape?  
31. When does a man ornament his remark?  
32. What kind of belle would you call a silent young lady?  
33. Which are the most upright characters in the world?  
34. What country do we name when we give a great assize?  
35. Which is the brightest place in the world?  
36. And which is the most brittle?  
37. Which are the most stupid isles in Britain?  
38. Which are the most sociable abroad?  
39. What fresh-water fish is five and a half yards long?  
40. What is the most sociable place in the ship?  
41. And which is the most severe and unyielding?  
42. What place in Great Britain resembles sorrowful weeping?  
43. Which people are the coldest in the world?  
44. Which is the most sorrowful place in Ireland?  
45. What fish do the Irish always bring into battle?  
46. What corn is that which we sometimes give, but find it difficult to take?  
47. Which is the most upright place in Scotland?  
48. And which is the most substantial?  
49. Suppose you asked your friend to dine, and he accepted, what London divine would he say he was?  
50. When the Empress Eugénie married Napoleon III., what part did she take?  
51. When do we say a man is an agrarian production?  
52. What colour is a labyrinth?  
53. What fish is most likely to disagree with a girl?  
54. What kind of pitcher resembles an old man?  
55. If a young lady exclaimed to her mother, who lived in Ulster would she name?  
56. Which American river do we always mention when weary or sorry?  
57. What is the Pacific is frequently given as nourishment to calves?  
58. What large East Indian Island bids you stay always at sea?  
59. What town in India keeps exclaiming depart?  
60. What is the most sensible river in the world?  
61. If you wanted to tell some folks they were donkeys, what spot in the Desert would you name?  
62. Which of the late American Generals had a command to seize women?  
63. When would you suppose a gentleman to be wrong in his head?  
64. If a man wanted a situation, what fish would he long for?  
65. What fish would you like to sit next at table?  
66. What is the strangest public building in London?  
67. What river is decidedly red in its colour?  
68. And which one reminds you of an old worthless horse?  
69. Which is the fiercest place in Great Britain?  
70. What plant causes all the breach of promise cases?  
71. What plant does most for the housemaid?  
72. What Islands in the Atlantic arc of a most unnatural colour?  
73. Suppose we wanted a hassock in church, what place in the Black Sea would we ask for?  
74. Which is the most classic of the Archipelago Isles?  
75. What fern do we find growing naturally upon all the girls in the kingdom?  
76. Which venomous insect when beheaded becomes only more vicious?  
77. What corps of British workmen can never grow old?  
78. When is the Queen's health like a slice of bread?  
79. What tree is always in tears?  
80. When may you fancy a wood has been pickled?  
81. What kind of English village has Shakespeare for ever immortalised?  
82. What colour is goldsmith for ever immortalised?  
83. What Eastern ruler never goes to bed?  
84. And what one do we find in every little seaside cove?  
85. To what fashionable sea-side in Ireland, if you went, would you resemble a donkey?  
86. Why are Custom-house officers like scald-mongers?  
87. What train is that in which every fine lady arrives at St. James's?  
88. What is the flower that supplies all the rest with water?  
89. How does one feel in a labyrinth?  
90. What kind of apple tempted our first mother?  
91. What is that which covers the whole world, yet is contained in a small nook of Scotland?  
92. In what conveyance should you travel in spring?  
93. What carriage does man on the look-out always name when he first sights the shore?  
94. What makes the theatre a very dull place after all?  
95. What great Lough in Ireland would a girl name if she denied you?  
96. Where in the Downs does the winds always blow favourable?  
97. What mountain in Ireland resembles the crown of your head?  
98. And what one do you take a portion of in every cup of tea you drink?  
99. Which is the most buoyant place in Ireland?  
100. And which is the most clerical?  
101. And which is the nestest?  
102. What is the difference between a well-known sporting cry and a famous French writer?  
103. If you wanted a girl to talk to a fellow, what English military station would you name to her?  
104. What beast of burthen resembles a Scotch lassie?  
105. What beast of burden do we often find in a bird's cage?